LOOK TO THE STARS

Volume I

By

Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

Volumes I & II of my life's story, "Look to the Stars," is affectionately dedicated to my children. They are the golden link between the rich heritage of my past, and the bright hope of the future. My love for them is boundless. May they always see the beauties of this creation, and may their rejoicings ascend to Heaven.

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

The little barefoot boy pattered down the street in Rockville. There on the sidewalk was a nickel. Excitedly he picked it up. Further on he found a dime, and then another. Holding the coins in his hand he marveled. Such a lot of money! Walking ahead of him was a stranger.

"Hey mister," the boy called, racing to catch him. The man turned as the boy thrust the coins at him. "Do you have a hole in your pocket? I found these on the sidewalk behind you."

The man put his hand in his pocket. Sure enough there was a hole. Scrutinizing the lad, the man asked "Are you William Crawford's little boy?"

"No. I am Raymond DeMille," came the reply.

"I thought you must be William's son. I didn't know there was anyone left on the earth as honest as he is."

Bishop Raymond DeMill related this incident to me. "Your grandfather, William Crawford had the reputation of being the most honest man alive. When he was bishop of Springdale, and people turned their skinny cattle in for tithing, your grandfather gave his own fat cattle to the church, and kept the skinny ones to fatten up. That's the kind of man he was."

And that's the kind of people my forebearers were. They recognized the truth when they heard it, and accepted the gospel. My great-great grandfather Alpheus Gifford baptized Heber C. Kimball, grandfather of Spencer W. Kimball. In a letter, dated September 3, 1975, President Kimball has written:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GIFFORD FAMILY

Dear Friends:

As one who is very grateful, may I express the gratitude of the Kimball family that your ancestor, Alpheus Gifford, was so responsible for bringing our ancestor into the Church.

I believe in family reunions and believe that much good can be accomplished by the association of family members to recount the stories of the family and keep them fresh in the memory of the people of the family.

I hope also that the members of your family will keep records of their own lives and the lives of their family members. Such biographies and autobiographies become very precious as time goes on and generations succeed each other.

Please accept my best wishes, and may I express appreciation for the other members of the Kimball family and also for the Church for your faithfulness and devotion and loyalty.

With kindest wishes,

Faithfully yours,

Spencer W. Kimball
President

Heber C. Kimball returned the favor many times over. He baptized our grandparents John Parker Sr. and John Parker Jr. and Ellen Briggs when he took the gospel to England.

Great-grandfather Freeborn DeMill was baptized by Hyrum Smith and confirmed by Joseph Smith Jr. at Colesville, Broome County, New York.

Our people came from England, Canada, New York and Illinois, joining the pioneer trek to the Great Salt Lake Valley. From there, Brigham Young sent them on to colonize towns further south. They lived in dugouts and wagon boxes, and ate pigweeds, cane seed and wild berries at first. They became bishops, patriarchs and auxilliary heads in their wards, part of them living in the United Order.

Our father, George Isom, grew up in Virgin, Utah, going on horseback "up the river" to Oak Creek selling encyclopedia sets. That's where he met our mother, Annie Crawford, the sixth child of William and Carnelia Crawford's family of thirteen children.

According to Aunt Fanny, Papa had to court mama in the living room where the family was. Fanny was mischevious. She hid behind the kitchen door, where Papa attempted to kiss Mama goodnight. She poked a comb through the crack just before their lips met, and they kissed the comb.

Acknowledgments

I express my appreciation to my daughter Lolene Gifford for the many hours of proofreading and careful checking of my manuscript, and to my granddaughter Laura Gubler, who came as a lifesaver at the conclusion of the book to do the technical job of indexing, and to my granddaughter Marie Gubler who read for me when eye troubles beset me. Special thanks goes to my husband Ermal, whose patience was tried to the limit with my endless typing, but who endured with good humor. I appreciate my children and grandchildren who have cheered me on, encouraging me to finish this work. I appreciate my sisters who have helped recall the scenes of my childhood, especially Kate for her work of art in illustrating the place where I was born.

CHAPTER I

HEAVEN MEETS EARTH

While I was still in Heaven, my cousins Iantha and Ianthus Campbell were born. Aunt Mary and Uncle Lew already had five girls and Iantha made six. But Ianthus was a boy! It's easy to guess how tickled Uncle Lew was about that. The twins arrived on August 10, 1909.

Mama and Papa had had four little girls, but my sister Josephine only stayed a little while, then returned to Heaven. That left Annie, who was six and one-half, Kate, not quite five and the toddler, baby Mildred. Annie decided to ask the Heavenly Father to send twins to our family too. Kate also prayed for twins for awhile, then she decided Mama had enough girls, so she just asked for a little brother. Annie persisted in asking for twins. For eleven months she prayed. She has written:

"Finally our prayers were answered! One night in mid July of 1910 when we went to bed, we said our prayers as usual, and when we awoke in the morning, the miracle had happened! Grandma was holding a tiny baby boy in her arms and there in the bed with my mother was a tiny baby girl. How wonderful! Words cannot express our joy. The Lord had answered our prayers by sending the desire of our hearts. Twins! We named them George and Alice for our grandparents. How we loved them!" *

We arrived on July 17, 1910, on Aunt Ellen Spendlove's birthday, and on the anniversary of the landing of Noah's Ark. (Genesis 8:4) We were born in a little lumber shack at the sawmill on Kolob. Grandma Isom was the doctor and the nurse.

According to an old Chinese tradition, if the first food a child ever tasted was baked apple, the child would become a fine singer. So Grandma baked an apple and scraped a little of it onto each of our tongues. I have no idea what my voice would have sounded like if it hadn't been for that.

My parents had been homesteading on Kolob since 1908, returning to Virgin in the winter time. Recorded in Mama's Memoirs is the following: "In 1911 we closed up the old home at Virgin and came direct from the mountain to Hurricane, where we had built a 12 X 14 grainery, but the babies took sick and being so cold and crowded, Alice and William Spendlove took us to their home where we could give them better care. . . . A week after we moved to Spendloves, George died of inflamation of the bowels and was buried amid one of the most terrible north winds we have known. It was too severe for anyone to go to the graveyard except those that did the burying."

The Hurricane Canal froze over. Water, running over the ice, spilled down the banks, glazing the streets. Mama stayed with me, for I was not expected to live. My sisters wept. Annie remembers lying on the family bedrolls in Aunt Alice's living room, crying bitterly. She could not be comforted. Papa's heart-break must have been great.

Is it possible that I remember my twin brother? It seems like I do. In my mind is a picture of another baby sitting with me on Papa's lap, while he sang a happy, nonsensical thing like "A chicken went to bed with the whooping cough." We both wore little white dresses. I have had an awareness of my brother George throughout my life, and I have grown to love him dearly.

*Story "Double Blessing" published in the May, 1978 Friend.

The first five years of my life were my dominant ones. Kolob was Heaven to me. As soon as my sisters were out of school each spring we prepared to return to the ranch. The bustling of cooking and packing was a joyous time to me. I was surprised to learn years later, that the business of moving a family back and forth was just plain hard work for Mama.

We always camped at Sanders's Ranch on our way and one of Uncle Ren Spendlove's boys, either Whit, Ianthus or Cliff came along to help with the team. I loved camping out. I reveled in the smell and the squeak of harness leather and the clinking of buckles and the sounds of the wagon as it sighed and relaxed, cooling off in the night. Stretched out on the family bed spread on the ground, I listened to the horses munching grain in their nose bags, the gentle crackle of the dying campfire, and the stars, the millions of singing stars!

"Mama," I asked, "are all of the stars whirling? Is that what makes them sing?"

Mama listened thoughtfully, then she said, "No, the music you hear is made by the crickets and katydids and night birds in the bushes and trees, and by the water in the creek tumbling over pebbles."

I listened again and realized that the chirping and twittering and gurgling really was ascending up to instead of down from the stars.

Carlyle once said, "Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work . ... . The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres." The Prophet Job was informed that while the foundations of this earth were being laid "the morning stars sang together."

Well, the last morning star had scarcely faded when we broke camp and were on our way again. We had a long hill to climb before the sun got too hot for the horses. At Lamb Springs we ate breakfast and let the horses rest before their long hard pull through the sand.

We had to walk to lighten the load. I bawled because the sand burned my feet, still I pulled my coat around me.

"You're a ridiculous child," Mama remarked.

"But the wind is cold," I complained, then added, "if the trees would stop fanning then the wind could quit."

"The trees don't fan the wind," Mama explained, "the wind fans the trees."

"What a backwards situation," I thought.

With the deep sand behind us, back in the wagon we rode up around the cinder knoll and on past Mulligan's Point, to Maloney's Ranch and then to the Slick Rocks.

The Slick Rocks was the terrible test to the stubbornness of teamsters and the agonizing willingness of horse flesh. We gladly piled out of the wagon here. Vivid in my mind is the picture of Papa slapping the reins on the horses' backs and yelling, "Git up Mag! Git up Dick!" Iron wagon tires screeched over steep red sandstone, horses strained muscle and sinew, pulling, pulling, leaning forward until they went to their knees. Terrified, I watched. Mag's and Dick's eyes glared wildly, their ears laid back. Sometimes the wagon started to slip back and Papa cracked the whip and yelled louder. The wagon could roll over the ledge on the right and all would be lost. With Papa's yelling and urging, the stout-hearted team made it over the bad spot, where breathing hard and their hides shining with sweat, they stopped to rest before going on to the summit. The terror was over.

We had made our safe return to Paradise, Kolob. My childhood Kolob was bluebells, wild roses and sego lillies. It was sandstone that could be rubbed into the shape of dolls, and pine bark, thick and soft for Cliff Spendlove to carve into toy horses. It was pollywogs in clear pools in the willows and water snakes that left narrow roads through our dugout playhouses in the sand banks. It was games in the twilight, scurrying through the soft sand and across the meadow calling, "barey ain't out today" while imagining the bear was crouching at the edge of the meadow behind the dark trees, ready to pounce upon us as we dashed into the house. It was the smell of pine and sage and oak, the cackle of the sage hen, the flicker of the bluebird and the hammering of the jay. It was the sight of Rube and Jody Maloney's sheep wagon with its bucket of sourdough hanging on the side, dough dripping down the wheels. It was the cheese house, cool and inviting where squirrels played tag through the rafters. It was the little brown wren that nested under the eaves. It was the crack of lightning and the clap of thunder and pine trees falling in a pillar of fire. It was the howl of the coyote. It was water rising in the damp sand where the shovel sought a water hole. It was Old Tiny, the dog, barking down the trail, bringing the last stray calf in at milking time. It was new milk guzzled from a tin cup at the corral gate, making a thick foam moustache across my upper lip. It was tall cool ferns packed around sweet pounds of butter ready to be sent to the store at Virgin. It was hot corn bread drenched with fresh butter at supper time, and the smell of lamp light on an oil cloth covered table. It was little new potatoes scrabbled from under the vine and sweet garden peas and juicy turnips. It was Paradise!

We moved from "Milwaukie," the sawmill canyon, to "Pinevalley", a mile or so on top, but we often hiked back. We would take a picnic and spend the day, where we gathered iron ore rocks eroded in the shape of peanuts, marbles and little dishes.

Elisha Lee's family came to celebrate one 4th of July with us. Papa put the alphogies* on the saddle horse, with Edith in one leather pouch and I in the other. We rode around the mountain to the ice cave, where he filled the alphogies with ice. Edith and I rode back home in front of and behind the saddle with Papa. Mama made ice cream in gallon buckets that were set inside galvanized water buckets packed with ice and salt. The ice cream was turned back and forth by the bail. Every little while the lid was pried off the gallon bucket and the frozen cream scraped down from the sides with a knife, a drooling operation. There is nothing in all the world that compares with the ambrosia that came from that bucket.

Mama had a special No. 2 tub that she kept sterilized and shining for cheese making. The dairy thermometer, bobbing in the tub full of milk, fascinated me. I watched her stir in the rennet when the temperature was right, and with a long, thin bladed knife, cut the curd as it set, yellow puddles of whey separating as the curds became more solid. Hungrily we hung around. We loved curd, from the first soft white ones to the final squeaky yellow ones after the whey was drained and the coloring and salt added. Probably none of the cheese would have reached the press if Mama had doled out as much of it as we wanted. Still she was generous.

The cheese molds were made of pine slats held together with hoops. The press was a log, outside on the shady side of the house, rigged up for a lever. Mama lined the molds with cheesecloth and the sweet curd was packed inside and put under the press. We were eagerly on hand when she unmolded the cheese, for the pressure had

*Alphogies are leather pouches big enough to hold a child, that hang on each side of a pack horse.

squeezed tantalizing little ruffles of it up around the edges of the mould. Patiently we waited as Mama trimmed these off, for we knew she would divide the "trimmings" among us. Next she rubbed the yellow discs of cheese with butter, smoothing and sealing the goodness in, then set them on the swinging shelf in the cheese house behind our cabin to cure.

Mama sometimes sent me to the sand wash with a little lard bucket to fetch water. We never wore shoes in the summertime and the sand often burned our feet. Once it was so hot that I cried. Mildred took her bucket and ran back and forth to the wash, burning her own bare feet to make a puddle path for me. I carried my bucket of water all the way to the house on the wet patches she had made, while she ran back to refill her bucket.

One sad little task was helping Papa take small animals from his traps while he held the steel jaws open with his foot. His hands were too crippled to set the traps, so that was our job too, while he supervised. I grieved for the woodchucks and gophers and other animals.

Uncle Ren Spendlove's boys took turns helping us. When they came from Hurricane they brought fresh fruit. During those years I never saw fruit that wasn't bruised from a rough wagon ride. I thought peaches and apples had to be bruised to be good. These were squashed, brown, oozy and delicious.

The big pine tree where our chicken coop was anchored was struck by lightening one night, which electrocuted our entire flock of chickens as they slept with their heads under their wings.

The only toys we knew were those we made. Our doll houses were dug into the sandbank with a spoon and decorated with lacy, sweet smelling Jerusalem Oak. The dolls were made of flowers with heads of the shiny black berries from the deadly night shade. Our wagons were the bleached vertebrae of bones of animals found in the sand. Our miniature world was imaginative and happy.

I was five when the folks stopped going to the ranch. I was the one who closed the gate for the last time behind the wagon. In my hand I had a few tiny new potatoes the size of peas and one little golden cheese that had been pressed in a salt shaker lid. These small rations belonged to my rag doll family. I set them down at the foot of the big yellow pine that the gate was hinged on. After closing the gate, I climbed into the wagon. We were miles down the road before I remembered them. I felt badly. Two years later when I went to Kolob with Aunt Ellen's family I looked, but there was no sign of them.

That was my last trip to Kolob as a child. All that remained to me were cherished memories. We used to climb the Hurricane hill often, my sisters and I, but we never turned around until we could see the white Kolob peaks and the Steamboat mountain. That was the goal of every hike.

My love for our Heavenly Father began at Kolob. I remember kneeling at Mama's knee as she helped me with my prayer. I felt warm and secure, knowing that even in the dark the Heavenly Father watched over me. This realization took the eeriness out of the shadows that moved outside the tent, and gave understanding to the noises of the night. Pine needles falling on canvas had the same lightness as the scampering of squirrel feet and the occasional thump of a falling cone sounded friendly as it rolled off the tent to the ground.

One day Mama let my sisters and me hike down to the sawmill canyon alone. We became so engrossed in gathering fancy rocks and wild flowers that time slipped away. The sun was settling into the grove to the west as we trudged

HELLO WORLD! THIS IS THE PLACE AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE I FIRST MET

Papa, Annie and Mama

The house where I was born. Sketched by my sister Kate.

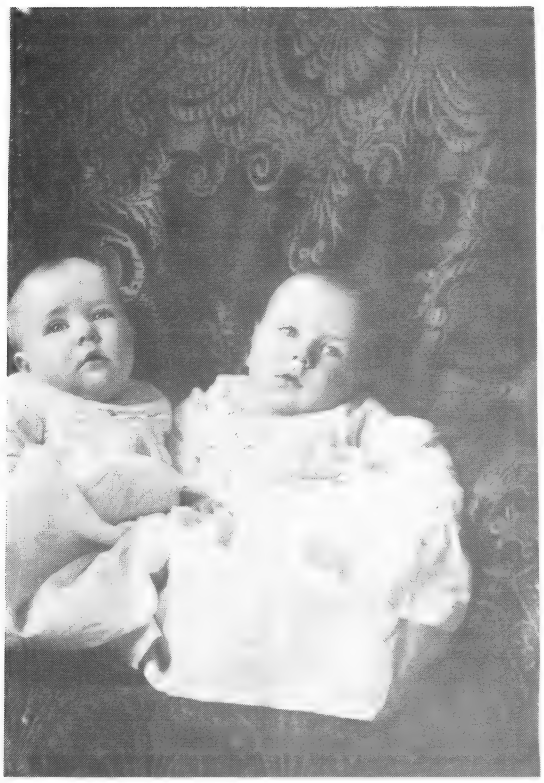
Annie and Kate

Grandmother Crawford

Grandma Isom

Mildred

HERE WE ARE



Iantha and Ianthus Campbell. Their coming prompted Annie and Kate to pray for twins.

Alice (me) and George. We are the answer to our sister's prayers.

The slick-rock road. The heavy dark line marks the route where the horses pulled the wagon.

through sand and sage on the last stretch home.

With our arms full of treasures, we raced to the house to show Mama. The tantalizing smell of hot cornbread greeted us, for it was supper time. But the room was strangely empty. Mama was not there. I shot out the back door. Running to the tent where our beds were, I lifted the flap. The setting sun, filtering through canvas, filled the tent with a golden glow. There, kneeling beside her bed, was Mama. In astonished reverence, I waited.

"What were you doing?" I asked timidly as she arose.

"I was asking the Heavenly Father to bring my little girls safely home," she replied tenderly.

"I didn't know you could ask Him for things in the daytime," I marveled. I had supposed that aside from our regular family prayers, we prayed only before tumbling into our beds.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, Mama drew me to her. "We are our Heavenly Father's children," she said. "He loves us and will listen to us anytime."

It was all so clear. Father really meant father. I was really and truly His little girl, and I could call upon Him whenever I needed to! My heart was jubilant. *

We not only draw spiritual dividends from childhood memories, but other blessings as well. As the composer has said "The song is ended, but the melody lingers on," so Kolob memories are a melody to me - memories that paid my tuition for my first year in college.

In 1928, my english teacher, Mattie Ruesch, without my knowing it, entered one of my compositions in the lyric poem contest at the B.A.C. On College Day I was awarded the Spilsbury Memorial Scholarship for my -

MEMORIES

Polliwog pond, I see you still, with mud pies on your banks.
I hear the toads a croaking at our foolish, childish pranks.
Old pine log, I love you yet, tho' moss grows o'er your sides.
I seem to see the hollow where the scolding squirrel hides.
Bluebell bed, your fragrance sweet to me is ever dear.
I see the wind a blowing your blossoms far and near.
Childhood days, you'll ne'er depart. In memory you'll dwell.
You'll always be my sunshine, for of happy hours you tell.

*Story "Home Safe" published in the September 1975 Friend

CHAPTER 2

THE HOUSE THAT PAPA BUILT

Our brick house was built during the sad winter that my little brother died. Mama was tied down with the two of us and couldn't visit the house during construction. Then came the day that Papa took her to see it.

"Welcome to our home, sweetheart," he said as they entered the front door. The winter sun streamed through the windows and the house smelled sweet from new plaster and pine wood. From the spacious living room, Mama thoughtfully walked into the kitchen, visualizing where the stove and cupboard would be. Opening the stair door, papa beckoned her on, pausing on the stairway. Proudly he said "See this closet! It's something extra we hadn't planned." Actually it was a square hole in the wall above the cellar steps, with room to store a couple of quilts. On upstairs he led her through the four cheerful bedrooms. In the master bedroom, the one with the double windows facing the east, Mama hesitated. With a troubled look she asked "Where are the closets?"

"Closets are an unnecessary expense," he explained.

"But we drew them in our plans."

"The carpenters convinced me that this was easier to install, and much cheaper," he said pointing to a board nailed horizontally across one wall. Protruding from it was a row of spike nails. "There's one in each bedroom."

Fury welled up inside Mama. How perfectly horrid the rooms would look with the family's droopy clothes dangling from nails on the wall! Couldn't Papa realize that these were modern times! That they had planned <u>real</u> closets! She bit her tongue to keep from saying what was on her mind. Even her own mother hadn't had to put up with nails. At least her father had provided wooden pegs! Sick at heart, she suddenly realized that every special feature they had planned in the house had been omitted.

Papa's stock answer, as she questioned him was "The carpenters convinced me I didn't need it," or "<u>it</u> was a foolish frill."

Mama's heart lifted when she saw the ample shelves in the pantry where pans of milk could cool, and she appreciated the cellar, underneath the kitchen, with its rock walls and dirt floor, and enough shelves for bottled fruit, crocks of preserves and buckets of lard and molasses. In the beams overhead were spike nails for hanging bacon slabs, cured ham and dried herbs.

Papa saved one little surprise for the last. In the northwest bedroom downstairs, was a doll-house sized door. Opening it, mama saw the rough underside of the stair steps, spike nails protruding from them. If dresses weren't too long, they could hang here. So, in all of this big, eight room house, this little minature was really her <u>only</u> closet! Airing her disappointment would only have cast a pall of gloom, and this was to be a day of rejoicing. Compared to the drafty grainery where they had lived before moving in with Aunt Alice, this was a castle.

The family moved into the new home in January 1912. Although Mama never confessed it to Papa, the absence of closets always rankled in her heart. Years

later, at the time Winferd and I were building our home, she related the above incident to me. "Alice," she said,"a woman should be on hand when her home is being built. If she isn't, the carpenters will talk her husband out of every thing she wants."

Winferd's mother, who was with us at the time, said "She's right. I had to be right there to get what I wanted when Hen built our house, and I did get clothes closets. When I insisted on a bathroom, Hen complained 'We're not millionaires' but I stayed on the job and we got it."

All we had was outdoor plumbing down by the barn.

But our home was a happy one. On winter mornings when we were small, we were awakened by the sound of Mama shaking the ashes down in the kitchen stove. After the kitchen fire was made, she started a fire in the living room stove. Soon there was a warm spot for us to race to after we had dressed in the arctic zone upstairs. It is hard to visualize, unless you've been there, how cold a house can get during the night when the last whisper of heat dies with the dying embers after the family has gone to bed.

Papa couldn't chop wood, so that chore fell mostly to Mama and my older sisters. Try as I would, I could never swing an axe good enough to make the chips fly. And speaking of chips, they were mighty important. Without them, kindling a fire was difficult. Mama claimed to be the world's champion chip sifter.

Flickering firelight lent to the coziness of winter evenings. That, and our one kerosene lamp, furnished our lights. Some of our neighbors were "two-lamp-families."

At supper time, Mama often went to the pantry for more bread or milk, taking the lamp with her. The living room moved with weird shadows as she left, and then was dark. Then the fire in the little heater danced all the more merrily. On nights when there was no fire, we sat in the dark. It was a dark dark. There were no street lights or car lights to filter in from the outside. The only outside lights were stars or moon or lightning. On drizzling nights, nothing. The only way to comprehend real darkness is to crawl into a tunnel and feel your way around the bend. When Mama carried the lamp into the back part of the house the living room was too dark to even talk. We sat around the table smothered in black velvet silence, until the long, funny shadows backed away at her approach.

Shadows were an animated part of winter evenings. With our fingers and hands we made shadow pictures on the walls of dogs, horses, rabbits and cats. With the lamp positioned just right our animals would wiggle their ears, twitch their noses or bark. Actually they were quite classical.

Shadow games were popular at parties. The boys sat in a dark room and the girls were in a room with the lamp. A sheet hung over the doorway in between. Pantomiming in front of the lamplight, the girls cast silent shadows on the sheet. Each boy picked out his partner for the next game by identifying her shadow.

One night Mama and Papa were invited out. It was the only night I can recall being home without them. We actually had a whole, unsupervised evening to ourselves. When Mama and Papa came home, there, boldly traced in charcoal on the white front room walls, were the silhouttes of all of us. Our task the next day was to wash the walls.

The early years in the house that Papa built were probably much the same as that of the first settlers in America. We were on the very tail end of an era. I marvel that I should have been priviliged to live the old life style before the world exploded into the new. Hurricane had no electricity, no pipeline, no automobiles and only one telephone. Airplanes, radios, etc. were undreamed of so far as we were concerned.

But Hurricane did have one modern marvel. In March of 1914 Charlie Petty opened a moving picture show hall. It was run by a gasoline motor. When they cranked it up the "putt, putt, putt" could be heard all over town. Mama let me go one night with my sisters Annie, Kate and Mildred. They had to pay a nickel but I was only four, so got in free. The picture trembled and flickered a lot. Men in white overalls were painting a house. Charlie Chaplin, with his funny duck walk, blundered beneath the ladder and a bucket of paint fell upside down over his head. I cried and ran home, but my sisters stayed. They laughed at me when they got home and said I shouldn't have left because no one really got hurt, it was only a picture.

Grandma Isom built her cute little brick house next door to us. Grandma was as much a part of the family as Mama or Papa or any of the rest of us. She had her special rawhide bottomed chair with a cushion on it, and her corner at the table. She cooked on our kitchen stove and ate all of her meals with us, except when she had company, and then she served her guests on her own polished table, on a fine linen cloth set with elegant china, silverware and crystal.

I was her legs, trotting back and forth between houses, carrying the butter dish, pickles or preserves. Her friends were the satin and lace bosomed, talcum faced, kid curler*, kid glove and kid shoe variety, and they called me "little Alice." They usually picked me up, smothered me to their bosoms, kissed me and said "She looks just like Evadna." I <u>hated</u> to be kissed.

"She's a chatter box and has a wild imagination," was Grandma's usual retort.

"Grandma," I asked one time, "do you wish I was an umbrella so you could shut me up?"

"No," she answered. "Now say your little piece then run along home."

My "little piece" was one she had taught me. I recited, "I am a little chatterbox. My name is Alice May. The reason why I talk so much, I have so much to say." The ladies were delighted, mostly because I was going home.

In contrast to Grandma Isom's house of old English finery, the house that Papa built had bare, pine board floors. Mama braided scatter rugs to make it homey. Uncle Jake Crawford made our dining table. It's the same drop-leaf table that stands in the front room of the old home today. After Uncle Jake sanded, stained and varnished it, it gleamed like a mirror. The lounge, desk and the wash stand where the water bucket and wash basin stood, were made by John Hinton, a furniture maker from England. Our few rawhide bottomed chairs were made by my great grandfather, Samuel Kendall Gifford. Our iron bedsteads and other chairs were freighted by team from the railroad depot at Lund, Utah and probably came from Sears & Roebuck. The desk was a two pieced affair, the bottom part standing high enough for me and my sisters to play paper dolls under. The sloped lid covered a bin where catalogs, or anything else we wanted to get out of sight, could be stashed. The top part had doors that concealed pigeon-hole compartments, and stood so tall that the whole of it towered above the livingroom.

*Kid curlers were made from soft, flexible wire covered with kid skin.

One blustery day I climbed upon the lounge to look out the window. A man sauntered down the sidewalk past our white picket fence.

"Mama, who is that man?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

Craning my neck to get another look at him, I thought, "Oh my, he must have come from the other side of the earth. He must be from China." Never before had I seen anyone that Mama didn't know. In Hurricane, everyone knew everyone.

On September 3, 1914 Mama had a cute little baby girl. She was the second baby born in the house that Papa built, but I don't remember anything about when Edith came. She was just there like the rest of my sisters. What puzzled me was that the new baby's birthday was one day earlier than Edith's, still Edith was two years older.

Now Mama and Papa had six girls in a row! Aunt Ellen said it was a shame the new baby couldn't have been a boy. I didn't think so. I knew exactly what the folks should name her: Elva. Elva Crawford was the prettiest person I had ever seen. Her eyes and hair were dark and her skin fair. She was as nice a cousin as a girl could ever have. If Mama and Papa would name our new baby Elva, then she would be pretty and nice. I coaxed them to and they didn't say they wouldn't. At Sacrament Meeting I listened, and when Papa named our baby LaPriel, I scrunched my eyes tight to squeeze back the tears. LaPriel was an ugly, ugly name and I'd never, never call her that. What's more, I'd never tell any of my playmates what her name was. I was embarrassed. Then a funny thing happened to the name. It got nicer every day and before LaPriel even learned to goo, I knew Papa had named her right.

A chill autumn wind was scattering the poplar leaves. Barefoot days were over. Will and Maude Savage of LaVerkin, drove up to our gate in a buckboard and delivered a woven rag carpet to us. We'd never had such a luxury before because it took many rags and many rag bees to tear, sew and wind enough balls for a carpet. This was our one and only. Will's Aunt Adelaide was the weaver, and his mother Mary Ann the rag inspector. Adelaide wouldn't weave anything that might make the carpet lumpy. (Adelaide and Mary Ann had walked all the way from Council Bluff, Iowa to Salt Lake when they were little girls, and their mother Ann pushed a handcart.)

Mama piled wheat straw on the living room floor and the new carpet was stretched tightly over it and tacked down. Edith and I tumbled and bounced upon it. The floor was so springy that I felt like I was walking with bent knees. So let the wind scatter the poplar leaves. The house was snug and cozy.

CHAPTER 3

PAPA'S FEMININE WORLD

(1915)

Papa was a blessed man, surrounded by women! He had always been surrounded by women. He was the only boy in Grandma's family, and his sisters, Ellen, Alice, Mary, Kate, Annie, Evadna and LaVern loved and fussed over him. Now he had Mama and six <u>lovely</u> daughters. (Mama and Papa never told us we were lovely. They simply didn't talk that way, but we knew they thought so anyway.) Our Aunts Ellen, Alice and Mary lived in Hurricane, and they traipsed to our house

real often to see that "George was eating right." They pampered him and he often reminded us with a grin, that he was "the cutest little boy along the river." Just imagine what Mama had to put up with! All that adulation, plus his special little side dishes at the dinner table and all.

Papa took all of the fussing for granted, as though it was his just dessert. He played his role with dignity, and set the rules that our household had to abide by. Although his feet could not run, his voice reached everywhere, giving instructions or laying down the law. He was the disciplinarian. Mama executed his orders.

We got more training at the dinner table than anywhere else. Papa, Grandma and Mama were a trio. Grandma always said, "Now mind your manners," and Papa would say, "Don't take anything on your plate you cannot eat." Mama put the food before us and silently ate.

Once when I couldn't finish the molasses on my plate, Papa said, "It looks like your eyes are bigger than your belly," and Grandma added, "When the pig gets full, the slop gets sour." My plate with its puddle of molasses was set on a pantry shelf, and the next meal it was set before me. Before I could have anything else, I had to clean it up. Eating off a dirty plate was punishment. It never happened again.

If I over-estimated and took too much food, I struggled until it was gone. But it wasn't fair to have to eat what someone else put on my plate, like pig rind. Once when Grandma dished up my beans, there was a wiggling, curled up piece of pig rind floating in my soup. The fat side curled out, half clear, jelly like and slimy. My stomach lurched at the sight of it.

"Now you eat it," Grandma demanded. "If you waste it, there'll come a day you'll wish you had it."

We were always threatened with starvation as a matter of discipline. I couldn't enjoy the beans because I knew I had to eat the rind. I'd rather be thrashed. With Grandma sitting next to me there was nothing to do but cut into the detestable morsel and try. The greasy piece stuck in my throat and I gagged. Tears welled in my eyes. Rubbing them away with my fist, I obediently gulped down all of that horrid rind. I resolved right then to never, never force a child to eat what he didn't take.

There was some conflict in Grandma's philosophy, however. Tough as she was about our cleaning our plates, she would still say, "It is better that food should waste than a belly should burst," when we licked up the last morsel left in a bowl as we cleared the table.

To have Papa and Grandma boss us was an accepted thing, but to have Kate think she could do it too, exasperated me. Just because she was five years older than I didn't give her any authority. Annie didn't boss me, neither did Mildred. They were peaceful. Mildred and I cut out paper dolls together and made little houses under the desk when Kate thought we should be doing something else. Kate was a lot like Papa and Grandma. One day when she hit me, I sat down in the middle of the kitchen floor and howled in fury.

"If I bawl loud enough," I thought, "Kate will get slapped!" I yelped a mighty blast, and Mama, walking past, swatted me across my wide open mouth. In shocked surprise I shut up instantly. Without saying a word, Mama had straightened me out.

In the springtime, when the apricot tree was in bloom, our new carpet was taken up. This was part of the spring-cleaning ritual for these were the days

before vacuum cleaners. We swept with a straw broom. On Saturdays, to make the carpet nice for Sunday, the broom was dipped in a bucket of water, then shaken. The damp straw picked up extra dirt and kept the dust down. And now, with sunshine spilling everywhere, the carpet was pulled out and hung over the clothes line to be beaten clean and stored for winter. The straw that had been shiny gold last fall was pulverized to powder, to be swept out and burned. The hush of winter's insulation was gone, and the bright, scrubbed room echoed as merrily as the sparrows in the currant bushes.

The smell of blossoms and the song of the birds put a wanderlust yearning within me. Frank Beatty's family lived kitty-corner across the street from us. Mildred Beatty was my playmate and she had relatives living in Leeds. One Saturday morning I wistfully watched her Pa hitch their team to the wagon.

"Alice, would you like to go to Leeds with us?" Sister Beatty asked.

"Oh yes," I gasped.

"Run and ask your mother," she said.

I ran across the street, but I was afraid Mama would say no. We never went anywhere but to Virgin, Kolob or Springdale. I wanted to go with Beattys more than anything, and couldn't bear the thought of being refused. Slipping into the house, I hid behind the front door with my face to the wall. "Mama," I whispered, "can I go to Leeds with Beattys?" "Yes you can go," I answered softly. Racing back I said "Mama said I could go."

I should have enjoyed my first view of the other side of the earth, but I didn't. My conscience nagged me. It was dark before we got home. I took my scolding because I knew I deserved it, but the terrible thing was the nightmare I had after I went to bed. All night long the "bad man" chased me in his long legged underwear. He was big and flabby fat, pale and bald headed except for one gray whisp of hair that waved when he ran after me. The whole night through I barely managed to keep out of his reach.

I had tasted the wages of sin and was relieved to see daylight streaming in through our bedroom window and to hear the resounding ring of Papa kissing Mama.

Papa's and Mama's bedroom was down the hall from ours, and always when he awoke in the morning, his kiss reverberated through the upstairs rooms, sounding like the ring of Uncle Lew's hammer on the iron tires of his wagon wheel. Although I couldn't see, I knew exactly how Mama's face looked. Papa wore a big, bushy moustache, and his kiss was much the same as being kissed by a haystack. His lips never met Mama's because she always screwed her mouth away from him, giving him lots of cheek which he smacked with a merry sound.

He also puckered up after every meal and leaned toward her at the table, planting his bristling affection upon her cheek, and we watched with pleasure, because Mama's mouth was drawn half way across her face to the opposite ear.

My sisters and I came in pairs. Annie and Kate were a team and slept in the southwest bedroom, Mildred and I in the northwest bedroom and Edith and LaPriel in the northeast bedroom just off Mama's and Papa's big southeast bedroom. Mama and Papa had a feather tick on top of their shuck tick. When we piled into their bed we almost sunk out of sight. Our beds were crackly corn shucks.

Papa was surrounded by girls, including our playmates. Uncle Lew and Aunt Mary Campbell's family lived in the next house east of us, and Uncle Marion and Aunt Mary Stout's family lived in the next house west of us. Venona Stout and Iantha Campbell were a little older than I but they played with Mildred Beatty and me, and they were very important people in my life.

When strangers came to our house, Edith would crawl back against the wall under the lounge and stay until after they left. Once she stayed there almost all day.

Papa was a loving patriarch. He called the family together daily for family prayer. Our days began and ended with all of us on our knees together.

CHAPTER 4

MAN MADE MARVELS

(1916)

The desk in the front room was a hazard. It stood on legs high enough for the baby to toddle under without bumping her head, and the cabinet on top teetered precariously when both doors were open, so Mama put the top part on the floor in the north room. It made a cool counter top for the pans of milk in the summer.

This was our first summer in Hurricane, and the upstairs bedrooms were like a furnace compared to Kolob, so we slept downstairs. Edith and LaPriel slept on the floor in front of the desk top. One morning, as they played on their bed, they hung onto the desk doors and it toppled, spilling the milk on them. Looking like drowned rats they spluttered and bawled. Their hair was matted with slathers of cream and their nightgowns were plastered to them. They were a ridiculous sight in their puddle of milk.

It didn't seem right to not be going to the ranch, but summers in Hurricane brought new discoveries. I learned that July fruit is not always bruised. When Uncle Ren's boys brought apricots and peaches to Kolob, the fruit arrived bruised, oozy brown and delicious. I thought it grew that way and I loved the bruises.

Hurricane had been celebrating Peach Day since 1913, but this year was our first time. The fruit was spread under the shade of the trees on tables made of planks. Melons, peaches, apples, plums and grapes were heaped high. People even came from Cedar and St. George in their wagons. Indians pitched their camp north of town. This was a two day celebration. On the afternoon of the second day, the melons were cut and everyone ate the fruit display. How jolly it was! Dozens of wagons, with teams tied to the side of them, were parked on the north end of main street where Marzell Covington lives today. Horseshoe pitching and other sports were in progress, when from somewhere in the direction of LaVerkin, a strange roaring and popping was heard. The horses moved uneasily, snorting and tossing their manes. Then a chugging vehicle appeared, laying a trail of dust, puffing clouds of smoke from its rear. Wild eyed, the horses reared on their hind legs and squeeled. Men hung onto the horses halters to calm them. The vehicle came to a stop where the crowd was the thickest.

"It's an automobile, an automobile," some kid shrilled.

Wow! If we'd been on Kolob, I might never, never have seen one! It made a terrible noise, and smelled awful, but it ran without horses. Wagon covers and buggy tops were white, but this vehicle was black topped. The wheels had wooden spokes, were smaller than wagon wheels and had rubber tires.

Mr. Fox owned the car, and he offered to take passengers for 10¢ a mile. Five people could ride at a time. Grandma gave each of us a dime and I sat in the front seat by Mr. Fox. All the way to the flour mill and back I sized up the car's interior. It had isinglass windows rolled up like blinds, and a bristling coco mat on the floor. Mr. Fox had a mole on his right cheek with three hairs sticking out. Maybe that's why they called him Mr. Fox. My, how I wished I had another dime!

In September I went to the Beginners in the same room with the First Grade. My sisters went to school in the Church House and in the Relief Society building, but we were in Robb Stratton's building that was supposed to be a store, on the corner of what is now 112 West and State. You had to be seven to go to the First Grade. My cousin Josephine Spendlove was our teacher.

In the winter we were either too hot or too cold, depending on where we sat from the pot bellied stove. Probably that's why we were dressed like cucoons.

"Guess what?" I piped one evening at supper. "We had a program in school today and I sang a song all by myself."

"You did!" Mama exclaimed.

"What did you sing?" Grandma asked.

"I sang 'Oh that chicken pie, put in lots of spice. How I wish the goodness that I had another slice.'" With a happy sigh, I settled back waiting for the family's praise. Instead, everyone grinned, then someone whispered,"She can't even carry a tune." I was crushed. Later, when Miss Spendlove asked me to sing, I refused.

Coming home from school each day, we walked past the loafers, or what some folks called the Spittin' an' Whittlin' Club. The front of, or the side of Charlie Petty's store, depending on the season, the wind or the sun, was the gathering place for the farmers. After school, we'd pass them, leaning against the store, or squatting on their heels, enjoying the afternoon break before chore time. Some of my playmates used to stop and beg their dads for nickels. Impressed, I decided to try it.

"Papa, can I have a nickel?" I asked, expecting him to say no.

Instead, he dug into his pocket and handed me one. I felt sheepish. I didn't really want the nickel.

Walking into the store, I surveyed the jars of hard tack candy and the packages of gum. I couldn't spend the money on something that would be eaten up and forgotten, so I bought a yard of inch wide, red, white and blue striped ribbon that I took to my room. Occasionally I'd spread it across my lap, or thoughtfully run it between my fingers.

A fun pastime was making up little plays and charging ten pins for the ticket. One afternoon we noticed the door to the wooden church house ajar, an open invitation to go on stage. We'd just cast the parts to Red Riding Hood, when Clark West's frame filled the doorway. He was the janitor. With the terrible voice of authority, he demanded to know why we were there. I was scared. He stood with his feet spread wide and I observed how long his legs were and how much room there was between, so in a sudden longing for freedom I darted between his legs and ran home.

Meat markets and refrigeration didn't exist. Grandma and Papa had cattle "on the range", and when a beef was butchered the word was spread through town. Papa always had his beef animal done in the early morning before the flies awoke, and people came from all over town with their little pans to buy a cut of fresh meat. We usually ended up with the heart and the liver. Mama stuffed the heart. We called it "Yorkshire Pudding" but it was more like sage dressing than a pudding. Trying to eat the liver is what made a vegetarian out of me.

Thanksgiving day, plank and saw-horse tables were set up in the church house and covered with snowy white table cloths. People came in buggies and wagons,

bringing their good food and pretty dishes. We walked through the ankle deep snow. My feet were soaked and my toes ached, but nothing could dim the joy of the only community Thanksgiving I can remember.

Grownups had a good thing going in those days. They expected total respect from young folks, and they seemed to get it. An oft repeated axiom was, "Children should be seen and not heard." This was simply a matter of dicipline. Also, it was an accepted custom, that at any large dinner, grownups ate first. Youngsters, out of respect for their elders, must learn patience and wait their turn. So it was with this community Thanksgiving. The grownups ate while we got our shoes still more soggy by trying to make a snowman. When our fingers got purple, we collected around the stove. Our good behavior was rewarded by the full and loving attention of the grownups as they waited on us as we were seated around the second table.

A few days after Thanksgiving, my sisters brought their baking powder cans tinkling with pennies and nickels and dumped them out onto the table to be counted. Wide eyed I watched and listened to their chatter about paying tithing.

I didn't have any nickels or pennies. I didn't even have an empty baking powder can, but I knew a little about tithing. I had seen the loads of tithing hay being hauled to the tithing barn, and I had watched Mama push the firm, yellow butter from the wooden mould onto the wrapper for "tithing butter." And our chickens laid "tithing eggs." *footnote

"Mama, when can I pay tithing?" I asked.

Mama's dough covered hands stopped still in the big pan where she was mixing bread. She looked at me for a long minute then smiled. "My goodness, you are getting to be a big girl, aren't you? Why of course you want to pay tithing."

After the dough was washed from her hands, she said, "Come with me."

I followed her to the chicken run, where she scattered a little wheat. Greedily, the chickens flocked around her and she slipped her hands over the wings of a young, black rooster.

"Here," she said, handing him to me, "hold him while I tie his legs."

From a bunch of used binding twine that hung on the corral fence she selected a short piece. Securing the rooster's legs she said "you've been a good girl to help feed the chickens, so you can take this rooster to Bishop Isom for tithing."

My sisters giggled at the rooster squirming in my arms, as I announced I was going to the bishop's with them. I hugged my rooster as we walked the six blocks to his house and the rooster chuckled back at me.

When Bishop Samuel Isom saw us coming through his gate, his front door opened wide. His ample front was made for hugging children and his big moustache made his laugh seem extra jolly.

Seeing the rooster he asked, "Ho, ho, what's this?"

"He's a tithing rooster," I announced.

"Ah, he's a fine one," the bishop said, taking the chicken from me and setting him down on the porch.

*Eggs were considered a woman's petty cash. Women tended the hens and turned her surplus eggs in to the store for "script." There were "tithing eggs" and "Sunday eggs." The two-roomed, brick Relief Society building in Hurricane was built with "Sunday Eggs."

The Bishop sat at his roll top desk and my sisters paid him their nickels and pennies and he made out our receipts. As he handed them to us he gave us each a loving pat.

"Will you please read my receipt for me?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Gladly," he replied. Taking it from me he read, "Alice Isom has voluntarily contributed to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, one rooster."

I tingled all over. The church was so big and I was so small, still I had contributed to it!

When we got home Mama gave me an empty mentholatum jar. "You can keep your tithing money in this from now on," she said.

The jar was shiny and warm from the scrubbing she had given it, scrubbing off the label. The translucent milk white glass was beautiful to me. I loved that mentholatum jar and used it all through my childhood. *

CHAPTER 5

BIG THINGS HAPPEN

(1917)

ZCMI used to give Grandma a box of creamy, soft, swirly chocolate at Christmas time. The box was big, but so was Grandma's posterity, and I knew one piece was all I'd get. And this piece I licked fondly until there was nothing left but the good smell on my fingers. Sometimes Grandma gave me the empty fluted cups and breathing deeply I'd bury my nose in them. She knew what a rare treat this was to all of us.

One day when we were at Grandma's house with our cousins, she brought out her chocolate box. Breaking the cellophane from the shiny, pink box, she removed the velvet ribbon. Our mouths watered. She lifted the lid and chocolate aroma filled the room. To each child she passed her treasure. Breathlessly I waited and finally she held the box before me.

"Do you want a chocolate, Alice?" she asked.

Trying not to appear too eager I timidly replied, "I don't care."

"Well," she retorted, "if you don't care, I'm certainly not going to waste one on you."

And she didn't. I was crushed. But the lesson she taught me has never been forgotten. I learned that I'd better let it be known that I <u>do</u> care, one way or another, about everything of importance. I also learned to say "Yes please," or "No thank you."

Grandma's house had plush carpets of red roses and dark green leaves on a rich brown background. Light, filtering through white lace curtains, was reflected in the soft sheen of her polished furniture.

Edith and I were her dusting girls. Sometimes our cousin Virginia Campbell helped. Edith was Grandma's favorite duster because she sat tirelessly under the dining table, working the dust cloth into every curlicue of the carved legs. Her fingers also went round and round through the fancy iron work under the sewing machine. I detested fussy details. Still, Grandma gave me as many lemon drops and peppermints as she did Edith. Edith knew she deserved

* Story "The Happy Tithe Payer" published in the May 1976 Friend.

more and she and Virginia helped themselves from the shoebox of candy on the marble top table in the parlor. Those frosted lemon drops were as tempting to me as to them, but my nagging conscience held me back. So Edith and Virginia snitched freely and I shared the blame.

Grandma didn't blame gently either. Once she accused me of using all of her black shoe polish.

"Grandma, I didn't do it," I said.

"It's no use for you to tell me that, for I know full well you did," she snapped.

I stood up for myself the best I could, but she said I was being disrespectful and sassy. I was humiliated, because Aunt Mary Campbell was there. I hated being scolded in front of company. One look at my shoes would show that they never had been shined, except with soot, and that rarely.

Tears stung my eyes and my throat ached. I was trying hard not to cry. Aunt Mary put her arm around me. The squeeze of her hand and the look in her eyes told me she knew I was innocent. I resolved that when I became a Grandma I would never tell a grandchild they did something if they said they didn't.

Grandma braided my hair snake-braid. The idea was to weave each lock of hair in so tightly that it couldn't come undone. She wore a thimble as she braided, claiming it helped her do a neater, tighter job. That wasn't the real reason. The thimble was for thumping my head when I wiggled. I had to sit like a statue. She pulled my hair so tight at the temples that she almost braided my skin in too, and slanted the outer corners of my eyes up, and the corners of my mouth as well. A scowl would have been impossible, because the muscles were stretched the opposite way. I became so tough headed I could have been hung by my braids without feeling it. But my hair, as Grandma lamented, was like snakes, crawling all of the time. Mama called it wirey. No way could the ends of my braids be fastened so they would stay. Once undone, the braids unravelled like pulling a thread on a knitted sock. That meant more head thumping from Grandma's thimble.

No squirrel ever stored more diligently for winter than Grandma did. In our grainery she kept a forty-gallon wooden barrel with grapes pickled in molasses and water, and one for pickling corned beef and one filled with brine for cucumbers. All winter she dipped into these barrels, doling out goodies into her little brass bucket for us to take to her friends. On Saturdays or after school she would send me pattering across town with the shiny little bucket taking her offerings to Grandma Spendlove or Grandma and Grandpa Hinton or to Albert Stratton or Lizzie Lee.

Grandma ate her meals with us except when she had company. Then she cooked on our stove, but served her guests on her own pretty table, with her elegant dishes. Once when she was taking currant pies from the oven, she dropped one. It spilled from the plate in a broken heap. I was glad, because she said,"You young ones can have it." No pie ever tasted so good as the one we ate from the kitchen floor. Her daughters used to say,"Ma is so saving, that if a fly lit in the molasses, she'd lick its legs before turning it loose." Papa said she was thrifty.

Even though Grandma and Papa did most of the disciplining, there were times when Mama took a hand, and when she did she made it good. She wouldn't tolerate

our quarreling or fighting. If two of us got into a scrap, she cut three willows, one for each of us and one for herself.

Raising her stick, she'd say,"All right, if you two want to fight you're going to do it right. Now you hit each other or I'll hit you."

My arm would go weak in the elbow. I couldn't begin to lift my stick. Looking at my sister, then back at Mama I'd whimper,"I don't want to fight."

"Do as you're told and hit each other," she would demand.

We'd both be sniveling by now. "We don't want to fight," we'd howl.

"Then kiss each other and behave yourselves."

Kissing each other was the worst punishment of all, but it was either that or the tingling of the willow. Usually it was the latter. But Mama didn't have to use this method on us often. It was drastic enough to make for lasting peace.

But the world wasn't at peace. Grandma digested the Deseret News each evening and we got a review of the news the following day at meal time. Often when I was busting to talk, Papa would say,"Shhh, Grandma is talking."

A war was going on. The Germans, especially Old Kaiser Bill, were the bad guys and the English, with the British Fleet were the good guys and they were scrapping over France. Little Belgium was the stomping ground.

When our stable was cleaned, the manure was always pitched out of the two east windows. The mounds dried and we used to play one mound was Bunker Hill and the other Golden Hill. We wore a powdery trail in between as we ran back and forth. Now these piles became France and Germany and we played "Kaiser Bill went up the hill to kill the king of France. Kaiser Bill came down the hill with bullets in his pants."

As Grandma reported the news, vivid pictures built up in my mind. The British and Germans were deadlocked somewhere in Belgium. Neither side could advance, so they dug trenches for themselves. Parallel lines of trenches ran clear across northern France from Flanders to Switzerland. "No man's land" was the strip between. I pictured the Germans burrowing in their muddy trenches like mean little gophers. Grandma's reports were awful! Millions of lives were lost in those trenches by machine guns, poison gas and liquid fire.

Stories of German submarines filled the news. Grandma was aghast at the news when the Lusitania was sunk, drowning over a thousand people. The Lusitania was a British ship of war, but was carrying just plain people, a lot of them Americans. President Woodrow Wilson let Germany know we didn't like this one bit, but Germany sank eight more American ships. In a single week they sank eighty-eight ships. (The American People by Muzzy Pages 631-637)

President Wilson said,"It is a fearful thing to lead this great and peaceful people into war . . . . but the right is more precious than peace." (Muzzy 631)

On April 6, 1917 the United States of America declared war on Germany! Our country was involved in World War I. (Muzzy 632)

Fortunately, the world continues to turn, war or no war, and springtime brings sheep shearing time. The Goulds Shearing Corral upon the Hurricane Hill was fast becoming the biggest operation of its kind in the world, so the story goes. Aunt Alice and Uncle Will Spendlove ran one cook shack, cooking for thirty or forty men, and Thad and Lizzy Ballard ran the other cook shack, cooking for the

same number of men. Uncle Will came to Hurricane almost every day for water and supplies, and Thad did too. Thad had a water tank that was as long as the bed of his wagon.

Papa decided it would be a good family outing to go to Goulds so he borrowed Uncle Ren's team and wagon. To ride anywhere was a treat to us. Mama put a denim quilt over a shuck tick in the wagon box for us to sit on and packed the grub box. She sat up front on the spring seat beside Papa.

I was so excited I could hardly contain myself. I thought of the good picnic Mama had prepared and of seeing Aunt Alice and Uncle Will and of watching the men shear sheep.

When Papa slapped the reins on the horses backs, the wagon creaked and swayed as the horses pulled into the ruts in the road. Going up the Hurricane Hill was scarey, because the dugway was narrow and steep, but I savored each turn of the wheels. Once on top, the horses settled into an easy gait and I stretched out on the bed, enjoying the protection of the tightly stretched wagon cover over the bows that the beating sun illuminated but did not penetrate. The horses jogged along and the wagon wheels ground pleasantly in the dirt, lulling me to sleep. When I awoke, we were going down the hill and papa was pulling back on the brake rope.

"Aren't we going to Goulds?" I asked.

"We have been to Goulds," one of my sisters replied.

"But I haven't," I cried.

"Oh yes you have. You just didn't wake up," someone said.

Crawling over to where Mama sat, I said, "Mama, I haven't been to Goulds, have I!"

She looked at me in surprise and put her arm around me. "Bless you," she said, "I guess we forgot to wake you."

"Oh Mama," I cried, "you didn't have the picnic without me did you?"

She looked stricken. "I'm afraid we did. There were so many people, I guess we didn't notice you were still in the wagon asleep."

I didn't just cry. I howled broken heartedly. How could anyone do that to me! How could they, when we simply never, never went anywhere! "I didn't even get to see the shearing corral," I bawled.

Everyone was sorry, but I knew I would never get to go again, and I didn't.

My disappointment over the Goulds trip was deeper than I can express. It had been so good just to smell a wagon cover again and to hear the clopping of horses. A longing for the annual trek to Kolob was revived, stirring within me almost to the point of obsession. I yearned for the sight of bluebells, pink phlox, squirrels and pine trees.

I'm sure Mama felt very sorry about the slip-up on the Goulds trip too, so when Aunt Ellen and Uncle Ren Spendlove invited me to go to Kolob with them for the summer, Mama and Papa consented to let me go. I was transported with joy. I loved every turn of the road, camping under the open sky, watching the dying embers of the campfire, hearing once more the sound of horses munching grain in their nose bags. With a happy heart I drifted off to sleep.

The early morning climb up the mountain brought us to Heaven! A Heaven of long needle pines, the smell of sage and racing through the meadow with Venice and Velma.

Aunt Ellen made corn bread for supper. She put a piece on my plate with yellow butter melting through it. I took one bite but could not swallow. I looked at the dear faces in the lamplight. WHERE WAS MAMA? WHERE WERE MY SISTERS AND PAPA? My throat tightened. I picked up my plate and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" Aunt Ellen asked.

With a gulp I answered,"I want to eat my corn bread outside."

It was still twilight. I sat with my back against a pine tree, my plate in my lap. I tried to eat but couldn't. Tears were splashing on my dress. Why? Here I was at my very own Kolob, sitting against my favorite tree, with my favorite food on my plate, still I was crying. Digging a hole in the sand, I buried the bread and then I cried hard. In that moment I knew Heaven would never be Heaven without my family.

The next day Lafe and Tennessee Spendlove galloped in on a little buckboard to deliver some things to Aunt Ellen. They were returning to Hurricane that afternoon, and I begged to go with them. Venice and Velma coaxed me to stay, but I would not.

When I got home, Hurricane looked hot, dull and dry. I realized that I had run away from Kolob. This time I fell desperately ill. Heartbroken, a homesick longing as big as the earth and sky seemed almost to crush the life out of me, a longing to bring together the two dearest things on earth to me, my family and Kolob. And this could never be.

It was quarterly conference and the house swarmed with relatives from "up the river." I was on the bed in the northwest bedroom and was going to die. I knew it and I knew Mama and all of the relatives knew it. This was the end. Then I saw the concern on Mama's face and I said,"Mama, if you will get Brother Barber and Brother Jepson to help Papa administer to me I will be better." They came and after the administration I was well instantly.

On June 5th, my cousin Ianthus Campbell died. He was one of the babies that had inspired my sisters to pray for twins. Now Iantha was left without her twin the same as I was.

Ianthus used to play ball in the street with us. Our balls were made of tightly wound carpet rags, stitched on the outside with carpet warp in a honeycomb stitch. Our bats were pieces of board whittled narrow at the handle and wide as a paddle - the wider the better our chance for hitting the ball.

Sometimes Ianthus teased me. Once I got so aggravated I hit him with the garden rake. I couldn't hit him good because the rake was too heavy for me to swing, but I got him good enough to make him run home bawling. Uncle Lew said he was going to take me to Kolob and use me for coyote bait. Now Ianthus was gone and he would never pitch a ball to me again, and I wished I had never hit him.

But Uncle Lew and Aunt Mary still had one boy, Marcus, the same age as Edith. The nearest thing Papa had to being a boy was me. Grandma said I was a Tomboy, and Papa encouraged it. When Sam Pollock came to play checkers, Papa used to get me to shinny up the porch poles. Sam would say, "Ah George, she can climb as good as any boy." I wasn't interested in being "as good as." I wanted to be "better than," so that's when I started climbing to the peak of the barn. When Grandma

saw me walking along the ridge of the barn roof, she fluttered into the yard screeching,"Aaalliss, come right down before you break your neck!" From my perch she looked wonderfully small down by the woodpile, and I loved her clucking and ruffling her feathers over me. I climbed down, but I knew I would climb up again because I wanted Papa to brag about me. Then there was the mulberry tree in front of Grandma's house. The top limbs were even higher than the barn. When Grandma saw me swaying overhead she went into a most satisfactory dither and I climbed down to please her. Between her spasms and Papa's bragging I felt famous.

We used to sing a song that went something like this:

My sister wears a velvet dress and ostrich feather hat
And white kid gloves and shiny shoes and all such things as that.
She goes to parties, matinees and dances all she can,
But she can never do the things I'll do when I'm a man.

Cho.

A girl can't be a cowboy, or run away to sea,
Or be an Injun fighter, like I intend to be,
So I don't care what she may wear, it never makes me mad,
For I shall run the country when I'm big like Dad.

This song made me wish I was a boy. Sometimes I honestly resented being a girl.

Although it had been years since Grandma had closed her store in Virgin, she could still buy wholesale from ZCMI. In fact, ZCMI not only gave her chocolates every year, but they also gave her a rich looking satin dress piece every summer when she returned to Salt Lake to visit relatives and friends. And always she returned with a big cardboard box filled with white canvas slippers, a pair for each of her granddaughters. She bought them for ten or twenty cents a pair. With each pair she gave us a half-moon shaped piece of chalk to keep them white. We only wore them on the 4th and 24th of July and on Sunday. The rest of the time we went barefooted.

Sometimes we made moccasins out of the backs of old overalls, to protect our feet from the scorching earth and from the grass burs. Our winter shoes - and there was only one pair a year - had high tops that either laced or buttoned. A button-hook hung by the door between the front room and the kitchen. Saturday nights we turned a stove lid upside down and with a rag and spit we rubbed soot on our shoes, blacking them for Sunday.

Frank Beatty traded property with Charlie Workman and moved his family practically off the earth. They moved at least two miles away in the Hurricane fields. That meant that I lost Mildred Beatty for a playmate. But Workmans built a house a half block up the street and I got a new playmate, Eloise. Eloise's sisters Hazel, Flora and Delsey used to read stories to us. When they read the people in the stories came alive, they were so full of expression. Eloise's brothers Carl and Eldon treated us like grown-ups and entertained us, and Sister Workman would put out big glass fruit bowls filled with dried malaga grapes and paper shelled almonds on Sunday afternoon. We loved to visit at Workman's home.

In the fall, a most disgraceful thing happened! When school started they put all of the dumb little six year olds in with us. The "Beginners" was discontinued and the new kids started right out in the first grade! It wasn't fair!

With a wounded, superior air, we looked down on those little "babies" the whole year through. But one thing eased the blow, and that was that it made us kind of distinctive for we were the last of the beginners, and the new little kids were the first, first graders to be only six years old.

The new school building was not quite finished, so we started the first grade in the Relief Society building.

Great things were going on in Hurricane. Tall power poles were being planted down every street. How exciting it was when electricians began wiring our house! My little sisters and I were right underfoot to grab every metal slug the men dropped to the floor. They were the size and color of nickel coins.

The electric power was turned on in Hurricane in September 1917. Every corner had a street light and lights shone from every home. How beautiful it was!

Light globes were delicate, exquisite things of thin, crystal clear glass, with delicate wires inside, glowing first red, then bright yellow when the power was turned on. A globe hung from a drop cord in the center of each room in our house. The front room, kitchen and hall had wall switches - push buttons in a copper plate. In the other rooms the lights were turned on at the globe. We were fascinated with the magic that took place when we pushed the button, but Papa sternly said,"This is no play thing. You will wear out the switches." He made a strict rule that the lights were to be turned on only once each night, and we could take turns at that. When it was my turn, I looked forward with excitement all day for the coming of night. We boasted and bragged to our playmates about the brightness of our lights. To out-do us all, Iantha said their lights were so bright they had to open the door to let a little dark in.

Burned out light globes became treasures. Women crocheted lace coverings for them and used them as ornamental curtain tie-backs.

But electricity was undependable. We did'nt put the kerosene lamp away, because with every gusty wind or rain squall, the power went off. Each time Mama lit the lamp, Papa remarked,"Another cow must have stepped in the Santa Clara Creek." That's where our power came from.

On the morning of October 30th Grandma came from Mama's bedroom. "Good morning girls," she said,"the stork brought you a little baby brother in the night."

Papa came into the room with a funny look on his face. It was a grin with tears in it, like he was laughing and crying at the same time.

"Come quietly and you can see your new brother," Grandma said, going into Mama's room ahead of us.

Mama smiled at us and pulled the covers back so we could see the little creature that was bundled beside her. Well! He certainly wasn't any beauty. He was bald headed as a jack-o-lantern. If he had waited one more day he would have been born on Halloween. "If I were Mama," I thought,"I'd stick to girls."

What I couldn't quite figure out was why everyone who came to our house made such a fuss over Papa. All of our Aunts kissed him and said,"Well George, at last you have a fine son," and the corners of Papa's moustache twitched and he batted his eyes like something was in them. Not one soul said,"Well George, you have six lovely daughters!" Except Sam Pollock. When he came to play checkers with Papa he'd sort of say it in a round about way. He'd say,"Ah George, someday the devil will pay you off in sons-in-laws."

Our brother was named William Howard for a whole line of grandfather Williams going back on both sides,and for our Howard ancestory that came from England.

Papa had Howard in his name too, and since George had been given to my twin, our new brother got the Howard part.

During all of the excitement of Hurricane growing, and our family growing, Grandma still kept us posted about the war with Germany. We heard about, saw and felt the effects daily. Every man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty had to register for military service. Looking back, I don't see how our country could have had such a jaunty air about going overseas. Our soldiers joked and laughed and sang, making the war appear to be a romantic adventure. Snatches of their songs went something like this:

Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on a run, on a run, on a run,
Make your daddy proud of you, and your own red, white and blue.

Over there, over there, send a word, say a prayer,
For the Yanks are coming, their hearts are strumming,
The drums are drumming everywhere.

. . . . We're going over . . . .
And we won't be back till it's over over there.

In every little church house in every little town farewell parties were held. The entire town gathered for the farewell party when the first soldier boys left Hurricane. Sweethearts and mothers were in tears. I remember Josephine Spendlove, Mattie Segler and Annie Workman, sweethearts of Elmer Wood, Ren Spendlove and Claude Hirschi. The girls were dressed in sheer blouses, and their lacy camisoles with tiny pink or blue ribbon bows showed through. They looked so romantic to me. Through their smiles, they shed just enough tears to make the occasion sweet and sad and I got a lump in my throat. The following two songs were sung and continued to echo in my mind, because we heard them many times afterward:

SMILE AWHILE

Goodbye means the birth of a teardrop.
Hello means the birth of a smile.
Over high garden wall, the sweet echoes fall
As a soldier boy whispers goodbye.

Smile awhile, you kiss me sad adeiu.
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover's lane, my dearie.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory.
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

SO LONG MOTHER

So long my dear old mother, don't you cry.
Come, kiss your grown up baby boy goodbye.
Somewhere in France I'll be dreaming of you,
You and your dear eyes of blue.

Come, let me see you smile before we part.
I'll throw a kiss to cheer your dear old heart.
There's a tear in your eye, don't you sigh, don't you cry.
So long mother, kiss your boy goodbye.

The following day people gathered on the streets to wave goodbye as our soldiers left town in a Model T Ford, on their way to Camp Lewis.

CHAPTER 6
(1918)

ARMISTICE

In 1917 the Hurricane and LaVerkin towns bought water rights from Toquerville and both towns began to look something like Northern France. With picks and shovels men dug trenches down every street. But these were not grim trenches like the ones in France. These were happy ones where kids could race, whooping and laughing and hollering, after the workers had gone home for the day. What fun we had, until it was discovered what a lot of dirt we were knocking down for the men to shovel out again, then we were forbidden to play in the trenches anymore.

In the trenches wooden pipes with wire coiled around them were buried, and by January 1918 water flowed through them. We had a tap under the cherry tree close to the kitchen door. Up to this time we drank "cistern" water. Papa owned a cistern in with Uncle Lew and Uncle Marion. It was built just below the canal. It had boards over the top to keep kids and critters from falling in, but every little while it had to be cleaned to get rid of polliwogs, snakes, snails and moss. Cistern water was piped to the corral, and the cow's trough was slick and green.

With the new water system, our drinking water was no longer murky, but crystal clear, and the taste took some getting used to. People called it "Toquer-Bloat."

In January the entire school moved into a new school building. In our new class room we sang, "Good morning to you, good morning to you. We're all in our places with bright smiling faces. Oh, this is the way to start a new day." Then before our opening prayer, Miss Moody said, "Today we must give special thanks for this lovely new class room."

The new building was steam heated with silver painted radiators that knocked and banged and sometimes steamed at the valves. On an inside wall in each room was an "air hole" next to the floor, big enough for a kid to crawl into. Oozing plaster, hardened between the laths in the air holes, made a beckoning ladder where adventurous boys often vanished.

The bell in the belfry rang exactly thirty minutes before marching time and could be heard clear across town. In the school yard, each grade had an assigned spot to line up in double rows. When the piano started playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever", the littlest grade marched first. We marched, one line at a time, swiveling for a right angle turn, marching up the steps four abreast, stepping on the bottom step with the right foot. The Principal clapped his hands calling, "Left, right, left right," and we never broke rank until we were in our seats. The names of those who got out of step were jotted down and they marched in the awkward squad after school.

In the spring, the locust trees that lined the sidewalk in front of the schoolhouse hung sweet with clusters of white waxen blossoms. At recess time we greedily munched the flowers. Green groceries in the store did not exist. The locust blossoms satisfied a craving, as did watercress.

The pear trees in our front yard were a cloud of blossoms and bees. I loved to sit on the front porch holding our baby brother on my lap. His curls were honey colored; he had a round laughing face and his eyes were blue. I'd pat out the soft folds of his white dress so people passing by would look

over the picket fence and say, "My, what a pretty baby!"

On May Day everyone went a Maying. Happy picnickers gathered with their teams and wagons at Berry Springs, where high swings hung from the cottonwood trees by the pond. Caterpillars, with furry backs rippling, crawled merrily on the limbs, dropping their fat little bodies among the picnickers. Shivering, blue-legged little girls in ringlets and pink, blue, yellow and green mosquito netting dresses braided the colored streamers on the May Pole. May Day was often chilly, but always wonderful.

Now that Hurricane had electricity, we no longer heard the loud popping of the gasoline engine which "ran the dynamo and created the juice" for the operation of the picture show on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Charlie Petty built the new Star Theater, which opened in May 1918.

I was wild about picture shows. Since we seldom had nickels, if I wanted to see a movie, I earned the ticket. I passed handbills whenever Charlie Petty would let me. All of the shows were good, no matter how bad they were. There were the good guys and the bad guys. If the bad guys didn't repent they were punished. Right prevailed. The girls were pretty and the men handsome. Love triumphed. Endings were happy. Never was the audience left with that oh-no-it-can't-end-that-way feeling. Pictures were black and white and silent. When the words were flashed on the screen, grownups could be heard all over the hall reading to the little ones. A melodeon, a cross between a player piano and an organ, rolled out background music during the wild stampedes or gun fights. A woman treaded the pedals as the roll of music played.

In the summer time I took for granted the hard work that Mama and my older sisters did. Mama dug ditches and put in the gardens, doing what Papa would have done if he could have, and Annie and Kate milked the cows. Perched on their three-legged stools, one on each side of the cow, they milked together. Annie scythed the green lucern, raking it in a pile, then plunging the pitch fork into the heavy load, she'd swing it over her shoulders, looking like a moving haystack as she went to the corral. We each had our tasks to do, but play was more fun to me than work.

Playing with Iantha and Vinona was so much fun. Iantha was clever at making rag dolls. Our rag doll families were cute and we had a technique where we could make them without needle or thread, and even without scissors if necessary. We did need scissors for the silk scraps Iantha furnished from Aunt Mary's dressmaking. Aunt Mary Campbell did custom sewing.

It was no sin in my sight to make rag dolls first, then do my dishes afterwards. Neither Kate nor Annie saw it that way. Kate shouted so persistently for me to come downstairs one day that I shouted in exasperation, "You're just old maids. You ought to be married and have kids of your own to boss. When I'm as old as you are, I'll be married." Kate was just thirteen. All the rest of the summer she reminded me that I'd better get busy on my trousseau.

Dirty dishes and bossy sisters can never squelch childhood happiness. My cousins were fun to be with. Eating bread and milk and little green onions up on the canal bank with them was the best kind of picnic.

One day our curiosity about cigarettes spurred Iantha and I into action. Sitting on our woodpile, we rolled up fine cedar bark in catalog paper, sticking it together with spit. Holding a roll in my lips I struck a match and sucked in my breath. The flame went through the bark and the smoke up the

back of my throat behind my nostrils and eyes. Choking and coughing, I struggled for breath. Tears streamed down my cheeks. When I could breathe, I looked at Iantha, and she was choking and coughing and tears streamed down her face, too. Our curiosity was satisfied.

One day, while Will Sanders from LaVerkin visited with Papa in our yard, he took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a cud. His eyes crinkled with pleasure and he made a sucking sound through his teeth like he was slurping watermelon juice. Expertly he spat in the dust, then chewed some more. Watching his face I thought how wonderfully good chewing tobacco must be. Papa kept a box of "horseshoe" plug tobacco in the grainery for sick cattle. When no one was looking, I took the box from the shelf. The tobacco was fresh and moist and biting off a hunk was easy. What a shock! My mouth burned and I spit and spit. I had been deceived!

Street lights added a new dimension to our lives. On summer evenings, after the supper dishes were done, we played barefooted in the squishy dust that was fluffy as talcum in the wagon rutted road. We never played further away than our own corner street light, within the range of Papa's voice when he called us in for family prayer. How good it was to pause in our play and run across the front porch, pressing our faces against the screen door to see Mama and Papa. They were always there. Sometimes Mama chorded on the organ and Papa sang "The Bowery", "Rosy Nell" or "Sweet Birds, Oh Say That My Lover is True."

One evening as Iantha and I played together, a girl from across town came along. "Will you kids walk home with me?" she asked.

"I can't," I answered, "it's too late. It would be dark before we got back home."

"That's why I want you to go with me. It will be dark before I get home and I'm scared."

"Ah, come on," Iantha said, "let's take her home."

"I can't," I protested.

"If both of you go, then you won't have to come back alone," the girl pleaded.

"Nope, I can't," I insisted.

"All right, don't you do it then," she retorted, "but I'll tell you one thing. If you don't, the devil will get you."

"He won't really, will he?" I asked.

"He will really," she affirmed. The girl was two years older than I, so she should know.

Even the mention of the devil's name scared me. I had the urge to run in the house quick but the girl was saying, "The devil will really get you and you won't ever see your Mama again."

That did it. I said, "We'd better hurry and take her home."

Holding hands, the three of us ran. Dusk turned into thick black velvet as we scooted through the tunnel of trees up her lane.

As we got to her gate and said, "Goodnight," she pulled us to her. "Because you had to be coaxed and didn't come with me when I first asked you, the devil is going to get you anyway," she said. "He won't get you until the

first night you sleep away from home. Not unless you tell somebody that I told you this. If you tattle, he'll get you that night." With that expression of gratitude for our protection, she ran into her house, and we sped terrified through the darkness to home.

As I slipped quietly into the welcome light of the living room, Papa said,"This is a fine time to be coming home," then went on jouncing Willie on his knee and singing,"A chicken went to bed but it was no use, roll Jordan roll."

Grandma was reading the Deseret News and shaking her head and saying,"Tsk, tsk, tsk, what a shame." Mildred was playing with the paper dolls we had cut out of the Montgomery and Sears catalogs, and asked me to play with her. She played with the ones that didn't have any feet, and with the black and white ones and let me play with the slick, colored ones. Things seemed all right as long as the family was around and the lights were on, but after prayers, everyone went to bed. Then the terrifying prediction came back to me and I realized that all the days of my life I would never be able to leave Hurricane because my first night away from home would be my last one on earth. Burying my head under the covers I finally slept.

In the brightness of day I was able to dismiss the grim promise, until one of my sisters mentioned going to Springdale, then the torment within me became intolerable. I hoped Uncle Lewis wouldn't bring his grist to the mill until fall, because if he did, he'd probably invite Mildred and me to return to Springdale with him. But something just as worrisome happened. Papa planned a family vacation to Moccasin to see Aunt LaVern Heaton's family. Moccasin was in Arizona. We'd never been out of Utah. My sisters were as tickled as if Moccasin had streets of pure gold. I wasn't tickled, I was scared.

Mama hummed while she baked mountains of cookies and bread,and everyone was busy and happy helping get ready to go. I helped, but I wasn't happy. Ianthus Spendlove drove to our house in Uncle Ren's wagon and our bedding and grub box were loaded in. I knew that this was the very last day of my life.

I didn't have to go with the family, but if I didn't, I'd have to tell why, and that would be tattling,and that would be the end. I might as well go along and enjoy the remainder of my life.

It was good to be perched upon a pile of bedding with the other kids. We chattered and giggled, guessing what we'd find around each bend of the road. Far across the open stretches, gray forms raced with the wind.

"Are they wolves?" I asked.

"No, they are tumbleweeds," Papa replied.

Later we came to where they were piled high in a barbed wire fence. Ahead was a mountain as blue as Pinevalley Mountain.

"Will we go over that mountain?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," Papa answered.

Oh,dear! If only I were going to be alive tomorrow I could see what the rocks on a blue mountain looked like. They must be made of blue glass. I could gather my lap full of them and take them home to Venona and Iantha. My heart ached with regrets and I became engulfed in a tide of misery.

At sundown Papa said it was time to pitch camp. Ianthus brought the

team to a halt off the side of the road and took off their harnesses, rubbing their sweaty flanks as they snorted with satisfaction.

We ate our supper around the campfire, then made a wide family bed on a canvas on the ground. After we were all tucked in I lay listening to the contented sounds of the horses and the chirping of crickets. My emotions swung like a pendulum between fleeting surges of happiness and misery. I loved sleeping under the stars and the sounds of the night. Nothing could be more fitting for my last hour on earth. I studied the dark bushes around me and I knew that lurking behind one of them was the bad man, waiting for everyone to go to sleep so he could get me. I felt sorry for the family. They'd never know what had happened to me, and they would be sad as they went on to Moccasin without me.

This was the zero hour!

I might as well tell, because it didn't matter now. I could shout to the hills the whole tale of my misery, and it wouldn't make any difference.

I crawled out of the warm spot between my sisters and snuggled under the covers by Mama. There was no use to tell Papa because he would only say, "That's all a pack of nonsense. Go back to bed and get to sleep." But Mama would listen.

"Mama, the devil is going to get me tonight," I whispered.

"Of course he isn't," she said hugging me.

"Oh, yes he is," I insisted.

"Who told you that?" she asked.

I blurted out the whole miserable tale to her.

She said, "The Heavenly Father doesn't let the devil get little girls. When things trouble you, you should always come to me."

"But that would be tattling."

"It isn't tattling to talk to your mother."

"Do you mean I will still be alive tomorrow and that I can go to Moccasin?"

"Of course. When you go back to your bed say your prayers. Remember, the Heavenly Father will always listen to you and bless you. You must not let foolish things other children say make you miserable. The Heavenly Father wants you to be happy. Now have a good sleep." She pushed back my hair and kissed my forehead.

Oh, my! What a big load had dropped from my shoulders. As I crawled from under the covers a breeze fluttered my nightgown and my heart was light as a feather. A sky full of stars glittered above me. Snuggling down between my sisters I silently thanked the Heavenly Father for my mother who made things seem all right again, and drifted happily to sleep. *

The next day, as the wagon creaked through the silent sand, the mountain that had appeared blue yesterday became the color of dirt. There would be no blue glass rocks to take home. That's when I learned that even Pinevalley Mountain is not blue, but only appears that way because of the atmosphere in between.

Moccasin was a little town, seeming to cuddle between the low hills, gardens, trees and flowers. Little springs bubbled out of the white sand, blurping like little mouths. Moccasin folks cooled their cans of milk in a springhouse in the hillside and an Indian reservation was nearby. But best

*Story "Mama and the Heavenly Father" Relief Society Magazine July '62

of all was the reservoir with a boat on it. We'd never seen a boat before. We'd never even seen enough water to hold a boat.

Around the reservoir were clumps of water willows. Standing on the bank, I watched the Moccasin boys push out from those willows on planks. Their feet were spread apart, balancing themselves, as they pushed with long, slender poles. Enviously I watched them skim across the water. I knew I could do it too, and I begged them to let me try, but they said I was too little. So I watched my chance, and when everyone was gone, I ran to where the boards lay in the shallow water. Climbing on one, I spread my feet apart and balanced myself as the boys had done, and with a pole, I pushed out onto the pond. There was an ecstatic moment of smooth, glistening water under me as I floated graceful as Hiwatha. Then came a shout from a boat rowing out from the willows. "You'll drown!" The splashing of the oars rocked my plank as the boat pulled alongside.

"Get in," Ianthus Spendlove demanded.

The moment I lifted a foot to step in, the plank scooted from under me, and I went blubbering to the mossy bottom. I knew nothing about swimming, so I didn't even try. Thoughts flashed rapidly through my head. I would drown. Never would I see Hurricane or Venona or Iantha again. They would cry at my funeral. Glurk, glurk, glurk, down, down I went. I was surprised when I bobbed up like a cork and Ianthus caught my skirt, hauling me into the boat. The grace and beauty of my venture had turned to awkward misery as I was dragged toward Aunt LaVern's house, water weeds stringing from my hair and my wet clothes clinging to me. A trail of kids tagged, following me right into Aunt LaVern's kitchen, where she let down the oven door to warm me. Outraged, I stood helplessly shivering as she stripped me naked in front of everyone, boys and all.

After the humiliation, I was showered with such tender affection I felt as though I had returned from the dead. Goodness! Wouldn't I have something to tell my playmates when I got home!

The day Grandma gave me 10¢ so I could ride in a car to the flour mill, I never dreamed that some day there would actually be car owners in Hurricane, but Dr. Wilkinson bought one. And then Walter Stout bought a car and finally Ira Bradshaw, making three cars in Hurricane. Brother Bradshaw said a car couldn't have come to Hurricane until the convicts made a road, taking out the rocks and patching over the sand at the Black Ridge.

Forty convicts with teams had been assigned by the Governor of Utah four years ago to build roads in Washington County. They had finally reached Hurricane, setting up camp below the canal, two blocks north of us. The convicts sold pretty little handcrafted things. Annie had a pincushion made from a mentholatum jar covered with tiny sea shells. The cushion part was blue velvet.

The day I turned eight years old, Aunt Ellen Spendlove sent me a cup of molasses so I could make some candy. I was born on her birthday. Mama and Uncle Ren climbed the canal bank with me and my sisters and a cluster of playmates followed us through the willows. Uncle Ren baptized me in the canal, then he and Mama went back down the hill and we stayed to swim in our old dresses. The only time Mama let us swim in the canal was on the fourth and twenty-fourth of July and on my birthday. *

We'd splash upstream as far as the bridge where the road crossed the canal. There we'd flop on our backs, feet downstream, letting the water carry us

*Story "Baptism is a Family Affair" published in the Nov. 1977 Friend

around the bend through the sun-splotched shade of the willows, as far as our cistern. Joyfully we splashed, feeling the security of our rumps bumping along the sandy canal bottom. Or we'd crawl upstream walking on our hands while we kicked a jet stream with our feet. This was the canal version of the "Virgin River Crawl." To us this was real swimming, and could be done in as little as one foot of water.

In August, when the peaches were cut and spread on planks to dry, the pits were saved to make carbon for gas masks. All of our nation's industries were thrown into the war effort. Even our dinner tables were supposed to feel the effects, but the only awareness I had of this was verbal. We were urged to eat less so we could send more to our soldiers. Recipies for eggless, sugarless cakes and for all kinds of substitutions were published. Mama already knew all about substitutions. She could make something out of nothing. Women knitted socks, mittens and sweaters, and all of our wool scraps were made up into quilts to send overseas. We chanted a jingle that came from the Deseret News. I've forgotten the words, but it went something like this:

My beds they are sheetless, my stockings are feetless,
My pants they are seatless today.
My meals they are meatless, my food it is sweetless,
I'm getting more eatless each day.

There were a number of verses, each one ending with "Oh, how I hate the Kaiser!"

The scream of mortar shells became real and telegrams bearing sad news began reaching home. The heart of the nation was reflected in their music, like the plaintive song:

I've heard the prayers of mothers, some of them old and gray.
I've heard the prayers of others, for those who went away.
Oft times a prayer will teach one, the meaning of goodbye.
I've felt the pain of each one, but this one made me cry.

Chorus

Just a baby's prayer at twilight, when lights are low,
Poor baby's years are filled with tears.
There's a mother there at twilight, who's proud to know,
Her precious little tot, is dad's forget-me-not.
After saying, "Goodnight Mama," she climbs up stairs,
Quite unawares and says her prayers:
"Oh, kindly tell my daddy that he must take care."
That's a baby's prayer at twilight, for her daddy "over there."

The wonderful women who went overseas to tend the wounded, inspired the song:

There's a rose that grows in No Man's land,
And it's wonderful to see.
Tho' it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years
In life's garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows.
It's the work of a master's hand.
'Mid the war's great curse, stands the Red Cross Nurse.
She's the rose of No Man's land.

The first of September my sisters and I went to the dry farm with Papa and Whit Spendlove to gather corn. Papa drove the wagon down the rows and we pulled the ears and threw them in. At night we slept on the floor of the

little camp house. I was on the outer edge of the bed and the covers didn't reach. The floor was hard, the night cold, and coyotes howled. My aching, freezing bones, the eeriness of the mournful howling, and the weird shadows cast by the moonlight was combined misery, terror, and tingling joy of adventure. In a happy sort of way I suffered.

At home the corn was piled in front of the barn and we shucked it. How good it was to dump last years dilapidated corn husks from our shuck ticks and fill them with fresh ones. The first night sleeping on a newly filled shuck tick is exotic. The crisp shucks crunch and crackle and the sweet aroma of the corn field fills the room, making sleep serene.

I skipped to the first day of school in my new blue dress, and Edith in her pink one. Mama said my eyes were bluer when I wore blue, and Edith's cheeks were pinker when she wore pink. I yearned for a pink dress. Edith was pretty even when she was angry, for then the colored part of her eyes were all pupil, black as coal. Her hair was the color of fresh wheat straw and hung in fat, shining braids over her shoulders.

Bernice Gates was our second grade teacher and she was far above the human race, like an angel. I had disdainfully accepted the younger kids in our class because two of them, Ray Bradshaw and LuWayne Wood, were almost the smartest ones in the room.

Iantha and I were playing upstairs in our northwest bedroom on a Sunday afternoon (22 September 1918). As we dressed our rag dolls, we talked about the Kaiser and the Germans. Then something struck the roof like a gun shot. Startled, we ran to the window. Then came another bang, and another. "The Germans are shooting at us," I cried. As the din became a deafening roar, we saw hail stones as big as peach pits peppering the ground. Because we were so war conscious, even this terrible storm seemed German sent. With the first lull, Iantha ran home. Soon she was back, her face drained of all color.

"Eldon Workman just got killed," she breathlessly exclaimed.

Eldon was Eloise's brother. The sky hung low and gloomy. A melancholy pall settled over me.

"Come and see where he died," Iantha said.

Trembling, I took her hand and we pattered down the muddy street to the tall power pole with the transformer on it, by Petty's store. In the soft, wet dirt at the foot of the pole was the outline where Eldon had fallen. The hail storm had disrupted the power and Eldon had climbed the pole to restore it. In my mind, he too was a World War casualty.

The news reported thousands who were killed in France and thousands more who died of disease or were wounded. Our country was brought to her knees. President Wilson asked the nation to fast and pray for peace. That fast day was the longest day of my life. We had always fasted on fast day, but not so long as this. Mama said we could eat after the sun went down. I was starved, and the setting sun hung for hours just above the peach trees, before it finally sunk out of sight. Not too long after this, the Armistice was signed.

On November 7, the Yankees cut through the Argonne Forest, which had been considered impossible, and cut off the enemy's main line of communications. The battle of the Meuse-Argonne was the greatest ever fought by American troops. Two days later, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince signed letters of abdication and fled to Holland. The German delegates signed the armistice in a railroad

car in France, and at 11:00 a.m. on November 11, 1918, the news that the war was over was flashed around the world. The United States and all of the Allied countries celebrated. In Hurricane the church bell rang continuously for hours, and the few car owners honked and honked their horns. People cheered and whistled shrill glad whistles. Soon after that our soldier boys returned home.

But war leaves its scar. Not all of the boys came home, but all of the ones that I'd seen leave came back. The big scar we felt was the Spanish Influenza. It broke out first in Europe but had reached America by the fall of 1918. By the last of October the Church had closed its temples. The schools, churches and show halls were closed. The only public gathering in Hurricane was the crowd outside of the post office at Aunt Molly Hall's. After the mail was sorted she handed it out the window as each person stepped forward. Everyone wore gauze masks. Anyone caught on the streets without one was subject to arrest. Mama kept a pan of Lysol water on the back of the kitchen stove, where gauze masks simmered, and she kept a stack of fresh clean ones ready for us to wear when we went down town. The only place we didn't wear masks was around home or when we climbed the hill by ourselves.

The quarantine was long and lonely. In spite of Lysol, isolation and loneliness, our family came down with the flu. We lay sick all over the living room where we could be near the fire. The lounge was pulled out for a double bed and there were beds on the floor. If Mama got sick we didn't know it, because she moved among us constantly, administering water, soup, mustard plasters and a cool hand on hot foreheads. Food was terrible. The taste of death stuck in our throats, and a black dizziness flattened us when we tried to sit up or walk. Many people died. In some towns there were not enough well people to care for the sick. The epidemic was so severe that generally the well didn't dare go among the sick. However, there were many heroic stories of dedicated neighbors who took the risk. Men in Hurricane and LaVerkin chopped the wood, milked and fed the cows and did outside chores for their sick neighbors. In some instances, one man took care of a dozen sick households this way, delivering needed items to their doors. Some women went into homes bathing, feeding and cleaning and they seemed blessed and protected for this very purpose. Papa's cousin Clara Jones, died the last of November, leaving a large family of children.

Mama fixed our food as nice as possible to attract our appetites, but everything tasted like the dogs had dug it up. We were so depleted that it seemed we too must die. Then Mama fixed some hot, stewed tomatoes which cut the dark, deathly taste from the back of our tongues. Tomatoes and toast was the first food that tasted good. As we ate, we recovered.

December 22, 1918, was set aside by the Church as a special fast Sunday "for the arrest and speedy suppression by Divine power of the desolating scourge that is passing over the earth."

This year, because of the influenza, there would be no town Christmas party. So the day before Christmas Santa Claus stopped at every gate in town in a Model T Ford, distributing red and green mosquito netting stockings filled with candied popcorn. I liked him, even though he wore a mask, because his "Ho, ho, ho" was hearty, and he was a man. I didn't like the Santa Clauses at Primary parties because they wore pillow stuffing and had women's voices. *

* Since my hair has turned to silver I've become more appreciative. The most delightful Santas I have known were women, especially Edna Gubler and Geneva Segler. But they <u>didn't</u> wear masks.

Christmas Eve, a neighbor left a little pine tree on our front porch. We didn't always have a tree, because we couldn't go after our own. When we did have one it couldn't be decorated until after supper, because it had to be set up in the middle of the table. The decorations were polished apples, strings of popcorn, and small twisty candles clipped to the tips of the branches with metal candle holders. Christmas morning Mama lit the candles. (Pine needles are flammable, and the candles had to be lit with care.) We admired the tree breathlessly and briefly, then the candles were blown out, the tree untrimmed and taken out so we could set the table for breakfast.

Our gifts were never wrapped, but spread out on the lounge like items in a bazaar. Usually there was one gift apiece, and spread out this way they looked more abundant. This year I got a doll, the first talking doll I had ever seen. Grandma's silk bosomed friend Alice Therriot from Salt Lake City sent it to me because my name was Alice. The doll had a bisque head, hands and feet on a cloth body. A sound box in her middle made a sound like "mama" when I tipped her forward. Her cheeks were rosy and she wore a mischievous Kewpie grin. Her pink dress was lace trimmed and I loved and adored her. Up to now I had only had a Polly. A Polly was a cloth doll, the features, dress and all stamped on percale, then cut out, sewed and stuffed. Her arms were separate enough to get hold of, and eventually ripped in the armpits and her stuffing oozed out, but usually she lasted until summer.

Santa Claus belonged strictly to the world of make-believe. We were aware of Mama's struggle to get us a gift apiece. Still no one loved playing make-believe more than we did. We enjoyed Christmas as much as our friends did who tightly guarded the secret of Santa.

"The saddest day of my life," Mama once said, "was the Christmas when I was twelve. Father hadn't returned from his peddling trip and Mother was sick. We got up Christmas morning to total bleakness. There was no sign of Christmas - not a single evergreen sprig or gift or anything. Heartbroken I went to Mother's room. 'Annie,' she said, 'if you'll look on the bottom shelf of the cupboard, you'll find a few cookies in a tin pail. I intended to make more, but couldn't do it.' Searching, I found a few burned molasses cookies. Mother told us that day who Santa Claus really was, and that he didn't come down from the North Pole with his reindeers. This came as a terrible shock and I grieved for days. I felt as though my dearest friend had died. I resolved right then that I would never do such a thing to a child of mine."

One mystery we could never solve was where the pan of animal cookies came from each Christmas. We knew Mama knew, by the way she smiled. There were more than a dozen kinds of animals, with shapes intricate and perfect, not clumsy ones like ordinary animal cookies. At Aunt Mary Stout's house was also a pan of the same kind of cookies. Still, our searching through both houses never revealed the cookie cutters. * If Santa wasn't real, at least his elves were.

The element of mystery lent such fascination that Mildred and I decided to create a little mystery of our own. Edith and LaPriel were our gullible victims. In the ceiling above the door to Mama's and Papa's upstair bedroom, was an open manhole, which was the only entrance to a never used attic. To enter, one had to climb the door.

"Santa Claus can't come down our stovepipe," we told our little sisters "so he has to come down through this hole.

Skeptically Edith shook her head, but LaPriel's eyes grew wide with excitement.

* After I was grown I learned that Grandmother Crawford owned the cookie cutters that were passed around to all of her children to use each Christmas season.

"Santa has a work shop up there, you'll see," I said.

Concealed in Mildred's pocket were two strips of fleecy flannel, one red and one white. "We'll climb up there and ask Santa Claus to stick his hand out of the hole so you can see it," Mildred said.

Like lizzards we climbed the door, hoisting ourselves into the dark manhole. Creeping back on the timbers above the lath and plaster I said, "Hello Santa Claus what are you doing up here?"

Making her voice deep as possible, Mildred replied "I'm getting ready to pop corn."

Rapidly both of us clapped our hands. "Can you hear the corn popping?" I yelled.

"Yes," LaPriel answered.

The popping stopped because we had to arrange the flannel on Mildred's arm, putting on the red first and then a white cuff around her wrist.

"Santa, reach out your hand so Edith and LaPriel can see you," I said.

Mildred stuck her arm out and LaPriel shouted, "I can see it, I can see it!"

The attic was dark and eerie. We had mystified our sisters, so we were glad to scramble down. LaPriel was charmed but Edith was dubious.

CHAPTER 7

I TRY TO SEE FROM PAPA'S POINT OF VIEW

(1919)

Papa was the water tax collector and the stray pen keeper, and our meals were constantly interrupted with people paying taxes or being mad because someone had put their animals in the stray pen. We ate in the front room and I felt self-conscious about people looking on, because there were so many of us around the big table. I wished we had fancy food to show off like strawberry shortcake. But at least Mama always saw to it that we had a fresh white table cloth on, and we set a full table, even if we were only eating bread and gravy.

It undoubtedly wasn't easy for Papa to provide for so many of us, but generally he was cheerful. But when he voiced his frustrations it threw a pall of gloom over me.

"I guess we might as well buy our caskets while we've got the money," he remarked one day. "We could put them in the cellar to store dry beans in."

A chill ran through me. Mama sent me to the cellar to get a bottle of fruit and I stood in the dim light, visualizing ten caskets, including Grandma's, side by side on the dirt floor. I would have to crawl over them all the rest of my life to get the things Mama sent me after. The dry beans we dipped from them would eventually be turned into skeletons - our skeletons!

Another thing that scared me was the terrible song they sang in church about the moon being turned into blood and the waters into gall. Nothing could ruin a Sunday afternoon like that song could.

Sometimes even my dreams would petrify me and I would wake up tingling. Sometimes I wandered in my sleep, bumping into things. Papa slept with both ears wide open. A cat couldn't even sneak through our garden in the night without him

hearing it. With the first touch of my foot to the floor he'd shout, "Alice, get back to bed."

"I am in bed," I'd whimper.

"You are not," he'd yell.

His yelling confused me and I didn't know where my bed was. Agitated, I'd crouch in one of the little windows under the eaves, fumbling at the screens, hoping to get away from the sound of his voice. Mama had seen to it that the screens were solidly nailed in place. After so much shouting Papa finally awoke me, the room came into focus, and I crawled back into bed.

A fun pastime to me was drawing pictures, and I thought I was pretty good. I especially liked my drawing of a fat girl with a butterfly net, so I submitted it to The Juvenile Instructor. When it was published I was practically launched into an artist's career. My prize for the drawing was a beautifully illustrated book "Through the Looking Glass" or "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll. What a thoughtful editor to send me a story of Alice. Often I was called "Alice in Wonderland" and I liked it because it justified my many flights of fancy, like the day Iantha and I found the egg upon the hill.

We were playing among the chaparrals when we found what appeared to be an ordinary looking chicken egg under a bush. Now what would ever possess a chicken to climb the hill to lay an egg?

"Maybe it's a turtle egg," Iantha suggested.

"Or an alligator egg," I said. "Let's take it home and hatch it and see what comes out of it."

Taking turns, we carried our treasure down the hill, and our speculations grew more vivid and exciting each step of the way. We followed the road, for climbing over rocks might break the egg.

"What if it is a dragon egg?" Iantha asked.

"Or it might be a prince that some witch has turned into an egg," I added. "If we break the egg then we'd break the spell, and the Prince would be so happy he'd grant us all our wishes."

We had reached the Lombardy poplar trees at Workman's corner by now. I was holding the egg. My imagination had reached such a pitch that I could stand it no longer.

"I'm going to break the egg," I said firmly.

"No, don't! Little snakes might run out of it." Iantha jumped back as I whacked the egg against a fence post.

I emptied the shell upon the ground. If a genie had spiraled into the sky we would not have been more surprised than we were to see only a firm, yellow yolk surrounded by clear egg white. We came back to reality with a thud! *

In the summertime, suppertime came before sundown, and it was easy to play outside too long. Once when LaPriel came in after the supper table had been cleared, Papa said, "LaPriel, stay out of the pantry." Oh no, I thought, he isn't going to make her go without supper. She had played so hard and must be awfully hungry. I wished I had some little thing to give her, but I didn't. All of our food was kept either in the pantry or the cellar, and the same door led to both.

*Story "A Piteous Day" published in the May, 1969 Relief Society Magazine.

Holding my breath, I expected her to cry, but instead she turned and went out the kitchen door. Pretty soon she returned with a loaf of bread. Seeing it, Papa shouted, "LaPriel, I told you not to eat. Now put that bread back in the pantry."

"You didn't tell me not to eat," she wailed, "you only told me to stay out of the pantry."

"Then how did you get that bread?" he demanded.

"From Aunt Mary Stout," she replied.

"You march right back to Aunt Mary's with it," he ordered.

Obediently she returned the loaf and went to bed without supper.

Aunt Mary Stout's was the logical place for her to go. We were always as much at home there as we were in our own home. We took Venona and Leah as for granted as though they were our sisters. Aunt Mary treated us like we were her own. When Uncle Marion's wagon trundled down the dusty dugway coming home from Rattlesnake, we ran along with Aunt Mary's children to meet him. We knew there would be biscuits in the wooden grub box fastened to the side of his wagon. Dry biscuits with the exotic flavor of dry farm dust.

Another time when LaPriel came in from play after supper was over, Papa said, "Mama, pack her things and let her go find another place to live. If she wanted to live with us, she'd come in on time."

I don't think Mama wanted to do it, but she always cooperated with Papa. Quietly she tied a little dress and a night gown in a dish towel and handed it to LaPriel. My heart almost broke as LaPriel's little face crumpled with unhappy tears.

"Now go on," Papa ordered.

An aching misery swept through me as I watched her clutching the bundle in her arms and sobbing as her little bare feet trudged out the front gate. Slowly she walked outside the picket fence, her head bowed, then some bushes screened her from my view. I ran across the yard to Grandma Isom's house and up the stairs. From the south bedroom window I could still see her. Near the end of the fence hung a loose picket with only one nail in the top. LaPriel pried it back and crawled through. At the end of the raspberry row was the wooden box our organ had come in, which we used for a playhouse. LaPriel curled up in a corner of it, her face buried in her bundle, crying. I cried too. I don't know what discussion took place between Papa and Mama, but after awhile Mama walked through the raspberry patch, and kneeling down, put her arms around LaPriel. Then taking her by the hand they walked to the house together.

Brother Roundy and his family lived through the block from us. In the spring time when he was plowing, we used to crawl through the fence, racing over the fresh turned soil.

"Tell us a story, Brother Roundy," we would beg. He'd tie the horse's reins to the plow handle and sit in the furrow with us and tell us "injun" stories from the Book of Mormon.

He had other talents too. He could charm a toothache away or buy our warts for a nickel and make them disappear.

After school was out, Mama let Edith and me go to Cedar with Brother Roundy and his boy Karl in their stripped down, topless Model T. We had never

been to Cedar before. The road over the Black Ridge was narrow, steep and rocky. We were impressed with "dead-man's hollow" and a dream gold mine. Every turn in the road came alive with Brother Roundy by our side. Once over the ridge, the car coughed, sputtered, then died. It was out of gas.

Relieved, Brother Roundy sighed, "I've been praying for the past five miles that we could stop. The gas feed was stuck and I couldn't slow down."

We were probably doing at least twenty miles per hour.

Karl went on foot to a ranch house across a scrub oak flat. A light mist of rain began to fall, so Brother Roundy drew us into his arms and told us "injun" stories. After awhile Karl returned with a quart bottle of gas he had found in a ranch house. Lifting the hood he poured it into the carburetor. The car sputtered and shook, but that was all.

Brother Roundy sniffed at the empty bottle. "Coal oil," he said.

Again Karl hiked through the brush. It was dusk when he returned with a white horse. With a rope they hitched it to the car, and the horse pulled us on to Ren Roundy's ranch house. "Ren's playhouse," they called it, because it was so small.

Ren and his sisters Reva, Reba, and Anise were there. They fed us sour dough biscuits and fried mutton and bedded us down. Five of us slept cross-wise on one bed. The night was long, cold and crowded. The next morning the horse pulled the car on to Kanarra.

Brother Roundy's oldest daughter, Sarah Sylvester, fixed breakfast for us and combed Edith's and my long, tangled hair. She kept sending me to the ditch to dip the comb until she got us braided slick for the rest of our journey. The round trip to Cedar took us three days, mostly just chugging along.

In the fall we helped Mama dig the carrots, turnips and parsnips and put them in a straw lined pit covered with boards. She gave us some to sell so we could earn a little money. By peddling to the neighbors, selling my vegetables for 5¢ a bunch, I earned 30¢. Feeling rich, I skipped to the drug store and bought six packages of gum. After I got outside, a feeling of guilt overpowered me. I had squandered my money, not even saving 3¢ for tithing, so I returned the gum.

Fall meant we were back to school again. Jean McAllister was my third grade teacher. What a china doll she was with her ivory skin, black hair and pretty dresses! Considering that a kid had to look at the teacher all day, this was important.

The upstairs room she rented in the Isom Hotel had an east window above the porch roof. One snowy Saturday morning, as I pattered along the sidewalk in front of Petty's store, I saw her looking out of her open window. Below her in the rose garden, Irving Isom scooped up a snowball, hurling it into her window, splattering her with snow. She screamed, and he laughed, and I stood transfixed watching the love scene. Soon all of the third grade knew that Irving loved Jean. She was my romantic ideal until one fateful morning.

After the opening exercises, she said, "Everyone turn to the left and put your feet in the aisle." Pointing at me she boomed, "Alice Isom, there are plenty of shoe buttons, darning needles, and carpet warp in this world. You'd better see that your shoes have all their buttons on by tomorrow morning."

The kids tittered and my eyes smarted with self conscious tears. I tucked my sloppy feet back under my desk. Each saggy shoe top was held up by only two

buttons where there should have been eight. That night I not only sewed on the buttons but turned a stove lid upside down, and with spit and a rag I sooted my shoes. And Miss McAllister became a human being in my sight from that day on.

Threshing time was a highlight of autumn and we hailed with excitement the day it was our turn. Frank Reber had cut our field of wheat and stacked the tied bundles in the barnyard. When we heard the clatter of the threshing machine coming in at the barnyard gate, my sisters and I raced through the peach orchard to watch. We perched on the woodpile with the neighborhood youngsters who tagged along.

The men on the thresher set the blower so the straw would go under the north shed of the barn. After the shed was filled, the blower was turned to go over the top, where the straw piled higher and higher until it almost buried the barn. How shiny, slick and slidy it looked, a continuous slope from the peak down into the yard, almost to the bellflower apple tree.

After the thresher and its crew had left and Papa had returned to the house, our playmates lingered. What a golden day. Golden sunshine, golden peach trees, golden poplars along the sidewalk, and a shining golden straw stack beckoning with golden opportunity. It was too much. Like soldier ants we crawled in a continuous stream up to the top of the barn. From there we tumbled and slid all the way to the bottom, compacting the airy straw solidly beneath us, creating a slick chute for the endless stream of laughing, shouting youngsters. Exhilarating! It was the epitome of happiness, a happiness too great to endure, for above the squeals of laughter came a loud, discordant voice. Instantly we were hushed as Papa loomed like a giant before us. The last kid silently slid to the bottom of the stack and there we stood in a contrite huddle.

"I won't have you kids wallowing my straw stack down. Get a march on, everyone of you, and come right out of there," he demanded.

The only way out was through the little gate where he stood. One by one we meekly filed past as Papa's heavy hand "tunked" us each on the head. A "tunk" was Papa's version of a thump. It was administered by the end of the three middle fingers coming down with a thud on the top of the head. How mortifying! I couldn't believe Papa would treat our friends the same way he did us.

After we were all out of the enclosure and my friends had scampered home, I looked up at the golden straw stack. How I wished Papa could slide down it, from the top to the apple tree just once. If he knew the thrill of it, he'd ask all of our friends to come back.

Fall was butchering time. The big fat pig that had been slurping our dishwater all summer, and that had greedily climbed up the side of the pen for the ears of corn, had become a personal acquaintance by now. I had no particular love for him but I didn't want him killed, either. When the black tub was steaming over the fire and the boards for scraping the pig were arranged over the saw horses and George Spendlove arrived, Mildred and I figured it was shooting time, so we ran down into the dark cellar and crouched on the floor with our fingers in our ears. We didn't want to hear the fatal shot, but we kept one finger a little loose in one ear so we would know when it was safe to stop not listening.

Our sentimental feelings were pretty much forgotten when the pig was no longer a creature that could look at us out of little mean eyes, but was simply sausage, bacon, head cheese or lard for making pies. Nothing could be better than Mama's bottled sausage seasoned with sage.

As Christmas approached, I rooted through the sacks of scraps and rags Mama had stored upstairs. Rag bags and their doll making possibilities fascinated me.

As I rooted, I ran onto two orange-colored glass bowls that glinted with a transparent golden sheen. Transfixed, I held them up to the light. How beautiful they were. One was rounded in at the top like a crystal ball and the other had a fluted top like a petunia. My eyes were dazzled with their exquisite beauty. Where did they come from, and who did they belong to I wondered. Excitedly I started from the room to show everyone what I had found, when Kate met me in the hall.

"Quick, take them back where you got them from," she whispered.

"But guess where I found them?" I cried.

"I know. Annie and I hid them there," she answered. "We bought them for Mama for Christmas."

The gleam of the colored glass stirred something inside of me. An enchantment akin to what I felt as I read of Aladdin gathering rubies, diamonds, sapphires and amethysts in the underground garden, or of Dorothy and her friends being dazzled by the brilliancy of the Emerald City in the land of Oz. And the enchantment has remained. Always before, Christmas gifts to Mama had been useful, like stockings or an apron. But ornamental glass! What a surprise! *

CHAPTER 8

In Which We Get Another Brother

(1920)

Every day Papa walked to Dorty (George) Gibson's barber shop with his checker board rolled up in his back pocket. This checkerboard, made of narrow slats on a canvas back, was a gift from Grandma to him when he was a boy and is a marvel to me to this day for its smoothness and fine finish, considering the years of constant use. Dorty was the town barber and champion story teller. His shop was a social center and Papa was the town's undisputed checker champion. There was a satisfaction in being a champion's daughter.

One day just before sundown, Papa came home to supper. As he sat down to the table he took a pink celluloid bracelet from his pocket.

"Oh Papa," I cried, "where did you get it?"

"I found it on the sidewalk on my way home," he replied.

"Can I have it?" I asked.

"No, it belongs to the person who lost it."

"But we don't know who lost it," I reasoned covetously.

"But we must try and find out."

"If we don't find out, then can I have it?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Some little girl is sad tonight because she lost her bracelet," Mama said.

"I would be sad if it was mine and I lost it," I admitted.

The next morning Papa told the principal of the school about the bracelet. What neither Papa nor Mama knew was that I had taken the bracelet from the cupboard. I didn't own anything pink, and I wanted to wear it for just one day, so

* Story "The Golden Bowl" published in the November, 1967 Relief Society Magazine

I slid it above my elbow under the long sleeves of my brown dress. I kept touching it through my sleeve during the day, knowing how pretty it was, even though I couldn't see it. After school I put it back in the cupboard just in time, because Stella Campbell came to claim it.

Stella had everything pretty -- pink dresses, ribbons and beads. She had all of the things I did not. She even had Sunday shoes. Not many girls in town owned two pair of shoes. But Stella deserved the bracelet, because she missed a lot of fun that the rest of us had. In the summertime when we played in the big ditch under the mulberry trees east of Mae Petty's house, Stella couldn't play in the mud with us.

That ditch was as important to us as the beach is to people who live by the ocean. The clean, white sand from the canal seemed to build up at this one spot, making the best ditch in town for mud houses and for making little roads with spool wagons and for all of those wonderful things. Stella used to stand on the ditch bank silently watching us. She looked like a boudoir doll with her pretty starched skirts ruffled above her lace petticoats, and her crisp white collars and cuffs, and her hair shining like silk. A speck of dirt would not have dared get on her. I felt like she would have liked to crawl in the soft sand with us. Naturally the pink bracelet was much prettier on her arm than stuffed up under my brown sleeve.

Easter morning Mama busied herself helping us get ready for Sunday School, and then she suddenly disappeared. Pretty soon Grandma came into the kitchen and said, "The stork just brought you a new baby brother."

"Grandma," I cried, "why weren't we outside to see the stork?"

Grandma bustled back into Mama's bedroom oblivious to my question.

"Oh dear," I lamented, "we'll never have a chance like this again."

Grandma was a midwife and she delivered babies to lots of mothers. She kept a black leather bag behind the marble-topped table in her parlor that she used to deliver them with. I had a hard time getting this straight in my mind. If Grandma delivered babies in her black bag, what business did the stork have delivering them too? Since she never answered me when I asked, I had to draw my own conclusions. Our third grade reader had a story called "Tom and the Water Babies." There were pictures of dozens of chubby, curly headed babies swimming and playing among the water lilies. The babies with hair must have come from there and Grandma had carried them in her bag. The bald headed ones like Mama had must have been delivered by the stork. I wished I had seen the stork carrying our brother in his beak.

They named the baby Clinton Floyd, and we loved him a lot. In no time at all he learned to laugh and his hair came in shiny and curly.

Mama subscribed for the "Hearth and Home," a magazine filled with love stories, recipes, old time songs and poems and crochet patterns. It cost 35¢ a year. For selling three subscriptions, I could earn a birthstone ring. Getting the subscriptions was no problem to me, but waiting for the ring to come was. I watched the mail every day. Finally the package arrived. In it was a little blue velvet box containing a gold ring that had a sparkling red ruby stone. My heart almost burst as I gazed into its depth. Proudly I wore it, putting it in its case each night. Then somehow, somewhere, I lost my treasure. Promptly I got out and sold three more subscriptions for the magazine, earning a new ring.

My success at getting a second ring impressed me with other luxuries that lay within my grasp. A girl brought a Lee's Manufacturing Catalog to school and at recess a cluster of us pored over the list of premiums. A pretty vanity case with a mirror in the lid was especially appealing. Five of us decided to earn us each one, so we divided up the town, taking orders for dishes, pots and pans.

We sold enough to earn our vanity cases, but we had a problem. The order had to be sent in the name of an adult. We really didn't want to discuss this with our parents for fear they would put a stop to our venture. Finally I volunteered Mama's name, and in our clumsy way, we sent the order off. This time I didn't hail the arrival of our order with joy because I wasn't sure how Mama would take it.

Well, I found out. When Ira Bradshaw came with his freight truck from Lund and unloaded a fifty-gallon barrel in our yard, Mama and Papa were flabbergasted.

"We haven't ordered anything," Mama said when presented with the freight bill.

Scared as I was, I spoke. "Mama, Iantha, Nona and I and some other kids took orders for some dishes. We thought you would like them to come to you."

"You what?" she asked in a tone I'd never heard before. "What did you say?" She was shaking me as she spoke.

"Load the barrel right back in your truck and return it," Papa demanded.

"Please," I begged. "Can't we keep it? There're pretty dishes in it that the people want."

"Who is going to pay the freight?" Papa demanded.

"The people will give us the money and we will pay it," I pleaded.

"But the bill has to be paid right now and we don't have the money," Papa reasoned.

Mama's lips set tight, angry veins stood out on Papa's forehead, and Brother Bradshaw looked embarrassed. "I do have to collect the freight," he said simply.

Silently Mama walked into the house. Since it was safer to stay close to her heels than to be alone with Papa, I followed. She took a little cream pitcher from the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard and dumped out some nickels, dimes and quarters. After counting them out, it took almost all of them.

"You'd better collect for these dishes right away, because this is the money for the light bill," she said.

I ran to tell the other kids the dishes were here. We gathered together our crude records of who had ordered what. Mama helped us take the dishes from the excelsior packing, sorting them into little piles. There was an awful mixup in our bookkeeping and Mama scolded all of us. Usually she was quiet about everything, but this time she was mad as a setting hen. It took her a few days to reconcile our orders and get us out to deliver

and collect.

After it was all over, there was a stack of eight dinner plates and one big vegetable bowl, in an allover pattern of gold lace and pink rosebuds. This was the grand prize for the orders we had taken. I thought Mama would divide them up with the five of us, but she didn't. She said they were hers, that she had paid for them a dozen times over, and I'd better not ever do a thing like that again.

After things calmed down, we enjoyed our vanity cases that were like a status symbol to us as we carried them to school. But I had been sufficiently warned not to get involved in any more group business deals. Selling seeds or Cloverine Salve to earn a little bottle of perfume or some talcum powder was the extent of my next business ventures.

On September 15, the first "aeroplane" flew over Hurricane. The roar of the four-winged craft brought people running into the streets. Excitedly I waved my hands and shouted, "Hello, hello." Grandma Dolly Humphries, whose house was just south of Grandma Isom's, was standing by my side. "Hello, hello, hello," I called. Then I thought I heard a voice from on high. "Grandma Humphries, I heard him. He said hello!"

"Ello, eh?" she chuckled.

The plane landed on the Bench Lake Flat. A short time later Hortense Beatty, on horseback, galloped up to our gate. Breathlessly she said, "I touched it! I touched it. I raced on my horse to the Lake Flat, slid off and touched that aeroplane."

Our eyes were wide with admiration for Hortense.

Nora Barber was our fourth grade teacher, but etched in my memory is her sister Christie who played the piano for us to march in by, and who read "The Little Colonel" books to us. From her I acquired a deep love for the south and negro mammies and little pickaninnies. I loved Christie's dialect as she read. I loved the shine on the lenses of her glasses and the stray locks of hair that curled around her face. Books became dear to me, for through them I visited far away places and people. "The Little Dutch Twins" books created a fascination for Holland within me, and I longed for a pair of wooden shoes.

Halloween was a time for painting funny masks on pieces of old bed sheets with crayons, but we wore them only to Aunt Mary Stout's and Aunt Mary Campbell's. We didn't go out on the streets. Trick-or-treat had not yet been heard of. Halloween was all "trick", and boys played all of the tricks. Papa still sat back and laughed about the tricks he used to pull when he was a boy. Again we heard, between the raucous grating of tick-tacks on our door, about the time the boys at Virgin dismantled the bishop's wagon and reassembled it straddle of the ridge of the church house roof. And about the time they strung a wire from the church bell, through the apple orchard to Brother Beebee's mule's leg, which kept the bell ringing all night.

The most interesting part of Halloween was the morning after. I could hardly wait to see who's front gate was hanging on the cross bar of a power pole, or how many outhouses were assembled on the school playground, or how

many wagons were piled in a heap on the streets. Outhouses were the choice targets of goblins. The one I loved most was the one parked on a wagon in the dead-end lane by Uncle Lew Campbell's place.

Usually people needed their property and retrieved it the next day, but this little house was unclaimed for days, so Iantha and I moved in. With lye soap, scrubbing brushes and buckets of water we scrubbed every inch of the interior until the lumber took on the yellow of fresh sawed pine. From old magazines and catalogs and a bucket of flour paste, we papered the walls, putting the prettiest pictures in the best places. Aunt Mary let us have some discarded lace curtains that we hung on the wall. Putting a board over the seat, we padded it with an old camp quilt. Two velvet cushions, borrowed without the asking, gave it the homey touch. On the floor was a hooked rug that had been put away for repairs. This little privy became a castle in our eyes. We could hardly wait until school was out each day to go and play. Then we came home one day to find the wagon, the house, and all of our finery gone. We couldn't grieve, because we knew eventually it would happen. We could only imagine how delighted the owner must be to see the transformation.

With the beginning of school a major change came in our family. Grandma Isom moved to St. George to spend the winter doing temple work, and our sister Annie went with her to attend Dixie High. Mildred promptly graduated from sharing my room and moved in with Kate, and Edith moved into my bedroom. The general shifting was like "fruit-basket tipped over." Life took on new dimensions. Mildred had always pampered me by seeing that I was safely in bed before she turned out the light. Things were mighty different now.

Edith was scared of the dark. I had to go to the room first and turn on the light, then Edith came cautiously and looked under the bed. "Nope. Nobody there," she'd say, then leap into bed, burrowing under the covers, and I turned out the light.

This nightly ritual gave me the prickly feeling that eventually we'd find a monster under the bed. In fact, he could suddenly appear after I had turned out the light. He could reach out from under the bed and grab my feet before I pulled them up under the quilts.

Once I decided to beat Edith at this game, so she'd have to turn out the light. I snuggled down in bed, and with a look of fright, she turned out the light and leaped through the air, landing in the middle of the bed with such a jolt that the board slats under the springs clattered to the floor. I had to get up and wave my arms through the dark searching for the drop cord to turn the light on so we could rebuild our bed.

As Christmas drew near, Mama began making a red calico dress, just my size. As she fitted it to me she said, "this dress is for Venona Stout. It's her Christmas present from Aunt Mary, so we must not let her know about it."

I <u>loved</u> the dress, and felt excited as I modeled it. I <u>knew</u> it was for me, and that this was Mama's way of surprising me. And then on Christmas morning, Venona burst into the house to show off her new red dress. I survived the shock, because Mama had been honest.

Dr. Davis rented Grandma Isom's house while she was in St. George. He gave us each a big orange for Christmas. Oh, my!

CHAPTER 9

Patriarchal Blessing

(1921)

Usually I loved thunder because it reminded me of Kolob. Lightning, at a safe distance, was appealing to me too, but when the very air snapped and my hair prickled, I felt a mite jittery. This particular March night an electric storm was beginning to get unruly. I had gone to my room for something and as I reached to turn out the light, balls of liquid fire spilled from the ceiling down the drop cord and down my arm. Dazed, I crumpled to the floor. I had the sensation of being sucked into a deep, dark cave. From somewhere far, far away, I could hear someone screaming and screaming.

After what seemed ages, dim lights cast weird shadows in my bottomless cavern. Mama appeared, carrying a lantern. Kneeling, she held me in her arms. But that screaming, that detached, far away screaming, would not cease.

Mama brushed my hair back and rubbed my face, saying gently "There, there, you are all right."

Suddenly I realized the screaming was coming from me! How could that be? How could I be screaming and not know it? I tried to stop. Mama held me close and at last my screams turned to sobs, violent, shaking sobs. Try as I would I could not control them for a long time.

At the precice moment that I had reached for the light, lightning struck the transformer on the power pole at the corner of our lot. My sisters said balls of fire raced along the wires down our street. As the house went dark and my screams piercing he air, Papa remarked, "Well, there's one thing we know for sure, Alice is still alive."

The incident left me afraid. I was afraid of night, refusing to even go into the kitchen alone. And then the thing I feared most of all happened. Another electric storm. In the early evening too, the same as the last one!

Right during the thunder, Richard Bradshaw knocked on our door. "Sister Isom, can Alice go sleep with Hortense tonight?" he asked. "Hyrum is away and she's afraid."

Hortense was our cousin and I often slept with her when her husband was away. But this night I held my breath, waiting for Mama's reply. She knew what a coward I had turned out to be. I expected her to say Mildred would go instead, but she didn't. She told Richard I'd be glad to come and he left.

"Oh Mama, I darsen't go in the storm," I wailed.

She put her arm around me and said, "there's nothing to be afraid of. The Heavenly Father doesn't want anything to hurt you. He will protect you."

My fear left me. As I walked to Hortense's place the lightning and thunder reminded me of Kolob once more, and I loved it. Mama could speak words of assurance that made the heart happy.

There was something about Sacrament Meeting that bothered me. Number one: Meetings were too long. Figeting on a bench for two hours wasn't fun. Number two: The speakers were always so gloomy. Why couldn't they ever come up with a happy talk just for kids? The doleful things they often said really made me squirm. Number three: The only screens on the windows were the coarse kind to protect the glass from basket balls. Flies flitted cheerfully through them, seeming to love to come to church. And the building was hot, extra hot, because we had to sit still.

Mama and Papa never made us go to church. They simply took us. I decided that when I was my own boss I'd quit.

One Sunday afternoon a group of youngsters decided to escape to the river. When they invited me to go along, I swallowed my guilty feelings and went. I felt shabby in my everyday clothes and there was no happiness in the hike. My feet had the worrisome feeling of wanting to turn back and my conscience nagged at me. And the river! Big deal! It wasn't as inviting as I had thought. It was only a trickle.

The Sunday sun had an abnormal glare, making my eyes feel squinty. Gnats buzzed in my ears and a pesky little fly zigged-zagged in front of my face, refusing to be brushed away. Everyone had fun wading in the water but me. I sat in the sand with my back to a boulder and suffered. I'd lots rather be sweltering and shooing flies in church. I longed to be with the rest of the family.

I expected a scolding when I got home. All Papa said was, "Well, did you enjoy the afternoon ?"

Shaking my head I said, "No. It was awful. I'd lots rather go to church." *

I had made an important discovery. Sitting in church was actually quite nice. All of the folks I enjoyed most were there. And when I really listened, the speakers were right interesting.

Benjamin Franklin LeBaron lived just below the black knoll coming into Hurricane. In the fall persimmons hung like oranges along his terraced hillside. Flowers and fruits made his place a garden of Eden. He was a sweet, gentle and loving man who attracted children.

Hurricane was mostly orchards. In fact, it was the fruit in our valley that brought the LeBarons. Brother LeBaron was responsible for the Evaporator that was built by his home. It should have been one of the biggest business ventures in our area, for there were tons and tons of peaches that fell to the ground every year for want of a market. Farmers had been using lumber scaffolds on saw horses to dry fruit on, making every effort to save their crops, but it wasn't enough. The Evaparator dried the fruit and extracted juice by power. But for some reason, the business was of short duration, lasting only a season or two. The brick building still stands and is an apartment house today.

We belonged to the St. George Stake, and Brother LeBaron became the first Stake Patriarch in Hurricane. One day, as I was passing LeBaron's, on a sudden impulse I knocked on their door.

"Brother LeBaron, will you give me a patriarchal blessing?" I asked.

* Story "I Know He Lives" published in the June 1976 Friend

"Of course," he answered,"come in."

He put his hands on my head and Sister LeBaron acted as scribe. I'll admit that I tried to dictate to the Lord as Brother LeBaron spoke. In Sacrament Meeting, a young woman who had just returned from the mission field, reported her mission. She had a radiance about her that I admired with all my heart. As I listened to her, I knew that someday I too must go on a mission. So I listened hard for our Patriarch to say I would, but he didn't.

He said that my basket would always be filled with plenty. Since we had been warned so many times by Grandma that if we wasted even a crust of bread, the day would come when we wished we had that crust, to have my basket always filled was a comforting thought. When Brother LeBaron promised me that the Tempter should never have power over me, I felt very strong. That promise has sustained me time and again throughout my life. Other things he said have been a guiding light to me as I grew up. Many times when I've been filled with anxiety, I have re-read that blessing and have been strengthened and comforted.

Annie, Kate and Mildred did housework for women who had new babies, took in washings and picked fruit. They bought all of their own clothes, never expecting a penny from Papa or Mama. I wanted to be independent too. I was agile at climbing trees, so I should have a real talent for picking fruit. But being able to swing from the skinniest or highest limb doesn't fill a bucket with fruit. To my dismay, I found out I was actually one of the slowest pickers. I honestly tried. I took every job I could get picking strawberries, cherries or apricots, and each day in the orchard I resolved to beat all of the other kids. But I never did. It gave me an inferiority complex, so much so in fact that I even developed a grudge against mourning doves. Those birds were always in the fields with the crack of dawn, mourning. Such a bleak, tired sound, when a fellow should still be home in bed!

But by my eleventh birthday I had still saved enough to send off to Chicago Mail Order for my winter's supply of long cotton stockings and a pair of shoes. Shoes! New shoes! How I loved them. The shine of new shoes on my own two feet to me was the number one richest blessing!

The fifth grade was an important milestone in my life. We had a man teacher, Kenneth Cannon. Romantic! Any love affair I had had before this was child stuff. Mr. Cannon had a happy sense of humor and school was fun. Except when Freal Stratton, who sat behind me, dipped the ends of my braids in the inkwell. Or worse still, when he removed his inkwell and tied my braids to the desk through the hole. He worked so carefully that I didn't know I was tied down until I went to get up. The yank of my braids almost broke my neck. Sometimes he tied my sashes to the bench and my dress tore when I got up. How embarrassing it must have been to the Lord for having created him.

At Christmas time, I received what was to be my last doll. Although I never played with dolls anymore, my love for them was unchanged. This doll was a beauty, with a"boughten"head, real hair, and a rag body. Mama had dressed her in pink dotted-swiss, and she looked beautiful on my dresser in my room.

CHAPTER 10

In Which Papa Has Another Son

(1922)

In the spring of 1922, Kate graduated from the first, Second Year High School Class held in Hurricane. After school was out, she went to Cedar to work for Gwen Matheson. Annie had a summer job working in Zion Canyon at "The Wiley Way."

And Mildred came down with one of the most severe cases of construction fever that ever hit a fourteen-year-old girl. She took it out on the steps outside the kitchen door. Why those steps were as much a part of the house as the roof was, and I would never have dreamed of changing them. But Mildred had visions of a cement porch. From somewhere, she came up with a faded pair of bib overalls that had room enough in them for two of her. (Papa only wore waist overalls held up with galluses.)

Mildred ripped away the wooden steps and hauled wheelbarrow load after load of rocks, filling up a form she had built of boards. Her endurance was uncanny. Just one load of rocks like she hauled, was enough to do me under. But it was her project, and she persisted. Papa provided the cement and she hand-mixed it and dumped it over the rocks. Then I think she wore out, because the porch was never troweled, but had a rustic, rugged, non-skid finish. It was possible to trip, but never to slip on Mildred's dream porch. And it endured for years, a lasting monument to our sister.

It was interesting how attractive Mildred was to the boy who lived through the block, while she slaved away, blistering her hands on rocks and cement. He reclined under the cherry tree next to the house, trying to flirt with her. Boy friends were something new in our family. We figured ourselves to be the shy, spinster type. Papa cautioned Mildred not to take up with any boy that would loll in the shade making sweet talk, while she pushed the wheelbarrow. "He is nothing but a trashy, lazy lot," he warned.

Mildred went to work for Grandma Petty on week days and for Hannah Hall on Saturdays. Every other week, I had to help Mildred carry Petty's washing home. It was packed tight in a No. 1 tub, along with the home-made lye soap. The tub was heavy and we had to set it down often in the two and one-half blocks, to change hands.

Washing took all day. The fire under the black tub had to be built far enough away from the house to avoid the smoke. We had no hose, but carried every bucket of water from the tap by the porch, down the path to the tub. When the water was hot, we poured in a teaspoon of lye and a gray scum of hard-water rose thick to the top. After skimming this off, we carried the hot water up the path, up the steps and into the kitchen to fill the "Easy" washer. Every drop of wash water and rinse water had to be carried in and carried out, bucket full at a time. And the clothes-line was beyond the garden by the lucern patch, quite a distance for carrying heavy, half-wrung out baskets of clothes. Sometimes it took the following day for things to dry. By the time they were gathered, folded and hand-carried back in the cumbersome tub, we had earned fifty-cents each. Before the "Easy" washer came into our home, everything had to be

scrubbed on the board. I have no nostalgic longings for the "good old wash days."

And no nostalgic longing for bare, pine board floors. With my sisters away, the Saturday scrubbing fell more often to me. Lye soap and one hour of scrubbing and rinsing made every board look new, but left my water-wrinkled fingers raw with lye holes, my knees red and swollen, and an ache in my back. The woven rag carpet had long since been discarded, hooked and braided scatter rugs, taking its place. Linoleum covered the other floors in the house.

By this time I was fairly well trained for scrubbing floors on my hands and knees. Homer and Joe (Josephine) Englestead rented our two north rooms. We loved to tend their little girl Alice, and Joe often flattered me into scrubbing her floors.

While I scrubbed, Joe would say, "Alice, you are a champion floor scrubber. If I were you, I'd ask my mother to let me scrub floors all of my life. No one can do it better than you." And then before I'd groan at the thought, she'd say, "Open your mouth."

Sitting back on my heels, I'd open my mouth and she'd pop a chocolate into it. Ummmm! How good, how good. On and on I'd scrub. When I was finished, she'd pay me a dime. It wasn't the flattery, nor the dime that kept me scrubbing, but the chocolates.

Joe was a story teller. Her quick sense of humor and keen imagination made her a natural. She used to tell us tales about people and places she knew.

"I used to get 'A' in English Class for my compositions," she'd say. "Mine were the best. You have to tell some whoppers to be the best."

She used to tell of a kid named Ed who was tampering with tobacco. His mother suspected it, so she asked him to kiss her goodnight, but he refused. Instead, he clomped outside, climbed the ladder to the attic and crawled into bed without even saying his prayers. His conscience nagged him and he could see his mother's troubled face.

He tumbled and tossed and pretty soon a swarm of little red devils scampered up the ladder into the attic and danced upon his bed. Then he heard a rumbling and bellowing and the old bull lumbered from the pasture and came puffing up the ladder.

Sticking his monstrous fat head in the attic window, he rumbled, "Ed, Ed, get up and say your prayers."

Ed was scared almost to death and he got up and prayed. The little devils left, the bull went back down the ladder and Ed kept himself fit to kiss his mother every night after that.

Edith's and LaPriel's Saturday job was to scrub the wooden chairs and sweep the yard. Sometimes they kept sweeping until little paths went right up to Mama's flower beds, and a broad, impressive path was swept all the way to the barn. We didn't have a lawn, but hard-packed dirt yards, bordered with flowers, pomegranates and grapes.

When the Saturday's cleaning was done, we were free to climb the hill to gather wild flowers. We must have denuded the Hurricane Hill, because

we picked every larkspur, buttercup or sego lily we could find.

One Saturday, I hiked to the river with Retta Humphries. She brought along a frying pan and a couple of trout and we fried them by the river bank. Eating out of that frying pan was a most satisfying adventure. Later I learned that Retta's family was upset over the mysterious disappearance of the fish.

For sometime now I had been Grandma Isom's sleeping companion. I slept in the big folding bed that had a full length mirror underneath. When the bed was folded up against the wall in the daytime, it looked like a polished, hardwood wardrobe. Grandma slept on a spool cot at the foot of my bed. The cot swayed like a hammock at the slightest touch. If Grandma was in bed asleep and someone accidentally bumped into her cot, it sent her into one of her "spells." "Heart spells" is what she called them. Actually it was gas crowding her heart. The pain was terrible and sometimes she screamed in such agony she could be heard as far away as Aunt Mary Campbell's. My job was to rub her back and arms until she got relief. Grandma said I had the right touch. As I rubbed up her arms, and up from the small of her back, the gas began to move and she burped again and again. Then limp and exhausted, she'd fall asleep. These nightly spells came so regularly that I automatically got up and rubbed her in my sleep.

On summer afternoons we often played in the dusty road in the shade of the Lombardy poplars. We played Steal Sticks, Pomp, Pomp, Pull Away or Prisoner's Base. Run, Sheep, Run, the most spine-chilling game of all, had to be played in the dark. This was no game for sissies. It had suspense and daring. The players were divided into two teams, each with a captain. A bonfire or a street light was home base. One team stayed on base while the second team disappeared into the dark to hide and to decide upon their code calls. Then their captain returned to base. The home team began their search and the hidden team's captain continually called out the position of the searchers in code, such as "lizzard", which might mean "We're approaching from the south", or "black bear", which could mean "Lay low, for we're close to you." The hidden team silently crawled through corn patches, grape vineyards and fences, sneaking toward home base, their hearts thumping as they listened for the signals. The searchers moved stealthily, alert for every sound. The squeaking of a gate or the snapping of twigs could send them racing back to base. If the hidden team's captain sensed the danger of them being discovered, or if their position was right, he'd call "Run sheep, run!" and both teams crashed through the fields for home. The first man to arrive on base claimed the victory for his team. This game was thrilling and chilling even in 100° weather.

On the thirteenth of July, our brother Wayne was born. Since we already had two little boys in the family, Wayne's coming was quietly accepted as an added blessing. He was an entertaining little kid, and fit right in with the rest of the family.

Back to school again, Paul Gates was my sixth-grade teacher. In our room were two "tough guys" who had been held back a couple of years. They never opened a book or took part in a discussion. They still thought it was funny to disappear up the air hole and to be brought back to class by a juvenile officer. One recess they stayed out longer than the other students and when they finally swaggered in, their corncob pipes protruding from their shirt pockets, they reeked of tobacco.

"All right you fellows, bring those pipes to my desk," Mr. Gates demanded.

Instantly they leaped upon him, pinning him down. Terrified, we watched the tangle of feet and fists. One of the students darted from the room and returned with the principal, who grabbed the ruffians by their collars. They were expelled from school, never to return.

Karl Larsen was our music teacher. When he taught us to read notes, I became excited about learning to play the organ. Enthusiastically, I studied the organ book that was stored in the music compartment of our treadle organ. After I had mastered "The Mosquito Waltz", I informed one of my classmates that I was going to be a musician.

"Let me look at your hands," he said. Taking my hand in his, he spread out my fingers. "You'll never learn to play," he said flatly.

"Why won't I?" I asked.

"Because your hands aren't shaped right. Your fingers aren't long enough."

What a let down. Foolishly, I believed him and quit trying, except to fiddle out a few tunes by ear, like "Springtime in the Rockies."

In October, when the sweet smell of steaming cane juice wafted across town, we knew Will Wilson's molasses mill was running. After our Saturday's work was through, Mama often let us take our lard bucket to the mill, and Will always filled it with skimmings. The pulp and trash from the cane was in the skimmings, but there was enough syrup underneath the foam to make a batch of candy. If we didn't have almonds, we used peach pits for nuts, which made the candy a little bitter. Eating too much of it made our stomachs ache. Golda Campbell was sick a long time from eating peach pit candy. More than the satisfaction of eating the candy, was the fun of cracking the hard shelled pits and of trekking to the mill, and seeing things on the way, especially the tiny toads no bigger than honey bees.

On winter afternoons when school was through, we played baseball in the street. Even when I hit the ball, I could never beat it to first base. In choosing up teams, they always chose me last. I could have developed a complex, except for the fact that in school when they chose up sides for a spelling match, I was always chosen first.

I don't know whether Papa answered an advertisment, or how the Excelcis representative happened to call at our house, but call he did. And while he subtly hypnotized Papa, my Lee's Manufacturing exploits leaped to Papa's mind and my potential qualities loomed before him, and I was signed up to take the agency. What Papa didn't realize was that my salesman days were over. It had been nothing more than a passing childhood fancy. By now I dearly hated selling. No matter! In one brief hour, I got all twelve lessons on how to mesmerize the housewife, or how to hoodwink her into thinking she couldn't live without what I had to sell.

What a gloomy, sad day! The bold confidence I had felt when I earned my little vanity case, or my ruby birthstone ring, had long since turned to self-consciousness, and I was actually afraid.

But sally forth I must! Filling my hands with little yellow price lists, Papa sent me out into the world to seek my fortune. Timidly

I knocked on the first door, hoping no one would answer, but in those days everyone was at home. When a lady suddenly appeared before me, all of the door approaches the representative had taught me fled from my mind. Timidly, I half whispered, "You don't want to buy any extracts of spices, do you?"

"No I don't. We have plenty," she answered.

"I have face powder, coconut pie filling and lemon pie filling," I added.

"Pie filling?" Her eyebrow raised.

"And cake mixes," I added hurridly.

"Tell me about your pie fillings and cake mixes," she asked.

Ready mixes had not yet appeared in grocery stores. I was in business. Curious customers were eager to try my mixes and so was I. I squandered my first month's commission on them. The cake was the crustiest, best morsel I had ever eaten. (Every cake was the best I had ever eaten, the one at the moment that is, because cakes were rare.)

I was a little dubious about pushing cosmetics. Hearing Papa and Grandma talk of the Harlots of the Virgin Oil Boom Days, had given me the idea that only bad women used make-up and perfume. Still I was aware that when Grandma was decked in her satin and lace and the kid curlers unwound from her hair, she smelled of carnations and her skin had the look of velvet. But I was apologetic about selling a sinful thing like face powder, and when I told Annie Wright (who was the age of Mama) that the Daughters of Zion shouldn't use such things, she bought some.

Right then I shed my Quaker standards. That's when I started dabbling with my perfume samples, which came in thin glass tubes. One of them broke in my pocket at school during music period one day.

"Phew!" Mr. Larsen exclaimed, "What's that stifling smell?"

"It's Alice," one of the boys piped up.

"Open the windows before we smother. Alice, you may leave the room."

Wafting the aroma of lilacs, I drifted out, knowing I had blessed the room with a breath of spring. It was almost time for school to let out for the day anyway.

Papa was a Republican. In all of the history of Washington County, there had been only <u>one</u> Republican sent to the State Legislature, and that was J. W. Imlay of Hurricane, two years before. At election time we heard a lot about politics in our home. This year an interesting race for the State Legislature was putting Hurricane on the map, because both the Democrat and Republican candidates were from our town. David Hirschi, Republican, was running against Charlie Petty, Democrat.

Even as good a Republican as Papa was, he surprised us just before election day by coming in with a wide grin and a flat can of McGown's salmon -- a salmon steak, it was, like you <u>never</u> find in a can anymore.

"Where did you get that?" Mama asked.

"Charlie Petty gave it to me," Papa replied.

"You take that right back," she demanded. "Charlie Petty isn't going to buy our votes."

I looked at the can of salmon, my digestive juices flowing with a sudden sensation of total starvation. The room became very tense. Papa put up some kind of plea, but Mama was firm. Papa seemed so meek and Mama so mighty, their roles were completely reversed. Papa was on trial and I so much wanted him to win. This is the only recollection I have of Mama ever opposing Papa.

Then I guess Mama got to thinking how humiliating it would be for Papa to have to return the salmon, and how domineering it would make her appear. She loved Papa, so she let him convince her that Charlie only gave him the salmon as a friendly gesture. So we opened the can and put that beautiful steak on a plate for supper, and David Hirschi won the election.

What a heap of difference there was between our little brothers. Willie was still the top star in Papa's heaven, because he arrived before Clinton and Wayne. At five, he still had a bit of angel shining through his wit and mischief, and knew how to influence people. Clinton, at two and one-half, was already off on exploring expeditions. His interest was not so much in people as it was in places and things. He learned to climb the highest piece of furniture before he could even walk. He had an insatiable curiosity that led him into everything. Fondly we called him "Freckles", not because he had freckles, but because of the song that said, "Freckles was his name. He always used to get the blame, for every broken window pane," etc.

In a letter to Annie, dated November 6, 1922,I wrote: "I'll tell you about the main thing first. That is chasing our cows in every few minutes, or chasing the neighbor's cattle out of our corn and putting the pig in, or taking Clinton off the table and out of the slop bucket and cleaning up preserves which he brakes the bottle of preserves on the floor."

Wayne was still in the age of innocence, a little doll in his dainty, white dresses.

Thanksgiving day, which was normally a day of happy expectancy, dawned forlorn and lonely. Grandma was away, sharing herself with her daughters. Annie was living with Uncle Will and Aunt Kate Palmer and going to school at the B. A. C. in Cedar, and Kate was working in Cedar too. Even Mildred was helping someone else on this particular day, and Mama was sick in bed. This was the first Thanksgiving I could recall when there weren't pies and cakes made ahead, and a suet pudding bubbling in its little cotton sack in a kettle on the stove. Such bleakness was almost crushing.

"Mama," I said going to her bedside. "I wish I knew how to make a cake."

"We haven't rendered out the lard yet," she said.

Vegetable shortening so far as I know, was non-existent.

Mama closed her eyes as if she were thinking, then she said,"Perhaps you can borrow half a cup of lard from Aunt Mary Stout, and I will tell you how to make a cake."

The room suddenly brightened. My feet fairly flew to Aunt Mary's and

and back. In and out of Mama's room I went for step-by-step instructions, and carefully I watched until the cake came out of the oven, a golden-brown beauty. Good things from the cellar made the dinner complete and Mama was able to come to the table. My heart swelled with true thanksgiving for I had discovered the joy of doing things. Everyone enjoyed my cake. It was very good and I knew it, and I had made it myself. *

CHAPTER 11

Annie Comes Home

(1923)

In a letter to Annie and Kate, dated January 11, 1923, Mama says, "Dear Girls, I certainly have a comp for you both. William came in with an egg and said 'The hen laid this that has a face like Kate. There's one hen with a face like Annie's and one with a face like Ianthus Spendlove and there's five black hens that have faces like Kate's.' I remember the time when things looked that way to me. Even houses had faces with frowns or smiles and usually resembled some member of the family that lived in them.

Wayne has his second tooth and can say 'coon' through his nose just like Annie used to sing 'coon, coon' and he can say 'pop, pop, mom, mom, pop.'

Feb. 14 - Mildred has gone to a Valentine dance tonight and the others are flying about town and we are sitting here without a fire and it is bed time and as I can think of nothing to write, I think we will hie to bed.

Maybe I had better tell you about Freckles. When Grandma was out, he went in and struck a lot of matches and mixed up some dope, then came home and drank all her pepper sauce, then cried till bed time, thought he was hungry because his stomach burned. Today he made another visit there. She discovered it and brought him home. He broke a bowl, poured all my yeast out and I didn't know it till I was ready to make the bread. I put some kindlings behind the stove for morning and he started to build a fire there. LaPriel bought a valentine. He burned that up. Well, that's nearly a daily program or its equivalent. Love, from Mama."

Clinton's mania for matches kept Mama constantly on guard. He had a fascination for electric outlets too. Instead of plug-in sockets, we had screw-in sockets, which were little wells in the wall. The well was protected with a round copper door hinged onto a wall plate. We all wore high-topped button shoes, so the button hook hung handy-by on the door casing between the living room and kitchen, near our one electric outlet.

On his exploratory rounds, Clinton pushed his chair into the doorway, and climbed after the button hook. The pretty copper wall plate caught his eye. With nimble fingers he opened the little door and caught sight of the shiny copper spot in the center of the well. To touch this with the button hook was the logical thing to do, so he took a jab at it. A sputtering circle of light whipped like a lasso around the room, and with a yelp, Clinton landed on his back on the floor.

* Story "A Not So Pitiful Thanksgiving," in the November 1979 Friend

Following are parts taken from a letter written by me to Kate and Annie, dated March, 1923.

Shiny big wide bows of blue satin ribbon
me
I wet the front of my hair and slick it with soap and shape it on my forehead like this.

"Dear Sisters . . . . Clinton says to tell you our turkey layed a egg. Did you feel a breeze up there day before yesterday? Well, it struck us. The ground just flew around in the air. The peddles on the apricot flowers layed on the place where the ground ought to be. Some ground got in a pan where the milk ought to be. The milk got on the floor where the ground ought not to be. My hair flew up in the air where the sunshine ought to be, the sunshine was up in the clouds where the rain ought to be. Some storm.

Kate I heard a comp for you. I heard that you was the most unselfish and best girl ever. Good for you.

Annie I am glad you are looking and feeling so well. I hope you soon ketch up with your work.

Mildred gets the sore throat every Saturday so she can get out of the work. . . . When you kids get home I will squeeze you to pieces. Beware!!! . . . . Kate I am the only girl that wears ribbons in my hair. I don't care. Oh yes, Ione Tiffony wears her hair that way too. . . . I am as ever your loving sister, Alice. OX OX OX OX Two hugs and kisses apiece."

One morning in history class, Karl Larsen said, "Alice, will you ask your Grandma if she'll come and visit our class?"

"Oh yes," I exclaimed. I knew Grandma could hold the class spellbound with her stories.

When I asked her, Grandma said,"I'll be happy to come."

"Mr. Larsen said he'd come for you in his car. Our class is at 10 o'clock," I told her.

Next morning I said, "Mr. Larsen, Grandma will be ready when you call for her."

"Good," he replied, proceeding with the class.

I was so anxious for him to go after her that the class seemed eternal. Finally, slipping up to his desk, I whispered, "Aren't you going after Grandma?"

"Why, I haven't asked her to come yet," he answered in surprise. "I only wanted to know if she would."

I felt horrible. Dashing home at noon I found Grandma waiting and watching out the window for Mr. Larsen's car. She had even curled her hair with irons heated in the lamp chimney. Primly she sat in her black satin dress, the one I loved most of all with the ecru lace dickey and the embroidered red rose.

"Oh Grandma," I cried, "I'm so sorry. Mr. Larsen didn't tell me which day he wanted you to come."

A hurt look flashed across her face, but quickly she smiled and put her arm around me. "It's all right. I'll come when he wants me."

Mr. Larsen never did say when he wanted her, and I struggled with my tottering faith in grownups.

Our bishop died February 2, 1923. He was the only bishop I had ever known. It pleased me when he gave me a pat on the back. Paying tithing had been fun ever since the day I took him my rooster. Bishop Isom's home was beautiful, with a stairway sweeping grandly down into the living room. Before he built his home, he lived in a tent. In those days he kept the tithing and fast offering money in a can in his wheat bin, and when the Church Auditor came to see him, he put a horse blanket around the Auditor to keep him warm.

People paid tithing in cash if they could. If they couldn't, they paid in produce, and the Bishop gave them a receipt. The produce given to the "worthy poor" didn't have to be turned into the Church as cash, but the surplus did. If the Bishop couldn't sell it, he bought it himself. Since he already raised everything he needed, he usually ended up giving the surplus to those who didn't qualify as "the poor." He had always been kind and good to everyone, and the people loved him.

Ira Bradshaw was put in as our new Bishop on May 20, 1923.

I was absent the day our class planned a party for the closing of school, so my invitation came by mail in a pretty pink envelope. It read, "Lady Alice, robed in velvet, scarcely deigned to fling a glance, on the coarse home woven cotton, flitting through the rustic dance. Lady Alice, will you please me, by coming to the school house bright, very early in the evening at 7:30 Saturday night?" It was signed "Theron Lathum." He had happened to draw my name.

At the party we danced awkwardly together, and then the class played games. Because our house was on the way to his, Theron walked me home after the party, but neither of us said anything. Theron's cheeks were fat and pink. I liked bashful, round-faced boys, and thought of him as my boy friend after that. I saw him cast shy glances in my direction too, but we never did get around to speaking to each other.

Just before school closed, our entire class sneaked off to Gould's Wash, to picnic , including me. I hadn't forgotten my unpopularity on April Fool's Day last year when everyone disappeared but me. Even the teacher looked annoyed when she saw me sitting there alone. The memory of it gave me the

courage to sluff with the rest of the class.

After school was out, a letter from Annie informed us of the day she would be home. Excitedly we watched every car as it came around the bend by Pete Lathum's.

"Annie will be in this car," we'd cry. As the car sped on, we'd say, "Nope. She wasn't in that one. She will be in the next one."

And so the game continued during the anxious waiting hours. As night came, Papa entered the game. Each set of beaming headlights was the one. At last! A car stopped at our gate and Annie got out with her suitcases!

How pretty she was. Her cheeks were round and rosy, an infallible mark of beauty, her eyes sparkled, and her clothes looked like college. With my flair for romance, I was excited to learn that Annie had a boyfriend, too. His name was Rass Matheson. She met him while Kate worked for Rass's sister-in-law Gwen. Instinctively I knew she would marry him, and all of the Mathesons would be our relatives.

Annie was an efficient stenographer, speedy in shorthand and typing, so Charlie Petty hired her. So now, after having been gone for so long, she was finally living home again.

Summer is happy things sandwiched in between work. After school let out, Mildred went to work for Orson Hall in St. George, but she got homesick and I was glad. Together we made a cozy nook with our pillows and an old camp quilt among the willows along the canal bank and settled down to read love stories. My favorite was B. M. Bauer's "Chip of the Flying U." My emotions soared like a bird on the wings of romance. The background music of water racing through the headgate and splashing down the hill, the rustling of the willows, and twittering of the birds helped. Next we read "The Sheik." It was a little more sophisticated, but still we were transported.

The Sheik, on his white horse, dashed across the desert and kidnapped a French girl from the caravan, holding her close to his beating heart under his flying, sweet smelling white robes. They galloped over the moonlit sand to his private tent, apart from his harem. She never knew when he silently slipped away in the night.

Unluckily, Grandma got hold of the book. "Annie," she exclaimed to Mama, "do you know what sort of trash these girls are reading?"

"Grandma, it isn't trash," I said defensively. "It's a good love story."

"It's trash," she insisted.

The book vanished and we never saw it again.

Reading with Mildred on the canal bank was a short-lived joy, for she went to work in the laundry at the Wiley Way in Zion.

Just as sleeping with Edith had had its humor, like her peeking under the bed to see who was there, so she livened up the dish doing. Pointing to some specks on the shade at the kitchen window, she would say, "Each dot represents a hundred-thousand people." Then she'd launch into a Grand Opera performance, mimicking a lady in town who had a penetrating, high vibrato. And so she sang as she washed, while I wiped the dishes.

But Edith did not believe in unnecessary drudgery, especially at her expense. One day, as we cleared the dinner table, Edith gave LaPriel a swat on the head.

"What was that for?" Papa demanded.

"She didn't have to dirty her whole plate," Edith retorted. "She could have put her molasses on just one spot."

Papa did his best to carry on the normal activities of a man, like riding the range. Mama used to carry a chair out in the yard for him to climb upon to mount his horse. He stayed in the saddle all day long, and when he came home at night, she helped him dismount.

One day a bull gored his horse and Papa was thrown off, breaking a couple of ribs. Uncle Ren Spendlove's boys helped him home. That was the last time he ever rode for cattle, but as soon as his ribs mended, he resumed walking to the barbershop every day with his checkerboard.

Across the street from the barbershop, was the Isom Hotel, where the traveling salesmen, or "drummers" put up. They, too, joined in the checker games. One drummer, Mr. Van Horn, came to our home in the evenings and taught Papa the game of chess. When Papa was involved in a game, he was oblivious to everything else.

One evening, Robert Woodbury came to visit him, but he was involved in a chess game with Mr. Van Horn. After visiting with Mama for a spell, Brother Woodbury finally arose. Papa and Van Horn were silently staring at their chessmen. It had been minutes since either one of them had spoken or moved.

Grinning, Brother Woodbury said, "Well, goodnight Annie. Please tell George I've been here to see him."

With Annie clerking in Petty's store, luxuries began to appear on our table, like bananas and pineapple. Annie made wonderful new kinds of pies, too. And more than that, she set our table with beautiful, new dinner plates. They were larger than the ones I got from Lee's Manufacturing Company, and nicer. She bought a generous set, enough for our big table. Lovingly I washed them when it was my turn to do the dishes.

Then it came LaPriel's turn to clear the table. She stacked the plates and carried them in one load to the kitchen. Somehow they slipped, shattering in fragments on the floor. What a disaster! I think all of us went into shock.

"LaPriel, look what you have done," Papa shouted. "Now you will have to get busy and pay for every one of them."

LaPriel was our littlest sister, scarcely nine! Conscientiously, she saved every penny she earned, then finally Annie and Mama came to her rescue and helped her. Mama never scolded when we broke a dish. She knew how we felt, and that was punishment enough.

Taking out tonsils was a neighborhood affair. When LaPriel had hers removed, Dr. Baker did the mass operations in Will Wilson's home. Now it was time for Willie and Clinton to get their tonsils out. The leaves on our

dining table were opened up for the slaughter. How many youngsters were operated on in our living room, I don't recall, but I do remember that the house was heavy with chloroform, and there were groggy, blood-spitting kids rolled up in blankets lying all about the room.

Papa's enthusiasm about my sales ability with Excelcis was so great that he decided I should cover LaVerkin, too. Because of his desire to help, he walked the two miles down the dugway, across the river and up the other side with me to LaVerkin. The sun was blistering hot. By the time we had canvassed the town as far as Grace Stout's home, my world turned black. Sister Stout said I was having a sun stroke. She had us come in and rest, and she brought us a drink. As we left, she put one of her daughter's pretty straw hats on my head. The hat had blue streamers down the back. A man came along in a wagon and Papa asked if we could ride with him to Hurricane. When the goods arrived from Excelcis, Papa arranged for a car to take us to LaVerkin. I earned about $5.00 a month for taking orders.

One day I sat yearning over a picture of satin pumps in the Chicago Mail Order Catalog. Holding my feet in front of me, I fancied I could see the soft sheen of black satin and the glitter of rhinestone buckles upon them. With a sigh I looked up as Mama came into the room.

"Look how pretty, Mama, and they only cost $2.00. Can I order them?"

"Don't be foolish," she cautioned. "Satin becomes rags. To put those slippers on your feet would be like casting pearls before swine."

What a thing for Mama to say! I knew very well she didn't think of me as a swine. Mulling this over in my mind, I realized that since all I ever had was one pair of shoes at a time, satin pumps wouldn't be so good for climbing upon the hill.

That fall I was in the seventh grade and Karl Larsen was my full-time teacher. I remember Karl mostly for his beautiful art work on the blackboard in colored chalk, for his excellence in teaching music, and for saving Lalif Wood's life. Lalif was so happy about his new necktie that he kept tying and untying it. Once he slipped the knot so tight under his collar that he couldn't loosen it. His face got red, then redder and redder. When his ears turned purple, one of the boys shouted, "Mr. Larsen, look at Lalif!" With a bound Mr. Larsen was down the aisle. Quick as a flash he pulled out his pocket knife and cut Lalif's tie free.

I submitted a second drawing to the Juvenile Instructor. This one was of a boy with a rag wrapped around his stubbed toe. When it was published, I received a Hiawatha Reader "Being Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha" edited by Robert George. In the preface is written, "To teach a child to read, and not teach him what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into his hands." Then it goes on to say that the Song of Hiawatha is recognized as one of the most fascinating poems in our language. The book is beautifully illustrated, and although loved and worn, is still on my book shelf today.

The biggest event each fall was the coming of the Ellison White Chautauqua troupe to Hurricane. For five nights they played on stage in the school house. Posters announcing their coming were up in Judd's and Petty's store windows, and I was always waiting in the school yard as their vans, loaded with stage props, arrived. Every year I passed handbills to earn a season's ticket.

Each night I sat spellbound, as the troupe of actors played their great and moving drama and my tears flowed freely as I lived every line, until one night, during "The Great Divide," Fern Ruesch leaned forward, putting her face in front of mine.

"Alice, you're crying," she giggled.

Embarrassed, I wiped my cheeks. In that moment I resolved to never be caught crying in public again. Now I wish I could shed tears more freely.

At Thanksgiving time, Mama wrote the following letter to Kate, who was working in Cedar.

Hurricane, Utah
26 November 1923

Dear Daughter:

We will send your underware so you can be warmer. Wish you had them now as it is getting colder. There was ice on the step this morning where the spray came from the tap, and I saw a very thin ice in the corral a few mornings ago, the only bit I have seen this fall. The wind is blowing frightfully just like it did twelve years ago tonight when our only little boy left us. The whole of this month has reminded me so much of that one, but I must not think of such things when there are so many things to be thankful for.

I will tell you of some of our friends (friends in need, friends indeed) good acts. Perhaps you remember of Charles Allen hauling our hay last summer and there was so little of it that he would not take pay, then Brother Reber cut the grain and when Papa told him to bring his sacks at threshing time for his pay he did not do it, just laughed and said he could do that much for nothing. James Stanworth put in the fall grain out in the field and when we asked his bill he said "Nothing."

Charles Allen hauled two cords of wood for us and had the town credit one to himself and the other to Uncle Ren, on woodhaulers day for the disabled and widows and Papa got him to put up our last cutting of hay on shares here and when we got after him, he said that was all right, just to let him know any time he could help. And Howard Isom sawed our wood and said their regular price was $5.00, but would only charge us $3.75. Uncle Ren and Uncle Will have both thrown off a few sticks of wood occasionally when passing. When we asked Will Spendlove his price for taking you up there, he said he was glad to do that much to help you.

Well, good night and keep well. Love from Mama.

The dining table was the family social center. When the leaves were up, it could seat twelve people. Usually, after the supper dishes were done, we sat around the table with our school books and studied. Sometimes we played games, like "Up Jinks" or "Button, Button," or "Fox and Geese." Our games were all homemade, except, of course, Papa's checkers.

At Christmas time, Annie gave the family a deck of Flinch Cards. During the holidays we played the game with fascination. Never had we enjoyed a holiday season more. Day after day we played, until the game became an

an obsession.

Once, when Papa asked us to set the table for supper, someone said, "In a minute. We are almost finished."

Sternly Papa arose, demanded that we hand him our cards, then he threw them in the fire. We sat in stunned silence. We couldn't believe he would do such a thing to something that had brought so much pleasure. It was like a bereavement. We were each crying bitterly within, but knew better than to show any outward signs. Instead, we quietly set the table.

CHAPTER 12

FROM CHILDHOOD TO ADOLESCENCE - OAK CREEK DAYS

Oak Creek, my mother's childhood hometown, was situated inside of what is now Zion National Park, and covered the area from the Park Entrance and on up the canyon, beyond the present site of the Visitor's Center. Grandmother Crawford, and most of my Crawford cousins lived there.

"Grandmother" meant Grandmother Crawford, and "Grandma" meant Grandma Isom. That's how we distinguished between the two. Grandmother was as homespun as Abe Lincoln and Grandma was as genteel as George Washington. Grandmother's home was as Early American as Grandma's was Old English.

Thoughts of Grandmother bring memories of her spacious living room built onto the old log cabin. The scrubbed pine board floors were brightened with braided scatter-rugs, and the walls were papered with slick magazine pages, fresh and fascinating, and the windows were hung with calico curtains. A hand-carved mantle shelf topped the fireplace, and on it stood the pendulum clock that had ticked away the years, and standing beside the clock was the kerosene lamp. Currier & Ives pictures hung on the wall, their home-made frames intricate with woodcarvings of oak leaves and acorns. Our Great-Grandfather, Samuel Kendall Gifford, was the craftsman who made the Gifford chairs, and these were the kind used in Grandmother's home. The woven, rawhide bottoms were cushioned with crazy patch, embroidered, velvet pillows.

"Grandmother" is a world of memories to me. It is her calico dress and her checkered, gingham apron with the cross stitch border. It is the blue willowware dishes in her kitchen cupboard. It is Grandfather's two broad-brimmed, felt hats above the kitchen door, giving the impression that Grandfather had just barely hung them on their pegs. It is the spinning wheel upstairs, and the affectionate sound of Aunt Emma's voice as she welcomed us each summer, and the sugar cookies, sprinkled with nutmeg in the blue crock, and cold fried chicken on a plate. It is picking plump, yellow currants and everbearing strawberries in the garden, and gathering big, brown eggs from the clean nests burrowed into the haystack by the speckled hens. It is the bird-of-paradise blooming by her kitchen door. It is everything that sends my blood racing with the happiness of childhood. "Grandmother" and "Oak Creek" are synonymous to me.

When our uncles from Oak Creek brought their grain to the grist mill, we made our garden hoes smoke, because we could go with them to Grandmother's if we got our weeding done. We rode in the wagon with either Uncle Lewis, Uncle Dan, or Uncle Jim, until Uncle Johnny started driving the mail truck. Then we rode with him.

It was a day's journey by team. The dirt roads were rough and deeply rutted. Dust poufed up from the horses' hooves, and squirted from the ruts as the wagon wheels jogged along, settling thick over us and the sacks of "grist." * The clopping of the horses and the creaking of the wagon lulled us and we learned to sleep, our heads bouncing against a sack of flour or thumping against the bare boards in the bottom of the wagon. By the time we arrived at Grandmother's house we peered from dust-rimmed eyes, like furry racoons. The water bucket with the gray enamel dipper in it, and the wash basin, soap, and towel were ready for us on a bench by the door. After the first night at Grandmother's, our cousins showed up and it was decided who should have the honor of hosting us for the rest of our precious week.

Our Oak Creek and Springdale cousins were not just ordinary people. They were especially created to live in Paradise. (Oak Creek and Springdale.) Oak Creek and Springdale were only two miles apart and we were related to everyone who lived in both places, except the Langston family. Grandmother had thirteen children, and some of her children had eleven, thirteen, and fifteen children. So we had cousins by the dozens, and every one of them was special in a wonderful way.

Our "up-river" cousins can best be explained by saying they were a part of the canyon, a canyon made deep by towering peaks of brilliant hues. Our cousins were as refreshing as the canyon breeze that came every morning, sweet with the scent of boxelder, and as joyous as the river rippling over rocks. How else can I say how much I loved them? I will introduce those nearest my age.

Elva belonged to Uncle Lewis and Aunt Mary Crawford. She was just my age. Aunt Mary came from the south, bringing with her that southern hospitality. She talked and laughed, and listened to Elva and me as though we were grownups. She and Uncle Lewis used to take their hoes and shovels to the field and work together, coming in together at meal time. Each summer, when we were there, Aunt Mary packed the picnic basket while Uncle Lewis hitched up the team, and we would spend one day at Raspberry Bend in Zion. Raspberry Bend is the big bend in the river between Weeping Rock and the parking lot in the Narrows. Grandfather used to have a corn patch there and I am of the impression it was he who originally planted the raspberries. Back to their home in the evening, Uncle Lewis used to sit on the front step and play his harmonica under the stars.

Leata was my age, too, and belonged to Uncle Dan and Aunt Sarah Crawford. Usually, I said "Leata and Elva" in one breath, because these two cousins lived close together and we always played together. Leata was the witty one, reminding me of Edith. Aunt Sarah was fastidious, and Leata could not go to play until the house was shiny slick.

Mary Gifford was a year older than I and belonged to Uncle John and Aunt Fanny Gifford. They lived half-way between Oak Creek and Springdale. I loved to show up at their place just before sundown, because I knew either Aunt Fanny, Ida, Inez or Lella would stir up a batch of corn bread for supper. They knew my insatiable appetite for it, and they always had it when I came. Mary and I used to play on the foothills, down by the river, or through the cane fields together, and Uncle John shared his fresh, roasted peanuts with us. Aunt Fanny became as close to me as though she

* Grist was the flour, bran and cereal made from the grain.

were my own age. We never talked much, because she was quiet, but she poured out her inner feelings in letters to me, and always sent cards for no occasion especially, except that it was springtime or harvest time. One card I cherished until the edges became soft and frayed was a picture of a rainbow above an apple orchard in full bloom.

Rupert Ruesch belonged to Uncle Walter and Aunt Marilla Ruesch, who lived in Springdale. He was a year older than I and couldn't really be bothered with girl cousins. But Aunt Marilla's scintillating wit and Uncle Walter's colorful language, made visiting at their house something we wouldn't dream of missing.

Heber belonged to Uncle Sammy and Aunt Emmie Crawford. To get to their place, we went over a swinging bridge across the river. Uncle Sammy was a skilled carpenter, and so was Heber. Heber's miniature barns, corrals, and houses in their back yard were the cleverest I had ever seen, and playing with his spool wagons over the winding roads under the shade trees was cool fun.

Reuben belonged to Uncle Jim and Aunt Ellen Crawford, and he was no more interested in playing with girls than Rupert was. Uncle Jim and Aunt Ellen made up for this default. Uncle Jim used to play his wind-up phonograph for us. The records were cylinder shaped and the sound came out of a big, blue petunia-shaped horn. Aunt Ellen fried up heaps of rabbit meat, golden and crusty. It was good, but I couldn't eat it, because I had spent too much time leaning over the rabbit pen, watching the big-eyed, furry soft babies play.

Norman belonged to Uncle Johnny and Aunt Eliza. He was half-way between Mildred and me, and more interested in her. Aunt Eliza, Susan and Lucy made me feel cuddled and loved. Because they lived next door to Grandmother and Aunt Emma, I felt that their household was one and the same.

Besides the Uncles, Aunts and Cousins, there were Grand-Uncles and Aunts. Especially Uncle Freeborn and Aunt Jane, and Uncle Moses and Aunt Airy Gifford. Uncle Freeborn and Aunt Jane ran an ice cream parlor in Springdale. Besides ice cream, they sold chocolates, the old fashioned bon-bon kind that came in wooden buckets. It was wonderful to have a grand-uncle who had these things, because that made them free to us. I figured anyone who owned a store could have anything they wanted for nothing. Aunt Jane always set us down to a big bowl of home-made ice cream and Uncle Freeborn doled out the chocolates. This was before the days of electricity in Springdale, which made summertime ice cream more exotic.

Uncle Freeborn had an ice pond in Oak Creek Canyon. In the winter he ran a thin layer of water into the pond, letting it freeze. On top of this he ran another layer and so on, until he could saw solid blocks of ice from the pond. He hauled these by team and wagon to his shed in Springdale, and packed them in sawdust. The ice lasted all summer in this insulation.

Sometimes in the summertime, his team would pull into our yard in Hurricane. Packed in his wagon, well-wrapped in ice and quilts, was a five gallon freezer of ice cream to share with ours and Aunt Mary Stout's families.

Uncle Moses brought treats from Springdale, too. Those flour sacks, filled with yellow transparent apples in the spring were mighty welcome.

He used to compose songs and poems to sing and recite at parties. They were humorous and he was a fun granduncle, but sometimes I wished he'd leave Aunt Airy (Aranna) home, for often, when he was at his best, she'd say, "Oh, Moses," in such an unflattering way, and then he'd quit.

I saw little of Mildred during our week together at Oak Creek, for she was off with Merle and Myrtle being a butterfly with the older cousins. She felt beautiful, desirable and free as a butterfly, and that everybody loved her. Consequently, everybody did. All the while, I was having a grubby good time, crawling along on Heber's spool wagon roads, or snagging my dresses on bushes and ledges.

Once Uncle Lewis gave Elva, Leata and me a ripe watermelon. We decided to eat it above the ledges below the Watchman. The melon was heavy, so we changed off often, taking turns carrying it up the steep foothills. The last pitch, lugging the melon past the ledges, was almost too much. Finally, we sat panting precariously above a cliff, clutching our treasure. One of us moved, and the melon rolled out of reach, over the edge of the cliff, and smashed to bits down below.

Swimming in the river in old dresses and bloomers, was a popular sport with the Oak Creek and Springdale cousins. The swimming holes were something more than belly-crawling in the Hurricane Canal. I only had to be pulled out twice to realize that I could swim in knee-deep water only.

Finally came a summer when spool wagons, crawling in the dirt, and puddle wading seemed kid stuff to me. Just before I was fourteen came the glorious, three day, Crawford reunion. I discovered that my uncles and older cousins were amused at my wise cracks, which made my blood race and my head feel keen. I discovered also that boys were fun to flirt with. Even uncles teased in a fun-filled way, especially Uncle Jake Crawford, whom we seldom saw, because he and his family were globe-trotters. His boy Earl was about my age, and very polite. I didn't understand why he always said "Sir," or "Mam," but it had a charm, like reading a book. Aunt Effie's deep blue eyes rimmed with thick, dark lashes, and dark hair was very pretty.

The following was recorded in my diary: "Elva, Venona, Leata, Edith and I hiked up in a canyon east of Uncle Sammy's. We came back with our arms full of beautiful wild flowers and our mouths full of wonderful pine gum. . . . At meal times there were one-hundred and seven hungry stomachs to fill. It was wash, wash, wash dirty dishes and serve, serve, serve hungry people. Leata, Edith and I gathered peppermint and made some tea. We passed a cup of tea down the table and all of the men smelled it and passed it on until it came to Uncle Jake and he said if we would turn our heads he would drink it. When we looked back, the cup was empty. I told him I didn't believe he drank it, so he put his arms around me and marched me to Mama and said, 'Annie, have you ever caught me in a lie?' Mama said, 'Why no.' 'Well, if you can show me the tea, I'll believe you drank it,' I said and everyone laughed. Uncle Jake took Leata and I with him after he drank our tea, and he was as much fun as a kid."

But this reunion! There were long tables in Uncle Johnny's yard, and someone was always setting it or clearing it. Roving crowds were always eating. I never saw Mama during the whole time, except briefly. I learned she never got out of the kitchen, and that she was against three-day reunions.

Carl Crawford had a car - and at last, I was young lady enough to go for a ride with my older cousins. I wore the soft royal-blue satin jumper dress that Grandma Isom had made me. I felt as lovely as a movie star. Carl took us to see the new Rockville Bridge. To give us a thrill, he floor-boarded the gas, and going over the bridge, hit a rut. I was in the back seat, and was thrown against the car top, skinning my nose against the hardwood bow. My face swelled and went black around my eyes. Worse still, the blue satin dress came apart. It was a tiered skirt, and each tier separated, leaving the cording and satin hanging. Like Cinderella, my finery had turned to rags. There was one saving grace; this was the last afternoon of the reunion.

CHAPTER 13

"Goodbye, Grandma"

(1924)

In the spring, Mildred graduated from the ninth grade. Grandma said school was just a waste of time for Mildred anyway, because she was the "marrying kind". She should have said "romantic kind", because Mildred loved everybody, and took it for granted that everybody loved her. Occasionally someone even referred to her as "the pretty one". Now I wouldn't go so far as to say that. When it came to looks, she really didn't have anything over on the rest of us.

But she had a good disposition. She never got angry, and she was good to everybody. She didn't even have fun indulging in witty sarcasm. She never said smarty things that felt good on the tongue. In fact, she never said anything bad about anyone, no matter how funny it might have been. She was simply a happy person, who liked to make other people happy.

So when she went to work for Mattie Ruesch in Fredonia, she promptly made a hit with the Fredonia boys, especially Maurice Judd. When she mentioned him in her letters to home, I knew instantly that <u>this</u> was "love in bloom". Reading between the lines in each of her letters, I sighed with deep satisfaction.

And Rass Matheson was still dating Annie, even bringing his sister and brothers to see us, just like I figured he should. I liked the idea of getting a lot of in-law relatives.

Kate was working for a Marsh family in Cedar City, and with Mildred away, Annie and I became close companions. My diary entry of June 11, is as follows:

> Last Sunday, Annie and I gathered up a stack of old Juveniles, and went upon the hill to read. We found a shady spot in Uncle Lew's pasture just big enough for both of us. We sat down and read a continued love story. Annie can make a love story sound enthralling when she reads. We read until we were tired, then put a big rock on the magazines we had finished, and took the remaining six in our arms and hiked toward Chinatown. We walked and walked over one little gray hill after another. The top of each little hill showed another gray hill ahead. Still there was a fascination that kept us going on. I had a grand feeling all over. I suppose it is because I was off in the wilds of nature.

> At last, at the crest of one little hill, our gaze rested upon a semi-circle of beautiful pale blue, pink and white mountains along the eastern horizon. "Look!" I said to Annie. She said "Hurrah! We have been rewarded for our long walk." We could see two white peaks of mountains that sent a thrill of joy and homesick longing through me. It was my mountain home. My Kolob!
>
> We walked on to the Chinatown Wash and sat down and finished our love story. As we turned toward home, a lone coyote trotted in and out among the gray bushes.
>
> "Hi there," Annie called. The gaunt, ragged animal sat upon his haunches, turned his inquisitive nose toward us, pricked up his pointed ears, gave us one inquiring glance, then trotted off, this time faster than before.
>
> We gave a last, longing look at our mountains and turned toward home. We arrived just at chore time.

At the spring closing of Primary, I graduated from the Sea Gull class. Boys graduated from Primary at the age of twelve, because of the Scout program, but girls just grew bigger and bigger for the next two years and stayed in Primary coloring pictures of pioneers until they were fourteen. Aunt Mina Hinton was the Primary President, and had been ever since Hurricane was settled. She also led the singing. Aunt Mina was Primary, and we loved her, but I resented the fact that boys could go to Mutual two years before girls could.

Both Grandma and Papa constantly reminded me that fourteen was plenty young to start going out at nights. I lived for my fourteenth birthday, because on that day I would automatically be grown-up, and would no longer have Grandma hounding me to go to the Primary dances. She had warned me and forewarned me, that if I didn't learn to dance in Primary, I'd be a social failure. But who wanted to dance with those little kids ?

Well! What a shock I was in for when I went to my first "grown-up" dance. The other girls my age were swinging about the floor with ease and grace, and I didn't have the least idea of which foot to put where. Bashfully, I sat on the sideline, fearful that someone would ask me to dance. Well, no one did, and fifteen minutes sitting there seemed forever. I remembered a wisecrack about Wall Flowers trying to look like American Beauties, and felt self conscious, so I slipped out the door and ran home.

On August 6, the day before Mama's birthday, Grandma cooked a fine spread and invited our aunts and uncles, and Mama and Papa, to dinner. When it came to cooking, Grandma was the best, and this time she did it up royally.

In the evening, when I went to her house to go to bed, the reminiscing and laughter was still going on. And then, Grandma went into one of her "heart spells". I wanted to massage the pain away, but my aunts said, "Don't worry about Ma, Alice, we'll take care of her."

The night was hot, so I lay down with my quilt and pillow on Grandma's porch, in case they should need me. Grandma always said that no one else could rub her arms and back the way I could. Her cries of distress

were terrible and I knew they should call me, but they didn't. Then I dozed.

Pretty soon Aunt Alice shook me. "Alice, Ma is dead," she said.

"Oh," I groaned, relieved for Grandma, but ashamed of being thankful that it was all over. I had been alone with her in her agony for so long, for so excruciatingly, terribly long, and had pictured myself running at 2:00 a.m. through the dark to our house, to wake Mama and Papa to tell them Grandma was dead.

But it didn't happen that way. She passed away at 10:00 p.m., surrounded by her children, at the age of seventy-six. Grandpa had been gone for thirty-nine years, and now Grandma, who had loved him so dearly, was with him again.

Throughout the years, her children had come to see her as often as possible. Aunt Ellen came daily. Grandma often said, "Oh Ellen, you shouldn't traipse across town just to see me," and Aunt Ellen would kiss her and say, "I had to see that you were well, Ma." Aunt Mary and Aunt Alice also came often, but not every day. And Papa was an absolute Mother-worshipper.

Once, when I complained that I did not like my name because it was too common, Papa's eyes filled with tears and he said, "We gave you the most beautiful name on earth - the name of my mother."

And now Grandma was gone, but her name would live on. Besides Aunt Alice, Grandma had had six grand-daughters named Alice. But I was the only Alice Isom.

Grandma's burial clothes were neatly pressed and folded in a dresser drawer. She had shown them to me, explaining what to do, and she had her funeral planned, too. She said, "I want Kate Spendlove to sing, because she has such a beautiful voice." Kate was Aunt Ellen's daughter. Grandma wanted no speakers -- only a testimony meeting, and her wish was granted. She was buried beside Grandpa in the Virgin cemetery. As they lowered her into the grave, the people sang "Nearer My God to Thee".

Grandma had willed her house to Mama and its contents to her daughters. After the funeral, the family stayed to divide her belongings. This shocked me. It was hard to realize that she was really gone.

In the years that followed, I heard Grandma cry out in my dreams and I got up to rub her back. Papa shouted at me until I awoke and went back to bed. Night after night I saw the hurt look on Grandma's face as I dreamed she returned to find her house empty. The emotional strain of taking care of her through these painful "heart spells" had left a scar that only time could erase.

But time can never erase the influence she had upon the lives of all of us. Memories of her will always come crowding back to warm my heart. She was a great lady, and did her best to make a lady out of me.

"Every girl should learn to sew a fine seam by hand," she used to say. "When I was a girl, every stitch I had on, but my shoes, I made myself."

Grandma was skilled at knitting, crocheting, tatting and macrame, and was a one-woman production line. But her big thing was to see that every grand-daughter learned to sew by hand before she touched a sewing machine. So she organized a sewing class, teaching her grand-daughters to make doll dresses. The class stopped when it got to me. I was her private struggle.

Because I slept at her house, my evenings were spent piecing quilt blocks. I hated the sewing, but loved the lamp. The shade was a smooth glass bowl, milk-white underneath and robin-egg blue on the outside. My stitches were crooked and ugly. I filled a cardboard box with miserable blocks, not one of them fit to go into a quilt top. The box, blocks and all were probably burned when Grandma's things were divided, since no one ever confronted me with them.

Grandma either read, or reminisced to me as I struggled with my needle. She loved to remember her courting days. She was the "Belle of the Ball", and in demand for her beautiful singing voice. As she talked, I could see her spinning and weaving and pouring tallow candles, or swirling through a square dance, showing the lace on her many petticoats. Ah, no doubt she was a proud beauty. She boasted that her bosom was so high and firm, that she could set a match-box on top and it would not fall off. I don't doubt it, for she still wore starched ruffles under her dresses that gave her the same high curve. Wasp waists were popular when she was a girl. If the young man who came courting could span the young lady's waist with both hands, hers was a beautiful figure. To her dying day, Grandma was still so tightly laced her waist couldn't expand. She would have fallen apart without her corsets.

Grandma admonished us to never kiss a boy until becoming his wife. "The first time I ever kissed your Grandfather was over the altar," she said, and this was no doubt true. Still, I admired the story the master of ceremonies told on Grandma at an "Old Folks's" party one night.

When Grandpa was courting her, so the story goes, he kissed her good-night at the gate.

"George! You shouldn't have done that!" she said in exasperation. "No boy has ever kissed me before!"

Just then Albert Stratton and James Jepson jumped out from behind the bushes where they had been hiding.

"Never mind, George," Albert said, "that's what she told us when we kissed her goodnight."

The story impressed me and I regarded Grandma with new interest.

Grandma saved everything. In her upstairs were white flour sacks filled with bits of silk, ribbon and lace. Everything that could possibly be worked into a quilt or a rag rug or made over into dresses, was already done up. These tiny scraps were for making a rose bud for a hat, or a bow on a dress. She always tacked a lace medallion or a bow here or there, on the dresses she made for us.

Grandma's world was satin, velvet, fluted crystal, hand painted china and silver-- in other words, elegant. Oh, we were going to miss her a-plenty. She had been so much a part of our daily lives, so much a part of the very fiber of our souls. And now, because I was exactly her namesake, I liked the idea that I had a personal representative in Heaven.

Becoming a Bee Hive girl was my next important milestone. The Bee Hive book, my teacher Lena Isom, gave me, was my prize possession. Up-stairs in my room, I pored over the list of things I could do to fill "cells". For the first time, I discovered that I actually enjoyed making

my bed, because I was earning "cells". Ideas for things I could do for my room began to take shape. How intriguing was my sunflower, crystalized in a saltpeter solution, and the hooked rug I made from burlap and worn out wool dresses, and the cushion made from new scraps.

Sometimes Lena had us come to her home for classes. On one of these evenings, a cloud burst came. With the first lull in the storm, we scurried out the door toward home. We were almost to the corner when lightning struck the transformer on the power pole there. We were scared enough at the white light that sputtered and burned, but the black cat that streaked across the sidewalk in front of us made it worse. With a hoarse squawk, Fern Ruesch clutched my arm.

"Come back, come back, don't go over that line," she cried.

And then, down came the rain again. Although it meant walking two blocks further through the downpour, we had to go home another way to avoid stepping over the path of the black cat.

It wasn't that we were superstitious --goodness no! It's just that we couldn't take a chance on a black cat bringing bad luck. Besides that, superstitions are sometimes a lot of fun, like getting a first glimpse of the new moon over your left shoulder and making a wish. Sometimes we had to chisel a little on that one, because until we knew just where the new moon was, we couldn't turn our back to it and look over our left shoulder. But when I got the new moon just right, I always made a wish quickly, before my eyes were diverted. I kept two standard wishes on hand. One was for a house full of gold, or else a golden doll. The other was that I could have every wish granted that I ever wished. I knew I'd never get either, but I wouldn't have felt right about <u>not</u> making them.

I was in the eighth grade now, with Will Woodbury as my teacher. Will had a rich voice, which was wonderful when he gave dramatic readings. He had his gentle and tender moments, but was fiercely stern when the situation required it.

One day, when the class got a little out of hand, he kept us all in, and made us march in the awkward squad. The embarrassing thing was that the Fredonia basketball team had just arrived for the game that night. Maurice Judd, Mildred's boyfriend, was on the team. Mildred had previously brought Maruice to meet the family, and all of us had fallen in love with him. I didn't want Maurice to see me marching in the awkward squad, but I had no choice.

Mr. Woodbury marched us down the hall and outside into lineup formation. Then we marched in again, and out again, into lineup formation, in again, and out again, over and over. He escorted us all the while, stomping his left foot, clapping his hands and loudly shouting, "Left, right, left right." At first, the whole class giggled. The Fredonia team looked on with ill-concealed amusement. Mr. Woodbury's face became a livid red and veins stood out on his forehead. Back and forth we marched until the class sobered up. Mr. Woodbury was thorough and always won his point.

Across from me in our Geography class, sat a girl that I'll call Nellie. To my Quaker standards, she was empty-headed and overpainted. Her eyelashes were gobbed together with stuff like black wagon grease, her face caked with powder white as flour and her cheeks painted with round patches

of brilliant red. She never participated in class, but remained silent. The only important thing to me was to be able to get "A's" on my report card, so I regarded Nellie as dull.

When our Geography teacher, Eldon Larsen (Karl's brother) said, "Alice, I want you and Nellie to stay after school," I was in shock. Kids who had to stay in were in trouble.

After the class had filed out, Mr. Larsen flatly stated, "Your examination papers are identical. One of you copied."

Hotly I thought, if one of us copied, he should know which one it was. Didn't our past records speak for us? As I saw it, to cheat was the lowest, the most despicable thing a human could do, and yet I was being accused. "I have never copied anyone's papers in my life!" I spluttered.

"One of you copied," he insisted.

Contemptuously I thought, even if I wanted to cheat, I wouldn't copy from her. Angry tears splashed down my cheeks and Nellie began to bawl too, but her red eyes were hidden behind the brim of her pink felt hat that fit like a bowl over half her face. How I wished I had a hat like hers at that moment!

"You both realize that to let someone copy your paper, is also cheating," Mr. Larsen continued.

"I don't let people copy my papers," I blubbered.

"How about you?" he turned to Nellie.

Black tears streaked her face. "I didn't do it," she sniffled.

Neither of us had handkerchiefs. Mr. Larsen shook his head at our drizzling and sniffling and dismissed us. I suddenly realized that Nellie was far smarter than I had supposed, for how on earth could she copy my paper without my knowing it?

Mr. Larsen never did apologize to me, although I felt that he should. All he did was grade my Geography paper with an "A".

One day, I got a letter from a girl in Cape Town, South Africa. She had found my address in the Instructor. I could hardly contain my excitement, and replied by return mail. The girl's name was Olive, and she sent me pictures and news clippings about Cape Town and told me about the Mormon Church there. Her father was a branch president.

Africa seemed as remote to me as the planet Jupiter, and I cherished everything she sent. And I felt certain that she too would be happy for any little thing from America, so for Christmas, I sent her a little celluloid kewpie doll, that I had dressed with red satin ribbon. The doll was something I personally would have loved to receive. In the meantime, Olive had asked me for a boy pen pal, and I had sent her my cousin's name, Edwin Stout. Little did I dream that she imagined herself deeply in love with him, and that she was making plans to come to the United States to marry him. She laughed at my doll, and wrote Edwin saying that I was a ninny. Many other things she said that should never have been written. Aunt Mary saw the letter and brought it to Mama. They were both upset, and Edwin and I immediately lost our pen pal.

Papa owned the first Holstein animals in Hurricane. He had a registered bull and cow shipped from New York, which he proudly displayed to anyone who would look over our corral fence. Marion, the cow, was a wonderful producer, and people came from all quarters of town with their bottles to buy baby milk. One afternoon, when Wilson Imlay's big red bull heard Papa's Holstein bellowing, he broke out of his corral. Both bulls rumbled back and forth at each other all the while the Imlay animal ambled across town. By the time it reached our place, our bull had broken out into the street where they both met head on, pawing dirt. My sisters and I were in the yard watching. The bulls thundered around the corner to our front fence, where their massive hulks smashed through the pickets as though they were match sticks. We ran into the grainery and peeked out the door.

Hearing the rumbling and bellowing, Uncle Lew came running. "Here, here now," he called, waving a spindly little stick.

I expected to see Uncle Lew flattened and trampled, but the animals paid no attention to him. Finally, men on horses came, breaking up the fight, which seemed a pity, for seldom did we get to see such a spectacle. Mama was relieved. She confessed that she was afraid the bulls would bump into the grainery and it would collapse with us in it.

Papa took a pride in his animals. He subscribed to "The Holstein Frisian World," and eventually bought other Holsteins from New York. Later, of course, he raised his own.

Our cows were trained to be milked from either side. When Edith sat on one side of the cow and I on the other, she made me feel inferior, because she squirted the milk in a steady stream raising a two inch foam on her bucket. Laboriously, I squeezed out thin little squirts so slowly that it cooled and the cream almost raised in my bucket. But I tried. One thing in my favor was that the cows were usually patient. All but old Agnes. She'd stand just so long, then she'd give me a bat on the head with a tail that felt weighted with lead, then she'd either step in the bucket, or kick it over.

Agnes usually worked up to a climax and had to be thrashed once a month. Each day she'd gradually get ornier and ornier until she became impossible, then Mama would take a whip to her. The whipping made her contrite for a couple of weeks, then gradually she'd start getting fidgety again.

Once when Kate was helping me milk, Agnes pressed her head against the stable gate.

"Oh, look at the poor thing," Kate bewailed. "She must have a headache."

Old Agnes heaved a sigh and rubbed her head sadly against the top board.

"Poor, poor cow," Kate soothed, "don't you feel good?"

Just then Agnes swatted, wrapping the long hair of her tail around Kate's head. At the same time, she sent the bucket of milk flying. Then she darted for her usual race around the corral, but this time something was different. During the night the water trough had run over, and low temperatures had made a skating rink out of part of the corral. Agnes bolted onto the ice and her feet sprawled out. Wild eyed she stood, unable to move.

My, what a joyful gleam Mama got in her eyes when she surveyed the situation. Always before, when Agnes got her monthly tune up, Mama had had to chase her around inside the corral. This time the cow was trapped. Triumphantly, Mama picked up the whip and gave Agnes her just dues, then left her to think it over until the sunshine softened the ice. Agnes was a contrite cow for a long, long time after that.

When I was younger, it was hard to decide which was the most perfect Christmas gift, new shoes or a doll. New shoes thrilled me clear through, and dolls were a lasting love that could never diminish. But, at the age of fourteen, I discovered a Christmas gift that was greater than either of these when Kate gave me a book. In books one can travel far and meet such interesting people. Kate gave me the book, "Keeper of the Bees" by Gene Stratton Porter. Each afternoon during the holidays, when the sun streamed into my upstairs bedroom, I curled up and read. Ah, such rapture!

CHAPTER 14

If Birds Can Fly, Why Can't I?

(1925)

April 13. Saturday after scrubbing the front room floor, I put on my overalls and middy and Edith and I went Eastering with Venona Stout, Kate Humphries, Lawrence Stout, and Marcus Campbell. We hiked up the canyon above the Sulphur Springs. The air was sparkly spring and the river a clear trickle. After we had eaten our picnic, we hiked back toward the bridge.

"Hey, this is my island," Mark said as he jumped to a little sandbar in the river. With his hands he scooped out a pond in the sand.

"I'll have this peninsula," Edith announced.

We all got landlord fever, and with rocks, weeds, and wet sand dribbling through our fingers, we built little castles.

From the LaVerkin side of the canyon we heard galloping horses, the clatter of a wagon, and a man frantically yelling, "Woa!"

"It's a runaway!" Mark shouted.

Racing through the shallow water for a better view, we saw a team of horses tearing around the bend, their tails and manes flying.

"Woa, woa," the driver cried, straining on the reins.

The wagon bounced and leaped at the horses' heels as they bolted down the dugway. Instead of making the turn at the bridge, they crashed through the railing. The wagon, with its few bales of hay, literally exploded on the bank below, and the dazed horses clopped out into the water and stood, silently subdued, their broken harnesses and reins dangling. The man had leaped to safety on the bridge.

Suddenly, I realized that Edith was nowhere in sight. When I last saw her, she was running for cover under the bridge. With a sickening sensation, I knew she had not made it. The runaway outfit had come too fast, and she was buried beneath the wreckage, where a cloud of dust still hovered.

Panic seized me. Then I saw a blonde head poking up from behind a boulder. It was Edith! Her face was paper-white and the pupils of her eyes dilated big and black.

During the past winter, Kate lived with Uncle John and Aunt Evadna Hopkins, and attended the Cedar High. While there, she made application for summer work with the Utah Parks and was given a job in Zion Canyon. In her brief interlude between school and Zion, she helped Aunt Alice Spendlove. When the time came for her to leave, she attempted to break me in on the job.

The last morning before she left, she took me into Aunt Alice's kitchen to fix breakfast. While I watched, she scooped flour from the bin into the sifter, spooned in some baking powder and added a good sized pinch of salt. Next, she worked in a hunk of shortening and poured in just enough milk to make the dough right for rolling and cutting. When she took the biscuits from the oven, they were golden and puffy, and Uncle Will and Aunt Alice bragged on her.

As we did the dishes together, I pleaded, "Please don't go, Kate. I'm scared. I won't know what to do."

"Aunt Alice will tell you. All she needs is someone to keep the house clean and to fix the meals."

"Oh Kate," I wailed, "I daresn't cook for other people. What if it doesn't turn out good?"

"You'll do all right. Don't worry."

The next morning I stood helplessly in Aunt Alice's kitchen. Kate was gone and I was on my own. Through the open door I heard the corral gate creak. Uncle Will had gone to tend the horses and milk the cows. He would expect breakfast to be ready when he came in. I longed for the comforting sounds of our own kitchen.

Standing like a scaredy-cat would get nothing done. Mama always sang while she worked. Perhaps that would help.

Resolutely, I scooped flour into the sifter as Kate had done. When Uncle Will came in with the milk, I was singing "Sweet birds, oh say that my lover is true," and stirring a big batch of something. Flour was spilling around the edge of the pan onto the table.

"Just like your mother, singing while you work," Uncle Will remarked. "And to think, I thought you were afraid."

So <u>he</u> thought I was afraid! Well, if he only knew! That quaver in my voice was no operatic vibrato. But I sang, and mixed, and rolled, and cut. My! What a big pan of biscuits-- three times as many as Kate had made.

As I popped them into the oven, confidence stirred within me. While the biscuits baked, I put a fresh cloth on the table. After setting the table, I put on the milk and apple butter, then scrambled the eggs. Scrambling is less fussy than worrying about a perfect yolk. Uncle Will asked the blessing, then I went to the oven for the golden, fluffy biscuits. What I pulled out, were anemic dough gobs.

"Oh!" I cried in dismay.

"Did you burn you?" Aunt Alice called.

"No. I'm all right," I fibbed. A burn would have been mild compared to what I was feeling as I looked at the pan of sodden blobs. What did I do wrong?

"Good. Now hurry with the biscuits, the eggs are getting cold."

Well! There was no use crawling to the table with them, even if I did feel low. Taking a plate from the cupboard, I heaped the biscuits high. At least there were plenty. Setting them in front of Uncle Will, I hurried back to the kitchen, for fear I would cry.

"Aren't you going to eat?" Aunt Alice asked.

"I forgot something," I replied.

"Everything is on. Come eat your breakfast while it's hot."

Might as well face it, I thought, so I slid into my chair.

"Guess I'll go fishing today," Uncle Will said, straining to lift a biscuit.

"Nonsense. You know you never fish," Aunt Alice remarked.

"But with these sinkers I could fish the very bottom of Blue Springs."

My face burned.

Holding a biscuit above the table in his right hand, he let it fall, at the same time bringing his left hand down with a heavy thud. His eyes twinkled and I knew he was teasing.

"Eat your breakfast, Will," Aunt Alice said, "the biscuits are right tasty." She had spread one with apple-butter and was eating it as though it was good.

Uncle Will bit at one with pretended effort. "Ow, ow, I think I broke something," he said grabbing his jaw.

He was funny, and I laughed, in spite of myself, and then buttered a biscuit and took a bite. It wasn't bad at all, especially if one was hungry.

Uncle Will ate at least three of them. "A very substantial breakfast," he said, patting my back as he left the room.

As I cleaned the kitchen, I mulled over the problem of disposing of the heap of left-over biscuits. It was no use putting them in the bread box, because Uncle Will would tease me every time he saw them. I could sneak them to the pig pen, but those big, fat pigs were used to good sweet corn, and would probably root the biscuits out of the trough along with the corn cobs, and then I'd <u>really</u> get laughed at. If I threw them into the canal, they'd probably float through the headgate and onto the garden. I'd never hear the last of that. I was afraid to take them to our own pig for fear he wouldn't eat them. If Mama saw them in the trough, she'd ask questions.

Since Uncle Will was such a torment, the only way I could be certain that I wouldn't get a box of dehydrated biscuits for Christmas was to dispose of them now. I put them in a paper sack and waited until after dark before going home, then I threw a biscuit into the weeds in each lot as I passed. They lasted all the way home. Uncle Will and Aunt Alice never did ask what had become of them.

Aunt Alice promised to sew for me, to pay for my help. But the dresses she made for me were a problem. She was a good seamstress, but Grandma had said the difference between Aunt Alice's and Aunt Mary's sewing was that Aunt Mary made clothes to fit now, and Aunt Alice looked to the future. The dresses she made were too big. The Sunday dress she made me was the most beautiful one I had ever seen, of fine, red voile, with puffed sleeves inserted with sheer, flowered material. But it was two sizes too big. The other dress was for school. It was a blue percale, printed with red rings. When it was finished, it hung way below my knees. The style was above the knees.

"Now Alice," she said, "I've made this dress long enough to look nice. I can't stand to see a girl going around showing her knees. Put it on and go show your mother how nice it looks."

I went upstairs to put it on in front of a mirror. Ugh, I thought, I look like I'd walked across the plains. Hastily I started to baste up the hem, when Aunt Alice called, "Hurry Alice and show me how it looks." I realized there wasn't a chance, so I pulled the thread out and modeled the dress.

"Now Alice, you look lovely," she said with pride.

Lovely to her, but I felt sick inside, for she was insisting that I wear the dress through town to show Mama. There was no getting out of it, so feeling old fashioned and queer I walked home. Once I hid behind a mulberry clump when a car passed by.

At home I fumed and hemmed the dress where it belonged, hoping Aunt Alice wouldn't notice it. When I got back she peered over her glasses at me and said, "Alice, I didn't know I had made that dress so short. Take it off and I'll let the hem down for you."

"I need to finish my work now," I replied, but I was careful not to wear the dress in front of her anymore.

"Don't you like your new dress?" she asked one day.

"Oh yes, I really like it a lot. I'm saving it for school," I replied.

After Aunt Alice felt better. Uncle Walter Ruesch came for me to go to Springdale to help Aunt Marilla. Great Day!!! After three years of peddling Excelcis products, this was reason enough for Papa to consent to let me quit. I had hated the job. I figured people could buy what they wanted at the store, and could get it for less. I developed a great antipathy for door-to-door salesmen that has never changed. If it hadn't been for three particular women, I could never have stood it. They were Hannah Hall, who always waited, anticipating my call, with her order previously made out, and Lizzy Lee, who sat me down to a cool drink and a friendly visit, and Annie Wright, with her lively good humor. They lightened the burden of my task.

Aunt Marilla was scheduled to go to the hospital and I was to keep house while she was away. Before she left, she told me what to put in Uncle Walter's lunch, and for the next two weeks he got exactly the same thing every day -- bottled meat between slices of bread, and a thermos of boiling coffee. I did all of the essential things, like opening a bottle of tomatoes for supper each night, and cooking mush for breakfast, and sweeping and doing dishes, but someone hinted that when Venona Stout had worked there the summer before, she did things different. Naturally she would. She was a different girl.

Venona washed and scrubbed like she actually enjoyed it. And with some feelings of guilt, I suspected she was quite a resourceful cook. But I lulled my conscience with the thought that I could get Reita and Allen to sit quiet longer than she could. The balcony above the front porch was a favorite spot, where we curled up on the mattress in the afternoon shade while I read stories to them.

Almost everyone in Oak Creek and Springdale danced, that is, everyone but me. The sound of dance music made me forlorn, for I knew Grandma had been right. Already I was a social failure. Nevertheless, I went to a Saturday night dance with my cousins. I planned to just sit and watch. But because I was a new girl in town, all of the boys asked me to dance. "I don't know how," was my miserable reply. I suffered, and wanted to run home. One boy, who had called on me at Aunt Marilla's, asked for a dance and I refused. Angrily he said,"No girl ever refuses me a second time." I suffered.

During the evening a stranger swaggered in. "The treat's on me, folks," he said, passing a bag of candy to the crowd.

I remembered a story about a girl who took candy from a stranger, and later on she had an illegitimate baby. I stoutly refused the stranger's candy, and everyone ate it but me.

Occasionally, when my work was through, I walked to Oak Creek to see Grandmother.

"You've got to quit hiking along the highway alone," Uncle Walter warned. "You could be kidnapped by some tourist. Grandmother would think you were with us, and we'd think you were with her, and you could be hundreds of miles away before you were missed."

He made me feel leery, but not leery enough. Sunday after church, I wanted to show Grandmother the dress Kate had given me. It was a filmy, lavender georgette, with rose colored roses, and was trimmed with wide ecru lace. My fat braids were wound in a bun over each ear, and I had a sense of well-being. After I had passed the last shade tree in Springdale, the sun bore down upon me. A couple in a Model T car stopped.

"Would you like a ride?" the man asked.

I really wanted to ride, but I knew by their dark glasses that they were tourists and could be dangerous.

"I'll just stand on the running board," I said, cautiously stepping on. If he goes to kidnap me, I'll jump, I thought. "I want to get off at the road to the big white house in Oak Creek," I said.

"Fine," the man replied.

As I hung on, I realized how easily I could be kidnapped. When he approached the takeoff to Grandmother's, I imagined he speeded his motor. To be on the safe side, I jumped, skidding in the gravel. The man slammed on the brakes.

"You little fool!" he shouted. "Why did you do that? I was going to take you to your Grandmother's door. Now get in."

I was dazed and hurt, my dress riddled, gravel ground into the flesh of my hip, arm, and deep into the palm of my right hand. I was bloody and dirty.

He took me to Grandmother's house, venting his wrath upon me before leaving. Grandmother and Aunt Emma cleaned my wounds with hot water and soap, and dug out gravel. Word got to Uncle Walter and he came after me. I was bandaged and left to do the best I could around the house. I hurt. My arm throbbed painfully all night and the next day. By afternoon, dark red veins ran from my wrist to my elbow. The throbbing and pounding was unbearable. Aunt Marilla's kids had scattered, Uncle Walter was at work, and I was alone. Desperately, I walked to Gotfried Ruesch's house. He was sitting under the shade of his mulberry tree.

"What are these streaks on my arm?" I asked.

"Blood poison," he said in alarm. "Ivan, Rowena, come here," he called to his kids. "Go to the river quick and bring me some fresh squaw-bush bark. Hurry!"

Laboriously he arose from his chair. He was a heavy man, and walking wasn't easy. I followed him into his kitchen, where he mixed a concoction of boiling water, corn meal, sticky-gum, and what else, I wish I knew. When the squaw-bush bark was brought, he pounded it to a pulp and added it to the pasty mixture. Digging out more little rocks that were embedded in my festered hand, he spread the poultice on. It was warm and soothing. Gradually, the throbbing subsided, and like mercury in a thermometer, the angry red lines receded and my wound came clean. I know now that I owe my life to Gotfried Ruesch. By the time Aunt Marilla came home, I was healed.

Uncle Walter must have said something to Aunt Marilla about the food he had endured. I never saw such a fancy lunch as the first one she packed for him after she got home. His sandwich was a production of diced meat, dressing and pickles, besides the square of freshly baked, thickly iced cake. My face burned, thinking of the awkward, identical lunches I had given him.

In spite of my feelings of inadequacy, I enjoyed working at Aunt Marilla's. She had a player piano and many rolls of music. One roll I especially liked was "The Fate of Floyd Collins", because it made such a lump in my throat. Floyd was a boy who became lost in a cave in Kentucky, and was never found. As we worked the treadles, the music went from roller to roller, and the words appeared so we could sing along. Ah, what sweet sorrow!

Floyd's fate called to mind the heart rending songs of my childhood. There seemed to be a satisfaction in grieving as we sang, "Oh don't you remember, a long time ago, when two little babes, whose names I don't know, were lost in the woods, one bright summer day," etc. The babies died in the woods and the robins covered them with leaves.

I would swallow and swallow, to get the ache out of my throat when Grandma or Papa sang,"'Oh what is this?' the policeman he cried. 'Twas poor little Joe. On the ground he had died. No mother to guide him, in the grave she lie low. Cast on the cold street was poor little Joe;" or when they sang about the little girl who tried to get her drunk father out of the saloon, because poor Benny was dead. She pleaded, "Come home, come home, oh Father, dear Father, come home." Also many people died of broken hearts in those old songs. Soulfully we sang about the lonesome cowboy who came home to find the newly made mound where his broken-hearted darling was buried. In the song, "Juanita," the Americano died with a dagger in his heart. At every campfire party, we sang about "the night birds crying, the

breezes sighing. Far, oh far, far, away, her brave lies sleeping, while Red Wing's weeping, her heart away," and about the wail of woe in Fallen Leaf's wigwam. There seemed to be something so exquisite in suffering set to music.

Aunt Marilla had lots of happy music, and lots of the very best, but the roll I remember most was about Floyd.

After Aunt Marilla returned home from the hospital, things became more interesting. I was entertained with the exchange of words between her and Uncle Walter. At home, things were never so lively. Papa always called Mama "Sweetheart", and she silently accepted his adoration and that was all there was to it. I had no doubt but what Uncle Walter and Aunt Marilla were just as in love as Papa and Mama, but there always seemed to be some sort of conquest going on.

One morning, Uncle Walter grabbed his lunch bucket, bolted for his pickup and barrelled out like he was leaving forever.

Aunt Marilla said, "I won't be around when <u>he</u> comes home. I'm leaving."

Hastily she stirred up a cake, fried some chicken and made a salad, packing them in a basket.

"We'll just take you and Reet, and go to Mother's and stay. I'm <u>not</u> coming back," she said.

I wondered why she didn't pack any clothes, but didn't ask. As she drove her car toward Oak Creek, she made it quite clear that she was through with Uncle Walter forever. She was so convincing that I knew she would be miserable without him. Just before she got to the turn-off at Grandmother's, Uncle Walter came driving down the road from the Park. He steered his pickup over on <u>her</u> side of the road, forcing her to stop, then he eased his front bumper up against hers. Angrily she bit her lips, glaring at him. He got out of the pickup, walking resolutely around to where she sat under the steering wheel. No western movie, and no Ellison White Chautauqua had ever had half the drama I was witnessing at this moment. Uncle Walter's eyes were narrow slits of steel, and his mouth was set in a firm, straight line. He looked positively romantic. Aunt Marilla proudly held her head high.

"Where do you think you're going?" he said in a firm, level voice.

"To Mother's," she retorted. "I'm leaving you."

"Turn that car around, and go right back home," he ordered, then jumped into his pickup and backed up, leaving her room to turn.

Without one word, she turned the car around, and he followed her home. She set the table with her scrumptious food, and the family ate in total peace. I knew for sure Aunt Marilla was plum in love with Uncle Walter.

After I returned home, Uncle Walter came to pay me, but I refused to take anything. He left fourteen dollars on the table. After it was tithed, it was enough to buy a winter coat from Chicago Mail Order Company, the first pretty coat I had ever owned --a brown one with a fur collar.

How good it was to be home again. In my diary I wrote: "We celebrated by sleeping out in the barn --Kate, Annie and I. We loved it. So did the mosquitos. Mildred came home Sunday, so all four of us slept in the barn. This time, Chess Slack's dog came up in the barn and slept with us. He lay down by me. I told him to go away, but he just yawned, put one arm over me

and licked my face."

July 17 - My birthday. Celebrated it by hiking up the hill with Annie, Kate and Mildred. Kate took her Kodak. We hiked to the third falls. I found two cactus apples and we each ate half . . . We went in swimming in the canal . . . In the evening Annie and I went to wish Aunt Ellen a happy birthday. I was fifteen today and she was fifty-five. We came home and had a candy pull."

Hiking with my sisters was a favorite pastime. My diary continues: "Annie brought a can of pineapple home from work, and some vienna sausages. I made a jelly roll and we hiked through greaswood, matchbrush, cactus and chaparral. We came to some thimble-berry bushes in the red foothills of Goosberry Mountain. Dusty cedar trees along the way stirred homesick longings for Kolob. From Goosberry, we hiked extra miles to get to the road. Fred Bebee came along and picked us up at Lookoff Point. We were glad for the ride."

Cable riding was the current fad in Hurricane. A number of barns had steel cables strung from the gable end, then across the barnyard, where they were fastened tightly either to a post or a gate. On the cable was a pully with a crossbar from which dangled a rope. Standing on the ground, the "rider" gripped his hands tightly onto the ends of the crossbar, and like flying a kite, another boy ran along the ground, pulling the rope until the "rider" had glided up the cable to the peak of the barn. He than sailed down on his own, which was the next best thing to flying.

Usually only boys rode, but one Sunday afternoon, the girls were invited. It happened to be when the St. George Stake was having quarterly conference in Hurricane. I had attended the morning session with the family, and my conscience nagged loudly for me to return in the afternoon, but never before had I been invited to ride the cable, and I might never be invited again, so the folks left me to choose what I thought was right.

Putting on my bib overalls, I crawled through the fence by our lucerne patch, into John Petty's barnyard. Kids were already sailing up and down the wire squealing and laughing noisily as blackbirds. When my turn came, I hung on, and Les Ashton ran along the ground with the tow rope and I soared through the air. One of the wires on the cross bar worked loose, gouging my hand. It hurt. I tried to wiggle free and lost my grip on the bar. One end of it flipped up, leaving me dangling by just one hand. By now, I had reached the top. I either fell slowly, or my mind raced fast, because in that airborn moment at the peak of the barn, I considered the hazards below. The old irons, plows and the red tractor didn't look good for a landing spot.

Then my lights went out, and I felt nothing. When my lights flickered on, I stood up. I hadn't landed in the machinery at all, but on dirt. But something was queer. John Petty's corn patch slithered up from the ground, hanging upside down, corn tassels dangling from the sky, then the world turned black. The next time I opened my eyes, I was in Ira Millett's bedroom. Mama and Papa were bending over me and Trudy was saying "We haven't let her go to sleep. We've kept her talking all of the time." I wondered how she could say such a thing. I had neither spoken,nor heard a word.

The next time I awoke, it was Monday afternoon. Very strange, I thought, and closed my eyes again. The family said I talked quite a lot in the days that followed, but I didn't know it. What aggravated me most of all, was to

open one eye and find Kate holding a mirror in front of me, and laughing. My other eye was swollen shut, and my misshapen face was purple and black. It didn't cheer me any, to see how ugly I was. One foot shot pain up my leg when I tried to move. I couldn't see what Kate had to laugh about. She didn't even know whether I was going to live or not, because there wasn't anyone in town who had fallen as far as I had.

Kate's face blurred and the world passed away. For two weeks, I submerged, then surfaced briefly. All I remembered, was seeing people take shape by my bed and then melt in fog, and seeing that maddening mirror.

The saddest part of the whole ordeal was, that every boy had to take his cable down, by order of his parents. I was filled with humility.

I recovered from my fall in time to pack peaches. Hurricane was mostly orchards at that time, and peaches were shipped by the tons. Men and boys did the picking and girls did the packing. If a girl was extra good, she could pack and face fast enough to earn five or six dollars a day. Two and a half a day was my speed, and that was good.

Peaches were dumped by the wagon load onto burlap-topped tables, to be sorted and packed. The fuzz built up and clung like nap on velvet. "Goofer feathers", it was called. Sometimes we packed for fifteen hours a day, and were so weary that all night long we dreamed of peaches. I used to dream of sleeping on the packing tables with nothing on but fuzz, while fruit inspectors marched endlessly by.

After the packing shed closed down, our Bee Hive class took a trip to Grand Canyon. This trip filled pages in my diary. I was so in love with life! I marveled over the ponderosa trees, the little pond that we called Jacob's Lake and the ninety-five foot observation tower that I climbed three times. Maggie Petty was our chaperon, and Alma Isom the chauffeur. Alma had a panel truck that screened us in like monkeys in a cage.

On the first lap of the journey, gas fumes made us all car sick. We were glad when a tire blew out above Gallager's Dugway, so we could get out and lay on the sandrocks among the cedars. In those days, blowouts were incidental to every trip. It took Alma four hours to hike to Pipe Springs and back to fix the tire.

Going through VT Park, we draped ourselves on the outside of the car. Alma let us ride on the running boards, lounge on the fenders, perch on the back end of the truck, and cling like lizzards onto the heavy guage wire paneling - just anywhere to be on the outside. We were togged out in knickers and hiking boots, with red bandannas tied on our heads.

Mildred was one of the girls hanging onto the wire paneling, and when Alma drove through a narrow cut in the forest, everyone was able to jump off but her. She was wedged between a tree and the car, with a limb gouging her side. Our screams stopped Alma, and he let the truck roll back. She could have been killed.

To me, Mildred was the girl that all love stories were written about. Vicariously I lived her romance with Maurice Judd. No doubt, it was her "in love" look that attracted the black-eyed Italian at the service station at VT Park. "Your sister is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," he said. He took our entire Bee Hive class for a ride in his pickup, just to get her to sit in the seat beside him.

"Can I marry her?" he asked me.

"Not unless you take us both," I retorted.

Well, she wasn't quite that pretty to him.

We slept under four quilts at Grand, and when we were caught in a cloud burst, we found cliff dwellings enough to shelter us all. My closing entry on our Bee Hive trip was, "My heart tugged inside as we ate our last meal before leaving the forest. No one could possibly know how much I longed for just one more day. The truck stopped and I climbed the observation tower and looked over the forest and said goodbye to it. I wish I could live in a forest."

More diary notes:

August 12 - Maurice Judd and Clarence Brooksby came in from Fredonia. Maurice is in love with Mildred and our whole family is in love with him. If Mildred doesn't want him, I'll take him. (Mildred wants him!)

September 10 - Venice and I went to Cedar City with Cliff Spendlove. Venice, Clara and I slept together in the hay loft. We tied our big toes to each other's with strips torn from an old shirt. Clara said it was a way of telling our fortune. The strips were soft, and easy to break. Clara said the one who had the shortest string on in the morning, would be the first to marry. If there was one without any string on at all, they would be an Old Maid. When we woke up in the morning, Clara had a short strip on her big toe. Venice slept in the middle. She had a long strip on each toe, and I had none. That didn't jolt me. I always figured I'd be an Old Maid.

September 12 - Cliff came back from his peddling trip to Beaver, and he brought back a wife! Viola Murdock. And she's no older than I am! Oh my, but she's a beauty! Black hair. Black eyes, and so cute it's easy to see why he kidnapped her!

September 15 - Hyrum Bradshaw is off hauling wood, and Hortense doesn't like to sleep alone, so Mama sent me out to stay with her. On my way, I met Butch.* He put his arm around me. Ever since Grandmother Crawford told me about how she kept the boys from being fresh with her, when she was young, I had a mind to try it. This was my first chance.

"Does your arm hurt?" I asked.

"No. Why?"

"Because it's out of place."

If Butch had been like the boys in Grandmother's time, he would have been embarrassed and dropped his arm. But he didn't. He just laughed and hugged me harder and put his face against mine. I kicked his shins until he let me go. Come night, when I said my prayers, I prayed that he would be decent. He's a poor, motherless kid and nothing but a tobacco fiend. He smelled like Bull Durham.

December 12, 1925 - Today the entire High School went upon the hill and spent the day building the "H." Anthony Isom was High School President, and engineered the building. He formed us into rock brigade lines, fanning us out from the four points of where the "H" was to be built. Rocks were gathered and passed down each line and put into place by those assigned to fill in the block letter. Each line moved, as the rocks became depleted. It was neat and efficient. The "H" was completed and whitewashed before night. It can be seen for miles, when approaching Hurricane. I am glad to be in this history making group."

* Not his real name.

This was my first year high. Our cousin, Elva Crawford, lived at our house and went to school with me. Tuition was high. It cost $28.00 to enter the ninth grade, so I took a janitorial job.

At Christmas time, Annie and Mildred got boxes of chocolates from their beaus and bosses. The biggest box was a five pound one from Charlie Petty. With all of the homemade candy around, the chocolates remained unopened in their pretty boxes on the dresser in the front room. Christmas night, Kate and I found ourselves alone. Mama and Papa and the younger kids had gone to bed and Annie and Mildred were out with Rass and Maurice.

Mischievously, Kate gravitated to the chocolates. "I wonder what the candy in this box tastes like," she mused.

"I'll bet Annie could tell us."

"But she's not here. Look, the ribbon is loose." She slipped off the bow as she spoke. "Ah," she inhaled, lifting the lid. "I know what! I'll get a paring knife and slice into one piece to see what color it is inside." It was pink.

She closed her eyes in ecstasy as the slice of chocolate melted on her tongue. "Raspberry! Ummmm!"

Then impishly she sliced into another piece. "Maple! I love maple!" And she popped that into her mouth.

I was intrigued at what she was doing, but wasn't quite brave enough to help myself, until she said,"I know what! We'll dump all of the chocolates onto the table and repack them. There'll be plenty left over for us."

The idea of repacking the candy seemed fun, so I helped. When we were finished, the boxes looked full, and we had eaten what we wanted. The next day we confessed to Annie and Mildred what we had done, and they actually seemed pleased at our cleverness.

CHAPTER 15

Wedding Bells
(1926)

We knew that eventually our ranks would be broken, but it was good being one of six sisters who were always home for Christmas. Five of us could wear the same size of shoes and dresses. People, meeting any one of us on the street would say, "Hello Kate," or "Hello Mildred," or any one of our six names.

Since Annie started working for Charlie Petty, we had anticipated her coming home each evening. She and I had packed many a lunch and hiked miles together. She had been good to the family too, making payments on the washing machine, cream separator, and sewing machine, and bringing home luxuries the family had never been able to afford. Conscientiously, she had managed to add a little at a time to her trousseau too.

When her wedding day was finally set, she bought a wonderfully, beautiful wedding dress. On the 11th of June, she and Rass were married in the Salt Lake Temple,and Cedar City became her new home.

Working in the Parks in the summertime serving bus loads of tourists made Kate sparkle in my eyes. The girls in the Parks serenaded the tourists as the busses arrived, and whenever Kate came home for a short visit, she sang for us her Grand Canyon songs. She enjoyed her job.

During one of Mildred's interludes at home, Mama and Papa took Edith, LaPriel and the boys to Oakcreek to spend a week with Grandmother and Aunt Emma. Mildred and I were left to milk the cows and feed the pig. Never before had we had the whole place to ourselves. To us, it was a vacation. Mildred made a layer cake with cream filling and icing, and we ate cake everyday. Deciding to transform the place, we housecleaned from the upstairs to the cellar. Instead of being work, it was fun, and the house looked beautiful. We could not have had a happier vacation.

After the family returned, a blustering wind broke a limb in the mulberry tree. Willie decided to chop out the broken limb. Elton Stout carried the axe and Stirling Isom came along. Clinton started up the tree ahead of them. When Willie demanded that he come down, he refused.

"Shall I chop his toe off?" Elton asked.

"Yaw," Willie replied.

Elton only meant to scare Clinton, when he swung the axe, but instead, he chopped right through his big toe. Horrified, Elton dropped the axe and he and Stirling streaked for home. Willie, white as a ghost, helped his howling, bleeding brother into the kitchen. Mama grabbed Clinton, whose toe was still hanging by the skin, and sat him in a chair, while Willie fell in a dead faint upon the floor. After cleaning Clinton's foot, Mama bound the toe in place, where it healed, but it still has a hump of a scar across the top of it to this day.

Each September brought a particular dawn when we were awakened by the clinking of chains and the clopping of horses, as a caravan of wagons clattered up the Hurricane hill. This was the day the winter's wood was gathered to heat the school and the church building. At night, after the cedar and pine wood was piled high behind the schoolhouse, the town's folks celebrated with a Wood Hauler's Dance. In spite of the fact that I was afraid to dance, there was still a deep longing within me. I was glad to be asked to help serve. I loved the feel of being dressed in voile, and in patent leather slippers. (Childhood days of only one pair of shoes were past.) As I served the cake and cocoa, guests made flattering remarks and I loved being sixteen.

That winter I took a lead part in the school play "The Burglar." In it, I had to scream. I'd never really screamed since the lightning struck me. Now, when I tried, it wasn't clear, beautiful and piercing, but mostly a squawk. I wanted to scream pretty, so after the evening milking was done, and the hay pitched into the manger, I stayed up in the barn to practice. One night, Howard Isom came running to see who was being murdered. Two days before the performance, I became hoarse.

"Oh no," I moaned, "my first real part in a play, and I'm losing my voice!"

Anxiously, I gargled with salt, listerine, lemon juice, pepper-sauce, soda and aspirin --with anything that anyone suggested. I tried so many remedies that I became sick. The night of the play, I went on stage, forcing my voice to the limit. I squeaked, instead of screamed. After the

final curtain, members of the cast patted my back sympathetically. My head throbbed and I went home to bed. For the next two weeks I couldn't speak. I learned what it was to die trying.

CHAPTER 16

More Wedding Bells

(1927)

One evening as the family sat at the supper table, Papa noticed Clinton contentedly munching on a slice of cheese.

"Clint," he scolded, "you can't eat your cheese alone! Eat some bread with it."

Instantly tears welled up in Clinton's eyes. "I already ate two slices of bread with nothing on them, so I could eat my cheese alone."

"All right," Papa chuckled, and Clinton was permitted to revel in his luxury.

Mildred worked for Fosters in Cedar, and early in March I received a package from her. Opening it, I beheld a breath-taking creation of pale green and apricot colored georgette. A note read, "I thought you might be going to the Junior Prom."

As I lifted the dress from the package, its delicate filminess gave me the sensation of petals blowing in the breeze. The dress was trimmed with dainty, fluted ruffles. It had a nipped in waist and a flouncy, gathered skirt.

"Oh Mildred, Mildred," I whispered. "This dress must have cost you two weeks of your skimpy salary."

"How can I ever thank you? The dress tickles me to pieces," I wrote.

Elmer Matheson, Rass's brother, replied for her. "If the dress tickles you so much, take the feathers out of it."

I wore the dress to the first Junior Prom ever held at Hurricane High. The Junior Class had been added to the school just one year before. The class members had spent weeks making paper flowers to decorate the arches and trellises for the "Japanese Gardens", the theme of the Prom. Beyond all doubt, nothing so elegant had ever been put on in Hurricane before. The hall was so beautiful, and I felt so lovely in my Prom Dress, it never occurred to me to worry about the dance. By now, I had acquired a cluster of non-dancing friends, and we mingled happily among the throngs who had come to enjoy the decorations and the floor show.

Another great event in the family was Kate's graduation from the B.A.C. She came home with her Teaching Certificate, and a contract to teach school in Summit the next fall, in Iron County.

On May 20th, Charles A. Lindberg flew across the Atlantic, from New York to Paris, in his aeroplane, the "Spirit of St. Louis". This was the first non-stop flight ever to be made across the ocean. He flew 3,600 miles in 33½ hours. His pictures were splashed in every newspaper and he became

a world hero. Lindberg was single and handsome, and girls almost swooned at the mention of his name. Song writers didn't waste a moment in putting to music this big event. The hit song of the day was about the "Lone Eagle."

Chorus:

Lindberg, oh what a wonder boy is he.
Lindberg, his name will live through history.
Over the ocean he flew all alone,
Gambling with fate, and with dangers unknown.
Others may make a trip across the sea,
Upon some future day,
But take your hats off to plucky, lucky Lindberg,
The Eagle of the USA.

Mildred suddenly became a major family concern. She had worked in so many different places, and got attention from so many different people, that misunderstandings arose, and she broke off her engagement to Maurice. She became engaged to a man who was much older than she was, and a sad, sad substitute for that darling, sweet Maurice. The family grieved for we knew Mildred was eating her heart out. She cried over every little thing and became a jumpy, nervous wreck.

One week end, a letter came from Maurice,and Mildred ran to her room to read it. As Kate and I went up the stairs, Mildred ran past us and out the kitchen door, weeping. Maurice's open letter lay on the floor at the head of the stairs. I picked it up, and together Kate and I read it, then we went into our room where we both wept. The letter was a heartrending plea for Mildred to do the thing that would bring her the greatest happiness. Each word was one of stabbing pain.

The family's anxiety, and Maurice's unselfish surrender brought Mildred to her senses and she and Maurice were married on the fourteenth of June, in the St. George Temple.

Oh,happy, happy Wedding Day, even if Sister Judd (Maurice's mother) did set a hot iron on Maurice's brand new suit and burn a flat-iron shaped hole clear through the sleeve. Maurice was cooler in his shirt sleeves at his reception that night. It was customary for brides to wear their going away clothes at their reception. Mildred's dress was a lovely pink, flat-crepe.

Maurice had a younger brother Orval, who occasionally dated me. While he worked on Kiabab Mountain, logging for a lumber company, he bought a new Ford Coupe, shiny and black. Orval was a sporty chap who wore his hat at a rakish angle and had a fetching grin. When he drove up in his Coupe and announced that he had come to give me a driving lesson, I was excited. I slid under the wheel and he explained the gears, gas feed and brakes and cautioned me that a car must go slow for the first five-hundred miles. We crept for the two blocks from our place to Frank Ashton's corner, Orval keeping his hand on the wheel to steady it until after we had made the turn. Then I held the wheel alone. The car wobbled, making crazy tracks in the dust of main street. Giddy with pride, I noted the loafers, perched like starlings on the iron rail in front of John Petty's pool hall. I fancied I could hear them say,"Well blow me down and call me horizontal, if that isn't Alice Isom driving that car!" The thought of it made the car swerve crazily, but I got it under control. Further down the street were more loafers in

front of Walter Stout's Garage. I wanted everybody to see me drive, so I honked the horn. Then the car really swerved, landing in the ditch. Orval, with the help of the amused onlookers, lifted it out. He didn't chastise me, but patiently told me what not to do, especially not to turn corners at 40 MPH, like I did at Frank Ashton's corner on the way back home. Thus ended my first driving lesson.

When Mary and Walter Stout went away for a week's vacation, they asked me to come each evening and stay over-night with their children. Their oldest girl, Wealthy, was Edith's age, but they felt better having someone older there at nights. Venitta was the girl next younger, and there was a passel of little brothers. Every one of the Stout children were exceptionally good looking --fair skin, blue eyes, blonde, with ready smiles that showed their dimples. They gathered around me each evening with happy chatter, and went all-out to be good to me. At breakfast and suppertime they eagerly urged me to eat more. Their approach tickled me. "If you don't eat it, we'll just have to give it to the pigs," they would say.

Walter Stout owned the first radio in Hurricane. Two years earlier, a group of us went from Mutual to his home on a summer evening, and listened while he turned some buttons in the maize of tubes and wires spread over a table. Through the static, he brought in some distant music, which was a miracle.

On August 14, Mama and Papa became Grandma and Grandpa, and the rest of us became Aunts and Uncles. Annie's and Rass's baby boy, Keith, was born. It was an exciting day when Annie and Rass brought the little bundle to see us. We clustered around Annie when she pulled the fluffy blue blanket back from his funny little face. We laughed heartily when the baby squinted at us, then stuck out his lips like he was trying to say, "You." I think he was trying to ask, "You all my relatives, huh?"

That fall, Hurricane High bought thirty typewriters. They only had four the year before for their first type class. Since no certified teacher was to be had, they hired Bradshaw Chevrolet's secretary, Laura Lund. She was almost as young as her pupils, and so anxious to make good, that she worked hard with each individual student, patiently drilling day after day. By Christmas, most of the class had their thirty-word certificates. By spring, many were doing sixty words-a-minute, and a few were doing seventy. Laura was cute and conscientious, and won the heart of every student.

The school also added Seminary to their curriculum that fall, with seventy-five students enrolled in Old Testament History. Jesse Rich was the instructor and classes were held upstairs in the Sandberg Building. Mr. Rich was badly crippled with arthritis, and came to Hurricane to be near the Hot Springs, where he could soak every day. He was the city attorney for Logan, and hired me to type his legal papers. He allowed no erasures, and paid me $1.00 a page. The training was great. I also did his blackboard work in Seminary.

Mr. Rich became dear to every student and they absorbed the Old Testament eagerly. When the question came up, "Why did Jacob seemingly use so many tricks to get the best of his father-in-law?" or, "Why was David permitted to be a prophet, when he had committed such a serious crime?" Mr. Rich patiently reminded the class that the Lord uses the best material

he has. This point was repeatedly emphasized, whenever anyone was prone to criticise.

When Mr. Rich came to Hurricane, he hobbled with a cane in each hand. After nine months in Southern Utah's climate, soaking daily in the Hot Springs, he had discarded both canes.

Seminary was to the school what dessert is to a meal, and Chorus, under Karl Larsen, was like cream on the dessert. Almost all of the students were enrolled in both.

CHAPTER 17

Daughter, Beware!

(1928)

Papa counseled us more often than Mama did, simply because he was usually there, especially in the mornings and evenings, and Mama was always busy. Since Sam Pollock had repeatedly warned about the devil paying our parents off in sons-in-laws, Papa did his part to see that the devil had nothing to do with it. He didn't take my dating with Orval Judd seriously, because Orval was Maurice's brother, and more like a relative. But when other dates came on the scene, I was lectured about the dangers of going with strangers.

I tolerated the lectures and Papa's anxious counseling, realizing I was also included in his prayers. It was Papa who always called to us from his bed upstairs when we came in at nights. No matter how late we were, he never slept until we were safely home.

One of my girl friends worked at the Bradshaw Hotel, and on Sunday evenings, when she was off-duty, our gang collected there. At the Hotel, we naturally met strangers.

One evening, three of the hotel guests invited three of us to go for a little spin. I had a queer feeling as I got in the front seat of the car with the driver. The other two couples took the back seat. Because I didn't want to be a "wet blanket" I ignored the prompting to <u>not</u> go. I knew Papa would never approve of the stranger at my side.

For awhile, we cruised about town. Filled with apprehension, I sat speechless, and the other girls seemed tongue-tied too. The driver slowly turned down "lover's lane", a road leading into a thick grove of fig trees, and parked. I was scared.

When he slid toward me, I quickly opened the car door and said, "Shall we walk?"

He was agreeable, and we strolled out from the dark cover of the trees and down the lane. Oh,how I wanted the Lord's protection, but I felt embarrassed to ask him. But in the starlight, opportunity for escape loomed before me. It was the gate to my cousins Burr and Evadna Bradshaw's place.

"Well, it has been nice knowing you," I said,"and now I'll say goodnight. Thanks for walking me home."

Flabbergasted, he said, "This isn't your house is it?"

"Sure," I fibbed.

"Well, I'll be - - . Say, you can't go in now. We just got together."

"Sorry, but I've got to go in. The folks will wonder what happened to me."

"Goodnight then." He reached for me, but I sped up the walk.

The house was dark, but I knew I had to go in, so I opened the door and stepped inside. Peering through the screen, I watched as he reluctantly started back up the lane. I was afraid my pounding heart and shaking frame would wake Burr and Evadna.

Would that man ever get far enough away so I could slip back outside? At last, I could see him no more. Flattening myself against the wall, I slid out the screen door and along the porch to the rear of the house. I banged into an old wash tub in the back yard, which almost gave me a heart attack. Crouching, I listened, but could hear no one coming. I knew I had to make time, because when the man got back to the car, he would learn that I had pulled a fast one on him, and the others would come looking for me.

Running through the trees, I scratched myself on the branches. When I came to the big ditch, half the canal, it seemed, was tumbling through its rocky banks. I would be seen if I crossed the foot bridge, so I stepped gingerly from rock to rock. The beam of a spot light bobbed up and down through the orchard. Slipping, I stumbled. Drenched to my knees, I crouched behind a clump of poplar saplings on the bank, just as the car turned its beam on the spot where I had been. I huddled, panting, as the spot light lingered on the saplings, but the thick clump concealed me, and they went on by.

On reaching the street, I ran like a deer. Now the car was coming back toward me. Winded and beat, I dropped to the ground and rolled under a barbed wire fence into the grass. The spot light criss-crossed the road, playing along the fence and lingering on every bush. Secure in the grass, I could get my breath. Back and forth they went, searching the grass where I lay. Knowing I couldn't be far away, they persisted. A bent, dry grass-head gouged my ear, but I didn't dare move. Insects crawled on me, still, I lay motionless. At last, the car turned the corner and took off in another direction. They must have supposed I had taken another way home.

I crawled from under the fence, and my feet flew. I just got to Ether Wood's corner when I saw them coming again. Our house was kitty-corner through the block, so I darted through Wood's gate, around their house and through the trees. The spot light played up and down the sidewalk.

I cut through Uncle Marion Stout's corral. The horses snorted and a big red bull came toward me. Caught between a maize of fences and that rumbling bull was more frightening even than the spot light. Terrified, I scrambled through, and at last was on home soil. Panting, I sped up the pathway from the barn, and through the kitchen door.

From upstairs, Papa called,"Is that you Alice?"

"Yes," I answered gratefully.

"This is more like it," he said."I'm glad you're getting home early."

The spot light played on the front of the house, and I knew in that moment how Peter Rabbit felt when he stumbled gratefully into the rabbit hole after the farmer had chased him.

This episode livened up the party for the others, for the "fox chase" definitely beat parking. My friends realized the folly of our going for a spin in the first place.

Annie and Rass ran the Flatnose Ranch in Nevada for Uncle John Hopkins. Kate and I took the train from Cedar to Lund, where Rass met us. This was my first train ride. Rass, Annie, and little baby Keith, dressed in his bib overalls and big straw hat, took us in their rattling pickup sight seeing. Kate and I sat in the back and sang, and raised sun blisters on our noses as we jounced along. We visited igloo-shaped lime kilns, mining towns, ranchers and Mexicans.

Back at the ranch was an out-door shower made of a barrel mounted on a platform. We carried water from the creek, and climbing the ladder, poured it into the barrel. Standing beneath it in our bathing suits, we turned on the shower. We had to soap and scrub fast to get clean before the water was all gone.

At the head of the alfalfa field was a reservoir of warm water. Kate was a good swimmer, but that dark, mossy water scared me. As I walked gingerly into the edge of it, fluffy mud swirled about my feet and the icky stuff oozed between my toes. I felt like the water was inhabitated by goggle-eyed, stinger-tailed creatures tangled in the long strings of water weed. I'd rather sit on the bank and watch the overhanging branches of the black willow dip and dimple the water.

With notebook and pencil, I leaned against the tree and scribbled my random thoughts. Mama had requested that I keep a diary during my seventeenth year --and that year was almost over. She said to keep it for a birthday gift to my oldest daughter when she turned seventeen. *

Vaguely I recall the essence of my scribbling under the willow tree at Flatnose. Seventeen is on the edge of some great thing. At seventeen, the grass is taller, the moon bigger, and the world glides in a grander sweep. Seventeen is melodramatic, comic and frivolous, and some of the creepiest boys look like heroes!

On August 26, 1928, the Hurricane Ward was divided into the North and the South. Frank Johnson was put in as our new bishop (of the North ward). Ether Wood was put in as Sunday School Superintendent, and I was called to be Sunday School Secretary, with Freda Fullmer as my assistant. This was my <u>first</u> church calling. How happy I was to be considered worthy!

Kate taught school at Iron Springs until Thanksgiving, then the Iron County School Board closed the school down, and transferred her to Parowan.

I was given the job of cleaning the sewing room and library in the east end of the old Relief Society building, to pay my tuition for my senior year in High School. Anthony Isom had the job of keeping the rest of the building clean. We were both to make our own fires, but Anthony was to carry the fuel. I always ran out of kindlings, so day after day, I groveled for chips behind the school house where little kids played on the teeter totters and swings, and the big boys tossed basket balls at the backboard by the

* I kept the diary, and re-read it to myself when Marilyn was just fifteen. Embarrassed at my outpouring of sentimental feelings, I burned it. Now I am sorry I did.

woodpile. I tried to make myself small and inconspicuous. Picking up chips was humiliating to me. If I had it to do over, I think I would skip and sing as I toted the black coal scuttle after kindlings. I took no joy in pushing the heavy broom over the splintering, oiled wood floor, nor in dusting the shelves and tables with the waxy rags that should have been burned. Attitude makes the difference between Heaven and Hell. My attitude made this job Hades, especially on the dreadful December day when Hurricane shivered in a sixty-mile gale.

I struck half a box of matches that morning, trying to get the fire started. I had only slick magazine pages and damp chips. My teeth chattered and my fingers were numb by the time the fire took hold. The room was bitter cold, so as the fire flamed up, I fed it more and more wood and coal, until the pot-bellied stove glowed red.

Then the twenty-foot stove-pipe collapsed across the sewing tables and over the book shelves. The stove was located on the opposite side of the room from the flue, so more heat would be given off by the long, black pipe wired to the ceiling. Generations of soot, which had collected in the pipe, billowed into the room, blinding and suffocating me. Flames and smoke shot up from the roaring, red hot stove. Anthony, who was working in the next room, came running. I was both angry and terrified. Through the choking, black confusion, he remained calm. Summoning help from the street, he put out the fire, then cleaned up the pipes, anchoring them back in place. We had no vacuum, and the feathery soot swirled like a flurry of mischievous spirits in front of my broom. For days, whisps of soot puffed out to plague me from between the books on the library shelves, until I had been able to deep clean every crevice. Sewing classes were suspended for one day.

Our sewing teacher, Cleone Smith, dispelled the gloom of winter in the sewing room, by ushering in Spring in December. She had her students start on their spring dresses. The room became cheerful with voiles, chiffons and georgette in rainbow colors. Cleone was the beautiful daughter of the Church Patriarch, Hyrum Smith. We were honored to have her as a teacher, and even more honored when she married Alma Isom from Hurricane.

Stella Willis, the world's champion typist, presented a lyceum assembly at Hurricane. She could carry on a normal conversation, and type one-hundred and twenty-five words a minute accurately, at the same time. I was dumfounded when she called me to the stage to give me a concentration test. Dazed, I sat down to the spanking new Underwood, with my copy material before me. At the signal to start, the typewriter purred. It was a good machine. As the questions were fired at me, I managed to briefly say "sure", "yes", "no", "of course", and "I don't know". Miss Willis checked my finished sheet and announced that I had accurately typed ninety words a minute. The assembly applauded. I was glad to get off the stage and melt in with the crowd. I felt certain Miss Willis had exaggerated my ability.

Our first year type teacher, Laura Lund, had married the elementary music teacher, Elvis Bird Terry. June Bunker was the second year teacher. She took a group of us to Cedar to the High School Days at the BAC. There I won a typing scholarship. At the same time, Mrs. Ruesch, our English teacher, had entered my "Polliwog Pond" poem in the lyric poetry contest, and it won. I had to choose between the two scholarships, so I accepted the Marlow Spilsbury Memorial Poetry one. I remembered how handsome Marlow was when he dashed on his horse past our place, driving his herd of cattle. He was young and attractive. Not long after that, he died of a sudden illness.

CHAPTER 18

College
(1929)

One day, after the sewing room was cleaned, I sauntered home with my arm load of school books. The afternoon sun was warm and the air smelled of spring. Although it was still February, the apricots were in bloom. Papa was anxiously waiting as I came into the house.

"Emil Graff wants to talk to you," he said.

Afraid to hope, I hurried to the store, where Mr. Graff sat me down in the shoe room.

"How would you like to clerk a few hours after school each day?" he asked.

How would I like! How would I like to not pick up chips anymore? How would I like to not be a janitor anymore? How would I like to have the moon? All of the shoe boxes on the shelves looked friendly.

"I would love it," I replied.

Briefly he explained store policy and wages then said, "Be prepared to start work on the first of March."

My feet scarcely touched ground as I flew home. Excitedly I burst through the door. "I'm going to clerk in the store," I announced. Mama smiled and Papa blinked.

How much of what happened next was coincidence, or how much was maneuvered, I wasn't certain, but the first salesman that showed up in the store after I started clerking, was from a correspondence school. It just happened that he had already visited Mr. Moody at the High School, and had been to see Papa. Well, he sold me a course in shorthand and business correspondence, along with a beloved Underwood Typewriter (rebuilt). Now I could clerk all afternoon, and go to school only one-half a day. At nights I studied. Papa dictated shorthand and timed speed tests, and my completed lessons began to fly in the mail to Chicago. The corrected ones, along with my grades, were returned to Milton Moody, the High School Principal.

One day, Mr. Moody called me into his office. "You have been chosen to be the Valedictorian at the graduation exercises. We also need your picture for the Year Book." Year book pictures were taken the day we were at the B.A.C., so we missed out.

To make my senior picture special, I got my first beauty parlor appointment for a marcel Most of the girls had their hair "bobbed off". Cut, that is. Papa wouldn't hear of such a thing. My hair was long, done up in braids, and wound around my ears.

"Be not the first the new to try, nor yet the last to lay the old aside," Papa often recited, then he would add, "A woman's hair is her crown of glory, and it can't be, if it is cut."

With the help of Isaiah, he kept us in line by quoting: "Therefore, the Lord will smite with a scab, the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion . . . . Instead of sweet smell there shall be stink . . . . and instead of well set hair, baldness." Each night as I tumbled into bed, with my braids falling across my pillow, I'd think, "Well, at least I still have

my crown of glory." I didn't want to be one of the wanton creatures that fulfilled Isaiah's prophecy. Still, Papa failed to notice that we were the "last to lay the old aside".

My friends harangued me, and now that I was clerking, customers tormented me constantly with the question,"When are you going to cut your hair?" Like water dripping on a rock, it was wearing me down.

As I sat in the beauty parlor chair, Hazel Langston took one fat braid in her hand and asked,"How would you like to have your hair cut, Alice?"

Her assistant, Felma Webb, grabbed the other braid. "Oh Alice, please let us cut your hair."

I didn't believe they were serious. Those braids had been a part of me for eighteen years. Jokingly I said, "Go ahead."

With heavy shears, Hazel whacked off a braid, dangling it before me. A sickening fear swept through me. Gleeyfully she asked, "Do you still want your hair cut?"

"Sure," I gulped. What else could I say?

Never were two beauty operators more enthusiastic than Hazel and Felma, as they worked on me together. They had so much fun they should have paid me, instead of me paying them. When the cutting and marcelling was done, they held a mirror in front of me. What a doll! I felt self-conscious looking so cute. But I didn't dare go home for dinner. I just skipped it, and went to work instead. All afternoon I was heaped with compliments. By quitting time, I felt like a blue-ribbon exhibit.

The news ran ahead of me. As I opened our front door, even before Papa looked at me, he exclaimed in disgust, "You've made a mess of yourself." Nothing more was said. Days later, I heard him confess to Joe Englestead that cut hair was neater than long.

My graduation dress was a pink, fluttery thing that sparkled with rhinestones. It gave me composure. The thoughts for my valedictorian address were triggered by a couple of poems. The first one was "Opportunity" by John James Ingalls:

> Master of human destinies am I. Fame, love and fortune
> on my footsteps wait,
> And fields I walk; I penetrate cities, deserts and seas remote,
> And, passing by hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late,
> I knock unbidden, once at every gate!
>
> If sleeping wake - if feasting, rise before I turn away.
> It is the hour of fate,
> And they who follow me reach every state Mortals desire,
> And conquer every foe save death;
> But those who doubt or hesitate, condemned to failure,
> penury and woe,
> Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore -
> I answer not, and I return no more.

This poem sounded so fatalistic, that it would scare a body to ever sleep. The second poem was also titled "Opportunity", by Robert B. Malone. His philosophy, I wholeheartedly accepted.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in.
For every day, I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise, every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead;
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands.
I lend my arm to all who say "I can",
No shame faced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

I felt the exhilaration of weaving my thoughts around those of the great masters. I was a shining star with all eyes upon me. It was too bad I couldn't have stayed at the podium. But, like a meteorite crashing into the forest, I came down onto the floor where benches had been slid back for the dance.

Men from the Pine Creek road camp crowded the dance floor. The Zion tunnel was under construction at this time. Normally, every dance had its row of wallflowers, but not so this night. Every girl was popular. I was trapped. One stranger after another took me onto the floor. The crowd was my only salvation, because if I got out of step, it could be because someone else bumped into me.

That night, I realized that other things in life were as important as getting "A's" in school. I felt like a grub, and longed to be a butterfly.

Mama and Papa weren't at the graduation exercises. They never went out at nights. But in some quiet way, they managed to know what was going on. When I came home from work the day after graduation, I noticed the pack of cards that my talk had been written on sticking out of Papa's shirt pocket.

"What are you doing with those?" I asked.

Papa blinked back his tears of pride and grinned. "I took them to the bank for Senator Hirschi to read."

What a tribute! Papa considered Dave Hirschi highly intellectual. If he hadn't liked my talk, he wouldn't have let Dave read it.

With school out, I clerked full time. The "self-service" system didn't exist. Customers asked for each item they wanted, and clerks scurried about the store to pick them up. It was time consuming. I soon learned why the clerks detested certain customers. The only way to keep from detesting them myself was to make a project of them. Whenever the undesirable, the disagreeable and the ignorant customer came through the door, I stepped from behind the counter as though tickled to see them. Amazing! I discovered that even the grumpiest people were really quite humorous.

Once in awhile, my motives weren't rightly understood, and it brought the wrong kind of company to our home, and some angry lectures from Papa. He worried because I was gullible, naive, and too trusting.

For example; a certain road camp guy hung around the store too much, and no one liked him. He was repugnant to me, but I determined to give him the "glad to see you" routine to see if it worked. It worked. Like a boomerang! He came to our house one night, just after we had finished supper.

"My name is George," he said, shaking Papa's hand.

"My name is George too. Isom, that is. Who are you?"

"George Wickey, and I'm a member of the Church."

"What Church?"

"Baptist."

"Doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Mind if I sit?"

"Don't mind if you do."

"Your daughter Alice is a nice girl."

"Yes. Alice is a nice girl."

George and George sat and visited. They talked about the progress of the Zion tunnel and whether it was going to be a long, hot summer or not. (The summer was getting quite stuffy at this point.)

"Your daughter Alice is a nice girl," George Wickey repeated.

"Yes, Alice is a nice girl," Papa agreed.

"I came to ask if I could take her to the dance tonight."

"I don't like my daughter out in a car with a stranger."

"I'm walking. My friend will pick me up after the dance."

"Well, you've been gentleman enough to ask my consent. I'll expect you to be a gentleman and treat her right and get her home early."

Since I'd started this whole thing of being nice to Wickey, I might as well swallow this bitter pill and go with him. I went to my room and put on my pink organdy. At least he should be safe on foot. Papa's final admonition followed us as we walked out the door.

Well, I thought, if we're going to the dance, we're going as fast as our feet can trot. I had no notion to linger under the stars with George.

"What's your hurry?" he asked.

"We're late. Can't you hear the music?"

"Come on. At least we can hold hands." Clutching one of mine, he slowed me down.

Just before we got to the old shoe shop, he grabbed me in his arms. When I resisted, he backed me up against Will Ruesch's fence, breathing on my neck. "Are you a gold digger?" he asked.

"Do you mean someone who goes prospecting out in the hills?" I asked, pushing him away.

"No. It's a girl who gives a guy something for money," he said, hugging me.

"No I'm not!" I struggled to get away. He tried to kiss me. I'd as soon kiss a toad. Breaking loose, I ran. There were lights and people outside the school house, so I was safe. Once inside, I squeezed through the crowd and hid. Wickey pushed through, craning his neck looking for me. As he edged in, I edged out.

Overhearing a neighbor say, "Should we run home and check on the kids?" I asked, "Can I go with you?"

"Sure thing," was the reply.

I was home earlier than expected, but Mama and Papa were as relieved as I.

"I was wrong to let you go," Papa admitted, "but there's one thing I wish you would remember. You <u>can't</u> be friendly to everyone. Evil men will take advantage of you." He had said this to me a hundred times before. His message was beginning to sink in.

Most of the customers in the store during the morning hours were women bringing in their butter and eggs. We paid for these in store coupons. Coupons were considered "women's money", because she was the one who tended the chickens and who churned the butter. An egg was as good as cash. An egg was a handsome reward to a child for getting his work done. Little kids came to the store daily, exchanging their one egg for a couple of sticks of candy.

In our town, everybody knew everybody else, and poked fun at each other's idiosyncrasies. One family in particular was noted for their tight-hidedness. Of the man it was said that he had just got his horses used to not eating, when they up and died, and that he put green goggles on his cows so they'd think straw was hay. And each morning, he gave his kids a nickel if they'd drink a quart of water before breakfast, and then charge them a nickel for their dinner. When he took his wife out for an automobile ride, she had to lean forward to save gas, and the family had to jump the fence, to save the gate hinges. The fact is, they were very good people and everyone liked them, but the man was more frugal than normal.

On his wife's birthday, he came to the store with a fist full of her egg money. "Shoot," he said, "I've got to get Mariah* a presant. I want to see your enamelware."

Enamelware consisted of cheap metal pots, pans and dishes, glazed with a gray, blue or white porcelain-like finish that chipped like glass. The chipped places rusted. Enamel dishes were used only at the sheep herd, in ranch houses, and for camping out, but not at the dinner table at home.

"I'll take six plates and six cups. Mariah is going to be mad as a hornet, but shoot! We can't afford the way our kids are breaking dishes."

How touching, I thought as I wrapped them, for him to use her egg money, to buy her a gift that was going to make her mad. My mind conjured up a lively scene of Mariah throwing the dishes at him until they were all chipped, and then the family eating off the hideous things the rest of their days.

Another practical man bought a copper boiler for his wife's birthday. A copper boiler was an oval-shaped container made to fit over two holes on the wood stove, to boil white clothes in on wash day. Lifting wet sheets out of the boiling lye water with a stick was back breaking. A copper boiler was a symbol of drudgery. A very sentimental birthday gift. But it tickled me when this man's wife bought him an axe for his birthday so he could keep the wood chopped so she could keep her boiler bubbling.

Only local, homemade butter was sold in the store. After the butter was churned, the excess buttermilk was worked out with a wooden paddle. The butter was then pressed into a mold, then unmoulded onto wet parchment that was labled with the woman's name, and neatly wrapped. When customers sorted through the stacks of butter in the store showcase, it was like judgment day. Each woman whose name appeared on the wrapper was discussed, whether her kitchen was clean or not and whether she tied a bandana over her hair when she churned. Some women wore crisp white aprons over their housedresses when they delivered their butter. They advertised their cleanliness, demanded five-cents a pound more for their butter, and got it.

Salley Jones* had the reputation of accumulating her cream until it reeked. Once a month she'd bring fifteen pounds of butter to the store in her big water bucket. Before the days of refrigeration, that was a lot. Local customers wouldn't touch it, so naturally, we filled sheepherder orders with it. We got a note from one guy out on the Arizona Strip, saying that the butter we sent him was so strong he had to tie a rope around it to keep it in camp.

Ether Wood hauled freight for Mr. Graff. Once when he took his brother Andrew with him, there was only half enough butter in their grub box to last for the trip. So Ether told Andrew that Salley Jones had made the butter. Andrew wouldn't touch it, and Ether enjoyed Myra Lemmon's good sweet cream butter for the entire trip.

Roving gypsy bands occasionally came through Hurricane in the summertime. People called them dirty horse-traders and thieves, but to me they were venturesome, carefree and happy. The women, in their bright scarves and swirling skirts, were beautiful.

*Not her real name

It was a midday in June. Walter Eagar, Amelia and Jessie Webb, three of the clerks, had gone home for lunch, when the gypsies arrived. Mr. Graff and Ruby Ruesch were in the back, marking a shipment of new shoes. I was alone in the front part of the store when I saw the gypsies scatter. A dark-eyed girl came swiftly through the door and behind the counter where I was dusting.

"If you'll cross my palm with silver, I'll tell your fortune."

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that," I said uneasily. I knew the red folds of silk that covered her were for more than color. I backed away, but she moved with me, her eyes riveted on mine as she kept talking. She was young, and very pretty. I was both fascinated and frightened. It seemed silly to yell for help, but I wished someone --just anyone, would come into the store.

The girl backed me past a small showcase on top of the counter that had the glass door slid open. Our cash register, a tall, fancy, chrome bedecked four-drawer one, was under repair, and all of the drawers were conspicuously open and empty. In a shoe box, along with the cosmetics in the open showcase, was the currency, silver and checks.

"Cross my palm with just one piece of silver. There are wonderful things in store for you," she said, her face upturned to mine.

Just then, Mr. Graff materialized, and the gypsy fled. Reaching for the shoe box, he found the currency gone. He ran out the front door just in time to see the other gypsies help the girl into the back of their ramshackle truck, which went wheezing down the road. Quickly, he summoned Tom Isom, the town marshal, and a posse of men were gathered, who followed in hot pursuit.

The only way out of town was the road going down around the Sulphur Springs. It was not a swift road for a fleeing band in a rattle-trap truck. The posse blocked their way before they crossed the river. In their swift little visit, the gypsies had looted every business house in town. The marshal and his men relieved them of their merchandise and money, and ordered them never to set foot in Hurricane again.

In a council with his clerks, Mr. Graff firmly told us to shout alarm if ever another gypsy came into the store. But the band that fled from Hurricane that day seemed to be the last of a vanishing race.

One day Mr. Graff said, "Alice, why don't you take my car and run after the mail?"

I had just finished cutting off a slab of bacon for John Sanders.

"I think I'll go with you," John said. "I want to go to Will Sullivan's, so while you're out, maybe you can drop me off at his place."

Neither Mr. Graff nor John knew I had only been behind a steering wheel once. I got into the little sports roadster, and John settled down beside me. Smartly turning around in the back yard, without knocking over the trash can, I came out onto the road. While I tried to recall what Orval Judd had said about stopping the car, the Post Office appeared. Driving alongside, I knocked out a fence post, and the wire mesh stopped us.

John was out of the car like he had been rocket-propelled. "Never mind about taking me to Will's," he said, "I'll walk." He didn't even call for his mail.

I might as well have taken him to Sullivan's. I drove back to the store perfectly fine.

Jessie was more experienced at clerking than the rest of us, except for Walter. She knew everything from the size of horse-shoe nails, to how much cloth it took to make a dress for a six year old. When women asked for ideas for making a dress, without hesitation, she'd assemble material on the counter.

"I think this cloth would be pretty, with these little buttons down here, and ribbon and lace around here," etc., designing the dress right before their eyes. They always bought what she put before them.

One day, when I answered the phone, it was Emma Bradshaw. "Alice," she said, "I want to tie off a comforter this afternoon. Ira is on his way to the store now. Please pick out ten yards of your prettiest cretonne, and send it home with him."

"Jessie," I called, hanging up the phone, "your Aunt Emma wants you to pick out ten yards of cretonne for her."

Mr. Graff overheard me. With a hand on each of my shoulders, he asked, "Who did Mrs. Bradshaw ask to pick out that cloth?"

Ducking my head, I replied, "Me."

"All right. Now go and pick it out."

"But I don't know what she will think is pretty."

"Go right now and look at that cretonne. Decide for yourself which is the prettiest piece, and cut ten yards off from it. Jessie's choice isn't one bit better than yours."

I'd never thought of that. Amazed, I looked at the bolts of flowered material. They were all pretty, but one piece in particular was much the prettiest. Taking it down, I measured it off, and just got it wrapped as Ira came in the door.

A short while later, the phone rang again and I answered it. "Alice, this is Emma. I want to thank you for your picking out such pretty material. It is exactly what I wanted." How pleased I was!

Mr. Graff's home was in LaVerkin, so Walter kept an extra set of keys to the store in case of emergencies. The store carried patent medicines, and every once in awhile, he had to open up in the night for a child choked up with croup, or for some other ailment. Going into the store at night was spooky, because the place was dark.

It was just my luck, the one time Walter left the keys with me, I had to do a lot worse than go after medicine. Mr. Lewis, who was renting the two north rooms in our house, died. The sad weeping of his children, who were at his bedside, awoke me. The family realized they had better travel as far as they could in the cool of the night, to get him to his old home town for the funeral, so they got me up to go after his casket.

If ever I pretended to be brave, it was then. To go into the far end of the dungeon where the caskets were, was one thing I never did. Just the sight of the dusty, pine boxes, conjured up in my mind my childhood imaginings of the ten caskets of beans in our cellar.

Two of Mr. Lewis's sons went with me, and with a dim flashlight, I found the light switch inside the back door. The wooden steps creaked as we went into the basement. When I put my hand out to steady myself, the cement wall was damp and cold. I had seen the black widows suspended above their egg balls on the beams overhead, and imagined spider webs entangling me as I descended. In the dim light, at the far end of the basement, the men selected the casket they needed, and we found help in getting it out. This incident was merely a dress rehearsal for the one that was to follow.

Soon after that, one of our neighbors died. In those days, deceased loved ones were not rushed to a mortuary, but were "laid out" by the Relief Society sisters. Ice was brought from the meat market and packed in fruit jars all around our neighbor to keep her cool until the funeral. She had been washed and dressed in a pretty white dress, and her hair done up in a bun on top of her head. I was asked to sit with her from ten at night, until two a.m.

"Why sit up with someone who is dead?" I asked. "Mattie* isn't going anywhere is she?"

"There have been cases when people were only thought to be dead. If they gasp for breath, they may need help." Horrified, I looked at the complacent sister who supplied this information. "Then of course, we have to watch for cats," she continued. I groaned. "You don't have to worry. You won't be alone. Her grandson Elmer will sit with you."

Now that was just great! Elmer* was one of the ruffians with the corncob pipe, that had beat up on our sixth grade teacher, and he was always soused.

When I talked to Mama about sitting with the dead, she said, "It is simply a nice and considerate thing to do. The family will rest better knowing you are there."

Mattie's bedroom windows were open, and the sheer curtains softly billowed out into the room. She lay very still under a white sheet, and an electric fan droned, vacillating back and forth, at the head of the bed. The breeze from the fan kept lifting the sheet from her hair, until finally a lock, the size and shape of the tip of a cat's tail, unwound. It waved back and forth, back and forth with the fan. I watched, until I could stand it no longer. I got up and went out on the front porch, where Elmer had passed out, dead drunk, in the casket box. Every time he moved, his heavy shoes clanked against the pine boards with a hollow sound.

Hot as the night was, I was getting chilled from the melancholy drone of the fan, and Elmer's mumbling, groaning and clattering in the casket box. Suddenly a terrible yowling and shattering of glass brought me to my feet in terror.

"Elmer, Elmer, wake up," I cried hysterically, shaking him.

Groggily he arose. "Whassa matter?"

"Something has happened in there," I choked, pointing inside.

I didn't move until he went with me. Switching on the basement lights, we saw broken bits of fruit jars strewn down the cement steps. They had been knocked from the ledge above the steps, where they had been stored.

*Not their real names.

"Blithering cats," Elmer grunted.

Where they came from, or where they went to, I didn't know. Wild horses couldn't have dragged me into the basement to find out. I was relieved and happy when two women came to replace me, and I could go home.

Since I was practically the only one to occupy the southwest bedroom upstairs, I had free rein in fixing it up. On the floor was a hooked rug of my own, original design, and I had appliqued my pillow cases. The curtains were some old lace ones, but they looked pretty, freshened up. Some of the pictures on the walls were Cloverine salve premiums, and others were slick, colored magazine pages. Neither Mama nor Papa ever looked in my room to say, "How pretty." and everyone else was equally oblivious. I was the lone admirer. It was here that I spent my evenings after work, cramming on my shorthand and business correspondence, to prepare for college. My desk was a shiny, polished table with fancy carved legs, that I had bought from Graff's.

The following incident came as natural as breathing. A business machine salesman came into the store. The cut of his suit, the wave of his hair, the shine of his shoes, the smell of his after-shave lotion, the tone of his voice and the twinkle in his eye gave me to know that this man was a gentleman. Mr. Graff was out, and since I was the one who ran all of his office equipment, which consisted of an antiquated Oliver typewriter, and a hand-crank adding machine, logically I was the one to talk to him. We sat in Mr. Graff's office, which was two chairs by a desk in the shoe room.

The conversation got around to my brilliant future in Civil Service, globe-trotting for Uncle Sam. The handsome salesman seemed interested, throwing out lead questions to let me know that we were kindred spirits. I had no romantic illusions toward him. He was simply part of summer, like new mown hay, or the magazine pictures on my bedroom wall.

I suddenly remembered there was a catch in my typewriter that needed fixing. I asked him if he could do it, and he said he could. "I'll finish my business calls, and be back to pick you up at closing time," he said. Closing time came at dusk, and he was waiting in front as I came out the door.

At home, suppertime was at dusk. For some reason, regardless of the season, the family could never eat supper in daylight. As I came in the door with my friend, there sat the family around the big table in the living room, eating their bread, milk and fruit. Although the table cloth was fresh and white, suddenly the room, the table and the family looked so - so - - my conscience smarted to even dare think it - - so back-woodsy.

Papa always took too lively an interest in anyone we brought home, and heaped them with questions. I hurried the salesman past him as quickly as possible, with only a brief introduction, explaining that he had come to fix my typewriter. I ushered him into the kitchen and up the narrow stairs to my room.

Oh dear! The room that had seemed so charming this morning, now suddenly diminished in my eyes, and looked hicky . The man sat down to my beautiful table to look at Oscar. Oscar was the typewriter. He ran the carriage back and forth, flipped a few levers and said the machine was now in perfect order. He was too kind to say there was nothing wrong with it.

"It just needed a little tuning up," he said.

Just as he leaned back in his chair to visit, Wayne came in and sat on my bed, making a nest in the sagging mattress that I had patted out so carefully. I could tell by his sunburned grin, that showed his front teeth that were too big for his face, that he was settled down to stay. No way could I have a heart-to-heart talk with this magnificent man with this little pest around, so there was nothing left to do but thank him for coming, and lead him back downstairs.

Graciously he said goodnight to the family. Then came the explosion. "It is disgraceful, sinful, and immoral to take a strange man to your bedroom," Papa shouted, his face a livid red.

"There is nothing wrong with taking a repairman to fix my typewriter," I hotly defended.

"I want it understood that when your typewriter needs fixing, you will do it downstairs on this table."

"You know I can't lug that heavy thing down the stairs," I protested.

"You've done it plenty of times," he reminded me.

"But the family was eating supper."

"That doesn't make any difference. He could sit on the lounge and wait until we cleared a place."

Oh sure, sure. I could see it all - - what with Papa bombarding him about his morals and religion.

"Only a cheap, loose woman would take a man to her bedroom," he stormed.

"Papa!" I burst into tears.

"This is what Isaiah meant when he talked about the daughters of Zion," he continued, and I knew exactly what he was going to quote.

I ran to my room and plopped onto my face, crying a puddle of tears on Grandmother's crazy-patch quilt. How could a family be so unimaginative and lacking in understanding! Not one of them knew the least thing about how a girl felt.

Softly, Mama came into my room and put her arms around me. "You'd better come and get some supper, Patsy," she said.

"I don't want any," I blubbered.

"Don't feel so bad," she coaxed. "Your father is right. There are so many things that will look differently to you later on. Come on down and be with the family."

I began to feel that Mama did understand. I knew I had to face the family, so I went down with her.

Penitently, Papa said, "I'm sorry I was so harsh." Tears stood in his eyes. "It is because we love you, and we know you are too innocent," he explained.

The next day, when the salesman returned to talk to Mr. Graff, I got so busy with customers that I didn't have to face him.

A certain customer, who always bought laundry soap, really turned my generator on when he entered the store. Even if I was fitting boots on the Prince of Wales, I think I would have left him in the shoe room if Winferd Gubler appeared. But about all the response I ever got from Winferd was his money when he paid for the soap. The rest of the clerks knew I had a crush on him, so they left him for me to wait on.

Winferd managed the swimming pool at the LaVerkin Hot Springs. The soap was to launder the towels and swim suits. I figured if he ever dated a girl she would have to be a princess, so the most I could hope for was his smile as I bagged up his Fels-Naptha and Crystal White soap.

My dating, for most of the summer, was "gang" dating, which took us often to the swimming pool. I couldn't swim, but usually sat on the steps dangling my feet in the water. Sometimes, I sat on a bench, and if Winferd wasn't busy, he sat and visited with me.

One evening, just before I left for college, he said, "Alice, you're too nice a girl to be running around with this kind of company. You're cheapening yourself, so that the right kind of fellow wouldn't want to date you."

Stunned, I looked at him. He was the one I'd rather date than anyone in the world, but he never condescended to ask me! The kids in the gang always came for me. There was nothing wrong with them, except they had a bottle once in awhile. But they knew better than to offer it to me.

"How kind of you, Mr. Alligator," I retorted.

"Alice, I mean it," he said earnestly. "Don't sell yourself short."

I could see that he did mean it, and somehow I wasn't angry with him. But now, summer was over, and the gang split up. I never saw them again.

Ah College! The Grand Old BAC! Kate was the Fairy Godmother who whisked me there. For the first two weeks, we stayed with Aunt Evadna and Uncle John Hopkins. I planned to become a fine School Teacher, and words of praise would dribble back to Mama and Papa about me, like they did about Kate. But Uncle John changed that.

"Alice, don't register for normal training," he said. "There are too many old-maid school teachers already. You may not even be able to get a contract. And even if you do, you'll spend your life teaching your school mates' little kids. That's no way to catch a husband. Go into business where you'll be working with adults."

He made sense, so I changed my course on registration day. The day before, Kate took me to Henry Berkstrom's exclusive shop, where she bought me an entire wardrobe of beautiful, beautiful dresses. The fabrics were rich and the tailoring superb. Transformed, I was as sharp looking as any co-ed on campus. I blossomed under the touch of her magic wand.

One thing was lacking. I was not transformed into a divine dancer. I was something less than Cinderella at the registration dance. But the Prince was there, in person of Lyle Thomas, the best looking, curly-headed football player at the BAC. As I entered, clipping along in my smart, patent leather slippers, elegant dress, and soft windblown hairdo, he saw me. With the first strains of music, he grandly glided, swirling and

bowing, the full length of the mirror-bright floor, swooping me off my feet. Literally off my feet! Stark terror gripped me, and the room spun. When Lyle almost stumbled with the frozen icicle (me) in his arms, he hastily returned me to my seat. He never looked at me again. The miracle of the incident is that I didn't run home crying. I stayed and watched all evening. Self-consciousness turned to indignation. I resolved to learn to dance.

For the next two weeks, Cedar City lay shivering under wet, black clouds. New clothes, the college campus, school activities-- nothing, could stay the longing for home that built up inside of me. All I could think of was how nice and sunny it must be at home. I developed a tooth-ache and needed to see old Doc Gibson. That was reason enough to go home.

Saturday morning, I walked down Cedar Main, with my little suitcase. I couldn't find a soul from home. At Petty Motors I inquired, "Do you happen to have a car going to Hurricane?"

"Can you drive?" Charlie Petty asked.

"Oh yes," I answered. I was homesick enough to drive anything going my way.

"I've just sold a car to* Chester and* Albert, and they don't drive. Can you chauffeur them?"

"I sure can," I replied.

Chester and Albert were timid bachelors from Rockville.

Looking at the shiny cars, I asked, "Which one is yours?"

"Ours is out back," Chester answered, and I followed him into the garage.

A mechanic was under the hood. Slamming it down as we approached, he said, "Your little jewel is ready for the road."

At my startled look, Albert said, "We got it for twenty-five dollars. We ain't goin' to drive anywhere only around in the field."

The car was a faded blue. The interior resembled a mouse's nest with cotton oozing from splits in the upholstery. I was thankful the mechanic backed it out of the garage, because I'd never driven in reverse.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Yep," Chester replied, getting into the front seat.

I slid under the steering wheel and Albert got in the back. I pushed the starter button, the car coughed and puffed a cloud of black smoke, I put it in gear, and we chugged out of town. Every time I gave it the gas, the car shimmied, so I eased it down to a crawl. It was better for me, for I still wasn't used to steering.

Except for the rumble of the motor, we traveled in silence. I looked at Chester. He had gone rigid, with his back stiffened against the seat, his feet pushing against the floorboard, and his eyes glued to the road. When I turned to see how Albert was, he made a startled, choking sound, and sat up tall, to watch the road while I looked at him. I couldn't see why they were so scared. There was no speedometer, but we couldn't possibly

* Not their real names.

have been doing twenty-five miles per hour. If we had gone faster, the car would have been shaken to pieces.

Well, if they wanted to go into a coma, that was up to them, but this was my first time driving on the open road, and I was going to enjoy it. My tooth didn't ache anymore because I was going home. Happily I hummed, "Mid pleasures and palaces," and the little car jerked and twitched over the Black Ridge, out of the clouds, and down into the sunshine of our little corner of the earth. I knew Albert and Chester were still breathing, for occasionally I heard one or the other gasp.

A new road was under construction between Toquerville and LaVerkin, and I almost missed the right-angle turn. When my eye caught the detour, I made it so sudden and sharp that it took the car a few feet to get back on all fours. I had planned on driving clear home, but at the take-off to Rockville, Chester said,"You'd better stop here."

"Stop?" I asked.

"Yes. We don't want to go no further. You get out and we'll take the car home."

Well! Talk about appreciation, after all I'd brought them through. I was still four miles from home!

Mr. Graff came along and stopped just as Albert set my suitcase by the side of the road. For the first time, those old bachelors came alive. I had thought they were dead to any feeling, but with me out of their car, they radiated. Enthusiastically they thanked me, over and over, for bringing them this far. Mr. Graff whisked me off for home. As I looked back, Albert and Chester were waving goodbye.

Monday morning, Ether Wood brought me back to school. Ether freighted for Mr. Graff, and waited on all of the college students from Hurricane. He transported them, and brought packages from their mothers, cheerfully and without pay. (He filled Papa's coal bin without pay, and always checked to see if there was bottled fruit to be sent to us.)

Our apartment in the Will Simpkins home was ready, and we moved in with our cousins, Lula and LaVerna Heaton. Their brother Freddie lived with Aunt Kate and Uncle Will Palmer. Freddie and his friend, Lovell, used to visit us. Since we were all duds at dancing, we set up a class in our living room. Day after day, we danced to the music of Lula's phonograph, until we gained confidence enough to tackle the school dances.

"It's turning that gets me out of step," Freddie confessed. "The easiest way is to bump into someone at each corner of the room, then turn my partner while I'm already out of step."

One night at a school social, I was dancing with Lovell. The floor was slick, and he slipped. Afraid we'd both go down, I let go of him, and he landed on his back. I felt so terribly sorry, because I knew exactly how he felt.

Social prestige on campus came with membership in a sorority or fraternity. Initiation into these clubs was one of the high-lights to a "freshie". Initiations ranged from the dangerous to the ridiculous. The Nu Omega Rho Sorority made a bid for me. For the three weeks of my initiation, I carried a brick with "goat" written on it. The brick was heavy, but I was never to lay it down. Each day at school, one of my "superiors"

made a goat out of me. One day I had to wear my graduation dress to school, along with a pair of knee-high hiking boots, and an alarm clock dangling around my neck. The alarm went off during English class, and Mr. Hayward said, "Alice, you may leave the room." So with rhinestones flashing, pink georgette fluttering and heavy boots clopping, I made my "inconspicious" exit. Always, we had to do the mortifying thing requested of us, for we were spied upon by our "superiors".

All of the Nu Omega Rho "goats" had to plead poverty, and beg their way into the movie. We were humiliated and ridiculed by the manager, but finally admitted. (Our tickets had previously been paid for.) Lorna Lowe and I had to order a meal at Lunt's Cafe, then slip out without paying. We were grabbed, and sent to the kitchen to do dishes. We knew this was rigged, because they had saved up mountains of dirty dishes. We washed all afternoon.

After three weeks of embarrassing, humiliating experiences, we were taken to our final court at midnight, blindfolded, and led into a dark room. We were pushed from upper-story windows, burned with red hot pokers, and fed gritty, raw oysters. All of this was phony, except the oysters. The power of suggestion was supposed to make us feel we were falling when we were caught in a net, and ice was supposed to feel red-hot. It was a disappointment, because things seemed like what they really were.

But I became a sworn-in Nu Omega Rho , and was given a red silk handkerchief, with the insigne in the corner. This was my first (and last) step up the social ladder. I was too blithe a spirit to be a good Nu Omega Rho . Sophistication bored me.

To gain prestige, the Omegas made a grand splash for Mrs. Jack London, when she came to town. They fixed up the college social hall, renting an upholstered set from Hunter Hardware, along with a crystal punch bowl and other dishes, a polished table and lace cover. They bought "frappe", an exciting new frozen dessert, and cakes. Mrs. London graciously spent an hour with us. The party cost each club member $5.00 apiece, at a time when bread was 5¢ a loaf! Mrs. London never did get her husband to dedicate a book to us, and even after the financial drain, which hurt, we scarcely made the news.

The college kept an honor roll posted in the front entrance of Old Main. I was surprised when I saw my name next to the top. That challenged me. Why not get it on the very top? I dug in and made it, but keeping it there was something else. I kept my name on the honor roll all year, but the top spot was shared.

My one diversion from the heavy courses I took, was an art class from Bastow. To help pay expenses, I worked in the combined Creamery and Book Store a couple of hours each afternoon, under Hazen Cooley. My homesickness had vanished.

When we went home for Thanksgiving, I slept with LaPriel. Thanksgiving morning, LaPriel awoke with the mumps!

Back at school, I enrolled in a dancing class under Ballentyne. Joyously, I looked forward to the Christmas dance at home. I had a strong premonition that Winferd Gubler would <u>really</u> see me for the first time. Of all the guys on the college campus there was <u>no one</u> to compare with Winferd!

Christmas morning, I awoke with the mumps! Fat and ugly. I was too sick to join the family downstairs, and too sick to care. Late that night, Edith came home giggling. She had been out with that funny Winferd Gubler. Funny? There was nothing funny about it to me. It was tragic! I would have given the world to be with him. Now, I was really sick. Sick with total frustration!

I spent the entire holidays in bed, barely getting over the mumps in time to return to school. I had lost fifteen pounds.

At quarterly conference held in December, the St. George Stake was divided, and the Zion Park Stake was organized, with Claude Hirschi as Stake President, and James Judd and Russell Swenson as counselors.

CHAPTER 19

So Turns The Tide

(1930)

Across the room from me in English class sat the most collegiate looking boy on campus. The name that fit him most was "BAC". From the corner of my eye, I often saw him looking at me. When I returned his glance, he smiled.

"What's the lettering on your pep sweater?" he asked one day.

He knew it was my initials, but I made the most of it. "It's A-1. I am an A-1 Co-ed."

Grinning, he said, "I've been noticing you for a long time, and that's exactly what I've decided you are."

That was the beginning of a romance that made me forget Winferd. "BAC" and I went to the college functions and movies together. I little realized a fellow could be so considerate and nice and still be so much fun.

Cedar City had been blanketed with snow and ice all winter, and when Mama's letter came saying the peach trees were in bloom, I persuaded "BAC" to go with me and see. His sister and her girl friend came with us. After we dropped down from the Black Ridge into Utah's Dixie, we were in another world. Toquerville, LaVerkin and Hurricane were mostly orchards, enveloping the little towns. What a garden of Paradise they were! My college friends, who had never seen springtime in Dixie, marveled at the beauty of it, and I felt so proud of my "homeland".

We visited with the family and enjoyed their hospitality and Mama's good dinner, then went to Papa's field into the pink world of peach blossoms. Bees hummed in every tree, and meadowlarks filled the air with their melody. The sun was golden and warm. If ever I loved Hurricane, it was that day. We gathered arm loads of flowers to take back to Cedar. Looking back across the years, that day still stands out as the most blossom-filled, music-filled, sunshine-filled, "I love life" day that I can recall.

That day, "BAC" made a date with me for the prom. My feet almost skipped to campus and back in the days that followed. And then the college students went to the LaVerkin Hot Springs on a swimming party. The manager

of the resort was the last thing on my mind. As I entered the building with "BAC", Winferd Gubler saw me --really saw me for the first time.

Managing to get me aside, he asked,"How about a date for the college prom?"

What an exasperating moment. A year ago, if he had asked me for a date, I would have accepted so eagerly that it would have frightened him away. But now, I was simply annoyed. "I'm sorry," I answered. "I already have a date."

Unabashed, he asked, "If I come to the prom, will you get me a date?"

"Sure," I replied.

Mary was just his type --intellectual, and pretty too. They'd make a perfect match. Mary was thrilled,and bought an expensive formal, and arrangements were made for Winferd to call at her home.

I got my first floor-length formal, and "BAC" gave me the first corsage I ever wore -- pink rose buds. (I pressed the roses in "The Last Days of Pompeii" where they remained for years.) The dance was dreamy, until I saw Mary make a late entrance, accompanied by her parents.

"Where is Winferd?" I asked.

"He didn't come," she answered. Her eyes were red from weeping.

I was furious! That bounder! Here I had played him up to Mary for a big hero, and he had let her down.

Much later, he arrived, full of apologies and explanations about car trouble. Mary danced with him, but refused to let him take her home.

My college romance lasted through the summer, even though "BAC's" visits were infrequent. Papa set his heart on him the same as he had done with Maurice Judd. So far as Papa was concerned, I had arrived. Winferd looked at it differently.

I was back in the store clerking for Mr. Graff, and Winferd made more ticky trips for laundry soap than he'd ever done before. He knew I was dating someone else, and this sparked his interest in me.

One afternoon, it took him an hour to buy four bars of Fels Naptha. To keep busy after I had bagged the soap, I dusted a pencil display rack over and over, taking every one of the one-hundred and fourty-four pencils out of the little holes individually, and polishing around them. Finally, after Winferd left, Mr. Graff appeared.

"Well, did you get a date?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I have a vacant lot between my store in LaVerkin and Gubler's house. It is a fine building spot," he grinned.

It was the enchanted hour between daylight and dark when Winferd's green Chevrolet drove away from our gate. I was the girl sitting beside him. Once, I would have felt as breathless as though riding on a magic carpet, but things were different now. Winferd was no longer the great, unreachable prince.

I had been warned that heart-smashing was his game. Certainly, he was different from anyone I had ever been with. He was suave and polished, with a maturity that made all other dates seem juvenile, still he had a spontaneous good humor that was as refreshing as a breeze.

We stopped to enjoy the last pink and gold that splashed the sky in the west. "I love the twilight," he said, "it is my favorite time of day."

We watched the jagged silhouette of the mountains blend into night, as the car climbed the Rockville hill. By the time we reached the summit, the stars were out. He showed me how to locate the North Star in relation to the big dipper.

"That is the North Star," he said pointing. To make sure I was seeing the right one, he put an arm across my shoulder. I felt a warm radiance at his touch.

He drove around the loop from the Rockville hill, down the Hurricane dugway, and home. Taking me to the door, he kissed me lightly on the tip of my ear, said,"Goodnight," and was gone.

Something had happened to me. I thought I had lost all interest in Winferd, but I discovered it was not so. Papa sensed it too, and was concerned.

"I wish you wouldn't go with Winferd," he said. "You'll never find a better man than 'BAC."

"I know I won't, Papa. But you don't need to worry. A girl doesn't marry every fellow she goes with."

"And she never marries a fellow she doesn't go with," he replied.

My heart was troubled.

In the evenings, after the day's work was through, I sometimes wandered through the trees, and down into the lucern patch. I had so much thinking to do. Instinctively I knew that the house I had grown up in would no longer be my home after I returned to college in the fall. Perhaps it would be a career that would take me away, or perhaps - - - .

I thought of my visit to the dentist last week. Old Doc Gibson had taken it upon himself to counsel me.

"Oh little chick," he said, "eventually you will venture forth upon the sea of matrimony. But you will <u>never</u>, I repeat <u>never</u> have children. Remember, you must <u>not</u> have children."

I didn't bother to ask why. He filled my tooth, I paid him and left, thinking he was weird. And then, of all things, as I walked home from work the following evening, Sister Wood called from her porch.

"Alice, come in and visit with me for a few minutes."

As I sat with her on her porch, she gave me the <u>same</u> counsel. Was this some kind of conspiracy? Why shouldn't I have children? Sister Wood didn't say, but as an afterthought , she added, "Of course, the millenium could come soon. In that case, your children would be all right."

Then the thunderbolt struck, when a Santa Clara Dutchman, who had dated almost every girl in town, decided it was my turn. He relaxed in our front

room, visiting my parents. Singing was his favorite pastime, and Mama and Papa were good listeners. They requested one old-time song after another, and he seemed to know them all. Finally, he asked me to go for a stroll. Walking in the summer evening was pleasant.

After visiting for awhile, he finally said, "I'd marry you, I'd marry you in a minute, if it wasn't for that Parker blood."

Well! Whatever made him think I'd marry <u>him</u>?

"What about that Parker blood?" I asked.

"All of your children will be crippled, like your father," he replied.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" he quizzed.

"No I don't."

"Well, everybody else does. That's why the boys in Hurricane don't date any of you. Their parents have all forbid them too. Your father has a hereditary disease, and no one wants to marry into it."

I simply didn't believe it!

"Thanks for telling me," I retorted. "And to think, I had planned all along on asking you to marry me!"

How strange. My father's condition had never been discussed in our home. He was crippled as far back as I could remember, and it had never occurred to me to ask why. He was just our father, and that's how he was. No one, absolutely no one, had ever said one thing about it to me before. When I asked Mama if what our Dutchman friend had said was true, she said it was, but not <u>all</u> of my children would be crippled, but perhaps some of them would. Wayne was the only one out of her eleven that showed any signs.

Oh my, what a lot I had to think about as I walked in the lucern patch in the twilight. But for some reason, after the first shock, I did not feel despair. The breeze, the first dim stars, the sleepy twitter in the branches overhead, all spoke peace to me. I could only be grateful that my mother and father had had me and all of my brothers and sisters, because they were my favorite people, and our home had been happy and good. I thought of all of the people I knew who were afflicted like my father, and they were highly intellectual, and they were good, and I knew the Lord loved them. Happiness was inherent. My heart could not be burdened. If other folks wanted to worry about us, let them. Then I stopped. Oh, those poor troubled people! Of course they would worry. I myself wouldn't want my children to marry into infirmities.

Going toward the house, I met Mama coming down the walk. "Mama," I said, "I've been wondering what made you decide to marry Papa when you were young. Did you know what you were doing?"

She smiled. "Yes, I knew full well. I thought it through thoroughly. I have never regretted my choice, because I love your father, and am grateful to have such a fine, eternal companion."

My summer clerking proved to be one of the most interesting assignments I had known. Mr. Graff had a small chain of stores and gas pumps, and I was his vacation-relief clerk. When Alvin Hardy, who managed his Springdale store, took his family on vacation, Mr. Graff sent me there. I stayed with my cousins, Nancy and Squire Crawford, who were precious and dear to me.

One week-end while there, Winferd came to take me to an Indian cave at Antelope. Some years before, when he was there herding sheep, he chased a rabbit that disappeared into a hole. To Winferd's astonishment, the slanting rays of the sun penetrated the hole, revealing an underground chasm.

He eased down through the hole, and found himself in an auditorium-sized Indian storehouse. Along the rock shelves were rows of moccasins, pottery and grinding stones. Feverish with excitement, he gathered a number of specimens. Later, he took a collection to the B.A.C. and one to the B.Y.U. Both colleges gave him scholarships for the Indian artifacts.

Time had elapsed and Winferd had not returned to the spot until this particular day. Winter storms had taken their toll, and the roof of the chasm that had held for ages, had partly collapsed. Winferd was terribly disappointed. Together we walked inside. Overhead, lime had oozed in giant curlicues on the ceiling, like tooth paste out of a tube. Winferd explained that the pressure of the rain soaked earth, as it settled, had caused this. Tons of earth had covered the rock shelves, but still exposed, were many Indian treasures. We brought home a man's size thirteen hemp moccasin. Caked in mud was the print of every toe, and the ball of the foot of the brave who wore it.

After Alvin Hardy returned, Mr. Graff sent me to run the store in Leeds while Walter and Jessie Eagar went on vacation. One morning, just after I had unlocked the door, the town drunk staggered in and clutched on to me. Helplessly I struggled to get free. Then to my great relief, a deaf-mute by the name of Horace burst in. He grabbed the drunk by the collar and pitched him out the door. For the rest of the two weeks, Horace took up guard duty, staying with me during store hours. Before Jessie and Walter left, Jessie had said,"Horace will watch out for you. Don't worry a minute about him. He is as good as gold." And he was. He swept and dusted and helped in countless ways. He was truly a guardian angel.

Dates with Winferd were different. He always had something special in mind. His portable, hand-crank phonograph and book of records rode around in the back seat of his car. The Zion Tunnel at that time was an inviting place, with its rock finish interior and unrestricted parking space in the wide, open windows. No cement-work inhibited the cars, and traffic was light. Sometimes in the early twilight, Winferd parked his Chevrolet in the biggest window of the tunnel, put waltz music on the phonograph, and we danced. When the light began to fade, we sat on the window ledge, looking down the canyon, and ate the picnic he had packed. Sometimes we went upon the hill for a dutch oven chicken fry with his little brother Donworth, and Donworth's friend Jasper Crawford. They were the comedy feature. Winferd brought them along for the fun of their uproarious wit.

Open-air dancing was the current fad, and we danced at Hidden Lake, Kanarra, New Harmony and Santa Clara. On previous summers, Winferd hauled the drums for the orchestra, along with the "extra ladies" who crowded in beside him. Since he belonged to no one, he seemed to belong to everyone.

And now, even on nights when he had a date with me, the girls who had been used to inviting themselves to the open air dances still piled into the back seat of his car. Winferd was a gregarious fellow and seemed quite happy when surrounded. No doubt, this is how he had preserved his bachelorhood. Dates with "BAC" were far more proper and normal.

Papa's anxiety mounted. "It isn't right for a girl to be dating first one fellow, and then another," he lamented.

"But Papa, what is a girl to do? Blindly make up her mind who she is in love with? How can she make a right choice, if she only dates one person?"

"I think I know your heart far better than you do. This Gubler man is not the marrying kind. You're wasting your time on him. He's been around too much. Besides that, he's too old for you."

Winferd was twelve and one-half years older than I. And he had been around, spending two years in Ohio on a mission for the Church, then attending the B.Y.U., and working in the Eureka mines. He and his missionary companion, Dell Fairbourne, had done a lot of double dating, managing to keep themselves quite unentangled.

Winferd's Aunt Josephine, who was our neighbor, warned my parents. "Winferd will only break Alice's heart. He goes with a girl until she falls in love with him, then he drops her. He will never marry."

This caused even Mama, who had let Papa do all of the fretting, to voice her concern. Here I was, past my twentieth birthday, but feeling helplessly confused as a child. When Winferd asked if I could spend Sunday with him at Kanab with his Bowman relatives, I took my parent's counsel, and turned him down. My heart felt like a blob of lead.

I went with Ervil Sanders instead on a Stake Sunday School visit to the Short-Creek, Canebeds Branch. I was the newest board member.

Throughout the week, my not-so-happy heart concerned Mama, so when Winferd asked the following week if I could go to Bryce Canyon with him, she helped pack the sandwiches, handed me my class sweater and said, "Have a happy day." How I loved her for that.

Time passed swiftly, and soon I was back registering for school, and back to my college romance. Obedient to Papa's counsel, I had asked Winferd not to see me anymore. He wept. The test was terrible.

As he said goodbye, he handed me a phonograph record. "I bought this for you. Will you accept it please?"

Shaking my head I said, "I can't."

"Please," he urged. "It's the last thing I can do for you."

I took it and shoved it on the back of a shelf.

The secret of forgetting is to be busy. Back at school, I was caught up in the honor roll scramble, working with the year book staff, and clerking in the bookstore. The fall quarter was over and my college romance had left for the sheep herd. Then one afternoon, I found myself alone at our bachelor quarters. Thoughts of Winferd overpowered me, so I dug out the record he had given me, and played it.

Tenderly the strains of "Moonlight on the River Colorado" filled the room. To me, the voice was Winferd's. Once more I saw the light of the August moon shimmering on the rippling waters of the Virgin River. Together we stood on the bridge that spanned the narrows as he sang this song. Tears coursed down my cheeks. I knew in that moment that the dearest sound on earth was his voice. Hastily I scribbled a note, "Please come back," and mailed it.

The family told me that he had been moping around for weeks, and that no one could cheer him, that when he got my note he ran all the way home from the post office. (One-half block.) Within two hours after he got my letter, he was knocking at our door.

He registered for the winter quarter at the B.A.C. When Ruby Ruesch and Roland Webb sent us an announcement that they were being married on December seventeenth, Winferd said, "Why don't we surprise them and make it a double?"

So Winferd Gubler, the heart-smasher, the confirmed bachelor, was actually proposing marriage!

"How come you didn't get married years ago?" I asked.

"You were too young," he replied. "I had to wait for you to grow up."

Monday and Tuesday we had tests to take at school. It's odd that we were so conscientious we couldn't take time out to prepare for our wedding day. We didn't even warn the folks. Tuesday, after our last class, we came home and broke the news that we were going through the temple the next day.

Exasperated, Mama said, "Don't you <u>ever</u> do a thing like that again!"

Poor Mama. She hurried among the relatives, borrowing temple clothing, and pressing them for me, while I went for an interview with Bishop Johnson. We went to the Wednesday night temple session and were married in the east sealing room, Ruby and Roland first, and then Winferd and I. I wore Kate Allen's dress. The room was packed with friends and relatives.

After the ceremony, Mama said, "I have but one piece of advice to give you. Don't ever let the sun go down on your wrath."

Winferd's mother said, "He has been raised on bread and milk for supper. Don't spoil him."

It was 3:00 a. m. before we got back to Winferd's dinky apartment in Cedar, but we both reported for our 8:00 a. m. classes on Thursday. We had missed just one day of school.

School let out for the holidays Friday night, and I had promised Mr. Graff I'd clerk for him during the Christmas rush, so we hustled back to LaVerkin. We needed the money. Winferd only had fifty-dollars when we were married, and he spent eleven of that to buy a dress for me, because he decided we were going to have a wedding reception as soon as Christmas was over.

The dress was a black crepe with a pleated skirt, with white lace collar and cuffs. Kate remarked that it looked like I was going into mourning to wear black to my own wedding reception. Since street dresses were the vogue (thank goodness) I let her remark pass. The depression of the thirties was setting in, and this in itself produced some practical people.

I clerked for Mr. Graff for five days, while our harrassed parents pooled their efforts to prepare for our reception. They made rows of pumpkin pies and gallons of hand-cranked ice cream. Winferd bought a keg of fresh pressed concord juice from Clyde DeMille, and his orchestra friends furnished the dance music as a gift to us. The recreation hall in the Hurricane school house was packed. The one thing that got the most comment of all was the Concord juice. Although it was fresh and sweet, it had developed a tantalizing zing, and even years afterward , we were occasionally confronted with a grinning question such as, "Do you remember who served wine at their reception?"

Finally with Christmas and the reception over, we found an hour of our own to be together. In my mother's kitchen, I packed a lunch, then we went picnicking in Grassy Valley, south of Hurricane. Winferd ate and ate. After he had slicked up the last crumb of Mama's fruitcake, he said, "The sample was good. When do we eat?"

"We just did," I said.

"We did? I thought that was the appetizer. I mean, when do we <u>really</u> eat?"

Oh no, I thought. The guys were right! Bill Sanders had asked,"How are you going to feed the monster?" and Roland Webb had said, "He eats like a horse." Even his own mother remarked that Winferd really enjoyed food. I eyed him over with astonishment.

Finally he burst into a peal of laughter. "Don't worry. I'm fuller than a hop-toad. I couldn't eat another bite."

It didn't take long to learn that during his bachelor years, Winferd had courted the favor of every woman in town by bragging about her cooking. At ward parties, they heaped extra goodies on his plate, just to see his enthusiasm. He had built a reputation for himself. He was the ward recreation director, and he was the one who made the parties fun.

We strolled through the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, this actually being our first chance to talk since we had conceived the madcap idea of trying to beat Ruby and Roland to the altar.

"Winferd, since you knew my family well, why did you marry into it?" I asked.

"Because we were mated in Heaven. If it had not been so, I would have married someone else years ago. It's like I told you, I had to wait for you to grow up."

Thoughtfully, I shook my head. He was evading my question. "Winferd, why did you marry into our family?" I repeated.

Taking my hand in his as we hiked through the chaparrels, he said, "Alice, I thought a great deal about the problem. I tried to ignore you, but couldn't. When I asked Mother about marrying you, she said, 'If you love her, marry her. We do not marry for this life only, but for eternity.'"

Oh, my precious mother-in-law!

We talked of many things, of ideals, hopes and plans, but one thing special remains in my memory. Winferd said, "During my bachelor years, I've noticed one thing in particular about my married friends. Too often a husband makes his wife the butt of his jokes, especially at parties. Or he refers to her as 'the old battle axe', or 'the ball-and-chain', or perhaps they will call one another 'the old man', or 'the old woman'. It sounds disrespectful, and someone always ends up being hurt."

I knew what he meant. More than once I had seen a friend of mine bristle, or sit silently on the verge of tears, while her husband roared with laughter at her idiosyncrasies.

"Let's promise that we'll never belittle one another in front of anyone," Winferd continued.

This promise was easy for both of us to make, and we found it just as easy to keep.

CHAPTER 20

Sing a Song of Six Pence

(1931)

With the holidays behind, I moved my belongings from our bachelor quarters at Vergene Simpkins' home, to Winferd's dinky apartment. Kate had been a second mother to me for a year and a half of college, providing the place to live and the groceries. Kate had fussed over me, loved me, and worried about me. A lifetime of gratitude or good deeds on my part could never repay her for all that she had meant to me. Vergene's apartment would be more serene without me, since there were still three school teachers, Kate, Edna Heaton and Sylvia Jones living there, and one student, LaVerna Heaton. The extra closet space would be appreciated.

Winferd took me to live in the basement laundry room that had been his quarters since starting school. He paid his rent by sweeping snow and making fires for Amy Leigh. The cubby-hole "apartment" was furnished with two built in, cast iron, laundry tubs, hot and cold running water, and assorted pipes, both large and small, that criss-crossed the ceiling. Winferd had squeezed in his camp cot, folding table and chairs, and his little gas stove. And that was Home Sweet Home.

Surveying our bridal suite, I said, "Shall we fix up the place?"

"You're the lady of the house. Where do we start?"

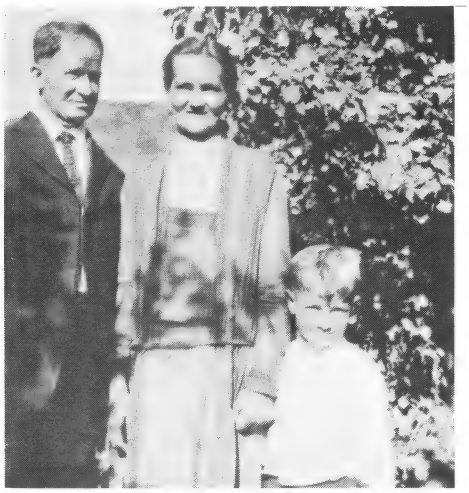
"Let's put a broom stick across this corner to hang our clothes on, then we can get your shirts and pants down off those pipes. We can use a piece of cretonne for the closet door and to curtain the little window."

The transformation began. An Indian blanket replaced the denim camp quilt on the bed, and a bright flowered cloth covered the metal table. Inspired, Winferd built a couple of shelves for books and dishes, and I made a curtain for them too.

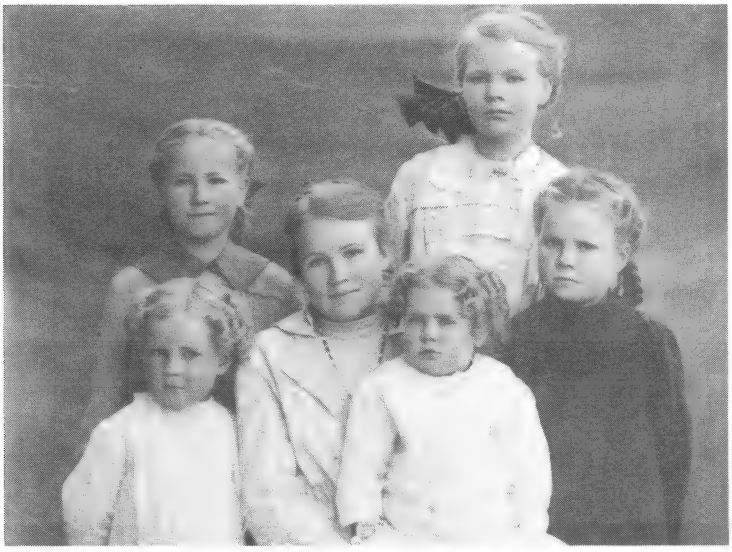
"My, what a difference a woman and a piece of cretonne makes," he grinned.

This is the house that Papa built.

And these are the folks that lived in the house that Papa built.



Papa, Mama and William



Front: Edith, Annie, LaPriel and Alice
Back: Mildred and Kate

Left to right: Alice, Edith, Mildred and LaPriel.
Papa insisted that a woman's hair was her crown of glory.

The nine of us who grew up in the house that Papa built.

Annie

Kate

Mildred

Alice

Edith

LaPriel

William

Clinton

Wayne

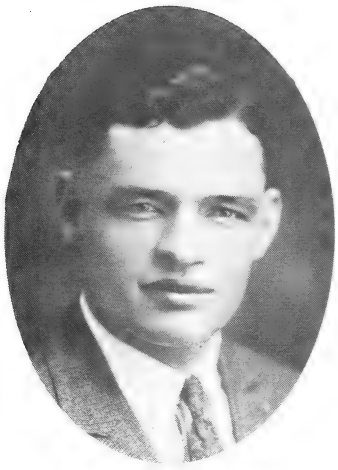
This is the house that Henry Gubler built.

And these are the people that lived in the house that Henry built.

Henry

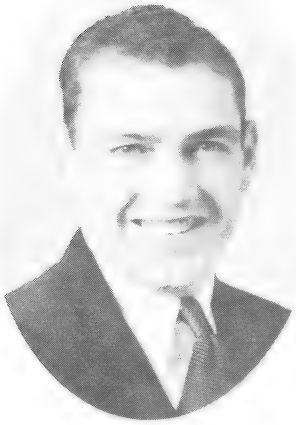
Winferd

Susanna



Ovando

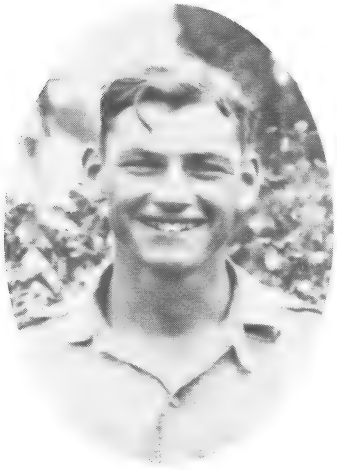
Rosalba



Horatio

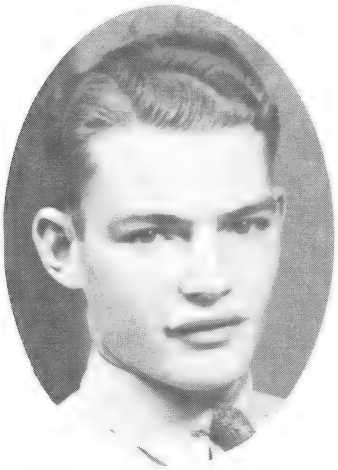
Ruth

Tell



Clark

LaVell



Donworth

Ardella

This is Winferd, his parents, brothers and sisters. And now, they are <u>my</u> people.

At the end of the winter quarter, I took a job at Bradshaw Chevrolet, and Winferd stayed in school. That $50.00 a month pay check looked pretty big. The depression was on, and prices hit rock bottom. A three-pound box of soda crackers sold for 18¢, and a not-very-pretty cotton dress could be bought at Penny's for 35¢. People traded labor or bartered as far as possible, but some things demanded cash.

Now that we were rich, we rented an apartment with room to move about in. Before, one of us had to exhale, when the other went by.

We moved into Stephen's Apartments on Main Street. The rooms were big, pretty, and fully furnished. There was a bathroom, too! It was like getting heaven for $10 a month.

Winferd became a victim of a teacher's contract fraud. For a $25.00 fee, a phony firm guaranteed him a contract at the end of the school year. The salesman who took his money did a lively business throughout Utah before being convicted. Winferd was summoned to Salt Lake City to testify in court, so early one Monday morning, I took him to the Union Pacific Depot to catch a train.

Because we had overslept, there was barely time for him to dress and grab his suitcase, while I slid into my slippers and kimona. The town was just beginning to rouse, so Main Street was deserted.

Stopping the Chevy under the trees by the city park, Winferd turned off the ignition, gave me a hug and a kiss, then bounded across the street to the Depot. The train pulsated and puffed as it idled on the track. Winferd was the last passenger to climb aboard. The whistle blew, and the wheels began to grind. Fascinated, I watched until the caboose disappeared, then with a sigh, I stepped on the starter of the car. Nothing happened.

"Oh no," I whispered, "I can't be stalled here!" Over and over I tried, but there was not one spark of life.

By now the town was fully awake and Main Street bustled with people. I was a sight! My hair hadn't been combed, my pajamas looked slept in, and the Japanese silk of my kimona fluttered bright as a beacon light. The scuffs on my feet were little better than being barefoot, and our apartment was at the opposite end of Main. What a predicament!

"Please help me," I cried in humiliation to the boy at the corner service station. "My car won't start."

Leaving his gas pump, he looked under the hood of the car, but he was as helpless as I. I wished I could become invisible. Certainly I couldn't march down Main Street looking like this.

I fled to a wash east of the park, and followed its meandering route back of town. My sandals scooped gravel and my feet hurt. What a tortuous detour! Hurrying along the least inhabitated alleys, I eventually came to my end of Main, and there I had no choice but to cross.

For once, when I least wanted to be noticed, the men at the service station across from our apartment bubbled with good humor. "Good morning Alice," they called, then one of them added, "Well, well. Did you get up before breakfast?"

"Sure did," I sheepishly grinned.

I couldn't stand at the curb waiting for the traffic to ebb, so I darted through the first gap between cars, and into our apartment house.

Although our apartment had a gas stove and refrigerator, I yearned to acquire something of our own. I went in debt $300 for an electric stove and refrigerator, to be paid for at $10 a month. Electric appliances were a luxury, and priced high. Although the new things looked beautiful in our kitchen, still the monster debt nagged at me.

When school let out, Winferd got his teaching certificate, but no contract. The depression was so acute there was not a single vacancy. Uncle John had been right when he steered me into business. Winferd returned to the farm in LaVerkin, and I stayed on at Bradwhaw's. Then it happened. Business houses in Cedar City that employed married women were boycotted, so I lost my job. My $300 debt might as well have been $3,000. With no job and no money, either amount was impossible to pay.

A poster in the Civil Service office announced examinations to be given. One was for a position in Hawaii. Why not try for it? I could work there at least until we were out of debt.

When Winferd came on Saturday night, I broke the news that I had lost my job. Spreading out the Civil Service literature, I said, "Look, next Monday they're giving an examination for a job in Hawaii. Do you care if I take it?" He was silent for a long time. "I know I can pass. Please let me try. You could get a job in Hawaii too."

"Would you like that?" he asked.

"I think it would be thrilling."

"Why don't you come to LaVerkin with me. The farm is the best place to be right now."

"We might as well get some real adventure," I argued. "Please let me try."

After much coaxing, he finally said, "It's up to you."

Sunday evening, before Winferd returned to LaVerkin, we rode up Cedar Canyon. Each weekend since we were married, we had either picnicked or camped there. In the winter when the road was closed, we had driven as far as we could, then pitched our tent in the snow. We were dressed for it, and we did a lot of hiking and climbing. Now this chapter of our lives was coming to a close. Tomorrow, I would take the Civil Service exam, then let our apartment go.

Kissing me goodbye, Winferd said, "Good luck on your exam," and left.

The examination was scheduled for ten the next morning. I was excited as I dressed. Then I discovered my glasses were missing. I searched everywhere. Without them, I wouldn't be able to read a word. Then I remembered. As Winferd kissed me last night, he had removed my glasses, putting them in the glove compartment of his car! My heart sank. The vision of palm trees and white-capped waves blurred through my outraged tears.

"This can't happen to me," I cried. Grabbing the phone, I dialed. "Operator, give me Medford 2740 in LaVerkin, please." There just might be time for Winferd to run the glasses up to me, if he broke the speed limit.

"Hello," Ovando said.

"Van, I've got to talk to Winferd quick."

"Well, he's out in the field somewhere, do you want me to get him?"

"Yes, please. I'll hold the line."

As I held, minutes dragged into eternity. Finally the operator cut in. "Maam, you've held the line until you've run up $2.00 on your call. Do you want to hold it longer?"

"$2.00," I wailed, "that's all I've got left!" Sorrowfully I hung up. It was no use.

Throwing myself face down on the bed, I howled. With the crying over and my future blighted, I sadly began to pack.

That night, Winferd came in his dad's truck. Handing me my glasses, he said,"I'm sorry,sweetheart," and I buried my face against his shirt and bawled some more.

Patting me tenderly, he said, "I have found a nice place to live in Uncle Willie Hardy's house."

"How will we pay the rent?" I blubbered.

"Uncle Willie is grazing his calves in dad's pasture, and I am working for dad. That will take care of it."

He was so blooming cheerful as he loaded the truck, that I suspected his taking my glasses was no accident. Somehow it didn't even matter. Happiness oozed through me, and I knew it was going to be fun moving into Uncle Willie's house.

Winferd was right about the farm being the best place to live during a depression. Poor President Hoover! He stoutly resisted the Federal Government being any part of the dole. He maintained that that should be in the hands of the states. But in the cities, thousands of people were struggling to stay alive, and finally, federal loans were made to the states to feed the poor. The American Red Cross distributed wheat and flour throughout the nation. A flatbed truck stopped, and a man lugged one-hundred pounds of wheat to our door. It was not asked for, but delivered none-theless, throughout town. Later, when loads of flour came in, we requested that they <u>not</u> leave any with us. Undoubtedly it was a life saver to folks in need. The "dole" was set up to feed the people, but it was embarrassing to see many people line up to get their grapefruit, pineapple and corned beef, who were farm folks and far from starvation.

Winferd's work on the farm paid well in milk, eggs and other produce, but not in cash. Being penniless was normal, and trading was good. When the dance orchestra played for produce, we paid our tickets with turnips, and danced to the tune of,"We ain't got a barrel of money". My worn out dress shoes were replaced with a pair of fifty-cent keds, which gave quite a different look to my junior prom formal.

I take my hat off to song writers, the melodious historians of our country. They have faithfully captured important events and moods, setting them to music. "Side by Side" was a fun dance tune, and the words, as we sang along, had a substantial goodness. The following words are not exactly correct, but they convey the message:

Oh we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along,
Singing a song,
Side by side.

We don't know what's coming tomorrow,
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
But we'll travel the road,
Sharing our load
Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,
What if the skies should fall,
We will make it together,
Don't care nothin' at all. (?)

When they've all had their quarrels and parted,
We'll be the same as we started,
Just traveling along, singing a song,
Side by side.

Once, when the cows went down on their milk, we were without butter for quite awhile. Then, one cold winter day, Winferd found a broken crate of bakery bread along the highway. Gathering it up, he brought it home. Bakery bread was like cake to us.

Aunt Eunice Hardy said, "If you'll trade me half of your bread, I'll pay you in butter."

It was a deal! We enjoyed the luxury of buttered toast for quite sometime.

That winter, blackbirds came in clouds to feast on the scattered seed in the cane fields. Winferd and Walter Segler shot into a flock, bringing down 150 of them. After they were gathered and cleaned, Winferd brought me seventy blackbird breasts.

"Let's have a blackbird pie for dinner," he said.

After the meat was browned and arranged in a pan for the crust, I turned sick at the thoughts of the seventy lives it took to make one pie! We ate it because it would have been sinful not to, but the meat was dark and tough, like eating crow.

"Please," I begged, "don't ever kill anymore blackbirds!"

He never did.

Walter Segler had planted a crop of carrots for the market, but was not able to sell so much as a bushel of them, so he invited us to help ourselves. They were big, crisp and sweet, and we ate them until we were almost carrot color. During December, Winferd got one week's work on a road job at Short Creek. His check came to $17.00. That was all of the cash we had for the rest of the winter.

CHAPTER 21
(1932)

The Call of the Canyon

How dear the town of LaVerkin had become to me. Farm and ward activities accelerated, but Saturday afternoons were declared a half-holiday, and it was a time to lay down the shovel and the hoe and gather at the town square for fun and games. Also, the All-Church Music Festival was planned for June Conference in Salt Lake City. The Church was small enough then, that there was no restriction on the number of singers a ward could send. Throughout the early spring months, Winferd and I gathered with other young folks around the piano in Graff's livingroom, in the back of their little store, and LaVerna taught us the festival songs.

Before conference time, Winferd had bid to run the Sulphur Springs, and his bid was accepted. So on the first of June, we moved from Uncle Willie's home into the little house down in the canyon. After two weeks, we left the place in Donworth's care, while we went to the music festival.

Always I had longed to actually see Salt Lake City, and now here we were, breezing along in the sun on hard church benches with eighteen others in the back of Paul Wilson's yellow truck. The men wore hats, pulled tight against the wind. Some of the girls had straw hats, but others tied brown paper sacks, shaped like sunbonnets, on their heads. At Salt Lake, Winferd and I got a room in the Whitehall Hotel, where a home town girl, Ida Isom, worked.

"This is our Honeymoon Hotel," he grinned.

This was the first time I had ever stayed in a hotel, and the first time I had been to Salt Lake. "And to think," I marveled, "we actually came all the way in fifteen hours! What would Grandfather Crawford have thought of that?"

After an early morning practice in the Tabernacle with those who filled the choir seats and the balcony around it, Winferd took me window shopping. Sales signs loomed big in all of the windows. I'd never seen a sale before, and I was afraid I never would again. Goodness, how I wished I could splurge. Winferd bought me a fluttery, filmy blue chiffon dress for $1.66, and a pink suit for $3.47. Such elegant proof of his love. And for 10¢ each, we saw a movie, a "divine musical" called "Honeymoon Lane".

The Saturday night music festival was broadcast over the radio, and as we sang under the inspirational baton of A. Noble Cain, we visualized all of the home folks glued to the radio, listening. We tingled to be a part of this beautiful music, with the hush and the swell of sweet, controlled voices. At home, the broadcast did not come through.

At the Sunday morning session of Conference, President Heber J. Grant promised us that we would never lack for necessities if we paid our honest tithes and offerings. This promise came with great impact. He also warned us against investing in dream mines. At this particular time, there was a rash of dream mines. President Grant also pleaded with us to keep our thoughts and speech clean. He had the entire congregation stand, and with raised right hands, pledge themselves to never tell an off-color story.

Etched in my mind throughout the years, is the picture of myself, standing beside my eternal companion, and taking this pledge before the Prophet of the Lord. Whenever Winferd or I were tempted, in the years that followed, to repeat an off-color funny, we have remembered this pledge and remained silent. (Most of the time.) I repent of the times when an overheard witticism has escaped from my lips, to the surprise of my children. Something within me so loves a hearty laugh. I renew my pledge to President Grant to keep my remarks above question.

Back home from conference, my life in the river canyon really began. The Sulphur Springs was mostly owned by the people of LaVerkin. They had developed the springs, building a swimming pool and five private baths. Three of the baths were directly behind the pool, and two of them were built at the source of the springs. Water in the pool was cooled down for swimming, but a Niagara of hot water pounded into the steaming hot baths. Stockholders received privilege cards of one-hundred baths every spring. Some stockholders owned two or three cards. These free swims made it possible to do a lively business without taking in a dime. There was no such thing as a motel or municipal swimming pool at that time. The warm pool at Veyo, the "boilers" at Washington, and the LaVerkin Hot Springs were the only swimming pools within hundreds of miles. Scout troops came from as far away as Provo to swim at LaVerkin in the wintertime.

Winferd never turned anyone away for lack of money. The mineral water ran in an open ditch about 175 yards from the springs to the pool. Once exposed to the air, the heavy mineral coagulated in ragged gobs along the bank, and unless the ditch was constantly swept, greenish black and yellow jelly-like masses floated like sea monsters into the pool. There was always a sweeping job for anyone who wanted to work for swims.

Winferd took pride in the place, dumping the pool and scrubbing it often. Dumping was done always after the last midnight swimmer had gone. Together, dressed in our swimming suits, we scrubbed the walls and floor of the pool as the water receded, then whitewashed the interior and turned the water in. When the mineral scum, that had risen to the top like a sheet of ice, was broken and pushed over the spillway, the pool sparkled like a blue-green jewel, beautiful and hot.

Swimming didn't come naturally to me. Kate and Winferd were my tutors.

"Ok. Sit on the steps and let me show you," Winferd said. "Put your feet back like this for the kickoff. Lower your head and extend your arms like this. Inhale, then kick. You'll float to the other side."

Time and again I posed as directed, but I couldn't make that final kick.

"You're a coward," Kate said.

"Don't be a pantywaist," Winferd said.

Words of encouragement, like fraidycat, sissie, boob, chicken, came in a torrent. Finally I became angry. I'd show them! I'd kick off across the pool and drown. With face down, I gave a furious kick and scooted through the water, bumping my head on the opposite side of the pool. Pulling my feet under me, I stood up in surprise. I didn't sink! I floated like they said I would.

They applauded, cheered, and praised me as though I had floated across the Atlantic. From then on I could swim, but I never passed a life-saving test. Whenever I practiced rescuing Winferd, I dragged him, face under water, the full length of the pool. It's a good thing he had extra lung capacity.

By the time we reached the shallow water, he'd come up spluttering. "Look dear, you just drowned me."

Papa gave Annie and Mildred each a Holstein milk cow for a wedding present, and this, he planned on doing for each of the nine of us. Now that Winferd and I were back from school, he gave us our cow, and Winferd grazed it in with his dad's milk cows.

For a wedding gift, Winferd's dad gave us our choice of ground to build a home on. If we selected land that was already under cultivation below the canal, we could have one acre, but if we chose Donkey Hollow, he would give us enough ground to build a ranch. Winferd was taken up with the idea of a ranch.

A small spring of water went with Donkey Hollow. Winferd drew plans for a resovoir, with ducks, trout and water lilies. He drew the house plans, and the plans for the garden and orchards. Then he contacted the Dixie Power Company about getting electricity to the place, and the city about pipeline water. His beautiful plans suddenly appeared to be a millionaire's dream, so he settled for an acre of ground in town.

I ran the pool during the daytime and Winferd walked the ditch for the Power Company every morning, going up the canyon to the sand trap. This was applied against the debt I had incurred for appliances, and kept our light bills paid. Then he worked on the farm for his dad, or worked on our one acre, putting in gardens and an orchard. The first tree he planted was a pecan tree which Uncle Joe Gubler had budded for our wedding gift.

Winferd had a hearty appreciation for our garden, which yielded, lush and beautiful. When he brought the first ripe cantaloupes and tomatoes from the garden, I thoughtfully regarded him as he ate.

Finally I said, "Winferd, I read an interesting article in a magazine about how to make your marriage work."

"Did it describe us?"

"Not really. The article had some good pointers in it that might help us though."

"Such as?"

"Well, for one thing, it says we should be as thoughtful about marriage as we are about business. For instance, in business the employer periodically interviews the employee."

"In a husband-wife situation then, naturally the wife would do the interviewing, right?"

"Silly. The article says that both of us do lots of little things that irritate each other, and we should talk it out and then it won't irritate us any more."

"Oh, I see. Seems like I read something like that in a book once. I believe it said there are many adjustments to be made in marriage, and that wives are the ones to do the adjusting. Wives are usually younger and smaller than husbands, and naturally more pliable. A husband can't change. He is big and burly and set up like hard clay by the time he gets married."

"Now you're teasing. I'm serious. It stands to reason that I do hundreds of little things that annoy you, but I'm unaware of them. If you pointed them out to me, then I wouldn't do them anymore. On the other side of the coin, I should be able to sensibly call to your attention the things you do that bother me. It's a 'growing to love each other more' period. It sounds reasonable to me." I paused to see if my comments aroused interest.

"I'm game," he said. "Go ahead and shoot. If you have grievances, now's the time to get them out and over with."

"Are you sure you won't be hurt?" I hesitated.

"Positive," he replied. "Since it's your idea, you go first."

My face was beginning to burn already. What if he should take me wrong! "Maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all," I said.

"I'm waiting. You don't mean to let this opportunity pass you by, do you?"

"Well - - " I reluctantly started. "I wish you wouldn't always hang your dirty shirt on the door-knob. Wouldn't it be just as easy for you to put it in the dirty clothes hamper in the first place?"

"It's habit, I guess. Subconsciously I enjoy having you wait on me. Go on."

"Right now while we're talking, you're salting your cantaloupe. Just before that, you sugared your tomatoes. Isn't that a little inconsistent?"

"Merely a matter of preference."

"Here's a pencil and paper. Each thing I mention undoubtedly gives you an idea of things you want to point out to me. I'll finish what I have in mind, then it will be your turn."

He began taking notes while I talked. "About your eating habits, " I continued, "I guess it shouldn't bother me that you want your toast so brown it is burned, and your egg so raw that I have to look the other way while you eat it, but - - - ." On I went until I had finished my gripes.

Winferd's list was beginning to look pretty long, and I wondered how I ever had the nerve to start this in the first place.

After a pause, I said, "I hope I haven't hurt you. Now I'll be quiet while you read your list."

He regarded me silently. Nervously I arose and put the sugar bowl and salt shaker away. "Go ahead, I'm listening," I urged.

He arose, took me in his arms and said,"I have been writing a list of all of the things I adore about you. I wouldn't change a hair of your head."

"Oh," I exclaimed in humiliation. Never had I been so eloquently chastised. I buried my face against him, and he chuckled merrily. *

* Story "Adjustment" published in the Relief Society Magazine, May 1964.

With a hand puncher, Winferd washed the swim suits and towels in a black tub over the fire, near the corner of the house. The wash water drained down the rocky slope to the river. Our kitchen scraps were also tossed down the slope, as well as the boquets of cut flowers, after they had faded. (We grew beautiful zinnias in our garden up town.) The wash water irrigated our garbage, and to our surprise, watermelons, potatoes and zinnias sprang up among the boulders. Some of the melons had to be cut before we could pick them, because they were wedged between black rocks. The potatoes were queer shaped also, but delicious. Our sloping, garbage garden was a real delight to us, and the squirrels and chipmunks share-cropped with us.

In the fall, Winferd gathered grapes and almonds on shares, and spread them on the roof of the house to dry. Often we heard the scampering of little feet of our thieving pets,on the roof. Because they were so cute, I had encouraged them by tossing out tidbits from the table. When I put out the scraps, the big gray squirrels bounded down the hill with a fluid motion, but the little chizzlers darted in from nowhere, performing fancy didoes, clowning the food right from under the gray squirrel's paws.

Early one morning in August, a cloudburst came before Winferd had returned from walking the ditch. A flood roared down the canyon, and the river rose higher and higher until it slapped against the bridge, some of the waves breaking over it. Flood water swelled to the level of the path-walk along the ditch, splashing over it and muddying the pool. The rumbling of boulders being swept along with the flood, and the sight of uprooted trees tossed about like match sticks, filled me with terror. To add to my fright, Will Hinton turned the Hurricane Canal down the hill, and the stream tumbled and churned into the rock-walled ditch at the edge of our house. Because the flood level was higher than the Hurricane Canal intake, Will had to open the headgate above us to keep the canal from breaking. I was trapped between the river and the canal stream. A lashing wind added to the fury of the storm, whipping spray from the waves through our bedroom window.

The only pacing place left for me was between the pool and the house. I paced and watched for Winferd's return, but he did not come. Sinister shapes floated by. A bobbing roll of denim could have been somebody, perhaps Winferd. I began to cry. I prayed and pleaded for his safety. The hours dragged into mid-day. Our telephone had gone dead. I became hysterical. I knew Winferd had been washed away by the flood.

Late in the afternoon, Wilford Thompson came on horseback and shouted above the sound of the canal stream. "Alice, Winferd is all right. He said to tell you he has a crew of men forking trash off the tunnel screen, to keep the water going through the pipe. The flood is above the sand trap, so he can't turn the water out."

Eagerly I grasped for every word, above the roar. Waving my thanks, I went into the house and onto my knees, where I wept a flood of tears of thanksgiving. It was almost night before Winferd came home to breakfast.

When the flood damage was appraised, we learned that many of the up-river farms had been badly gutted. The people in Springdale and Rockville and Virgin lost corrals, cows, horses, pigs, farm tractors and other equipment. Big fish were washed up on the river bank, and people gathered them by the tubfuls.

Relief Society swimming parties delighted me. Some of the women's suits were of an early vintage, flapping around their knees like skirts, and some wore queer long-legged gray ones. The women used to play "back-out" by running in and out of the pool. Aunt Pearl Webb always managed to be on the end of the line. Everyone ran onto the diving board and plunged in, one at a time. Aunt Pearl froze on the end of the board. Shivering and clowning, she couldn't be coaxed in. When she started to retreat, someone ran toward her, dangling a mouse by the tail. Aunt Pearl screamed and dove, neat as a penguin.

Her screaming was worth going to a lot of effort to hear. Once Winferd even put a tiny red racer in a paper sack, and said,"Here, Auntie, this is for you." She reached in the sack, and her scream sustained Winferd for the rest of the day.

It's a wonder Winferd survived his many little surprises. One day he brought a red racer home in his lunch bucket. When I opened it to get his dirty dishes, the racer ran up the kitchen curtain. I almost knocked Winferd out with his lunch bucket. (Anyway, I would have, if I could have caught him.)

Once, when a mouse got in the house, Winferd grabbed the broom and took after it. "Here, stand by the door, so it can't go into the living room," he ordered.

He poked the broom behind the refrigerator, and the scared little mouse darted out, making a bee-line for me. With a screech, I jumped, landing on the hapless little creature. Shuddering, I covered my face, while Winferd slapped his thighs and roared with laughter.

While attending Dixie College, Winferd's brother Tell fell in love with Audrey Gregerson, and oh my, how Audrey fell in love with him. Winferd's philosophy had always been that when two people discovered they couldn't live without each other, then was the time to get married. This seemed to be the situation with Tell and Audrey.

Secret marriages were a contagion at this particular time. My sister Edith had secretly married Eugene Herman on the sixth of March.

Audrey was only sixteen, so Tell talked Winferd into taking them to LasVegas to be married. Talking wasn't hard. This was a chance to take a trip with someone else paying for the gas. So on April 15, Audrey and Tell were married in a bleak, barren, dusty room, by a Justice of the Peace in the Clark County Courthouse. This was my first glimpse of LasVegas.

Tell's parents were unhappy about him getting married without consulting them, especially his mother. An interesting turn of events was, that on the twenty-third of November, Grandma Gubler was part of a conspiracy in another secret marriage. Winferd's sister, LaVell, had been dating Percy Wittwer of Hurricane. Percy was not yet of legal age, and painfully under his father's thumb. Even at the age of nineteen he had never been permitted to drive a car, and his parents didn't want him to date at all. They had plans for him. Percy was talented in music and had played the lead role in the school opera.

Whenever Percy dated LaVell, he either had to walk to LaVerkin, or catch a ride with someone else. Often he had to hide, because his father came looking for him. Courting became so difficult that marriage seemed the only solution. Grandma Gubler played Cupid, making the arrangements for Winferd to chauffeur the love chariot. Percy and LaVell were married in the Kanab Courthouse, in the forenoon of November 23. On the return trip home, the five of us stopped at Three Lakes, where Grandma spread a wedding dinner on the picnic table, of fried chicken, salad and fruit cake. We had no time to loiter, because Percy had to get home in time to catch the school bus. After a few days, the business of sneaking out at nights to see his wife grew tiresome, so Percy simply gave up and moved.

And then the boom fell! On us, that is. We had retired for the night when there came an angry shouting and pounding upon our door. Winferd arose, and Joseph Wittwer stormed in.

"I'm getting the sheriff after you for kidnapping my son," he shouted. He was so enraged words tumbled in a torrent. We had committed a crime punishable by law in helping a minor to get married. Wittwers had planned a great future for Percy, and now we had blighted them. Their grief, sorrow, and fury would never be abated. On and on for an hour he raged. I felt so sorry for him. Sleep did not come for either of us that night.

Evidently Joseph had spent himself, because we never heard another word about going to jail. Grandpa Gubler felt left out, because he hadn't been included in the planning. But Grandma took a mischievous delight in out-smarting Joseph, who eventually recognized the marriage as a blessing.

The first cold snap of winter froze the exposed pipeline that carried our drinking water from Hurricane, so we had to haul our fresh water. Ruby and Roland, and Winferd and I, celebrated our wedding anniversary together each year, and this year it was our turn to be hosts.

I set the table with our beautiful wedding dishes -- the hand painted china from Mr. Graff, and the thin blown crystal goblets and fruit dishes from the B.A.C. faculty. Although there were only four of us, we used mountains of dishes that couldn't be washed until we hauled more water.

"Forget the dishes," Winferd said. "I'll do them while you're in Sunday School in the morning."

We had to take turns going to church. After Sunday School, I came home to find the kitchen slick and clean. Not a dish in sight.

"Yoo hoo, I'm home," I shouted.

No answer. I walked to the swimming pool. There were no swimmers, and no Winferd. I went through the back to the hot baths, and there, above the tumble of the water, I heard the rattle of dishes. I opened the door and looked. Bustling about in his swimming trunks was Winferd, picking up broken bits of glass and china and piling them into the wash tub. I couldn't believe my eyes! He had conceived the idea of an automatic dishwasher, piling our lovely treasures into the tub. He aimed to hold it under the spillway, but hadn't reckoned with the force of the stream, which knocked the tub to the concrete floor. The crash broke everything but the knives and forks, and they were turned black by the sulphur water. Winferd looked humble down in the pit amongst the wreckage. Humiliated and upset, that is. Nothing I could say would change things. It really was a bit of a mess.

CHAPTER 22

The New Deal
(1933)

With the New Year came the snow, which clung stubbornly to the shady slopes of the canyon, and capped the dugway to Hurricane with ice. One morning as we started up the dugway, an old fellow hailed us, so Winferd kindly stopped to pick him up. The grade was too steep and slick. Our car wheels spun, and we skidded into the barpit, stalling three other cars behind us. The drivers all got out to push and help each other, but the old fellow who was the cause of it all, hobbled out of our car and mumbled, "I might as well be walking on." Finally, when all of the cars got traction enough to crawl up the hill, the old man tried to hail a ride again, but no one stopped.

Winter concentrated itself in the canyon, but the snow melted in the sun-swept fields up town. Winferd plowed the garden and excavated a basement for our house. The excavating was done with a fresno (scraper) and a horse. Neighbors traded work for swim cards.

I stayed to tend the business, which was so slow I had time to explore every nook of the shadow-trapped canyon. On the shortest days, the first rays of the sun reached the house at 10:00 a.m. and were gone by 3:00 p.m. Five hours of sunshine was not enough. The pipe line remained frozen, so hauling water became routine.

When the ice finally melted, little green things pushed up through the wet sod and the sun at last traveled above the south rim of the hill. Still, we had no water. Surely no ice could remain in the pipes in such weather, I thought, so I followed along the pipeline to investigate. There, just barely on <u>our side</u> of the meter, was a stream oozing into the ground where the pipe had burst. We could have had water long before, if only we had checked.

When the marshal made his six-month's reading, he gave us a water bill for $110.00.

"But we haven't had a drop of water for three months," I protested.

"That's too bad. The water was delivered to your meter. The bill has <u>got</u> to be paid."

"Look," I cried, "if the town had buried their part of pipe, we wouldn't have been frozen out."

"Well, if you folks want to sit this out in jail, that's up to you," he said.

Luckily for us, Hurricane changed marshals at this time. Wilson Imlay became the new marshal. He walked along the pipeline with us, then said, "Would you pay $10 for water used?"

Would we! We were happy to. His kindness was greatly appreciated.

Grandmother Crawford passed away on April 13, at the age of eighty-two. I felt that she died of homesickness. Less than two years before, Zion National Park had extended its boundary line to encompass all of Oak Creek.

The house that Grandfather had built, as well as the homes of my uncles and cousins, were torn down. Although Grandfather had been gone for twenty years, Grandmother had kept his memory alive with touches of his personal belongings here and there about the sunny bright home he had built. How she loved and cherished every reminder of him, and now, she had been literally torn away from the one spot on earth that she held most dear. The little new house that was built for her in Springdale was never home to her. It seemed that it would have been a pitifully small thing for the Park Service to have let her remain in her home until her mortal life was through.

One day LaPriel tended the pool, while Winferd and I scouted the Pine-Valley foothills in search of building sand.

"A herd of sheep has recently passed this way," Winferd observed.

Just then, we heard a plaintive little cry, so we followed the sound up a wash. There alone, among the scrub oak, was a silky white baby goat. Kneeling, I held my hand out coaxingly. I was wearing a white wool sweater, and the little kid quickly saw the resemblance between me and his mother. Dainty-footed he came, nuzzling and whimpering into my sweater.

"Oh,please Winferd, can I have him?" I coaxed.

"You're asking for trouble," he protested.

"Please. We can't leave him here alone," I begged.

The little goat's tail flitted back and forth, as his head bunted and begged.

"Oh, alright," Winferd surrendered. "You're both too much for me."

Well! That little billy goat was the most sociable critter that ever lived at a public swimming pool. He adopted everyone and everything, cars included. No car was too slick or shiny for his prancing hooves. The number of vehicles we had to wash became mortifying.

"We've got to get rid of that goat," Winferd complained.

We had lots of takers, but I couldn't part with him. Early one morning, Winferd announced with a grin, "Billy won't bother us today."

"What happened?" I asked suspiciously.

"He's in a good safe place."

Leading me out the door, he pointed to a ledge above the swimming pool. There on a little shelf, the goat looked down at us, plaintively bleating.

"Oh, Winferd," I exclaimed, "we can't leave him there."

"Why not? It's a good place for him," he laughed.

"Please get him down," I begged.

"It's a perfectly proper place for a goat," he said. "When he gets ready, he'll figure out how to get down, the same way he got up."

Surveying the situation, I could see that if the goat jumped, he'd kill himself. He had come down from the top. While Winferd cleaned the dressing rooms, I climbed above the ledge and let myself down onto the shelf beside the goat. I had intended to get hold of him and boost him on top. Much to my distress, I found the shelf too narrow for me to stoop. I'd fall over the edge if I tried it. The goat was so tickled to have company that he wiggled against me, almost knocking us both off. Digging my fingers in the cracks of the rocks, I screamed for help.

Winferd came out of the building, and seeing our predicament, bounded up the hillside. Standing above the little cliff where we were trapped, he looked down at us. I was so scared I whimpered almost as pitifully as the goat.

"You're a fine pair," Winferd panted.

After pulling me onto safe footing, he reached down and got the goat. His sense of humor was maddening. He chuckled all the way down the hill.

Homer and Joe Englestead came for a swim, and when Joe said, "I'll give you a dime for that goat," Winferd said "I'll take it."

Tickled over the deal, Joe took the little fellow in her arms as she got in the car to leave. "You precious little darling," she cooed.

Homer started the motor, and Joe said, "Oh, oh," raising the goat up from her lap. A steaming puddle glistened on her black satin skirt.

Laughing uproariously as Homer, Joe and the goat drove out of sight, Winferd said, "What shall we do with the dime?"

In the evenings, Winferd drew house plans with as much zeal as if he had money to execute them. Digging a hole for a basement was one thing, but building was another - - especially without cash. But optimistically he planned. Our contract to run the pool would soon be up.

The dirt that came out of the basement was sticky, red gumbo, so Winferd conceived the idea of building forms for garage walls, and tamping in the clay. For reinforcement, he strung old barbed wire and scrap iron.

The original settlers in Hurricane and LaVerkin had lived in tents or graineries while they built their permanent homes. With the coming of the automobile, people built garages for their temporary homes. And so our garage sprouted, growing round upon round, as the hole for our basement increased. Window frames and door frames took shape, and finally a roof was shingled, cememt floors were poured, and walls plastered. The total cash investment was $100, and we owned a home that was all paid for. True, it was a mud hut, with cracks in the outside walls that had dried too quickly, but all of this would eventually be covered with siding. The mud, like adobes, was excellent insulation, and the little house was cozy.

Whenever I could break away, I'd hike up town. Up on top, the fields were green, and the horizon stretched beyond the orchards to the mountains. I had grown weary of having my view hampered by canyon walls. Up on top, I felt like a bird out of its cage. I wanted to fluff my feathers, flick my wings and warble. Anxiously I counted the days until the first of June. And guess what! We were going to have a baby! Every day I chattered happily about moving and about plans for our baby.

On the last afternoon in May, when we should have been packing, Winferd put his arm around me and said, "We won't be moving tomorrow."

"Why not?" I asked in alarm.

"I have signed a contract to run the place for another year."

All the happiness I had felt drained from me. "Oh no," I sobbed, "I can't stand this canyon for another year."

"Look, darling," he pleaded, "now that there is a baby coming, we have no choice. I don't know any other way to make a dollar."

After all, he was the provider, so I had to accept his decision.

He did his best to relieve me of "canyon fever". Donworth, LaPriel or Kate often tended the springs on a Sunday afternoon, so we could get out.

One afternoon, as we cruised above Duncan Flat, something across the river caught Winferd's eye. Slowing the car to a crawl, he pointed.

"Look over there, beyond that clump of cottonwoods." Then he gasped, "Look out!"

He had steered in the direction of his pointing, and we were slowly going over the bank. I sized up the pile of Russian thistle trapped below, and knew we would land in it, upside down.

But we didn't. Surprised, we hung as though on a sky hook. The rear of the car was in the air and we were leaning against the windshield. Gingerly, Winferd rolled the glass down and peered out.

"We're caught on the end of a culvert," he announced.

Carefully he crawled out, then after rescuing me, we scrambled up the bank to the road.

"Wait here," he said, "while I go for help."

As I sat on a rock, I mused. We were unharmed. We could have been pinned beneath an upturned car, but we weren't. We weren't even scratched. I thought of the important little person who would soon join our family. It was all quite clear. That little life was not to be snuffed out before it had begun. For our car to come down at exactly the right angle to become firmly balanced on that culvert was no thing of chance. We had been protected.

Winferd hiked to Evan Lee's farm. Oddly enough, drillers from the Virgin Oil Fields were there with a crane. Greasy, black and cheerful, they came to our rescue. With a hook and chain, they hoisted our car onto the road. Total damage: Two smashed milk bottles in the back seat.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States in March of 1933, estimates of the number of unemployed ran as high as 18,000,000. He made his inaugural address to a badly frightened nation. "All we have to fear, is fear itself," he said.

He had been working on reform measures since he accepted the nomination in 1932, and he immediately called Congress into an extra session, known as "The Hundred Days", although it was actually only ninety-nine

days. Every important measure the President asked for was passed, usually by an overwhelming majority. Franklin D. Roosevelt knew exactly what he wanted and moved swiftly to get it. These measures became known as "The New Deal".

President Roosevelt was a Democrat, and we were Republicans, and there was a definite difference between the two parties in those days. The President had the brilliant idea that we could spend our way to prosperity by getting money into circulation - - recklessly, it seemed to me. Even his philosophy about fear scared me. But he seemed to thrill and excite our nation. Certainly he got things going. As always, song writers reflected the spirit of the times. Snatches of two songs, that came daily over the radio, still come to my mind:

> Happy days are here again, the skies above are clear again,
> Let us sing a song of cheer again, happy days are here again.
> All together shout it now, there's no one who can doubt it now.
> Let us tell the world about it now. Happy days are here again.

And -

> There's a new day in view, there is gold in the blue,
> There's a song in the hearts of men.
> All the world's on the way to a sunnier day,
> For the road is open again.

Oh, I'll tell you, to the optimistic, President Roosevelt held a magic wand that would banish all of the ills of the depression. Fearful Republicans could see the beginning of national debts.

One of the first measures that struck close to home, was the setting up of the Civilian Conservation Corps. The radio continuously broadcasted the need for young men to save our natural resources, plant trees, build dams and bridges and fight fires. Thousands of men from coast to coast signed up, and CCC Camps were built, one in LaVerkin, one in Leeds, one in Washington, and one in Zion Canyon, and boys and men in khaki green swarmed the country side. They built picnic tables and made recreation areas such as Oak Grove, and the Pinevalley Campground. Through the CCC's, President Roosevelt was responsible for many romances and quick marriages. Many of our local girls married CCC boys. (In fact, my dear children, that is how you got your Uncle Luther Fuller. He was supervisor over the construction of the LaVerkin CCC Camp.) Missionary work was done on a large scale, and some of our strongest church members were converts from President Roosevelt's "Happy Days Are Here Again" program.

Winferd and Kate, scheming together, planned a vacation for Mama and me. Mama needed a rest, and I needed to get out of the canyon. Winferd took us to the Pinevalley Campground, which was under construction, pitched our tent and set up our supplies. Kate was to run things at home in Mama's stead. Poor Papa. How he suffered. For thirty-two years Mama had never been out of his sight. This vacation, not planned by him, was total agony to him. After Winferd had made our camp cozy, he returned home.

The first night, after Mama and I had snuggled into bed, we heard something rattling about among our things. Startled, I started to rare up, but Mama pulled me back.

"It's a skunk," she whispered.

I froze. I didn't dare move or speak, and my nose itched. It itched something terrible. Minutes seemed like hours while that little skunk snooped through our stuff. My itching nose was driving me crazy. Finally, in the dim starlight, we saw the little dark form shuffle out the door.

During the day, the woods swarmed with CCC boys. Often we had to take cover when they dynamited. Tiny clods and pebbles sprayed down through the trees onto our tent.

Daily, Mama and I hiked seven miles, round trip, to the Pinevalley Post Office. Usually we were rewarded with letters from home. Papa was so homesick for Mama it was pitiful. At the end of the first week, Winferd brought him to see her. A week later, when it was time to break camp, he brought Wayne and Papa, too. They spent the day fishing. Winferd didn't catch a thing, but Wayne caught one fish on his water-willow pole and string. Wayne was so sunburned, his ears were peeling and his red face made his white hair look even whiter. The excitement of catching the only fish in camp stretched his grin across a face that still hadn't grown up to match his two big front teeth.

This vacation was a choice experience --the only time in my life when I had my mother all to myself. But we were both glad to return home.

The LaVerkin Ward boomed with the coming of the CCCs. I first met Luther Fuller when he came to the Springs to get me to type the parts of a three act play. Luther was the Drama Director for the MIA, and we had never had it so good. His performances were some of the most outstanding our area had ever seen. He built all new scenery for the stage, and with his efforts, our church house suddenly spruced up. He was a real blessing to the ward. (He married Winferd's sister Rosalba, 5 July 1934.)

It was during 1933 that all of the banks in the nation were closed for four days. Panic-stricken people had made a run on the banks, withdrawing their money, so President Roosevelt ordered that all banks be closed until they could prove they were on solid footing. Zion's Bank, our one and only, stood the test.

Our radio was our most treasured luxury. Grandpa Gubler had won it at a Christmas Eve drawing, two years before, at Graff's store. Grandpa already had a big cabinet radio, so Winferd swapped his phonograph for this table model. We listened regularly to "Amos and Andy", "Lum and Abner", "Fibber McGee and Molley", "George Burns and Gracie Allen", and to "One Man's Family". And we sang along with familiar songs. One of them in particular seemed written for me. Part of the words were, "She may be weary, women do get weary, wearing the same shabby dress, and when she's weary, try a little tenderness. I know she's waiting, just anticipating, things she may never possess, and while she's waiting, try a little tenderness."

I used to sing this, almost with a lump in my throat. I wasn't used to being pregnant. I had just two maternity dresses, and was awfully tired of them both.

Our baby was to be born in January, so at Christmas time I felt quite unglamorous. When I opened my gift from Winferd, it was a glazed cotton dress of blue and white, with a white lace trimmed dickey.

"To wear after the baby comes," he smiled.

I tried it on. It fit. It fit me now, on Christmas Day!

Oh, how weary I had been "wearing that same shabby dress".

"I'm sorry darling," Winferd said. "I got the dress much too big for you to wear after the baby comes."

I hugged and hugged him. Such happiness was mine to wear a new dress on Christmas Day. "You made a wonderful mistake," I assured him.

CHAPTER 23

MARILYN
(1934)

"Winferd," I called, shaking him out of a deep sleep. "Wake up. You'd better get McIntire quick."

Something had jolted me wide awake, just after midnight on the eleventh of January. Winferd jumped out of bed, ran to the kitchen and vigorously cranked the power company phone. At the power plant, LaVina Brooks answered.

"Sister Brooks, get the doctor quick. Our baby is coming."

Shivering, I huddled in a blanket on our homemade couch, while Winferd built a fire.

When Dr. McIntire arrived, he asked, "Is the baby to be born on the couch?"

"No. We're going to move the bed in here," Winferd replied.

"Well, somebody better move fast."

The doctor and Winferd lugged bedding, mattress and our homemade wooden bed into the front room by the fire. By the time the top sheet was on, our baby had arrived. Sweat poured down Winferd's pale face, but he was grinning.

"Go get your nurse," McIntire instructed. "I'll wait until you get back."

So Winferd awoke Mira Lemmon in the night, and stood over her while she gave the baby an oil bath, and swirled soft curls in her silky black hair. Sister Lemmon wrapped her in a soft pink blanket and laid her in my arms. Our darling little daughter!

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Winferd gazed tenderly at her. "You know," he said, "I've always thought a baby wasn't worth looking at until it was at least six weeks old. But our baby doesn't look at all like a mud fence. She's beautiful!"

Every morning for two weeks, Winferd went in the car after Sister Lemmon, who bathed the baby and me. My cousin, Hazel Spendlove, was the hired girl who did all of the housework. If I even so much as leaned up on my elbow, someone would say, "Lie down! If you don't lie still, you'll be sorry."

Old ladies frightened me with tales of invalid mothers who either died early, or suffered a lifetime of misery because of their foolishness during the critical two weeks after childbirth. I lay still and suffered. On the fifteenth day I was permitted to sit up a little. My head spun. On the sixteenth day I tried to stand. My feet tingled when they touched the floor. When I tried to walk across the room, I staggered. Hazel left at the end of six weeks, and I almost cried in the dish pan.

Marilyn was fed every four hours, and even if she cried her little eyes out, we didn't fudge one minute. She was never picked up when she cried. The Government Bulletin said babies learned to get attention by crying. So she was changed, or picked up only when she was good. She wasn't neglected. She never stayed wet a minute. I washed two dozen diapers every day. But the thing Marilyn protested most was being put to bed after her six o'clock feeding in the evening. She wanted to play. The book said to put her down and leave the room, so I did, and she cried until eight every night.

A germ wouldn't have dared get near her. I wouldn't even take her to Sacrament meeting to be blessed, for fear someone would breathe on her. She was blessed at home.

The baby kept me so preoccupied that I had no time to think about leaving the canyon. But another June was approaching, and with it, the end of our contract. The little mud house in LaVerkin was looking more homey each day, for now it was plumbed, and the kitchen cabinets installed.

As we anticipated moving, I realized that life at the springs had been an adventure. There had been sweet times, like family gatherings at baptisms, and funny times, when we were awakened to the laughing and splashing of swimming parties that came in the night.

We had a system for checking up on spontaneous parties. The light switch to the pool was just inside our kitchen door. One of us, usually Winferd, went to the pool, then the other one flipped the switch, flooding the building with lights.

One night, when the plunging and splashing awoke us, I went ahead, and Winferd turned on the lights. Moonlight, streaming through the doorway, revealed a group playing back-out in and out of the water. As the lights came on, four nudes came racing on the wet cement toward me. Seeing me, three men dove into the water, but the man on lead skidded, landing on his back, with his feet almost touching mine.

Bewildered, he grinned and said, "Hello."

Winferd had arrived by that time, and I retreated.

"We didn't want to disturb you," one of the men said. "We left the money for our swims on the little shelf by your office door."

And they had. They were business men from Cedar, returning home from a convention in LasVegas.

The next time squealing and splashing awoke us, Winferd went first, and I turned on the lights. Pink bodies, screaching and running, disappeared out the back door. Clothes hung on pegs in the dressing rooms, but no one returned for them until the afternoon of the following day.

Chagrined boys and girls had climbed barefoot and naked, up to the canal, through boulders and brush, and waded home. Some of them lived on the opposite side of Hurricane.

On Easter weekends, there were more people in the pool than water. This was the busiest time of the year-- the one time when the money rolled in. Pleasant memories lingered as I recalled the Sunday School classes, Scout Troops, and family gatherings at the pool. I thought of Will and Maria Simpkins, the people we lived with the first year I went to college.

Sister Simpkins came to bathe for her arthritis. Will also needed to soak his black and blue face. When asked what had happened to him, Will replied, "Maria hit me."

"Honest Will, did she do that?" someone asked.

Sister Simpkins' hands were so crippled with arthritis she couldn't have hit anyone. What really happened was that when Will started to hobble his milk cow, she kicked him before he was through, and the loose hobble struck his face.

Their granddaughter Glennis stayed at the springs for two weeks with them. Every afternoon, she and I went in the pool, where I tried to teach her to swim. She was such a skinny little kid that she never even learned to float, but trying to teach her was fun.

For the past two years I had been swimming daily, except for the time when Marilyn came. Now I wondered - - was I hooked on swimming? Could I stand not to swim? Each time I went to town to look at our little house, and to breathe the smell of fresh plaster and new pine lumber, I had no question where my heart was.

Johnny Larson took over the springs on the first day of June and we moved into our home.

Aside from the stove, refrigerator and radio, the furniture in our home was made by Winferd. The couch was made from old barn boards and car spring seats, firmly padded, and covered with an Indian blanket. He made the Early American cabinet for our books and radio, and he made the table and our bed. Kate painted a woods scene with squirrels and a little boy, on unbleached muslin curtains, that served as a closet door beneath the high fruit shelves. Our new little home was as cleverly and compactly arranged as a sheep wagon, and we loved it.

President Roosevelt had some kind of surplus buying program going, and the government bought our little range cow that Grandpa Gubler had given us, for $14.00. With the money, we bought a crib for Marilyn -- our first real purchase since moving to LaVerkin.

My first ward job was to teach Trail Builder boys in Primary. I taught the Blazers, Helen Glendenning the Trekkers, and Aunt Harriet Woodbury the Guides. We planned all of our activities together - - kite tournaments, cook-outs, and home coming programs. Day after day, our boys molded clay animals and little farmers from the smooth, sub-soil from our basement. When the little models were cured and dried, they painted them with poster paints and shellacked them. Aunt Harriet designed a farm yard, buildings and all, making tile roofs from corrugated pasteboard. The Home Coming display was cute and clever. Aunt Hattie and Helen were two of the most tireless and devoted Gospel Teachers that have ever touched my life.

CHAPTER 24

Donkey Shelves

(1935)

Whatever Winferd did, he did it big. Mama once said, "He even has a busy way of stirring molasses candy." His whole body bustled to the rhythm of his whistling while he stirred. He had a busy, important air about everything he did. Nothing was ordinary. Not even an accident. Like the time Marilyn climbed up in her baby buggy, pulling the glass mixing bowl of cream down over her head. She gasped and blubbered while thick cream rolled down her nightie, onto her blankets and dribbled to the floor.

"Wow!" Winferd exclaimed. Like a streak, he was outside filling the black tub and building a roaring fire under it. By the time he announced there was plenty of hot water, Marilyn had already been bathed, the cream was mopped up and everything was under control.

Winferd's enthusiasm reflected in his work. He had a whistling good time making Marilyn's cute play pen. But he worked ten hours a day, six days a week for Emil Graff, so it seemed necessary that I do a little creating of my own.

I had rooted a dozen cuttings from Mama's pretty geraniums, but I had no window sill. My calculating eye appraised the sunny, south windows of the garage doors. An ideal spot, if only there were shelves. Winferd's sisters were competent carpenters, but not I. I couldn't saw a board straight, or drive a nail all the way in without embedding the head in sidewise. I have always been a bailing wire, adhesive tape type of carpenter. Adhesive tape would never fasten a shelf to a door, let alone hold potted plants.

With spike nails and bailing wire, I hung loops on the doors, and slid slats from orange crates through them. When Winferd came home, I had a row of geraniums potted in tomato cans lined up on my shelves.

"What's that?" he pointed in dismay.

"Plant shelves," I replied.

"They look like donkey shelves to me."

"I've never heard of a donkey shelf," I said.

"Neither have I," he grinned. "Here, move your plants and I'll help you."

With solid iron brackets and smooth white pine, he built two beautiful shelves.

I discovered a secret that day. If Winferd was too busy to do a job for me, I could do it myself. If it happened to be carpenter work, it usually turned out to be a donkey job. With loving compassion for my awkwardness, he always took over.

One Saturday morning, a regional MIA convention was being held in St. George. Since Winferd was the YMMIA Superintendent, he was supposed to be there.

When I got up, I felt terrible. We were going to have another baby, and Dr. McIntire had kept me in bed for a few days because I was threatened with a miscarriage. But now, I was supposed to be up and around.

"Winferd, I'm scared," I said as a sharp pain stabbed me. "Please don't leave me."

With a look of concern he said, "I have to go. I am furnishing transportation for the others."

"But I need you here," I pleaded.

With a hug and a kiss he said, "Darling, you're going to be just fine. Now I have to be about the Lord's errand." And he left.

Holding my middle, I groaned as a hard cramp grabbed me. Tears of self pity coursed down my cheeks. Curling up on the bed, I wept. Wasn't that just like a man! To think things would be fine just because he said so! What if the worst happened? What if I died? One thing for sure, there would be no use dying just before MIA, because he'd have to tend to that first. He always maintained that the Lord blessed you for doing as you were told.

Marilyn played happily with her spool doll in her playpen, but it was time now for her orange juice, so I arose. Then I realized my pains were gone. I felt great! With a spurt of energy, I shined the house and did my baking.

When Winferd returned that evening, he touseled my hair. "I knew you would be fine," he said.

"But <u>how</u> did you know?" I asked.

"Because I asked the Lord to please take care of you, and I received the assurance that he would."

Always his faith was justified.

CHAPTER 25

Norman

(1936)

In the dark morning hours on the 29th of February, we were up and bustling. This time, the bed was already set up in our front room.

"Doc, can't we wait until tomorrow to have this baby?" I asked.

"Great Scott, why?" he asked.

"Because it's Leap-Year Day. The poor little kid will only get a birthday once every four years."

"That's too bad, but this baby isn't going to wait," he answered.

So scrawny little Murray Norman came, all six pounds of him. After the doctor and the nurse had gone, Winferd kissed me and said, "Now we have a son."

"Look, he isn't breathing," I cried.

Norman's face had turned purple. Winferd grabbed the limp little

fellow, shaking him until he began to breathe. White-faced, Winferd sat holding his little son. Again the baby's face turned dark, and Winferd worked frantically to get him breathing once more. Goodness! Didn't our little boy want to stay with us?

LaPriel was our hired girl. One thing the Government Bulletin had left out was the fact that a child should learn to feed himself. I had never let Marilyn hold her own spoon because she would make a mess. And now, I lay in our combined bedroom, kitchen, dining room, etc., and watched in distress as LaPriel put Marilyn in her high chair and handed her a dish of food and a spoon. I wanted to cry out, "Feed her", but suddenly I was ashamed of my own default-- ashamed to admit that although Marilyn was more than two years old, she didn't know what to do with a spoon. LaPriel seemed unaware that she scraped all of Marilyn's food out for the first few meals. But that was all. Instinct took over. Like a little pig, Marilyn finally dug in.

Winferd killed a chicken before he went to work one morning, leaving it for LaPriel to clean. The chickens were Marilyn's playmates that she shared her cracker crumbs with. Her eyes grew big at the sight of the lifeless one, and when LaPriel started to scald it over a tub, Marilyn screamed, "Don't. No, no, don't hurt chickie!"

A look of horror came over LaPriel's face. "Alice, I can't stand it."

"Come here, Marilyn," I coaxed.

Reluctantly she came. LaPriel finished scalding the chicken, and started to pluck it.

Breaking away from me, Marilyn screamed, "No, no. Don't take off chickie's clothes."

LaPriel almost wept as she finished the task, and Marilyn sobbed broken-heartedly.

Grandma Gubler was the nurse that came daily for two weeks, bringing with her special treats.

Marilyn took over the baby in every possible way. One morning, when he lay on a blanket on the table ready for his bath, she climbed up on a chair to watch. "Nice baby," she cooed, kissing him on his bare tummy. "Nice baby brudder," kiss, kiss.

"Wah, wah, wah," Norman howled.

Whirling from the sink, I grabbed Marilyn, scooting her down. Tell-tale teeth marks showed red on Norman's soft, pink tummy. Marilyn had loved too deeply.

Another time, when Norman fussed in his basket, Marilyn said, "Brudder wants dinner." And then a choking sound came from the basket. I ran. She had dropped half of a shelled walnut into his mouth.

The excavation in our yard yawned wide, waiting to become a basement. The wind, the sun and the rain took over. Sucker shoots from the Lombardy poplars along the fence sprouted in the clay walls, and were fast becoming long, leafy saplings. Wind borne seeds came to rest in the subsoil, and weeds grew. In the center of the hole, a tamarack grew, a beautiful lacy thing, waving pink plumes.

"Now isn't that nice," I exclaimed. "We have a flower garden already."

Winferd's brow crinkled. "But I didn't plan this for a sunken garden."

"Sunken garden!" My mind leaped at the words. "Why not? Winferd, we could have fun and really enjoy our basement until we get money enough to build."

With a pained look he said, "That tamarack is growing in the hall outside the bathroom."

"That's all right. We won't be moving in for a few days."

I stood transfixed as the tamarack danced in the breeze. "Boy, oh boy, I can see it all now. Come here!"

Grabbing his hand, I led him into the house. We sat at the table while I sketched a design for a formal garden.

"Might as well," he conceded.

With tape, hemp string and pegs, we laid out the design on our "basement floor". He wheelbarrowed a thin layer of barnyard litter and sand on the little plots.

"Now it's up to you," he said. "Have fun."

With the tamarack as the focal point, we began with a diamond-shaped patch of lawn. Next came an alyssium border, then a cinder pathwalk. Bordering the outside of the path were nasturtiums, followed by purple petunias. In each corner of the basement was a triangle of zinnias. The garden grew as pretty as planned. Standing on the bank looking down at the flamboyant flower faces was a satisfaction. If we'd had money to build, we'd never have known the fun of a sunken garden. Poverty is sometimes elegant.

When Marilyn begged to sleep on the camp cot outside, Winferd said, "Why not?"

Shocked, I said, "A little two-and-one-half year old kid sleeping outside alone?"

"What difference does being little make?"

"She'll get scared in the night."

"There's not a thing out there to hurt her."

So Marilyn slept alone under the pecan tree. She loved outdoors and everything that lived there.

And the chickens loved her. The wire hook that fastened the pen gate was within her reach, and she couldn't resist the fun of the feathered excitement as the flock squawked past her into the garden. The paddling she got seemed worth the pleasure of doing it again and again. And then egg production dropped, in spite of the daily cackling chorus. One afternoon I heard Marilyn giggling above the clucking of the chickens. I found her sitting on the ground in front of the woodpile, the entire flock of fat hens gathering around her. On her lap was a pan of eggs. One by one she was breaking them onto a shingle, where the greedy chickens guzzled them.

"Stop it, Marilyn" I shouted.

"But the chickies like eggs," she replied.

Shooing the flock away, I grabbed the pan from her and turned her over and paddled. But always, the fluttering, cackling and clucking of the chickens pressing against the mesh wire at sight of her was too much. She slipped into the run to drop an occasional egg for them to devour. The wire hook on the gate had to be replaced with a strap buckled through the fence.

The milk cow received the same loving attention from her that the chickens did. Often, when the cow was lying down, Marilyn crawled through the corral fence and climbed onto her back, laying her face against the cow's hairy hide. Oblivious to her, the cow continued to chew her cud.

Grandpa Gubler had a skitterish nag that jumped whenever a car went down the street. When she was fastened to the plow, she often jumped sidewise, almost tangling Winferd in the reins. She was dangerous.

One morning when Marilyn had disappeared, I spied her in the field next to the house, her arms lovingly wrapped around the nervous nag's hind leg, her face pressed against its flank. Winferd caught sight of her, too. As he reached my side, he put a finger to his lips, indicating that we must not make a sound. Silently we watched and prayed. Marilyn loved and patted the horse to her heart's content , and it never flinched a muscle until after she walked away and crawled through the fence to safety.

But the animals weren't always so considerate. One Sunday morning when I had dressed Marilyn in a new yellow dress and bonnet, she felt so grand that she walked to where the cow was staked in the grass. Spreading out her skirt, she said, "Hi cow. See pretty dress!"

The cow lowered its head, and with a snort and a bunt, landed Marilyn in a steaming fresh pile of manure. She cried like her heart would break. To try to describe my feelings would be futile!

In June, the County Agent, Anson Call, took a bus load of beet seed growers on a tour through Arizona and Southern California, to study methods of harvesting and raising beets. The Beet Seed Industry had been growing in Washington County since 1932. Since Winferd cultivated and tended Grandpa Gubler's beet seed crop, he was asked to take the tour. It was an opportunity for a real vacation for him. He enjoyed the change of pace, and the chance to be with "the boys".

A smorgasbord was spread before them at each stop. Once, when Roland Webb noticed a bowl of what looked like mashed turnips, he exclaimed, "Oh boy, I love buttered turnips," and proceeded to heap his plate. When tears streamed down his face over the first spoon full, someone exclaimed, "Horseradish", and everyone laughed.

In September, Winferd went to Salt Lake as a delegate to the Republican Convention. While there he enjoyed a reunion with some of his missionary companions, Alan Wood, Del Fairbourne and Royden McCullough, and attended a Grocer's Convention, where they forcasted a future day when shoppers could actually buy pre-cooked food. Also they forcasted a time when dish washing would be done away with. He ate off a plate that was consumed with his food.

We attended a pageant at the St. George Temple, a dramatization of the progress of Utah's Dixie. Two thousand spectators viewed it from the southeast lawn. One of the most thrilling moments was when Dilworth Snow was spotlighted near the top of the temple, singing, "This is the Place, Dear Utah". Earl Bleak accompanied him on the trumpet. Mary McGregor, a feast for the eyes in her Indian costume, sang in a clear, beautiful voice, "Indian Love Call".

When the chill of the nights and the gold of October days reddened and ripened the heavy bunches of cane seed, and turned the blades on the stocks to rattling, rasping swords, then came Molasses Making time in LaVerkin. An unwritten law, which every Molasses Maker's wife understood, was the singleness of purpose in their household-- Molasses Making. The cane was cut and topped, then hauled on horse-drawn sleds to the mill, where the green, frothy juice was squeezed out between heavy steel rollers. Usually there was one man on the boiler and two on the sleds. The wives of the Molasses Makers waited on their men until the season was over.

When I came into the Gubler Clan, I married a Molasses Maker. Most of the time, Grandpa "boiled" and Winferd and his brothers "hauled and squeezed". Horses hitched to a sweep marched in a circle all day long, turning the mill. Grandma or the girls toted the men's dinners to them in large pails, because neither the boiler nor the mill could be interrupted. The men ate on the job. Even though the cane grew just across the street from the house, dinner was still carried to the field. As the boys married, their wives continued to tote their pails, perpetuating the old custom. Usually, making molasses was a race against oncoming frost. The race lasted from three to six weeks and everyone put in double time.

The dinners were not lunches, but full-course meals of hot, mashed potatoes, gravy, meat, salads and pies, the same as would have been served at the table, using just as many dishes. This required a huge milk bucket for each man. The bucket was cumbersome and heavy to lug.

So now we found ourselves living just over the fence from the cane field. Dutifully, I neglected my house and babies to prepare the big bucket of hot dishes for my man. Anxiety trailed me across the field, because I never knew what the "old baby" might do to the "new baby " while I lugged my hot and awkward load across the rough furrows and stubble of the cane field. Often I met Winferd in the field and he sat on the sled and ate, while I waited to carry back the dishes.

Rebellion arose within me. "Why should I knock myself out dragging this weary load into the field " I asked myself, "when he drives right by the house? After all, it is easier for him to come into the house and carry his food out in his stomach, than it is for me to fuss and arrange all of those cumbersome bowls."

"Look dear," I said, "from now on, you just hop over that fence and come and sit down to the table. All the world knows a man has to take time out to eat. You're not more than one block away from your own table any of the time during Molasses Making. If it isn't worth your time to come in and eat, it isn't worth my time to take the food to you."

That was it. Winferd came home to eat. The idea caught on. Others took a turn at the boiler, and even Grandpa learned to go home to dinner.

CHAPTER 26

Little Rock School House, Goodbye
(1937)

Betsy-Wetsy, Marilyn's doll, joined the family Christmas day. What a mess she turned out to be. She left puddles on every chair, but we endured. Then one day, Betsy demanded more than water. When I went to feed the chickens, I overheard Marilyn's voice coming from the corral.

"Stand still cow. Come on cow, stand still. Betsy wants some milk."

Peering through the board fence, I saw Marilyn snuggled underneath the cow, squeezing a teat with one tiny hand and holding Betsy's bottle with the other. Obligingly, the cow let down a trickle that filled the bottle.

When the little rock school house, erected in 1906, settled and cracked, Ed Gubler and I were selected as committee members to go before the County School Board to appeal for a new building. Our pleas were unheeded. The board members informed us that the day of the one room school house was over. (Our building had two rooms, since the lean-to had been added.) We were informed that it was too costly to maintain a little school. Consolidation was the tide that was sweeping the school system from coast to coast. Bus drivers and school busses were more economical than heating and lighting, and employing teachers for little schools. A little school could not be equipped like a consolidated school could. Children in large schools had more educational advantages.

We told of the love of the townspeople for our little school, of the outstanding programs prepared for all special occasions, of the joy of having children educated near enough to walk home for dinner, of how our little school was the heart of the community, of how our town would become lifeless without it.

The response was no, no, no, LaVerkin could not have a new schoolhouse. So funds were allocated to erect a new Hurricane High School building, which had its grand opening on November 6, 1936. The old building became the Elementary, where eventually the LaVerkin children were to be transported. People grieved. Helen Bradshaw and Bryon Taylor were the last ones to teach school in LaVerkin. I substituted two days for Bryon, and the old fever I had once felt for becoming a school teacher momentarily flared again.

After the eight grades gave their final program in the spring of 1937, the little rock schoolhouse was closed. Loren Squire was given the material in the building if he would tear it down and clean up the property. No more would the walls echo the sound of children's voices singing, "Good morning to you, we're all in our places, with bright smiling faces."

Winferd and his brothers and sisters had all attended the elementary grades in the little rock schoolhouse, but our children would never have the privilege of going to grade school in their own home town. When the yellow busses stopped in September to pick up even the kindergarten children, it seemed like harsh cradle snatching.

Heavy road equipment carved a highway through LaVerkin fields and orchards, and Hurricane's dream of being on a thoroughfare was finally to be realized. Up to now, Hurricane had almost been a dead-end street. Although there was an unimproved road between Hurricane and St. George, the main travel went by way of Toquerville and Anderson's Ranch, then down around by Leeds to St. George. There was virtually no travel through the "cutoff."

Road construction began in 1936. Simultaneously, cement was being poured for a new Zion Park Stake and North Ward Chapel, the sugar beet industry was building a new plant in St. George, and the 1.06 mile long Zion Tunnel that had been open to traffic for six years, was being reinforced with cement. In this case, beauty was sacrificed for safety.

On October 15, Hurricane and LaVerkin celebrated the dedication of the largest, one-span bridge in the State of Utah, the bridge that spans the Virgin River between the two towns. Not only was this the state's largest one-span bridge, but the State's highest bridge.

Stastics are sometimes interesting, so I shall quote them. The 184 foot high, 400 foot long bridge, contains 613 tons of steel, and 4,000 sacks of cement. Christensen and Gardner were the contractors, and W. E. Johnson, the engineer, and G. P. Holahan, superintendent of construction.

When we were young, Papa used to say that some day there would be a bridge across the high black ledges between Hurricane and LaVerkin. The narrow, dirt dugway that crawled in and out of the canyon certainly had much to be desired.

I'll not forget the day, when we lived in the canyon, that I had a wreck on the spooky blind point of the dugway as I was returning from Hurricane. (This point has since been chiseled through.) Usually I didn't mind the return trip from Hurricane, because I could hug the hill. On this particular day, as I approached the big point, I snuggled close to the barpit for fear of meeting another car. Exactly at the sharpest, blindest point, a car appeared, nudging over on my side of the road. We scraped fenders.

Why I should have been endowed with such idiotic sweetness beats me, but by way of saying, "I'm sorry this smashing thing happened to us," I got out, looked at the six frightened women in the other car, and lamented, "Oh dear, look what I've done to your car!" That was my first lesson on what <u>not</u> to do in case of an accident.

I drove my dented Chevrolet on down to the springs, and the women in their bruised vehicle proceeded to Hurricane. Winferd wasn't home when I got there. In shock, I shivered and shook, then I began to cry. Howard Isom came for a swim and I sobbed out my sorry tale.

"I'll <u>never</u> drive again," I wept.

"That is the wrong attitude," he said. "The thing for you to do is get back in your car and drive every day until this fear leaves you."

A few days later, we received a bill for $30 on the other car. When I protested that I had been crowded into the hill, the driver of the other car said, "You admitted before six witnesses that it was your fault." We paid the bill.

No one was more pleased than I to abandon that old dugway. Now I could go see Mama and Papa without having the urge to get out of the car and peek around the spooky point, before driving around it. Oh joy! Now I could breeze along above the river and the ledges. In fact, Hurricane became so suddenly close that I could walk it in minutes if I pleased. That's what I thought, but that was mostly a pipe dream, what with two little youngsters. Be that as it may, to me, among the great unsung heroes are road builders and bridge builders. Gratefully I salute them!

Winferd and I were both board members of the Stake Sunday School, with Frank Barber as Stake Sunday School Superintendent. Brother Barber's enthusiasm was a constant joy to us. He made each stake visit and each board meeting seem like a delightful social event. My position was a new one, Cradle Class Representative. My job was to get Cradle Classes started in the wards. This assignment brought a lot of fun, working with the women in our ward making rag dolls and stuffed toys. LaVerkin Ward was the Pilot Ward in the Stake. Winferd was also serving as a trustee on the LaVerkin Town Board.

CHAPTER 27

I Want To Go Wif You

(1938)

In the wintertime, we cooked on the little camp stove that heated the house. One day, Norman bathed his rubber doll and put it on a cookie sheet in the oven to dry. Not knowing it was there, I built a fire and baked it. When the air turned blue with rubber smoke, I yanked open the oven door. There, looking like a gingerbread man, lay the doll, melted flat and bubbly. Norman cried broken heartedly.

"You can play with my old doll," Marilyn consoled, "but don't cook it."

Whenever our watering turn came, the ditch became an irresistible lure to Norman. Deliberately he lost his balance whenever he got near it. Constantly I paddled him and changed his duds, but the magnetism of that ditch drew him to it, where he helplessly (?) tumbled in. Then capering into the house, trailing mud, he'd look at me in wide-eyed innocence and say, "Spank Norman. He fall in ditch."

One day, I changed his clothes three times. He was getting down to rock bottom. Marilyn said, "Little brother can borrow my clothes. He likes to be a girl."

And he did. He grinned proudly as he wore her dress, and managed to stay out of the ditch for the rest of the day.

Thumb sucking was Norman's big obsession. By tying his hands in gloves bulky as boxing gloves, I managed to keep his thumb out of his mouth at nights, but he made up for it during the day. Whenever he touched a bit of fur, wool, or cotton, up went his thumb. Anything fuzzy was appealing. If he couldn't enjoy his thumb peacefully in the house, which he never could while I was around, he'd go outside. We had pitched a tent on the lawn in our sunken garden, and Norman would stand in the tent door, hanging on to the frayed edge of the marquisette screen with one hand, and enjoying his thumb with the other. Or he'd crawl through the fence to the

north of the house and get hold of an old deer hide Winferd had stretched out on the wall. Or he would go out on the square and sit down in a meadow of fuzzy foxtails. Every friendly pup that let him hang onto its neck, or cat that brushed him with its tail, inspired his thumb sucking. One day I found him by a mullein clump, rubbing the soft nap of the fuzzy leaves with one hand and joyfully sucking his thumb. Fearful that I would never break him from the habit, I hoped his wife would carry on from where I left off. He could be such a bad example to his children, going around with his thumb in his mouth. It would be like having only one hand. Of course, his wife could announce, "Supper's on." Meal times he loved, and his thumb got a chance to dry off. Often he'd watch as I set the table, and would ask, "Doing Alice, Mudder?"

One night Winferd and I went to a Sunday School Board meeting at Hurricane. Since we couldn't get a baby sitter, we consoled ourselves with the thought that since we were on the Lord's errand, the children would be looked after. (I don't recommend any such philosophy to my posterity.) It was a hot July night, and our beds were outside in the tent. We wanted the children to sleep in the house while we were gone, but Norman begged so hard that we left him alone in the tent.

Hurrying home from the meeting, I went to check on Norman, while Winferd went to the house to check on Marilyn. Norman was not in the tent. A queer little tremor went through me, but I supposed he must have gone in the house.

"Have you seen Norman?" I called as Winferd came to the door.

"No, he isn't in here," he replied.

I felt again in his bed, and in Marilyn's and in ours. I looked under the beds. There was positively no Norman. Together we searched through the house, the clothes basket, the shower, in the closet and under everything. Still no Norman. Frantically I ran to Vernon Church's, while Winferd called and searched about the lot. Still we could find no trace of Norman. I took the flashlight and Winferd went in the car across the square. I stopped at every tree, looking through the clumps of saplings, and was just going to the church house, when Winferd called, "Here he is."

Breathing a prayer of thanksgiving, I ran to where they were. Winferd had found Norman between the screen door and the wooden door to Graff's store, just sitting, looking out and waiting.

"Norman, what are you doing here?" Winferd asked.

"I wanted to go wif you," was his reply.

Masculine ego begins early. While Norman was so little, he often felt so big. He'd put on his hat and say, "I gotta go to work," and strut out the door, his short legs making time. Everything he did was big and important, just like his dad.

When I'd ask Winferd about some little thing, he'd often answer, "I didn't notice. I had more weighty matters on my mind."

What a pair! Always thinking big things.

Norman would often march to the door and say, "Goodbye Alice. I'm going to California."

I would kiss him goodbye, and two minutes later I could hear him imitating the motor of a car as he buzzed around in his sandpile. He built bridges, roads, tunnels and dams, if only I had the imagination to recognize them. But he didn't keep his construction in the sandpile. Every meal he buzzed around his plate with a crust of bread for a car and built bridges with his spoon. Marilyn often followed suit. Occasionally their cars went down a tunnel and were swallowed. We could only take so much, especially when they started having waterfalls from their spoons with their juicy food.

Marilyn and Norman usually cooperated in their ventures. Even when I tied them up for running away, they enjoyed themselves by making a game of it.

Marilyn often had weighty matters on her mind, too. One day she asked, "Mother, will you take care of me when I have my baby? And can my husband and I live in your house while he builds a new house for us?" She shared this same concern about Norman's wife too.

One day she solemnly stated, "If Daddy had known you was going to spank your kids, he wouldn't of let you be his wife."

Another time, she breathlessly reported, "Mother, there's some horses out in Daddy's Mother's Husband's field."

As I stooped to kiss Norman goodnight, at the close of a day when he had been dreamily singing himself to sleep, he said, "Mother, my song says the buttercups says the bright moon is in the tree tops and the birds says it's the bright sun."

CHAPTER 28

DeMar
(1939)

One February day, Norman sat on a bench outside, his shoes beside him, as he tugged at his stockings.

"You can't go barefooted yet," I said, putting his shoes back on his feet. "When the trees put their green dresses on, then it will be barefoot time."

"Is the leaves the trees' dresses?" he asked.

Later, I undressed him for his nap, and he gathered up his shoes and stockings, putting them in the woodbox.

"Why are you doing that?" I asked. "What if someone should burn them up?"

With a pleased grin he replied, "If somebody thought they was wood and burned them up, then I'd have to go barefooted, wouldn't I?"

One day, as he awkwardly whittled at a stick with my butcher knife, he cut his finger. As I taped up his finger, I lectured him about using my knives. Regarding me with interest, he observed, "If you put that tape on your mouth, then you couldn't even talk."

On April 19, 1939, our third child, Merwin DeMar, was born in our garage. He was a chubby, almost nine pound little guy, with a mop of dark hair. Goodness! How glad I was to see him. Never had I been so impatient as I had been for his arrival. McIntire was the doctor and LaVell Hinton the nurse and Wealthy (Tillie) Campbell was our hired girl.

Our washing equipment was set up outside under the grape arbor, which also shaded Winferd's work bench. One day as Tillie was busy getting the fire going under the black tub, Norman climbed upon the work bench and spilled a can of lye. Quickly Tillie boosted him down and sent him to the house, then hurried to fix the fire. Before she had a chance to clean up the lye, Marilyn came to the work bench to get a can of wheat for the chickens, and Norman tagged. He reached to pull himself upon the work bench, then suddenly screamed and ran into the house. Never had I heard such an agonized cry.

"Norman, come here," I said.

His eyes were scrunched tight, but he fumbled his way to the bed, and as I lifted him up beside me, I could see white powder on his eyelashes and on his cheeks and down the front of his coveralls. Where tears streaked his face, blood pocks began to appear. Putting a speck of the powder to my tongue, I tasted it. It burned like fire.

"Lye!" I exclaimed.

Tillie, who had raced in behind Norman, ran like the wind across the square to call the doctor on the store telephone.

A ghastly picture of my little boy living in darkness all his life flashed before me. "Oh, Norman, Norman," I cried.

The sun sent a shaft of amber light through a bottle on the window sill above me. Consecrated oil! Grabbing it, I unscrewed the cap, pouring the oil into Norman's eyes and on his face. I had to pry to get it into his eyes, and what I saw made my heart turn cold. Even the colored part of his eyes had turned milky white.

"Oh, Heavenly Father," I pleaded, "please, please don't let my little boy go blind."

Out of breath, Tillie burst through the door. "Where's the vinegar?" she gasped.

I told her and she grabbed the bottle and dashed vinegar into Norman's eyes and over his face and hands. He writhed and screamed with pain.

"The doctor can't come. He said to bring Norman to him," she said.

Winferd was mixing feed for Graff and hard to contact, so Tillie ran back to the store for help. While she was gone, Norman lay whimpering beside me.

"Open your eyes, please," I coaxed.

He finally did. They still were a murky white.

"Can you see me Norman?" I asked.

"No," he answered.

"Try hard. Can't you see Mother?" I begged.

"No," he said.

I waved my hand before his face. "Can't you see my hand?"

"No," he sobbed.

"Shall we ask the Heavenly Father to make your eyes better?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to pray with me?"

"I can't Mother. You pray." His sobbing never ceased.

I rubbed oil on his blistered face. I was so anxious for my prayers to get through that it seemed almost as if my feet were racing to the portals of Heaven and my hands were pushing the curtains wide. "Please, dear Heavenly Father, spare my little boy's eyes. He needs to be able to see to serve Thee."

Tillie returned and carried Norman out to Aunt Mae Gubler's car. Marilyn had gone to find help, too, and she returned with Ovando. He gave me vinegar soaked cloths to wash my arms which were spotted with purple blisters from peeling Norman out of his lye splattered overalls. I had been too concerned over Norman to realize that I was burned. Ardella came and changed the sheets. By then I was burning and itching all over and anxious for a vinegar bath.

Ages later, it seemed, Tillie and Aunt Mae returned, smiling, with Norman. "He's going to be ok," Tillie said. "He has to keep the bandages on his eyes for a week, but he'll be able to see."

With a relieved sigh, I said a silent prayer of thanks.

With a chuckle, Tillie reported, "When the doctor asked what happened, Norman said, 'I got lye in my eyes and on the same day that I fell out of the swing, too.' Then the doctor said, 'There's nothing wrong with your eyes. They are pretty and blue.' Surprised, Norman said, 'Are they?'"

When the bandages were removed, his eyes were pretty and blue. There were only the scars from the lye holes inside his lower lids and on his cheeks. Norman could see! My prayers had been answered.

As our family grew, the house shrunk. With five people sleeping in our wagon-box sized bedroom, it was a squeeze. Winferd built double-decker bunks for Marilyn and Norman and we painted them ivory, decorating them with chubby animal and kid decals. DeMar occupied the crib.

Winferd cast a calculating eye at my sunken garden. "Guess we'll have to grow something besides flowers down there," he said, and ruthlessly scooped the hole clean.

Walls were squared up, footings poured, and a house began to grow. Eagerly, Norman was on the job, constantly underfoot, until Winferd's help began to complain.

"I'd like to help them," Norman muttered, "but they won't let me."

Patting him on the head, Winferd said, "Come on feller. Here's just the job for you."

Elated, Norman scraped cement into the forms with a tablespoon. And so, the walls of the house grew rapidly, with Norman and his spoon on the "off" side, and Winferd and his help pushing wheelbarrows up the ramp on the "on" side. Soon there was a roof overhead. But little did we dream of the long delay before we would live under that roof.

In his discourses, Brigham Young said a young man should build him a nest, then put a little bird in it--that he should paint his little cottage and plant flowers around it. While Winferd concentrated on building a house, I turned my thoughts to the little nest that five of us birds were tucked into already.

When Graff had a paint sale, I realized that Winferd's wages were already gone for building material, but our speckled hens were laying good. So with egg money, I managed a gallon of floor paint. My, how it made our bare cement floors shine. But now the windows suddenly looked bare. Ah! Wide soft ruffles of pale yellow crepe paper was the answer. It took away the bare look and complimented the flowers on the window sill.

Mary Bastow, my art teacher from the BAC came to see me. "Oh Alice," she exclaimed. "What a pretty house!" Her eyes swept the room. "Your grouping of living room furniture in this end, and your kitchen appliances in the other, makes two beautiful rooms in one. Would you mind showing me the rest of the house?"

"I'd love to," I said.

She exclaimed over the cute bunk beds, but when she saw the fruit shelves, clothes closet, shower and toilet grouping, she said, "I've never seen space so economically and artistically arranged. Would you mind if I include your place on our economy homes tour list?"

How flattering. I could only reply, "I'd be awfully pleased."

The tour she spoke of never reached LaVerkin, but the thoughts that it might made our little house smile.

Building drained our pockets dry. "It's like pouring gold into a bottomless pit," Winferd remarked. We tried to build and keep out of debt at the same time, turning deaf ears to the critics and free-advice givers, who clamored, "For Heaven's sake, get a loan, finish your house and enjoy it." We did play "pass-the-button" with the deed to the place with Zions Bank, making only small loans at a time that could be cleared quickly.

Wickley Gubler set up his power saw and cut all of the lumber for the house. When he and Winferd worked together, the structure echoed with music, for they both whistled and sang as they worked. By summer, the house stood like a skeleton --rough cinder-cement walls, open floor joists, with loose plank paths and empty holes for windows. Winferd's overalls had been patched on top of patches so many times that barely a shred of the original denim could be seen. He was a cheerful, champion patch-wearer.

Norman showed concern for his Daddy in his materialistic prayers. Kneeling in his lower bunk bed, he prayed, "Heavenly Father, please give us more milk and cream and butter, and Heavenly Father, Daddy works so hard on our new house and he needs some glass for the windows."

He was appreciative,too. Seldom did I make cocoa, but I happened to one morning when it was Norman's turn to ask the blessing. He bowed his head and said, "Heavenly Father, thanks for the cocoa, and please bless it. Amen."

One afternoon, a woman tourist dressed only in halter and shorts stopped at our gate to ask directions. Marilyn and Norman eyed her up with fascination.

After she left, Marilyn exclaimed, "Oh my, but wasn't she skinny!"

"She wasn't skinny," I explained, "she was fat."

"She was fat, but she was skinny too. She had lots and lots of skin all over her."

"That's because she drinks skin milk," Norman remarked. "Skin milk is what makes lots of skin."

During the summer, I sewed cute dresses for Marilyn to wear to kindergarten. On the first day of school, Norman watched with admiration when I dressed Marilyn in her crisp blue, pleated skirt and brushed her shining ringlets around my fingers. His eyes shone as she skipped to the bus.

"All of the people will say sister is a pretty girl," he said proudly.

But after she was gone, and there was no one to play with but the baby in his crib, he slumped. Unhappily he began to mutter,"You don't want me to break the light, do you? . . . You don't want me to cut your dress, do you? . . . You don't want me to scratch the paint off from the chairs, do you? . . . What would it do if I banged the buckets on the cement as hard as I could? . . . Would you like me to spit in the flour bin?". . . Etc.

"What makes you think of such things?" I asked.

"Well, I was just thinking you wouldn't want me to."

"I really wouldn't," I replied. "I think it would be more fun if you scrubbed your hands and helped me with my baking."

The bread dough I had mixed was pushing the cover off the pan. Norman opened the cabinet door under the kitchen sink and swung the hinged step in place, that Winferd had built. While he climbed upon it to wash, I set out the cooky sheet, raisins, cinnamon and sugar. He loved to mold "gingerbread" men from bread dough on baking days.

Whenever Marilyn or Norman got out of the range of my voice, I rang a cow bell, and it brought them home. It saved a lot of chasing. I had a really good thing going, until too many wise cracks from well meaning friends made me feel self conscious about it.

Marilyn went to school in the afternoons, and that half-day was endless to Norman. One day he disappeared right after dinner. I rang and rang the bell, to no avail.

"Well,baby," I said, picking DeMar up in my arms, "we're going to make some house calls."

The neighbors hadn't seen Norman. DeMar grew heavier and heavier

as we trudged from door to door, and a dark cloud of worry loomed over me. Finally, Cleone Iverson came by in her car.

"Alice," she called, "Norman is with his Daddy at Graff's feed house."

"Thanks," I called back.

"Winferd, Winferd, how could you do this to me," I whispered to myself. "How could you take that little kid with you without letting me know?"

I was fagged from lugging a two-ton baby. The afternoon was shot, and my monstrous ironing was still undone.

Hours later, when the errant pair returned, I was so glad to see them that I forgot to scold. Norman looked so little, wan and white. Miller's dust had settled on his hair and powdered his coveralls. Crazy black eyebrows and a drooping moustache accentuated his whiteness.

"Where in the world did the stage makeup come from?" I asked.

"He found some tar. It just happened to land in the right places," Winferd explained.

When I told what a bad afternoon I'd had, Winferd said, "I'm sorry."

He hadn't really abducted Norman. It was all innocent enough. Since he was almost late getting back to work, he drove fast, bouncing through the pockets and ruts of the dusty road. He hit one mud puddle that plastered the front of the car. When he reached the end of the bench, Mr. Drennen hailed him.

"Hey, do you know you have a kid hanging in the spare tire on the front of your car?"

Winferd hopped out to investigate.

"You could have knocked my eyes off with a stick when I saw Norman," he related. "He was dripping wet with mud."

"I was hanging on just dandy," Norman added.

I shuddered to think what would have happened if he hadn't hung on "just dandy". Winferd's first reaction at finding Norman was to spank him and make him walk home, but he was afraid he might not make it, so he kept him with him. When Mrs. Iverson came along, he sent a message to me.

Kindergarten gave a new dimension to our lives. Marilyn announced, "I learned a new game in school today. Norman, get up on the table and I'll show you how to play it."

Kids on the table were scarcely more welcome than cats, but I was curious enough to let her go.

Norman perched upon the table, and she went out the door, picked up a stick and came in chanting, "Every night, when I come home, the monkey's on the table. Pick up a stick-- now Norman, when I hit you, you jump off -- and give him a lick --". She gave him a whack that was more than he expected. Letting out a yelp, he landed on his shoulder on the cement floor. "Pop goes the weasel," she shouted.

Norman lay on the floor crying. He had cracked his collar bone, and wore his arm in a sling for the next three weeks.

One day I sent Marilyn to the store for yeast. A hullabaloo of barking dogs brought me to the door. Instead of coming home on the beaten path across the square, Marilyn meandered through the tall tumbleweeds, her yellow sunbonnet barely showing above them and the bushy plumes of dog tails that wagged around her. Like a whirling mass of fur, the dogs milled around her as she scampered through the gate. Laughing, she ran through the open basement door of our unfinished house. The dogs leaped through the window frames and raced with her. Her peal of laughter mingled with the chorus of barking that vibrated and echoed throughout the unplastered rooms.

She loved all things that could creep or crawl. One day she brought a milk snake in the house.

"Get that thing out of here," I shrieked.

Quietly she stroked it. "Mother, look at it," she said, "it is pretty."

"You get it right out of here," I demanded.

"Please Mother, look at it. It is beautiful."

"Oh Marilyn," I said in desperation, "maybe it is, but I can't see it. Please take it out and turn it loose."

Disappointed, she obeyed.

Winferd was largely responsible for his daughter's attitude toward creatures. As I sat snapping green beans one day, Marilyn dumped a fat, green, tomatoe worm in my lap.

"Daddy sent this to you," she announced.

I jumped and screamed. Just outside the door I heard the burst of Winferd's laughter.

One day Marilyn presented me with a black widow spider. She simply could not resist the gleaming jet marble on legs. She seemed immune to fear, and all creatures respected her.

After the children were tucked in at nights, Winferd often read to me while I mended or ironed. This is the way he prepared his Sunday School lessons, or read from his good books or magazines. One night he read from the Better Homes and Gardens that each one of us goes through life with some unfulfilled desire, like the little old woman who had always wanted a gold thimble. Her family scoffed at her silly whim and bought her instead, what they thought she should have.

"Do you have an unfulfilled desire?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I have always wanted one big doll with real eyelashes and deep blue glass eyes."

"And you never got one?"

"No."

"But you did get a doll?"

"Oh yes. I had a Polly that tore at the armpits and her cotton oozed out, and a doll that said "mama" when I tipped her forward. Then one Christmas Mildred and I got dolls alike, with painted faces and glued on hair. Mama bought the heads and made cloth bodies. Remember? That's the doll I had when we ran the swimming pool, and our little guests demolished it."

"Do you still wish you had a big doll?"

"Kind of. When I got big enough to pray quietly by myself so no one could hear, I used to ask for a golden doll. I knew I wasn't going to get it, but it was fun asking and a happy way to drift off to sleep."

I thought no more about this conversation until I awoke Christmas morning. There, in Marilyn's rocking chair, was a big doll with my name on it. She was the same size as DeMar. She had real eyelashes and deep blue glass eyes that opened and shut. Over her soft brown curls, she wore a red sunbonnet that matched her dress. Her molded arms and legs were chubby and her fingers lifelike and separate, on pudgy little hands. She was an absolute beauty.

"Oh Winferd!" I exclaimed, "how could you, when you're struggling so hard to build?'

With a hug, he said, "It's Christmas. If I could, I'd put the whole world in your stocking."

"But she must have been terribly expensive," I remonstrated.

"Fear not," he grinned, "I got her at a bargain."

"Thank you," I said, throwing my arms around his neck. "She's adorable."

She was an important doll in the years that followed. To get to rock her was the reward for being good and getting things picked up. Our children literally loved her to pieces. She stayed with us a long time, but eventually, the elastic that held her arms and legs together lost its stretch, and her bisque finish crazed and peeled. Finally, she mysteriously disappeared.

(1940)

CHAPTER 29

A Really, Really Birthday

Marilyn's school hours were lonely ones for Norman. He missed her. Most of the time he was good about the little errands we occupied him with, but we didn't give him quite all of the companionship he craved.

"If you don't be careful how you treat folks," he'd say, "someone I know will make an awful racket in this house till it falls down."

When Winferd wouldn't let him saw up the lumber pile, or use his brace and bit, Norman complained, "It will be just too bad when I'm a man. I won't know how to build bridges and I won't know how to make houses and I won't know how to do anything. I'll just be like a baby. If big folks won't let me learn things when I'm little, I can't do nothing when I'm a man."

"All right, son," Winferd said, "see what you can build from these boards. Here are some nails and a hammer you can use."

Day after day, Norman nailed little boards together, making airplanes. He took each one on a test flight, buzzing loudly as he dragged it around on the end of a string.

At the first of the year Norman announced, "It's 1940, isn't it!" When I replied yes, he said, "1940 is when I will have a really, really birthday, isn't it!"

We marked each day off the calendar. The day before his birthday, he was accidently poked with a stick in his right eye, so Dr. McIntyre put a patch on it. While we were in Hurricane, we stopped at Graff's store where Norman tried on hats. As we started to leave without making a purchase, Norman asked, "Aren't you even going to buy a guy I know who's only got one eye, a hat?"

"Can you keep a secret?" I whispered.

His one eye opened wide. "I know a guy who can really keep a secret."

"Ok. We wanted to surprise you for your birthday. That's why we tried on the hats."

"Well," he loudly whispered, "you just take the hat home and I'll sure be surprised."

The long awaited February 29th dawned bright and clear, a perfect spring day for a party. Norman hovered about, excitedly watching with one eye, the cooky and candy making. Eagerly he gathered wood for a "hot-dog cooking fire".

The party was set for 4:00 o'clock. The sun shone until three, when out of the nowhere came dark clouds, and pelting hail fell thick and fast. Suddenly the roar and commotion ceased. As suddenly as it came, so it left. For about five minutes the ground was white, and then spring came again, warm, yet cloudy with the smell of damp earth. The guests arrived and we played the old standbys, "pussy wants a corner", "blind man's bluff", and "pass the button", and roasted wieners. Thunderheads appeared again from behind the hill and the sky darkened, so we passed out animal cookies and fudge and sped the little folks home.

"That was a really, really birthday," Norman said, counting his loot.

Marilyn's kindergarten year goes down in family history as "the year of the plagues". First, she brought home the chicken pox, followed by scarletena, mumps and finally whooping cough. We were lucky to get Norman's party over with between plagues.

Marilyn and Norman fared pretty good with the whooping cough, but it was almost too much for DeMar. He wasn't yet a year old, and it hit him hard. He lay in bed, a limp, helpless little fellow, so the doctor put him on sulfa, a new miracle drug. We gave it to him for twelve hours, as directed, then he turned blue, and whimpered a weak little cry, never stopping. The doctor gave him pills to counteract the sulfa. We could have lost him.

Long before DeMar could walk, he climbed on everything he could push a chair up to; the kitchen cabinets, the table, refrigerator or stove. He understood only one direction, up. Whenever I heard the grating of chair legs on cement, I knew DeMar planned on going up. How to get down, he had no idea. The usual way was for me to grab him, but if I wasn't quick enough, he fell. His head bumped the cement floor often enough it should have pounded in an idea, but it never did.

When he crawled outside, there were new things to climb, like the ladder against the house. Just when he reached the top where he could peek into the attic window, he fell, cracking his skull on an iron tire rim.

"You're going to have an epileptic on your hands if this kid bumps his head one more time," Dr. McIntire warned.

"What can I do, keep him on a leash?" I asked in distress.

"Pad his head with rubber sponges," McIntire replied.

"How?"

"If you expect him to be normal, you'd better figure out how." The Doctor was serious.

I got a pretty package of four square sponges, pink, green, yellow and blue. Stretching a nylon stocking over DeMar's head, I stuffed the sponges inside, arranging them like a football helmet, then turned him loose in his walker. He wheeled his way to the sand pile under the apricot trees, but the sponges slid down over his eyes and ears. No matter how I tied them, they wouldn't stay in place. They got in his way and made him more awkward than ever, so after a week's struggle, I gave up. The first time he found himself free, he scooted out the door in his walker and down the basement steps, banging his head on each one. I almost bawled as I gathered him in my arms. Tenderly I cold packed his bruised little head and wiped away his tears. The only noticeable effect was the goose egg above one eye.

A heavy plank made a wheelbarrow ramp into our new house. When I saw DeMar crawling up it, I yelled and ran. Giggling, he put on speed, crawling across the rough subfloor. Facing me, he sat on the edge of the yawning hole to the basement. Before I could grab him, he reared over backward and fell. I let myself down through the opening to where he lay motionless. Grabbing him, I shook him. Finally he gasped and then began to cry. Dr. McIntire could find no injury, but DeMar whimpered for the next four months. He was not good, even for a minute. Then one morning he broke out with a bumpy, red rash all over. His crying ceased and he was a happy little boy after that.

But I despaired of him ever learning to walk. He seemed destined to be a quadraped. The day he was fourteen months old, he had crawled to the grape arbor, where he gingerly got to his feet. Quietly I watched as he stood alone. With a look of exaltation, a grin spread over his face and he took a step. The grin grew bigger and he took another step, and another. I wanted to cheer, but kept silent. Carefully, so very carefully, DeMar walked in my direction, keeping his eyes on the ground. When he saw my feet, he ran the last few steps and hugged my legs.

"DeMar, you're a <u>big</u> boy," I cried, grabbing him in my arms. "You can walk all alone!"

I kissed and kissed him. From that moment on he was a two-legged creature, never crawling again, except at play.

"I'm going to find me a new mother," Norman announced one morning.

"If you can find a new mother that likes you better than I do, that's just fine," I replied.

"A new mother would know that if a fellow put his shoes in the wood box, that he needed new shoes," he retorted.

"All right young man. You don't burn your shoes just because they have mud on them. You get busy and clean them."

With a wounded air, he put his dirty shoes on, stuffed his pajamas in his little suitcase and went out the door. There he hesitated, as if he hoped I'd coax him to stay.

"I'm going now." He stood at the door and waited.

"Goodbye," I said, kissing his cheek. "Be nice to your new mother."

He trudged through the lot toward Sister Church's. A short time later, the sun cast his shadow across the floor. Looking up, I saw him standing outside the screen, his face downcast.

"Well," I said in surprise, "I thought you had moved away."

His voice choked. "They didn't want me."

"Well, if you will be good, you can be my boy," I said, opening the door.

"Sister Church said,'Now Norman, you run along home cause we got to go to St. George,' and she didn't even ask if I was going to be her boy," he said sorrowfully.

"Here, take this scrubbing brush and knife and scrape all that dried mud from off your shoes."

Setting his suitcase down, he took the proffered tools, and went out to do as he was told.

"My, what a beautiful job you did," I said when he returned.

Beaming, he sat on a chair watching me mix bread. "Mother," he said, "maybe I'll always stay here. Maybe I'll decide not to get married like those men over to Grandpa and Grandma Isom's place." (Meaning my brothers, Bill, Clint and Wayne.)

"Good. I hope you won't get married for a little while, anyway."

He slid from his chair and went out to play, but every few minutes he came in and asked, "Are you about ready to bake that bread?"

"Why? Are you getting hungry?" I finally asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I was thinking you might bake some pie today."

"I haven't time to stop for pie," I answered.

"Oh my, I was wishing you'd make about five of them so I could eat a whole one."

"I've got to dig carrots for dinner."

"I can dig the carrots and you can stay in the house and bake."

"You're a nuisance," I said, dismissing him.

Presently, I looked out the window and there in the garden, laboring with his dad's shovel, was Norman. The ground was dry, but he worked hard. Soon he came in triumphantly with six big carrots that he had cleaned under the tap.

"Here's your carrots," he announced expectantly, then ran out to play.

My heart melted. With a chuckle I got out the mixing bowl and rolling pin. Norman had won again. He usually did.

A favorite method of his was to come staggering in, mid-way between meals, with an arm load of wood.

"How nice," I would say.

Arranging it in the wood box, he'd beam at me, then wander about the room with a sigh, and say, "Ho hum, I'm hungry. I'd sure like a cracker."

I'd give him three or four, but when hunger pangs hit him again, the pile in the wood box increased.

One day Norman made an intimate call on a wasp family and was warmly received. Marilyn and her little playmate, LaReta Church, had asked him to get the nest down out of the attic. He completed his mission all right. The nest came down with the first whack, and almost simultaneously, two wasps got him. There was a shriek and Norman came tumbling down. I plastered his stings with wet soda.

In the evening as I sat writing, Norman whined at my side, because he had unwittingly wandered in just at bed time.

"I wouldn't a come in if I knew you wuz gonna make me go to bed." (Whine, whine.) "The sooner ya make me go to bed, the sooner I'll die." (Pause for effect. I continue writing.) "Yep, the sooner I have to go to bed, the sooner I'll die, so it's just up to you."

"Well, everyone must die sometime, so you might as well go on to bed."

"But I don't want to die." Regretfully. "I want to live as long as anyone does."

Winferd diverted my attention momentarily, then I suddenly realized the droning in my left ear had ceased. Norman had slipped out as quietly as a shadow.

Looking back, I'm chagrined at our laxity in keeping the Sabbath. After we had attended Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting, we still had many daylight hours left of the Sabbath day. The poet who said, "It seemed so then, and it seems so still, that I'm nearer to God on top of a hill," expressed my feelings exactly. Especially if there were pine trees on top of that hill. With conscience clear (almost) and hearts carefree (almost), we often packed our three youngsters and our picnic basket into the Chevy sedan and chugged up the mountain road, (almost any mountain road) until we caught the cool, sweet whiff of pine.

On this particular Sunday afternoon, we aimed to picnic at Peter's Leap on Pinevalley Mountain. Winferd stopped the car at the rocky edge of a little meadow and Marilyn and Norman scampered out. They had only gone a

little way, when Marilyn keeled over in a convulsion. As I reached her, a snake slithered away from her and I was certain she had been bitten. I screamed and Winferd ran to her.

"It feels like my swallow is coming up in my mouth," Norman whimpered near my elbow. The color had drained from his face.

We examined Marilyn, but could find no sign of a snake bite. She came out of the convulsion and lay limp and white. We laid her on a blanket and nauseated little Norman slumped beside her. When I went to the car for DeMar, I discovered he had vomited on the back seat. All three of our children were sick, possibly from gas fumes. With water from the creek, we cleaned things up, then sitting in the shade beside our three whimpering youngsters, we looked gravely at each other.

"Winferd," I finally ventured, "do you suppose the Lord is trying to tell us something?"

"I've been wondering the same thing," he confessed.

"That worry feeling deep down inside each time we go on a Sunday picnic must be a prompting that we've blindly ignored."

"I agree. From now on, we'll stop kidding ourselves," he asserted.

From that time forward, we did things more in keeping with the Sabbath, like reading, visiting and enjoying good music. Our recreation came on afternoons when Winferd needed a break from his farm work.

"Let's go to Oak Grove and cool off," he often said.

Dutch ovens and food were assembled in minutes. We loved watching evening shadows fall and listening to the music of Leeds Creek as the water trickled and eddied down its steep rocky course. No longer was there an "almost" in the carefree rejoicing of our hearts as we sought out the pines on top of a hill.

CHAPTER 30

Shirley
(1941)

The young married folks in LaVerkin enjoyed getting together. If it wasn't Finley Judd's or Wayne Wilson's birthday, we celebrated because it was June or July, or someone had ripe melons, or because the nights were crisp enough for a bonfire. Wherever Winferd was, there were games; and wherever Bill Sanders was, there was singing, especially around a bonfire.

After the last marshmallow had been toasted, and we sat cross-legged on the ground watching the glowing embers, Bill started the singing -- "Just a Song at Twilight", "The West, a Nest and You", "Utah Trail", or some other beloved melody. The richness of his voice and the flash of his smile was compelling, and we sang until there was only the starlight to see us home.

And then we came down with a rook-playing fever. Once a month we played cards. Finally one brave soul said, "Sometimes I get the feeling that we could spend our time better than this."

Still another brave soul suggested, "We should be spending this time doing temple work instead of playing cards." Then the rest of the crowd confessed their true feelings, and the card playing stopped.

Winferd had already been spending one night a week in the temple, and now this became a "get-together" night. Cleone and LaFell Iverson were our travel companions and took turns driving. Elzyvee or Ursula Segler tended our kids.

Mr. Graff was very good about letting Winferd off at 4:00 o'clock on Thursday afternoons. Each evening after the temple session was finished, we went to the Whiteway, an ice cream parlor kitty-corner from Penny's store in the center of St. George. The ice cream was homemade from fresh milk and cream. Mixes, synthetic food and drive-ins hadn't yet been invented. A banana, split lengthwise, heaped with ice cream, topped with strawberries or pineapple and nuts, was delectable. I could work cheerfully all week sustained by the happiness of last week's date with Winferd and the Iversons, and with the anticipation of the coming Thursday night. Dressed in our best and radiant from our temple session, with a dozen other young couples, we flocked into the Whiteway, where we surrounded the little tables and delicately savored our ice cream, served in sparkling cut glass boats.

On his second birthday, DeMar was just recovering from the chicken-pox that had freckled him for the past week. Winferd was late for dinner, but the table was too pretty for DeMar to resist, so he climbed upon a chair, exclaiming, "Pretty, oooh, pretty, pretty."

As I stepped out of the room momentarily, I heard a crash and a wail, and DeMar lay on the floor crying. In each hand he clutched a tiny birthday candle. As I picked him up, he held out one broken candle.

"Boke, boke," he sobbed.

A fringe of coconut whiskered his mouth. In reaching for the cake, his chair slipped from under him, but he was far more upset about the broken candle than the fall. I carried him outside to meet Daddy. That was always antidote for any ill.

To DeMar, Daddy was a man who came home near the end of the day and let him ride on his shoulder from the gate to the house. Then after the evening meal, took him on some little errand in the car, or pushed him in the swing, or let him carry water to the cow and let him stand by while the milking was done. Daddy never scolded, but treated him like he was a darling little boy. To Mother, DeMar was a two year old boy who could be very naughty at times and had to be spanked. Of course Mother had to kiss him better a dozen times a day, and cuddle and love him. His latest two discoveries were how to kiss, and how to open and shut a door. Opening and shutting the bedroom door was his greatest fascination. Always before, when he shut himself in a room alone, he'd persistently call, "Come in", until the door was opened for him.

By now we had another child on the way. From the first queasy months to the ungainly latter months, I was in the temple each week with Winferd and the Iversons. During that time, Gretchen Stratton and I were counselors in Relief Society to Areta Church. I also taught a genealogical class

on Monday nights. Grandpa Gubler was the ward genealogical representative. Fifth Sundays, in those days, were genealogy Sundays.

One morning when I was busy getting my little ones ready for Sunday School, Victor King, the stake genealogical representative, knocked on our door.

"Sister Gubler," he said, "will you give a talk on genealogy in Rockville this afternoon? Alvin Allred from Springdale will take up most of the time. If you'll take up five minutes, we'll appreciate it."

I gulped. I had never talked in church. Even when I bore my testimony, my heart pounded till the building shook. The thoughts of talking in Rockville terrified me. Besides, my baby was almost due and I felt big as Pinevalley Mountain. Helplessly, I looked at Winferd, hoping he'd rescue me. Instead, he gave me his of-course-you-can-do-it smile. His philosophy was to never say no.

My voice quivered, "I'll try."

"That is good enough," Brother King said.

After he left, I plunked down on the couch and howled, "Everybody ought to leave me alone."

"Weeping won't help," Winferd said. "Dry your eyes and get yourself dolled up and go do as you're told."

"Why don't you do it for me?" I wailed.

"You're the one that was asked," he replied.

"You don't want to see your wife lumbering like a hippo up the aisle to stand before an audience, do you?"

He put his arms around me. "You were never more beautiful than now. When you're expecting a baby, your face has the tenderness of an angel. And your blue silk pleated smock with the lace dickie is cute. Come on now and smile. The people will love you."

His mind was made up that I would be a great success. He and the children went with me. Well, at Rockville there must have been at least thirty people in the congregation, but no Alvin Allred. Although I watched anxiously for his form to come through the door, it never did.

After the sacrament, the bishop announced me. With a fluttering heart I arose, clutching my Book of Remembrance. My voice quavered as I said, "Everyone should have a Book of Remembrance." Then I opened mine and told briefly what it should contain, said"Amen"and sat down. I had used the five minutes Victor asked me to do, and now it was up to the bishop to call on someone for the sermon. Instead, he announced the closing song, they prayed and filed out.

Shaking my hand, a little old lady said, "That't the best meeting I've ever been to, because it was so short."

My face burned.

When Victor told his secretary, Aunt Suzie Campbell, that he had sent me to Rockville, she exclaimed, "Sakes alive, couldn't you have let her stay home and have her baby?"

Innocently he replied, "I didn't know she was expecting."

Three weeks later our baby arrived. Shirley was born 20 September, 1941. She was our first child to not be born at home. Maternity homes were the latest thing. Shirley was born in LaVell Hinton's home. LaVell was the full-time nurse, cook and wash woman. She took total care of the mother and child for two full weeks for $50.00. The doctor charged $50.00 for his few minutes at the time of delivery.

LaVell also took care of DeMar during those two weeks for a small additional fee. Her daughters Shirley, Beverly and Lorna romped and played with DeMar and he had fun running through their house banging doors. His crib was on the opposite side of the room from me. In the nights, I'd awake and tiptoe softly to him to pull his little blankets over him. I was a little fearful of the old wives tales that if I ever so much as sat up in bed within the two weeks, I'd be an invalid for life. But from the third night on, for the full two weeks, I walked to DeMar's bed every night. I felt great. I felt so strong that laying in bed all day seemed silly. On my last day I confessed what I had been doing.

"You should never have done it," LaVell scolded. "I am responsible for you. What if things go wrong? I will be condemned."

I hadn't considered that angle. "But I've always been faint and shaky after two weeks in bed. Now I feel great. I've liked walking in the night."

"You should never have done it without the doctor's permission," she insisted.

When we said goodbye to the Hinton children, as Winferd came to take me home, I looked at their cute faces. "Shirley," I asked, "can we borrow your name for our baby?"

Giggling, she nodded.

Our Shirley was named for Shirley Hinton and for the child star, Shirley Temple. Since our baby had spent the last nine months of her pre-existence in the temple, that was a natural.

"Ah,Alice," Sister Church used to say, "Shirley is the lily of your family."

She was an angel of delight. It takes a fourth child before one can begin to really appreciate a baby. The tensness of sticking to government bulletin rules eases with the fourth baby and relaxed enjoyment sets in.

On Sunday morning, December 7, more than one-hundred Japanese fighting planes, torpedo bombers and dive bombers attacked Pearl Harbor, the United States' largest naval base in the Pacific. When the attack ended one hour and fifty minutes later, five of the American battleships had been sunk and a number of other ships damaged. The American dead included 2,343 sailors, soldiers, and marines. In Tokyo, the Japanese Government declared war on the United States, Great Britain and the Netherlands. On December 8, Pres. Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war on Japan.

CHAPTER 31

War Boom
(1942)

Again the world was at war. Actually, the twenty years between the signing of the Versailles Treaty and the time Germany invaded Poland was more like an armed truce than a period of peace. World War I was a struggle for empire and power. So was World War II, but it was also a struggle between democracy and fascism. President Roosevelt called it a "war for survival".

Adolf Hitler, dictator of Germany, was a meglomaniac, possessing the same kind of world power ideas that Kaiser Bill once had. Isaiah must have witnessed the scenes of World War II when he asked the Lord to close the vision. The most horrible accounts of human torture that can be conceived came out of the second World War. In this conflict, the different theaters of war affected every ocean and continent. It was a total war. When Germany invaded Russia, reporters commented, "Let dog eat dog".

Our ward had farewell parties for every departing service man and missionary, with dancing, cake,and freezer ice cream. Big money jobs with Uncle Sam boomed across the land, with wages as high as $60 a week. All it took to become a carpenter for Uncle was a pair of white overalls, and the willingness to leave home. There was a general exodus of farmers rushing to Nevada to build barracks and ammunition dumps. Orchards and fields were forsaken. The gold rush was on.

Marilyn turned eight years old in January, and Winferd baptized her in one of the private baths behind the swimming pool. After he pulled the board to let the water out of the bath, we left Marilyn to dress. As I stood outside her door, I heard the water pounding from the spillway into the empty bath. Then came a crash and a scream. Pushing the door open, I peered through the steam. The bench Marilyn had been sitting on had rolled with her into the cement pit below. She lay with the bench on top of her, and the water splashing over her. Poor, bewildered little girl. I gathered her up and soothed her.

The following day, Winferd and I faced the greatest test of our married life--that of parting. He had been a farm hand for Mr. Graff, but now the "gold fever" hit him. Now was the time to make some of the big money so we could finish our home. Six people crowded into our little garage was beginning to be a problem. In our twelve years together, we had never been apart, except for a day or two at a time. Suddenly I felt timid and uncertain of myself. Could I cope with being without him? Then I was buoyed up with the thought that the Lord wouldn't want me to be a weakling. I'd pray earnestly every day, and we would get along just fine.

Brother Iverson offered to take our milk cow. I had never confessed to Winferd that I knew how to milk, because I didn't want anyone to expect it of me. But now I said, "Thanks, Brother Iverson. I will take care of the cow myself."

On January the 12th, Winferd left for Nevada and I was left with our four children, the cow and a flock of chickens. With a queer, hollow feeling, I realized Winferd would not be home for supper. He wouldn't even be home when darkness fell. He wouldn't be bringing in the bucket of milk for me to strain. I was on my own! My heart trembled. Cry? Who, me? Oh no, not I. I would think brave, strong thoughts. I walked through our new house. The windows were in, the floors laid and the doors hung. Exciting projects leaped to my mind. "I'll clean the putty off the glass. I'll paint the baseboards, the doors and closets. I'll get the lot plowed and planted, and put in fruit trees and berry bushes." Projects presented themselves to my mind with exciting rapidity, and mentally were as speedily accomplished. For a full twenty-four hours I felt the strength of an Atlas and the speed of light.

Then I listened to my trembling heart and whispered, "I am not big and brave. I'm little and alone." After the children were asleep, I walked under the stars and wept, "Come back Winferd. I can't live without you." Lonliness stalked every quiet moment. How thankful I was for the children. How blessed, I thought, is the house that is noisy with children.

For two anxious weeks we called at the post-office, then finally a letter came from Winferd. He had checked out jobs in different localities, and at last had arrived at Hawthorne, Nevada.

Brief excerpts from part of our letters will pick up our story.

Hawthorne, Nevada, January 22, 1942 -

Dear Alice and family: Journey's end for the present. Arrived here about 4:20 yesterday and spent the rest of the time till 9 looking for a place to lay our heads, then Elmer and Leona Hardy opened their davenport for us.

The ride out was uneventful and there is little to see but the same kind of hills with no vegetation except shad and match brush. No trees hardly the whole day . . . This morning we went to locate a job and got a place to fix up here in town. The other work is out of town from two to four miles. A Greek is having his bar enlarged and we go to work at noon. The other big job we came up here for is held up for material, so this little town job will tide us to the time the other outfit can use men . . . This is just a note to put your mind at ease somewhat. I have been imagining all the fun (?) you've been having since I am out of the picture. Still I hope "distance lends enchantment" to a point where you can still go on thinking a few kind things. When I know where I can change my mind, ways, clothes, or do as I please, I will have a little more to say on the subject, but now I will just leave it to I love you always. Winferd.

LaVerkin, January 24, 1942 -

Dear Winferd, we've had your letter about two hours, but it seems if I write back at once, I may speed the next word from you. Norman brought your letter in while we were at the dinner table. The kids hovered breathlessly over my chair while I opened and read the precious document. I admit I felt somewhat the same as they.

Norman complained that Jane and Dee had letters from their daddy that were all theirs. He and Marilyn wanted to divide your letter.

DeMar cried for you last night. That's the first time he's mentioned you. It's odd, but he's never thought of saying his prayers until the first night you were away. He listened from his bed to Marilyn and Norman, then he called, "Com'mere mudder. Mar get up say blessing." I let him out of his snuggler and he kneeled in his bed while I helped him. Each night since, this has been repeated. I'd say, "and take good care of daddy and bring him home to us." He'd repeat it after me each time, but last night he started to cry when we got to there. He said, "Daddy come home," over and over.

I suppose you're overcome with curosity about me and the "old sot," (the cow). Well, I'll put your mind at rest. We're getting along famously. Fact is, the old gal has concluded that I'm quite nice. I lead her to the tap each time and let her carry her own water. While she's here at the house, we get the milking done, the cow and I. She sniffs the stool each time, trying to make out what it's for. (Winferd never used a milk stool.) It took me one-half hour the first time I milked. Yield: One gallon. Gradually we've increased to nine quarts a milking. I was so elated at first, I could have kissed the cow, but I got over that. My milking muscles that have slumbered all these years, began to groan and creak over this sudden burst of activity. I'm lame up both arms, clear to my ears.

Your dad and Uncle Joe brought a bunch or Wickli names from Switzerland, for me to type on family group sheets. They don't know I'm too lame to plunk a typewriter. My days are crammed to the brim and topsy-turvy. I can only type a little in the evenings. My world is upside down. Everything I do seems but part of a strange dream. My senses have all suffered a relapse. I do not cry. I could not. I feel nothing of fear, loneliness, anxiety, in fact I feel nothing, only my arms. I work harder than ever before. I shut you up in my mind and heart and try not to let you out. Otherwise, I would be swept away in a flood of lonliness that I could not endure.

I raked yards most of the morning and turned over a corner of garden for lettuce and fenced it off with chicken wire. Van will plow the lot when it's dry enough. It's still too soggy . . . Goodbye, and lots of love.

Alice

P.S. Shirley is sitting on my lap watching the pen with great interest. She's a perfect darling.

Hawthorne, January 25 . . . Well, I joined the union, or should I say, paid my first fee to the tune of $10.00. I am supposed to pay a dollar a day for each day I work till my $50.00 is in, then I get my card good anywhere . . . I eat at cafes and sleep in hotels, so it is sure costing plenty, when you think of spending $1.00 a night for bed and an average of 50¢ for regular meals.

This burg harks back to the good old days. I tell you there is plenty of the same spirit. Gambling bars everywhere. There must be ten places here or more, big saloon type places (bars) and believe me the gangs do pile in and toss around the cash. There was supposed to be a dancer at one place last nite. We went down to see her, but it was plenty tame. I think every girl and woman smokes and drinks and they all have the genuine look of the roaring 50's when these mine towns were booming. This village is about as crumby a place as ever was. Shacks all over with no regard for cleanliness

or anything. Old frame shacks of the old past and no sidewalks to speak of. . . . I pray all is well with my family and I do look forward to getting a letter. Best wishes and my love, Winferd.

LaVerkin, January 27, Dear Winferd . . . I've just come in from Mutual. I stood around after it was out, waiting. Suddenly I realized you were not walking home with me. I looked around the hall, and you were not there. I haven't come to the realization yet, that you are really and truly gone. I keep thinking of things to tell you when you come home at night, and then with a queer feeling I remember you are not coming.

Your folks are so nice. Rosalba, Van and your Dad all came Sunday afternoon. Van milked the cow Sunday night and tonight. Your Dad staked her out. Kate stayed all day Sunday. I took her home in the flivver at nine at night. I've parked it to stay now. It has developed a new complaint. The kids (your kids) have wounded it fatally. That old pitchfork was hanging over the front bumper when I went to use the car, and as I filled the radiator, water spurted like a geyser from the front of the radiator. I suspect the fork on the bumper explains the hole.

Van plowed our place today and you should see it. It is sticky and boggy. He suggests that I let it dry hard to slack and clods, and then pond it with water, and when it's dry enough, harrow it. He's going to come down the last of the week to look at it.

Wednesday, 11 p.m. Thank you so much. Your letter came today. We were so happy to hear from you. Marilyn brightened when I read in your letter that you were thinking of LasVegas, that you might come home once in awhile.

Sister Church, Sister Thompson and Sister Stratton were here when Norman brought the mail in. (The Relief Society Presidency. I was a counselor to Sister Church, along with Gretchen Stratton. Kate Thompson was the secretary.) They left at 4:30. They were here two hours and I could hardly wait to open your letter . . . We are going to knit for the Red Cross in Relief Society, so I suppose I'll be learning the art. . .

Thursday. "All things come to him who waits!" How many times have you aggravated me with that statement? I could not post my letter yesterday because those ladies stayed too late, and anyway I didn't want to post it until after I had your package in the mail.

LaPriel and Jimmy went to California for their honeymoon. They were coming back here before he goes to the army. (Cornelius.)

Pop and Clint looked in on us yesterday to see how we were surviving your absence. All of a sudden folks are kind and thoughtful as though there had been a bereavement in the family. The similarity is striking. . .

Later. There was another letter from you. My but we did enjoy it . . . You know, the funniest thing, Sunday, during church, the thought came to me, "Winferd was called on to speak in Sacrament meeting today." And sure enough, you were! That's pretty good, isn't it!

I've checked everywhere. Nobody has a scrap of hay to spare. I stake the cow around, and she does quite well.

January 27 - Marilyn dictating: Dear Daddy - The chickens sure wish they could get in the car to lay an egg. They are always jumping up and looking in the window and thinking how nice it would be. They sure wish they could lay an egg. The new yellow chickens are laying now. There is a nest in the basement and there is one under the bridge by the berry bushes. I looked down the ditch bank and behind the currants and I found a rotten egg and I stomped on it and the top blew off and went "plunk" way up in the air. Sure was funny. We sended your parcel too.

From Marilyn

Norman dictating: Dear Daddy, my trike seat came off. Marilyn pulled it clear out and I took the pliers and fixed it and then it wouldn't turn. It would be a good idea to go down to LasVegas and then you could come home some Sundays. Mother saw a bee when she was out washing one day and she told me to bring my cherry plants outside so they could get cherries on. And lots of love X O O X from Norman.

January 29 - . . . This is the most measly town you've ever heard of. Thora says practically everyone in town has measles. Marilyn has come down with them now.

Note: Winferd shares a room with Luther Fuller (Lew). His letters are sprinkled with Lew's views. Since Lew took possession of the two-foot table for his correspondence, all of Winferd's letters were penned on his knee as he sat on the edge of the bed. Lew prefers the outside of the bed, so Winferd has to climb over him, mornings and nights. "One day I'm going to have a bed with two outsides." The Sears Catalog is Winferd's encyclopedia, which brings forth Lew's scorn. For three days they debated (argued) over who sold the best tools, Sears or Pennys. Three of Winferd's letters were filled with the debate. Winferd said Lew was bullheaded. Of course Winferd wasn't. He just hung doggedly to his original opinion. The debate was a tie.

LaVerkin, February 3. . . . Shirley has discovered her feet. She sticks them up in the air all the while she's awake and watches them. Her booties won't stay on five minutes. I buttoned those little red doll shoes on her today. That tickled the kids. Norman wanted me to put her down and let her walk. He insisted she could if I'd just let go of her. Marilyn is still in bed with the measles, but she got up to see Shirley. The kids screamed and laughed so much at her that she became as delighted as they were. I wheeled her bed into the front room where the kids could watch her, she was so interested in the shoes.

. . . You'd feel repaid if you could see how delighted the kids were with the cards you wrote them. They carried them around all afternoon. Norman says, "Daddy sure can write good letters, can't he." DeMar has been rigging up a play car today. He says, "Fix a car up and go find Daddy."

Alice

Hawthorne, Nevada, February 4 . . . This place is going to be the biggest operation Uncle Sam has anywhere before they are through. . . I spent an hour or two yesterday and sewed up my coat. The sleeves and seams were out. I bot some size 16 thread and self threading needles for 20¢ and did the job myself. The shop wanted 50¢ for doing it . . . It's surprising how many things I see every day that reminds me of some phase of home life - kids, wife, house, etc. etc. . . Ardella told me that Paul and Clifton Wilson were drafted . . . I was just thinking, this is one place where kids don't

have to be scolded about keeping out of water. No mud, no ditches, no water. . . . Be writing soon again and between time thinking a lot of lovely things of my family. Hello to all my kids and kiss each one for me.

LaVerkin, February 4 - . . . When I was introduced to Maud Reid's mother, Maud said, "This is Mrs. Gubler, Mother." Her mother said, "Indeed? That is number twenty. I've counted them all and you are the twentieth Mrs. Gubler." . . . I wanted to tell you how much we want a buggy for Shirley. It has been such wonderful weather. Shirley could have enjoyed it so much if I'd had a buggy for the kids to wheel her about on the square. When I look at the baby laying in her bed, with all this spring weather going to waste, and the kids needing occupation, I mentally take the buggy out of the luxury class and put it down among the necessities.

Later: What is a person supposed to do when the cow gets too affectionate? I just came in from milking. I got a handful of hay and came up the lane with it so she'd follow to water. If I didn't do that, I'd have to tug and tug on her chain to pull her past the hay. She kept stepping a little faster and stretching her neck a little longer, and I kept stepping faster until finally we were running and I got scared, so when she grabbed the hay, I let her have it, and we were only to the sand pile by then. I tried to gather some of the hay and come on, but she made awful noises at me. Worse noises than you've ever heard her do, and she looked funny too. When she finally came for a drink, I sat on the stool to milk her and she kept sliding over to me, and I kept hitching my stool back a little further, until we'd gone clear across the yard before we were through. She acted like she was going to lay down on me, and I was thinking how heavy she'd be. Finally she turned her head way around and looked at me. I wondered whether she was friend or foe, then she sniffed at my sweater and tried to lick my face. I think she likes me, but I hope she doesn't expect me to romp with her. When I staked her out, she bucked and took after me. I ran. I was glad she could only go to the end of her chain.

Sugar rationing makes me mad. On one of those defense broadcasts, they said there would be enough for our needs. Well, the store is out of sugar. They've used all of their allotment and won't be able to get any more for awhile, and when they do, people will have to buy $2.50 worth of groceries for each ten pounds of sugar, and then it costs 75¢ for the sugar. And we don't even buy groceries. We have all the milk, eggs, butter, etc. we can possibly use, with the fruits and vegetables we grow. As I said before, it makes me mad.

(Note: Times were crazy. Because of the war, building material, and everything containing metal was frozen. Metal was reserved for ammunition and building material for barricks and ammunition dumps. Fabrics were reserved for uniforms. For a time, all yard goods disappeared from store shelves. People, in a panic, had begun hoarding. To buy nylons, one had to be on a black-market mailing list. For a price, you could get six pair, all of which shot runners at the first wearing. Lines formed at checkout stands in the big stores. When customers saw a lineup, they automatically got in it, knowing that some extinct item was being dispensed at the other end. It didn't matter what it was. If it was hard to get, everyone wanted it. Meat, sugar and gas were rationed. People had to register the number in their household before they could receive stamps to buy them.)

Hawthorne, Nevada, February 8. Here it is just after meeting and I still feel the need of visiting with you sweetheart. After years of only having Sunday as a day of leisure, working early and late the others, and spending what time I could where you were, I did it this way.

It is such a beautiful day. The lake looks beautiful down the valley and the pure white tops of the mountains west are restful and serene. It would be a pleasure to climb the hill.

Today has been nice for several reasons. The Stake President, Brother Hurst, and Relief Society Stake President, Sister Purdy, were here for meeting. They had to drive 136 miles to get here, so their visit meant quite something. Willard Duncan and Brig Hardy's son Frank, played a duet - accordian and guitar and played, "O My Father," and it was nice too. Brother Hughes, Superintendent of Sunday School, had a heart attack and the doctor gave him up completely. They had the Priesthood in and held prayer circles and feel like the hand of death had been stayed. The doctor said only some magic power saved him.

I wish I could hurry and get my debts off my mind. They're heavy. I do considerable day dreaming for a man of my age, but then I need some pleasureable time consumer to keep up my spirits. Our needs are so many and our wants quite a few. I grow impatient. I buy up no more dead horses after the herd is paid for, providing my purchases can be timed to travel alongside the purse. My day dreaming is not always on just financial lines. I spend a lot of time connected with my family and their needs.

How my love goes out to all of you. There is far more pull in your direction than I ever could have known when you were single, much as I loved you then. I think you are a good sport, a brave woman, a lovely pal and the sweetheart of all my idealism.

Got your clock turned on tonite? Never did see just what good that faster time did for anyone. Makes me peeved. . . . Oh my, I've been on the go so much and an hour earlier out here that I begin to get my usual Sunday weariness and with only a half rest all day. Guess I'll join L. C. (Lew) and take my beauty sleep. If I'm up early, I can add a few fresh lines tinted by morning sunshine. Bless you dear for your virtues, and I've asked it at the right place for "his" too. Good nite and pleasant dreams. W.

LaVerkin, Sunday February 8 . . . . The one that's away from home misses out on the fun of the family. The kids are swell. Shirley is the cutest little tyke I've ever met. She's unbelievably good. I'm too busy during week days to hardly look at her, but I've been playing with her this afternoon. DeMar is cute too. Shirley was fussing awhile ago and he took a book to her crib. "Don't cry Shirley," he said, "Mar read a tory."

Kate slept here Friday night and we talked until one a.m. I was dopey all day, and then last night I was up till midnight. My usual Saturday night jinks. I thought I'd rest today while DeMar napped, but the little scrub lay and hollered, "Wanna gettleup." He was in that cheesecloth snuggler. When I finally took him out, there was nothing left but the zipper.

Marilyn is broken out with measels again. Dr. McIntire says to keep her down, but she's bouncing all over. Her eyes are awfully red. I've carried

a tray of food to her bed each meal until this morning. I decided it was silly. She's been in here half the time, crawling back in bed when I started to fix a meal. She gets a thrill out of that tray. Man! Has she got galloping consumption! She's constantly shouting that she's hungry. With elation she counts each dish I put on her tray. She can't comprehend my extravagance with dishes. I put everything on at once to shut her up so I won't have to trot my legs off. Being an invalid is just one big vacation to her.

Hawthorne, February 11. Yesterday I visited with Leah (my cousin Leah Stout Pearce) for an hour or more. She wanted me to stay longer. First time she has been around anyone who knew the same folks as she. She had a letter from her mother and learned of LaPriel's marriage.

. . . I trust the kids all got a kick out of the package and the valentines. . . I keep thinking about my kids. Trying to figure what they would be doing and how they are making out. How long before the others will be down with the measle, etc. You're doing a great and mighty work. Try to keep up the cheer and just kick ole man worry in the seat of the pants. I may be a long way off so you can't hear, but I'm cheering you on in this race. Every nite I ask our Father to keep my family, and I know he will.

LaVerkin, February 12 - We got two letters and the valentines yesterday. The candy came today. The kids were excited and the valentines amusing. That "from the bottom of my heart" one of Norman's made the kids giggle. The "Hi Honey" to Shirley was most appropriate. She is a wonder and a marvel. Never really cries, just fusses when she's uncomfortable. She's a noisy tyke. You should hear how lively she can scold. The kids laugh over that too. Your valentine to me was the nicest of them all. The letter in it made it so. I hope before I'm through with this life I can justify all the good things that come my way. . . We appreciate your prayers in our behalf. DeMar prays for "Daddy way off to Pok Corn." I can't get him to say Hawthorn.

February 13. DeMar climbed upon Shirley's bed and it scooted out from under him, banging his head. I put a cold pack on his forehead. His eyes had a funny, glassy look. That was about 4:00 p.m. He hadn't snapped out of it by milking time. The cow was out and I almost froze before I found her. When I got back, DeMar was whimpering in his rocking chair. He acted like he had an awful headache. I felt so sorry for him.

That old brute of a cow almost gets me down. As I led her across the square, she'd stop every little way and shake her horns at me, jumping stiff legged in little circles. I didn't dare run. Once when I ran, she took after me. All that saved me were the trees I ran behind, where her chain got caught. I know she'd ram her horns through me. When she does that wooden legged dance, I stand still, scared to death, hoping my guardian angel is close by. I was so mad at her yesterday I felt like I couldn't stand it at all. She kept at me all the way home. I was weak from fright and anger and when I came in the house, there was DeMar. His head looked bad. Then he got sick to his stomach. I knew I'd never rest until he was administered to, so your Dad and Van came and gave him a good blessing and said he'd be all right. I felt tons better. After they left, I went back to that old hag of a cow. She was ornery about being milked, lifting one

hind leg then the other, way up high, all the while I milked her. I don't know what possesses her. I've been giving her a quart of oats morning and night. Maybe they're making her frisky. Please get rich quick so you can come back home.

February 17. Things always happen when I leave the kids alone while I do the outside chores. Last night, instead of taking off his shoes, Norman decided to kick them off. One of them flew through the upper window pane above the sink. I nailed up a pasteboard to match the bedroom window that he broke last week and paddled him good. He said he'd go earn the money to buy new windows. It was dark and cold, but I was so infuriated I told him to get started. He took off on his tricycle. I called to him that he could sell his tricycle and get enough to pay for the glass. He got almost up to the store three different times and then came pedaling back home, howling all the way, to tell me that all the world knows that any little boy wouldn't like to sell his tricycle that Santa Clause gave him to keep, and besides he could run errands lots faster if he had it and I might be in an awful hurry some day. So I handed him the flashlight and sent him to the basement for coal. Intrigued by the light, Marilyn went with him. She liked to ride the tricycle too, Norman reminded me, so that was another reason why he shouldn't sell it. . . . After I dressed DeMar this morning, he came holding up one foot saying, "Get the cinder out." Taking off his shoe, I discovered it had a marble in it.

Yesterday at dinner, Norman said, "Can I have another doughnut?"

"No, you've had enough," I said.

"Well, can I have another?" he asked.

"I said no."

"Well, can I?"

"What did I tell you?" I was exasperated.

"You said no."

"Do I ever say yes after I've said no?"

"Well, once when Joseph Smith was writing from those gold plates, he asked the Lord if he could take what he'd written and show his folks. The Lord told him no and so he asked again and the Lord told him no and he asked again and the Lord told him yes." A triumphant gleam was in his eyes.

"And what happened to those records?" I asked.

"They were lost, but I wouldn't lose the doughnut. I'd eat it. Can I?"

"No!"

Somewhat downcast, he said, "I thought you'd be as good as the Lord."

You need to be with your children. They are a joy. DeMar says such amusing things, and Marilyn and Norman are learning to assume responsibilities. Marilyn would take full care of Shirley if I'd let her. Shirley is so cute. She sits up and takes notice of all that goes on. My mother says Shirley is unusually peaceful and sweet because the Lord has honored us for keeping up with our church activities.

Hawthorne, 20 February. . . You just can't imagine the cash that's in circulation here. Just like gold rush days. Think of guys like Orin and Sheldon working at 75¢ an hour for ten hours a day, getting eleven hours pay, making $8.25. Everybody feels like money is nothing, after the first pinch is over, and four out of five of them just throw it around just like any gold camp. Most people don't want to go into a cabin or housing game, because it costs more for labor than the cabin is worth, and being unable to guess the future, don't do anything but eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow, who knows. . . I hope your cow trouble is going to be less. I dreamed last night that I was there on the square and feed was knee high, and you were looking well.

Home. Saturday night, 11:20, February 21. . . . Do you remember those "little moments of eternity" when we could relax at the end of the day? Do you remember how we caught a bit of heaven realizing how much we loved our life together. . . You have a beautiful soul which makes itself felt across the miles. I feel your humility, sincerity and kindness in every letter. It is lovely to be Mrs. Winferd Gubler. . . I went to see your dad tonight to get a little cow-education. He and Van made merry over my troubles. They said I'd been too good to the cow, that she was trying to show her appreciation. I do get nine quarts of milk every day. They told me not to give her two quarts of oats a day but to cut down a little. That cow has got me hoodooed. She chases after me and bucks every time I come in sight. When I stake her out, she chases me to the end of her chain and then stands and bawls because she can go no further. I led her onto the square tonight and she thundered after me as I went after the peg and hammer. I got over the fence into the field and ran to the house. She bellered and beat me there. I didn't take her back, but hooked her to a post in front and gave her a flake of hay. Your folks came in the car and Van turned the lights on her. When she tried to follow me into the house, they all laughed and said she was idolizing me. I don't go for this cave man stuff, especially from a cow. I don't know what to make of her. We just don't speak the same language.

I didn't get a letter from you today. Kate says that's good for me, that disappointments strengthen the soul. Well, they don't. I want to cry and be cuddled. I get tired of being a brick, of being brave and dependable. I'd enjoy throwing a tantrum. I'd rather be my sinful self and quit trying to be what I'm not. I don't like Hawthorne, Nevada. I don't like war. I don't like concentration camps and the draft and all the farmers wearing carpenter overalls. I'm sick of people grabbing for this and that because they're afraid they can't get any more. I hate newspapers. I'd like to tie a pillow on Hitler's face until he smothers to death. I'd like to sink Japan in the ocean and take a broom and sweep the world clean and tell you to come home where you belong, and let you have your cow back and quarrel with you and kiss and make up and I'd like everything that is not! There! I've got that out of my system. Oh, darling, I love you so. Goodnight.

Hawthorne. February 23.I hope I see something for Norman's birthday around here. I guess he wouldn't mind what I got him. . . I love to write to you for it seems that then I draw close to you, that you ought to talk to me. I love to think about you and dream about and even wonder. Though that usually brings on a great yearning to be with you. I'm trying to keep on the sunny side of life and like a good LDS, go on living for the future

when all things will be restored and brought together. If I am, I'm not on the right sea. Gosh, beautiful, I hope that compensations will be large enough to bribe me for awhile and bring visions of other things to keep the mind obscured from immediate personal desire. I'll go right on loving you and caring with all my heart.

Home. February 24. The world is white outside. Norman Fuller just delivered your amazing package. DeMar was enthused over each treasure that was extracted from the box, especially your shirt with the spot of mercurochrome "where Daddy was shot," and taking into his own personal possession the bread wrapper and the nail. I speedily put away the rest of the hardware lest Norman G. get hold of it and be as positive as DeMar that it was meant for him. DeMar has concealed the nail in the pages of a Digest, and is unwilling to relinquish it to anyone. It is from Daddy. Was it Ruskin who said, "If a straw tickleth a man, then it is an instrument of happiness," ? . . . I like your wisecrack about how interesting a wife would be if she was as spirited as a cow. Now that you've had your little joke, I'll tell you one. She's been a good cow since she has her new headdress. Does that remind you of a wife? The halter your dad made for her has calmed her right down. Now I'm worried about feed. She has grazed the square bare, and the same with the back lane. And there's no hay to be had. There just isn't any feed. I took her across the road today. There's about two day's feed there. It hurts my pride to have to drag her all over town. Can't we build a shed before another winter, so her hay won't spoil? Oh dear! There goes a big wagon load of hay this minute in front of our window. Let's see! No, it didn't turn up the hill. It went on. I wonder who and where! I've never been so interested in hay before.

Hawthorne, Feb. 24. After supper tonite we walked up to see if the kids were back with their wives. Yes. They got in about 3 a.m. and Ardella was quite tickled to see us. Willard was moving in an old stove Orin and Sheldon brought out, not half so good a one as we sold for five dollars.

Ardella said you were sitting on your door steps pining your heart out. Oh my! What must I do? Life without the fruits of love, and a world without love are two bad examples of famine I think I should never want to overtake me. . . . I feel strange being on a big job among total strangers. I get quite a variety of tasks to do - putting on roofing, trimming the outside of the buildings, helping on the planer . . . I went to the store and told the lady I wished I could find a spoon for my lunch bucket and she had her boy run in the house and bring me one of their odds and ends. It is a fine enough spoon too. Now I can take me a can of beans along for dinner . . . Guess I had best be visiting the sandman. I'm still in love with you and hope you can find a few sparkles of light for your fairy dreams now as I begin to get some pay days. Be good to my best girl and all my kids. W.G.

Hawthorne, February 25 - Sweetheart, hear another heart warmer. Only because I love you do I write, or do a great many other little things in your behalf. But I love everything that brings you near me, and here I am. Only telling is a trifle, and repetition is very sweet when it goes for making sure you never forget for one little moment the fullness of my heart for you. Absence does make the heart grow fonder, when one lives for long with just a sweet bit of heaven for a memory - always forgetting the dross of life - then it is what I call an eternal, unfalterable love. Now I've known the sweet, I have to come away to appreciate my loss the more keenly and you may be sure I couldn't stay away for many moons.

I saw a beautiful sunrise this morning, right out in your direction, and even that took me to memory lane. And I've discovered why it is I like to go to shows. The love scenes can take me over into a reincarnation of mine for you. Then Lew is hardly the right pal to stay with steady, now is he?

The idea of me nearly filling a page without one blush. Now I had expected to start my letter entirely different. I got out the paper and Lew said we had to be going if we saw the show, and the girl in it was so much like you I had to come home and tell you over again.

I'm mailing Norman his birthday card. Also enclosed is a little expense money. I have some to do till Saturday night, then I will see a pay day. They make the weeks end on Tuesday night, so I get me about $20 this week. . . . Just you keep on dreaming and let's make a few of them come true. That's what I'm here for and with the Lord's help, we can't lose. . . I'm on the ground floor now on the job, and on the past two days, I'm getting the tempo of the works. I enjoy working with the bunch very much. They are mostly California guys. We work in a big shed (shop) and two of us work on a setup. There are three tables and we make forms on them. We only do three a day and they don't pile up very fast. We will be months getting a bunch ready, then they will use each set about ten times - make ten buildings and then have us tear off the plywood and put on new. It's a big job. They figure on making about two buildings a day, and they have hundreds to make, so unless Japan can get the U. S. taken over sooner, this job here is as long as the war lasts . . . I wrote and told Dad I would return to the farm if things turned out that he was left without help.

Don't blame my baby brother for wanting to join the Air Corp. I know very well I'd be just like he is if I took the notion my draft was closing in on me. Now would you afterall? The farm didn't do anything for Don but pile up debts, and the Air Corp pays $75 a month and expenses while you learn and then $250 per while training others. Attractive eh? As compared to $21 to $30 in the draft.

I'm packing my lunch as I told you, and liking it. I get by for so much less and have a good third more to eat for so much less and can get more variety than at the cafe. There it is the identical thing every day. I'm going to buy a bottle of preserves to make my sweet sandwiches and cut down (out) taking a bar each day . . . Is your grain up at all yet? Cheers to my little farmer. Yes, we must get a shed up for next year. That's a project. See Ed and find out if he would have some hay to spare. Max had some of Nellies once. He may still hold it for sale.

What has become of your folks? You never say much about them. Have Bill and Clint come out and get some of this easy money. They could go to work the next day after getting out here and make $40 or $50 a week.

Hawthorne - No date. Surprise again darling. You will get one every day for two days. I just finished my supper a bit late, and now I'm sleepy. Your letter came today and duly enjoyed. The kids art work was great stuff. Give Norman two more years and he will do some pretty good drawing, won't he? . . . I long for the day when we can begin to lay up our supplies. I live down there with you half the time while I work out here at the job. You play a big role in my little world and I would like to rehearse with you again so the play can go on. Or is it me that's off the stage? Well, anyway I still love to think about a bright day in the future when there will be a difference.

Don't go without anything you need. And I'll pay your ticket any time you can find a ride to Hurricane to a show. . . Why don't you get yourself a new spring coat? I didn't have your measurements to send for one. But I would like to have you get one. Also a dress so as to make up a snazzy outfit. I'm getting my old gray trousers cleaned and fixed up and I can use them for clean up each evening. . . Well, I'll close out today's account and send along a nice big hug and kisses to go with it. I'm a lonesome man, I'll have you know, and all I can do about it is tell you and make you that much more so. But be long suffering, and there'll come a day. My blessings on the little gal, and someday I'll be a pal. W.

Hawthorne, March 2. . . Oh my, but today has been a beauty. Spring fever has me. I sure like one scene here and that is the white peaks up above the pure blue lake, both in sun or moonlight. I took a stroll down the street, drinking in the scene and fresh air and thinking of you. I always come to that and wish a thousand wishes, mostly tied up in our biggest wish of all, that you could be with me. It is funny to think of it being so true with both of us, and yet there is such a little known of what lies ahead, that one instinctively hesitates to take any very costly action to realize the desire. Luther asked me today, as he sat here thinking, (I reading the paper) if there was anything that would keep you from coming out here for two years. Now he has the idea of getting our families out here and just staying on as long as the job lasts. Well, it could be made into something. And a lot of members here are doing the same.

Just before I turn in to do a lot more thinking before the sand man gets me, I want to do just a few lines of the favored song hit, "I Love You Truly." That theme is my great comfort and protection. So much of life that is exotic and enduring comes to life in us only when in turn can both give and receive love. Across the miles I send you a heart full to the brim, and life is only worth the living when you have some measure of it to help carry the load. I don't know how to appreciate all you mean to me or do for me than to more than say, Sweetheart, how I love you. Winferd. P.S. Tell Marilyn and Norman I am going to write to them next, and for them to write back to me. I've looked for notes from them ever since I sent cards before.

LaVerkin, March 1. . . I'm afflicted with the affection of a cow. I haven't tied the old heifer up since milking her this morning - just gave her full range, but she keeps trotting to the house and stands looking at the windows and bawling. I get so mad at her. I take her back to grass and the old biddy follows me back like a puppy. I took her to the bottom of the lot then came to feed Shirley. Soon there was a lot of squealing outside. Going out, I found Marilyn and Norman and all of their friends up in the apricot tree, holding onto the cow's chain. They practically had her standing on her hind legs. Her nose is so sensitive since Van fixed her halter. They were really hurting her. I scolded the kids and made them get down. After I went back to the baby, I heard shouting and laughing in a new direction. The kids had corralled the cow and were climbing all over the fence, yanking her chain this way and that. I saw red and threatened to whip every one of them. I took the cow up the lane and pegged her out to keep her from following me.

Today is a red letter day for Marilyn. Her duck laid an egg in the straw. She ran all over with the egg, lovingly rubbing it before finally taking it back to the straw. Those ducks have been furnishing their share of occupation lately. The kids dug that hole wider where you got the clay for your mortar. They flood it then they each catch their duck and carry it to water. They herd them there and won't let them get out. The female doesn't mind spending the day in the water, but the male would rather stand outside squeaking his admiration at her.

Marilyn gave Norman a can of viennas for his birthday and DeMar gave him a package of punch powder. Norman was impressed with the idea that he could do with them just as he pleased. The minute dinner was over today, he asked for bread and butter sandwiches and a bottle to make punch in and the kids went up the lane for a picnic. They consumed their second dinner before one o'clock.

Hawthorne, March 3. . . My little visit to the bishop tonite netted me a job of ward teaching. They have eleven beats here of four families each. I am to go with a Brother Hughes, a young priest. . . By the way, I bought a piece of rock salt for the cow and it was up in Ed's pear orchard by the gate. She needs a taste once in awhile, every week I guess would do. Take Marilyn or Norman along to carry it to her. . . I sure did enjoy your letter. I don't take any grains of salt with the nice things you tell me either. . . My check for last week's two days was $4.00 more than Lew's. I don't know just how the company did it. But he got $1.25 an hour and I $1.50. It would be great if they kept that up a few weeks. . . At present I am with a guy from Denver. He calls me, "Utah" all the time. He is a stocky guy about my age. They keep hiring more men, and boy what a din 20 or 30 men make with pounding and power saws going on all sides. Ten hour days will be something as far as pay is concerned. At $1.25 an hour I will get $13.75 a day for five days and on Saturday I get $18.75. To think of getting $87.50 a week makes me sit right up and almost talk to myself. I do pray we may be able to meet all our urgent needs and get in supplies for that day when.

LaVerkin, March 3. Honey child, you all had better not stay away too long, or I may become too efficient running our roost, and you may find that you have nothing left but nuisance value when you come home. What if I get so good at running the ranch alone that I decide you are worth more to us at the sheep herd? Which would you rather have me do, become so efficient that all I needed was a pay check, or would you rather have me still sigh a little each time I start off with the milk pail?

I've just come home from MIA. B. J. took up the time telling about his world travels. A gal sitting behind Ellen and I whispered to us not to believe anything he said. She whispered that he was a wonderous liar. Ellen whispered that the gal ought to know, because she and B. J. probably tried to outdo each other in a liar's contest.

It's a death struggle to rush home from Relief Society and restore the cyclone that the kids have made during my absence, get the milking done, the baby fed, supper over and the kids to bed, then back to MIA on time. But I do enjoy being alternate teacher with Vernon Church. To give every other lesson is just right for me. War time is right! (Daylight Saving time now.) I feel like I've fought a mighty battle if I make it.

Our game chickens are at their prime now and need to be butchered. They're eating their heads off. I'm going to see if Sanders can haul them to California. You are not here to help eat them and I'll never kill one, unless it comes to a choice between that and starvation. I hope to send to Sears for two dozen laying stock. I'm sure that would be more profitable than letting our hens set. We have one that is clucking now. The duck has three eggs in her nest now. They both roost on the eggs at night.

Since it is moonlight, I hear the ducks wandering about in the middle of the night. Last night I looked out the window and they were swimming in the little pond by the house.

I planted the lettuce again today. When I dug into it, I could see quite a bit that wasn't frozen, but not enough to justify leaving.

Oh my darling, if you could only know the pain and agony it takes for your son to write to you, you would penetrate those cramped marks on his paper and there you would read volumes. It is just after mail time, and the kids are writing to you after hearing your letter. I've spelled words all the while I did the dinner dishes and have had to go to the blackboard with my wet hands a dozen times and make letters on it for Norman. I'll tell you what he's been trying to write you. "Daddy, I found a little plant upon the square and mother told me it has pretty purple flowers on it so I planted it in a can. (Periwinkle). Does it bother you to be away from home? Don't you wish you could come home and stay? If I had a house book I could build lots of furniture while you are gone. If I had some lumber I could make things for our place." That's most of it, but oh how agonizing. I've spelled every word he meant to write, over and over. I've marked in the air, how some of the words should go, and he's labored so hard trying to remember what it was he was going to say, and what word he was on now. You may not believe it, but he has been exactly one hour on what he has written. I finally had to insist that he stop. He wanted to tell you lots more, he said.

Marilyn is getting pretty good at writing and spelling. She went ahead and wrote her letter with very little help. For a little boy who has never been to school, Norman does very good. He can write about half of the alphabet and his and DeMar's names by himself.

LaVerkin, March 4. Dear Daddy, I would like to see you. But I guess I can't see you. But I surely wish I could. Mother read your letter to us. So we wrote a letter to you. I think your letter will get here first. We have a new boy in our school room. His name is Raymond (Williams). I did get to bring my reader home. And I could study it. From Marilyn.

Hawthorne, March 5. . . All I have disliked about the work is the fact they smear oil all over the forms and we have to embrace the things so much our clothes look like greasy soaked rags. But I imagine I can stand up to it in the face of the stipend back of it all. Just the thought takes off a lot of curse for the added trouble to get it. All through organized labor. The wages would only be about six dollars a day if it were not organized. Just like it is at home. . . Well, this life may be hard to see through, and our nose may be as far as we get, still I vision a better future, in spite of all dire predictions, and we shall all be together to take it. I'm only going around in a daze now, but my heart is banked by a bond of love I can never forget or fail to appreciate. You live so close to me wherever I am, that the old saying that the twain shall

be one is quite surely true. My pattern of life is so woven in by threads of love of yours, and for you, that there is no longer a beginning or end. I'm all for you kid, and you can be safe to bet on that. By law, you're only entitled to one-third, but I send you my all. Even the widow's mite couldn't beat that. Best wishes darling for you and my kids. Tell them hello from me and I'll close out my day with a dream. Winferd.

Home, Midnight, March 5. It is late, but I'd like to visit with you before going to bed. I've just come from a sweet, witty and beautiful MIA Stake play, "I the Lord am Bound When You Do What I Say." The grand finish brought tears to every eye, and swelled our hearts with gratitude for this wonderful gospel. Ovando, Vernon and Areta Church and Wayne Wilson from our ward were in the cast, and my brother Bill was the main character of last generation. The Seminary teacher, Ivan Barrett, was the head strong boy in the first act, the wise father in the second, and the entertaining grandfather in the last. Fern Starr was his wilful daughter in the second act and Bill was her wayward son in the last.

I noticed this morning, when I was milking, that the almond trees at John Judd's were a cloud of pink and white. The cottonwoods along the canal and down by Church's look like a pale green mist. I welcome spring with open arms. I want the privilege of discarding the kids' underwear before they fall to pieces.

Norman is a problem. He complains constantly that he hasn't anything to do. I do the best I can, but I haven't time to drop everything and help him make things, and I can't think of things he can do by himself. Do you have any suggestions? Today I sent for a book on, "Your bird friends and how to win them," and a catalog on bird houses. Perhaps we can make a bird house.

Van thinks the ducks will have to vamoose. He's been observing how they bore right into the ground for what they want. I don't know what to do. There aren't any pets but what are pests.

Friday: Wayne and Pop called to see us yesterday. Pa is always in a hurry to get back, like he had so much to do. I tried to get him to consent to letting Clint dig ditches for me so I can irrigate. He wouldn't. I saw Mom and Pop and Wayne at the play last night. I told Pop I'd a good notion to ask Clint himself to come over. He almost got excited. Mom said, "You're welcome to him if you can get anything out of him," and Pop began mentioning all the things Clint needed to do at home. I guess I'll try to get someone else. I hate to keep bothering Van. However, I've got to get some water, and I nearly wrecked myself yesterday digging.

The chickens keep getting out. They scratched and scratched for oats till it will be a wonder if a blade comes up. I took the hoe and tried to make the rows over again. I turned up the only oats left, I guess, in the process. They had sprouts about an inch long. Marilyn let the whole flock out today and they were making quick work of my efforts when I discovered them. My ribs are sore from digging furrows. Please give me your shoulder, sob, sob.

I had my washing ready to do today, but a blizzard struck us this a.m. while I was out milking. I did put on one tub of water and do that many diapers, but my feet were froze by the time I got them hung out. (Note: Our washing equipment was all outside.)

I lost track of DeMar early this morning. The wind was so strong I had to lean into it when I went to look for him. I met him coming back from the

store with some papers in his hand and he was beaming all over. He handed the folded papers to me and said, "Mar got the letter from Daddy." He was a sight. I'd left him on the toilet when I went out to do the chores. He had fastened his own pants and they were pinned with safety pins down to the very end of his galluses, and his pants were hanging way down, with the bibs below his waist. His shirt was undone and his underware exposed and he wore that ragged coat. He couldn't have looked worse. An extra hard gust of wind swooped up the dirt and DeMar too, and I caught him and carried him to the house. He'd lost his breath. I wondered what he'd have done if I hadn't come along. The little buck is always striking out to catch the bus. He's determined to go to school. To add to my worries, the big ditch at the bottom of the lot has most of the canal rushing through it. If he fell in he'd never get out. He is the cutest little kid, just a baby really.

Shirley coughs a lot and couldn't sleep last night. She has cried most of the day. It's unusual for her. Everytime anyone is under the weather now, we wonder if they're getting the measles. Amelia Squire's baby got them, and she caught them from the baby.

Your most appreciated letter came today. If only I could tell you how very much I love them. You are so sweet. I'd give the world to see you, and yet, I think of our common goal and then it is a little easier to have you away. Oh wonderful day when you come home to stay! More than life itself, I love you. Alice.

P.S. The kids were tickled about the cards. They'll write again when I have the patience.

Way out on the wind swept desert - Sunday March 8. Alone.
Gosh Alice, why don't you hire Vilate Hardy to come for a day and bottle up those chickens? They would be worth more to us than the cash. Or have Don kill one for you once in awhile as long as he is there.

I'm believing you when you say it's a battle to take in all there is on Tuesday. It was hard enough while I was there to milk the cow. . . . Alone at last. Lew came in just as I started to write. He's been talking all the while, so I've been sitting here quite awhile on one page. When a person writes, it certainly is hard to keep on the thread. About as bad as poor Norman. It was so slow he couldn't keep on the continuity of thought. That poor kid. He has such an obsession for some tools and lumber. I sure wish I had him where I could help out the situation. Nothing would be more to my liking than to give my son a few needed lessons in fundamentals, so his work wouldn 't be all trash. I'm expecting to buy me some decent tools, that will replace my present brace and bits, and the next time I have a chance to obtain that old saw, I wanted to cut it down for Norman. I could do that here fine.

Just between you and me, that tool business is one of my hobbies. I hope to make out a fairly complete chest of tools for him before I come home.

The bosses and all, call me "Utah" now, so the title will be permanent. Every place I ever worked, I've had a different handle. McCulloughs called me Barney.

LaVerkin, March 8. . . Wendell Hall was our speaker in Sacrament Meeting today. They had his welcome home party last night, but Uncle Sam is grabbing him right off. He leaves in three weeks. He says it shall just be

a continuation of his mission. He told of witnessing a miracle in the Cardston Temple. A young missionary had been injured in one of his eyes years ago and the muscles of the eyelid were paralyzed so he could not lift it. It hung over his eye so he couldn't see out of it. He had been to a number of specialists and had had operations to no avail. He came to the Cardston Temple with a group of missionaries, Wendell included. He asked President Woods to give him a blessing. After the missionaries had finished their temple session, President Woods called all of them together for prayer. In this prayer he prayed that if there were any present that desired special blessings, and had sufficient faith, that they would receive it. As the missionaries went outside, the elder in question felt a twitching in that eyelid, and it went up into place like his other eye. He exclaimed that he could see out of it, and they all beheld what had happened. The young man wept with happiness.

Joe Eves says he will give me 18¢ a pound for my hens and 10¢ a pound for the roosters. Your dad thinks it's a shame to let him have them when they are worth 25¢ a pound. The black hens are singing now and I'm sure they will start laying right away, and Norman is begging me not to let Mr. Eves have them. We don't get so many eggs now. Norman says, "I like eggs so much, and I just couldn't stand it if you sold them."

Looking forward to the time when you come home is the most breathless thing I can think of, but there are small advantages to your being away. I am forced to get more fresh air, and the things I have to do has given me extra horsepower. I have twice the strength I had before. You should see my muscles! My arms are getting hard and brawny. And man alive, do I have an appetite! The kids are getting more self reliant, because I don't have so much time for them, and they have to do more around the place. Marilyn is getting quite capable. Norman needs a dad quite badly.

This morning when DeMar awoke, he noticed the coat to your light suit pulled out of place a little. "Daddy's come, Daddy's come," he squealed. He was let down when Norman told him you were not here. "Daddy build lots of houses, then Daddy come," he said.

Norman woefully tried to squeeze out a few tears this afternoon. He said he was hurt, but it was a great effort for him to cry. I said, "Daddy wouldn't cry if he hurt him. Don't you want to be like Daddy?"

"No," he answered.

"Who do you want to be like?" I asked.

"Marilyn," he whined, "because she cries when she gets hurt."

You mentioned our rayon stockings. My, but these are ugly ones the ladies are getting around here. I"ve been catching snags and sewing up runners, determined I would hold out and send for those interesting looking ones. But I can't hold out. I'll have to get new ones tomorrow.

Thanks for the love you send. Believe me, I hug it close to me. I told DeMar you said to tell him hello. He laughed and laughed.

"Daddy tell Mar hello. Hello Mar."

Monday: Forgive me if I seem impatient, but do you think we could send for Shirley's buggy now? She could practically live outdoors on the days the wind isn't blowing. I believe she would get over her cough too. It is spring again today and so beautiful. I could have a buggy come c.o.d. Look

in your catalog on pages 214 and 215. I hate cloth buggies, but would prefer one of them to nothing. I have in mind the $10.98 one on page 214. It is $12.98 in imitation leather, which would be nicer. The entire family would enjoy one so much and it would be so beneficial to your wife and little daughter. I could even wheel her out by the garden when I am working there.

Ben DeMille stopped to tell me the cow was standing in the middle of the highway and wouldn't budge when cars honked at her. I went up and moved the old rip. She was still standing in the highway when I got to her, just as defiant as could be. When I started to lead her, she went on a run ahead of me. I yanked her back, and she made a plunge at me. I tapped her on the nose with the peg, and she backed up. I am sick of leading her all over the country for grass. Sometimes I could just weep, because there's something about it that hurts my pride. I can hear folks say, "Why don't they feed their cow like other folks do!" Then a wave of something goes over me that's almost like hate for that brute. WHY DOESN'T ANYONE HAVE HAY TO SELL?

Hawthorne, March 10, . . . One thing I might suggest about the cow--when she starts to get foxy, I just pop her a good flip on the nose, head, or some place with the chain. You know, sort of throw a loop that will smack her one. She will respect you more. She won't like it, but is on the end of the chain and can't do much about it. Oh yes, oats make the cow frisky.

LaVerkin, March 10, . . The place is suffering for water. I spent the morning digging ditch. I uprooted your rock bridge. It was so filled underneath, a trickle of water could never get through it. Heaving those rocks out was almost too much, but now, it's done. I wish I were a man! I've thought about asking George Hardy if he would prune our trees, but I don't know whether he'll feel like he can spare the time or not. Men are feeling pretty important around here. . . The oats are coming up and Norman has a nice row of lettuce and peas. I've never been able to capture that one white hen, so she hasn't had her wings clipped yet. I'm afraid for the lettuce row.

We sure do need a baby buggy for Shirley. Did you get my letter about the prices at Graff's? . . . Marilyn is standing behind me yodeling a glass of grape juice. Distracting. . . Look on page 136 of the March Instructor. Your picture is there. . . I am grateful for the bits of love and cheer you send us. I love you dearly, now and forever more.

Hawthorne, March 13. Yes darling, you can have your buggy. I don't deny you anything I can do for you. I'll make up the order tomorrow night after I get home. . . About Norman and his urges for something to do--tell him his dad would like him to sort over the keg of nails I sent in, and put the sizes in containers. I'd say not to give the chickens away. I have already expressed myself on the subject. Twenty-cents all around for the birds would be the dead limit I'd take for young stuff. . .Wish I could have been there a day to have pruned the trees. I sure do a lot of thinking about you, planning, dreaming, and at times it seems you come so near to me. You are always dear to me beyond all my poor power to tell you. Love springs up in the heart, and I never want any drouths. I pray for all of you constantly. Yours, Winferd.

Hawthorne, March 15. I'm sending my check in the amount of $88.62, direct to the bank. If you'd like to take a look at such a handsome figure, I'll let you bank the next check. They're a sight for sore eyes. Isn't it

ridiculous to think that amount can be made in one week of six days! The biggest check I ever got before, for working twelve hours a day for six days was $181.00. Don't you think we had better move out to higher wage country? A guy like Bill could certainly do well here contracting. This place would be a gold mine for William Tell too, on his watch repairing. . . Money, money. This week I'm going to be a big expense to us. I'll pay the union $20 and then I'll only owe them about $10 more. I sent $15 to Sears for a baby buggy for Shirley. So the money goes.

I'm loving my dear wife so much. Sundays always make me think of you an extra lot. I'm in the habit of having that day to be with you, and I haven't any working responsibility as on week days, to use up the time. I expected to have more time, and write a big, long letter, but the MIA President (ladies) called me up to talk to the group tonight, just because they had no program. I stuttered and stammered, and gave MIA a big buildup in general, but not in particular.

I am a weary man. I long for a little relaxation on the beautiful Sabbath, and when I'm on the go all day, and don't get it, I am one big heap put out.

You should get two letters today. One is proof that I'm still loving you, and the other is just a witness. I hate to say goodnight ever. I so like to visit, but midnight is only around the corner. W.

LaVerkin, March 17. Whatta Tuesday! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. The kids played round robin with me all night. I'd just doze, when there'd come a hollering from the occupant of the upper deck. I'd rear up to quiet Marilyn before she woke all of the kids, then drop into bed, when despairing wails came from the lower deck, and then on into the little alley where the two babies are sleeping. DeMar doesn't have bad dreams. He laughs in his sleep, but then he wakes up, and he's got to get up for a little reconditioning. And then naughty Shirley! She's made up in the last few days for all of the crying she didn't used to do. Last night she wouldn't be comforted, so by 4:30 a.m. I shut my eyes and ears as tight as I could, and made a ball of myself down under the covers, and that was all until 7:30, when the war began. We weren't over the hassle of breakfast, before people began coming to see about the Relief Society program for tonight. I didn't get the morning milking done until 10:30.

Then I tried to make that molasses candy for you, and shouldn't have. The molasses set in the iron skillet, getting darker and darker, for two hours, before I could actually put it on. At least it's full of iron. While I cracked all of those sweet pits, the molasses got as dark as soot, and as strong as a plug of Horseshoe tobacco. But the candy has good cream and sugar in it, too. Norman said it was plenty good to send to Daddy. "Even good enough to send to war," he added. "The guys would sure want to fight if they had that."

Hawthorne, March. Darling Mrs. Gubler, here's that man again. We just got home from work and I've got my face clean. The work's not over till I get that done. The package you sent was appreciated. Tell Norman how nice the molasses candy is. I haven't tasted the fudge yet, but you can tell Marilyn I'm sure glad to get that too. . . I'd better go and get my ward teaching visits tonight. I need to work on the lad I'm to take along, and get him to reform and conform. The four places I go are all women who

married out of the church, and it's a big problem. No help at all. I'd like to take every girl whoever thought of marrying out of the church along with me for a few visits. I betcha there would be some eyes opened.

I get so homesick to see you, I have to sing songs and do all kinds of things to get myself out of the mood. I don't appreciate this separation any better than you do. Darling, I'm still your man, now and always, with a boundless love for my woman.

Home, March 19. My heart swells with gratitude each time you mention your church affiliations out there. You're on the right track. The path you're treading will lead you to the rainbow's end. And please, may I be there too. All our hopes center around the gospel. The more active we are in the church, the more secure we become. I'm sending your Instructors, also The Way to Perfection. You'll need them in the class you teach. The kids have surely used the Instructors. Marilyn has memorized the sacrament gem in every one of them, including the advance months, too. She raises her hand to say them in Sunday School now, and lately they've been calling on her.

Hawthorne, Sunday, March 22. For a busy man, this beautiful day of rest is most anything but. I have to arise at seven to make it to Sunday School by nine, and then Priesthood lasts till twelve. I went to Hughes for that Sunday dinner, and would you believe it, Sister Hughes had the two elders there too. Their field of labor is at Yerington, six hours of good bicycling from here.

The Relief Society gave the Sacrament Meeting program. . . I sat so long I grew to the bench. After meeting, the Relief Society took the adults into the high school science room and served a big lunch. Then the priesthood went up to look at a garden plot they are making a project on. Then Ardella had Lew and me up to supper. After we ate, Willard and I went to a singing practice for the Easter Sunrise Service to be held up at the mouth of a near by canyon next week. Oh, what a day.

The bishop is at me constantly to move my family out. Next Sunday they are going to put me in as first counselor in MIA. Won't that be a big help! I told them I wouldn't be here next fall, but it's now they want help to revive the thing. I gave my first Sunday School lesson and had a big class and they all took part and seemed to enjoy it. I've made dates to see some of my families tomorrow night. I'm getting acquainted here now. Everybody likes me, I believe. There are certainly a lot of new folks keep showing up.

My, how I wanted to get cards out to my kids. I've hoped all day, you were all feeling better, and that by next week end you would be joining Marge, and come out for Easter. Pleasant hopes. . . .

The Pierces have moved at last, and Leah is looking after the cabins. She told me she would save us the first one empty. . . Had four good meals today and still I have a hunger in my heart I cannot satisfy. I find it was a lot easier for me to leave my folks at home, for a mission or elsewhere, and be away indefinitely, than to be away from you for any time at all. Every time I see anybody building, I'm all eyes, and my mind races back to the work left for me to do at home.

How would it be to have Sears or Wards hold certain items for us, say on a down payment, till we could pick them up later, so we'd be sure to get them? You pick out the bath, dining room set, kitchen table, carpet, linoleum, bedroom set, etc., and I'll write and see what they say. You might tell me which things appeal to you most in each book, then I can do an easier job.

I'm looking forward for tomorrow's mail. There should be quite a little for me. I see by the paper, the order to stop house building over $500, would soon be in effect. Elder Whiting read a prophecy tonight of President Wilford Woooruff's, telling about our day, and gave us again the great assurance that our safety lies in the priesthood standing in its place.

I've truly enjoyed the messages of this day. A beautiful day. I'm happy and tired, it's late and I love you all in one breath. There's lots more where the love comes from. I haven't begun to think of the nice things I could tell you. I keep wondering what I ever did that the Lord should keep you for me to make my life so wonderful. You'll never be able to dig to the bottom of it all. This is the dark hour before the dawn of a brighter day for us. Be of good faith, and keep the courage going strong, for surely the Father above is not going to keep us too long at our present disadvantage. God bless you sweetheart. Winferd.

LaVerkin, March 22. My dear husband, won't you please hold my hand? Marilyn has the measles again! She looks terrible. This time it is the red measles. It was the German measles before. They were nothing, compared to this. She is enormously hungry. She says everything tastes awful, but she keeps tucking in the food. She says the air tastes nasty too.

Monday: Blue Monday was never bluer than this. My whole family is ill. Kids crying with earache, and headache, and bloodshot eyes. I think I've had enough! This is the time for sunshine, and laughter, and swings, and picnics, and little gardens. Not for Vicks, and aspirin, and Kleenex. All I can do is wait on kids. Now I've got to go out and put on the black tub. Everything needs washing. If it's true that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, there must be a beautiful dawn just ahead.

March 27. Darling, this is the dawning of a brighter day. Shirley's buggy has arrived! And Marilyn is much, much better, as well as the other youngsters. I let Marilyn outside for a little while. She pushed Shirley in her buggy, down to Church's and back. Shirley is asleep outside now. She has been forced to take nap after nap since you sent the buggy to her. Every time she wakes up, one of the kids start to rock her again, and off she goes to slumberland once more. The extra sleep is doing her good, because she is getting much better. Norman said he was going to get up in the middle of the night tonight, and push the buggy. Marilyn said, "Oh yeah! I'll get up just ahead of you." I thought I was Shirley's mother, but Marilyn has taken full possession.

LaVerkin, April 6. I packed a lunch into Shirley's buggy, and took the kids down by the river where it was grassy and warm. We could watch the traffic going over the bridge above us, yet we enjoyed seclusion, and a place for the kids to slide down banks, and run about and play. DeMar kept begging to come home. After I had pushed the buggy up the hill, I let him ride. He went right to sleep as soon as we got home, and Marilyn and Norman spent the rest of the afternoon digging for a gopher they had seen throwing dirt out of its hole. . . April 7. They are still digging for that gopher. Norman says the daddy and mother gopher have been teaching their babies to dig. That's why they have tunneled so many different directions.

Hawthorne, April 9. . . Brother Reynolds asked me to be in a debate for the MIA program, Sunday night. He visited until 10:30. You know what! Let's go to the laziest place on earth and rest awhile, where we wouldn't need to work. Just pick fruit off the trees and eat whatever the sea washed up, etc. I'm to debate in favor of a lovin', but slovenly wife, while my opponent is for the crabby and neat one. Well, I think I'd pick the lovin' kind any time. . . Oh yes, I received a reply from my questions to Sears. They tell me we have to have a priority certificate from an F.H.A. agent. I don't know of any here, but I believe the bank handles that at Hurricane. These priorities cover plumbing and heating, but not the kitchen cabinet. Sears can furnish us with kitchen sets--chairs and table. Pick out one, if I decide to order. Phone and ask Claud Hirschi about the F.H.A. and who could issue a certificate to get us our furnace and bath, hot water, and sewage needs.

LaVerkin, April 10. As I write, an announcement came over the radio from the government. They are appealing to everyone to get their next winter's supply of coal. They say there aren't going truck tires enough next winter to deliver coal to people, and there will not be freight cars enough, because they will all be employed in war efforts.

April 11. Norman and DeMar have the measles now. . . The raspberry bushes and grape vines I ordered have come. The grape roots are almost a yard long. The instructions said to put old bones in the hole. I mentioned it to the kids, and they started collecting. The yard looks like a graveyard. Some of the skeletons look prehistoric. I'll be blessed if I know what kind of creatures they once were. . . Our Sears order came. DeMar is wearing his overalls, and is so proud of his pockets.

Hawthorne, April 12. Brother and Sister Beard have invited me to supper this evening. He was on the team with me in the debate tonight. The neat scolding wife won. . . We've decided to come home for a few days in May. The dates are not as yet fixed. I'm still as fond of you as mortal can be. There is a wonderful something about being the proud possessor of a family and having a most charming and loving sweetheart too. I shall never stop patting myself on the back for getting the very right one for me.

LaVerkin, April 14. . . Today I had an appointment with Doc Gibson to dig out a wisdom tooth. I hired Ursula Segler to do the washing and stay with the kids. Norman wheeled Shirley in the buggy all the while I was gone, and Marilyn walked to Hurricane with me. Doc froze my face, then took his chisel and hammer after me. I was surprised when he held the tooth in front of me. After the freezing came out, I had a horrible headache. We walked, facing the wind, all the way home. When we got here, the basement was flooded. Wilford had turned the canal down for my watering turn--three hours of flood. I was mad. I changed my duds, and wallowed in the mud, trying to regulate the stream. The ditches were too little to hold it. The water ripped through my tender young beets and carrots. Wilford was here trying to help. After all my clumping about in your boots, with my bursting headache, to get the water regulated, then he shut it off. It only watered the top of the lot. The oats and alfalfa are dry as a bone, and my strawberries undermined with water. I'm boiling mad! After all my efforts to manage this lot, all I get is drouth and floods. Aren't garden streams to be small, and run all day Monday? Last time I dug ditches, I shoveled half a day, until my ribs felt like I'd ripped every muscle loose. Then Grandpa Gubler came along. "Here, let me do that," he said. In less than half an hour

he'd dug more ditch than I had in half a day. It isn't fair! There shouldn't be that much difference between a man and a woman. . . The cow is a clown. She makes the funniest noises I've ever heard, when I give her a pan of mash. . . . Norman just brought in an armful of asparagus. He asked me if I'd buy it for a penny, because he hadn't had any spending money for so long. It was a fair deal. . . Shirley is screaming, because there's no one to wheel her. She thinks that's the only way she can go to sleep now.

Hawthorne, Nevada, April 16. My dear, I will be home to celebrate my first Christmas, early in May. Love my kids for me, and know that I spend a great deal of my working and my leisure time thinking of all the things we ever wanted, and of how best to care for my brood.

LaVerkin, April 18. Clifton delivered the beds into our new house, and Van came and put them together. The house looks so good with a little furniture in it. Norman's bed is in the front room, and ours is in the kitchen. The radio table and your chair is there too.

(Note: This was our first purchase of furniture for our new house. Clifton Wilson was working for Graff Mercantile at the time. Our bedrooms were not yet finished.)

Hawthorne, April 29. . . I felt so queer and lonesome going back to work this morning. I'm thoroughly converted to going to either Provo or Vegas now. . . Seeing you only touched a responsive chord that swells up into most exquisite satisfaction for knowing you love me so. I thank you most sincerely. . . Ardella was thrilled to see me, and have me tell her news from home. I did enjoy my stay most wonderfully. Fact is, I can't think when I ever liked a week better, even though it was the shortest in years.

LaVerkin, April 29. Here am I, but where are you? Your brief visit with us was between rashes. Today both boys are broke out with measles, and are acting accordingly. I can't do a thing but wait on kids. They have to go to the toilet every fifteen minutes, and have a drink every five, and they imagine they want all kinds of food. I steam custards, fix cereals, open soup, slice potatoes, and juice oranges. We have a bottle of each kind of fruit we own, open. Their trays come back untouched. The chickens enjoy it. There's one thing I can bank on, and that's postum. DeMar has had about a gallon of it today. He asks for it about four times a day, and drinks it too. Norman mostly sleeps. As soon as we're all well, we're going to celebrate. I've promised the kids I'd fix a lunch, pack it in Shirley's buggy, and we'd hike somewhere.

Uncle Joe was our ward teacher last night. His topic: Man is that he might have joy. To feel joy, one must know sorrow. (I had the joy of your coming home, and the sorrow of your leaving.) Brigham Young once said, that when folks said they were having a hell of a good time, it was usually just that.

Clifton Wilson delivered the screens for the windows, and I paid him for them. If we want a furnace, we have to write to the War Production Board, Washington, D.C., and tell them our home is ready to occupy, except for the heating plant. We are to tell them we are presently crowded into a small garage, and are in dire need of occupying our new home. The salesman Clifton talked to said to spread it on thick and tell them we are living in a tent. I hardly think that would bear investigation. The salesman said they would send us a priority certificate from Washington, D.C., then his company would send the furnace right out.

Hawthorne, May 1. . . Happy May Day! Today has been like January rather than May. We've had winter ever since my return--raining and snowing till a big part of the crew stopped work. . . Last night I went ward teaching, and the folks I visited told me the place they live in is for sale. It's a five room house, plus another lot and a three room house with a one room cabin, all for $1,200. Why, I could pay for it all in six months. The rent alone would bring me $175 a month. It has me interested. It is by the church property, a block from the court house, and two from the school. . . And now to turn the pages back to my return trip. A wild dame, half lit, was coming up this way--in fact there were four ladies (women) on that bus. The woozy one was going to take me over. I had talked with her at the station in Vegas, so I decided to pick my seat, and not leave her room. So I got in first, and she took the seat just behind. . . There was a lady, nicely dressed and refined looking. I struck up her acquaintance, and did I enjoy her company. She was really high class. She hated to see me leave. It's funny how friendly travelers feel toward each other. . . I love you darling, and since it's time to say it, goodbye and good morning tonight. W.

LaVerkin, May 3,1942. . . Just think! A week ago today, at this very hour, you were pushing Shirley's buggy as you walked with me. I look back on the happiness of your homecoming, and on the melancholy moment of our parting. In all my life there has never been a goodbye that hurt so much as that one. I hope the pain of it has made me stronger so that it will never be that way again. All week long I've told myself over and over again that we shall not invest in one more thing. We will make the chickens and cow keep us entirely, and every cent you clear will go to debts, and then you can come home to stay. There's nothing in the wide, wide world that can justify this separation. I have no intention of living this way one day longer than necessary. It is true, one cannot live on love alone, but one certainly cannot live without it.

I've reviewed over and over your brief vacation. The weather was cold, but delightful, and didn't time skip by! Wednesday we went to a dance that seemed especially for us, Thursday to a show, Friday Van spent the evening with us, then came Saturday, the most superb day of all, the most carefree Saturday I've known for eight years. It is the first time we've walked together like that. I could not ask for happiness more supreme. And all of that was only a week ago. It seems so long ago I wonder if it really happened, or was it just a dream that made me wake up crying?

I was afraid of the red measles, but the kids are getting along fine. Shirley sits in her buggy now, crowing and scolding, and having a wonderful time. She was cross for two days, then she broke out. She's been the happiest little thing ever since. I've sewed a lot, and rocked her buggy with one foot just to keep her quiet. DeMar still has purple cheeks, and his body is a speckled thing. Norman's body is covered too. I try to keep the boys in bed. They haven't had their shoes on for a week, but they bounce all over the beds.

Hawthorne, May 3. L.C. wants to go to Vegas to work. I told him to wait till the weekend, and we would see. I feel to stay this month, or at least till the 23rd. . . Tonight in Mutual, I gave my Shakespeare piece, Romeo and Juliet. It went over big. . . Brother Taylor is in the market for a girl. He writes to a Paxman girl in Washington who is a good looker, and has everything, but his heart don't turn over, and his fingers don't tingle when she is in his arms. Ain't love, is it!

I've been looking at Montgomery's sinks, but since you tell me to write Washington, D.C. for a priority certificate, why not include all our plumbing? We need it as bad as anything. It won't hurt, since asking for the horse, to also get a saddle. Ask and ye shall receive is my motto. Many a good thing lost by not asking. . . Willard and Ardella are coming home to show off their new car on the first of June, if Don goes into the Air Force then. . . The Sunday School is going to put a Mrs. Larsen in with me as teacher in the Gospel Doctrine class. . . Joy of joys, I own a dress hat again. I walked in and asked if they had a hat my size, and the clerk located two, so I bought one. (Class?) Dress shoes are my next need. The heels on these are run over. But again--thinking of my family, don't you think it wise to order about three pair at least of each successive size of shoes for our kids. . . I may be able to pick up some washed carpenter pants at the laundry. The lady there has two pair that have been there almost the full time limit, which she is saving for me. The thirty day limit is up Friday. If I can squeeze into them, she'll sell them to me cheap. . . I wrote my mom a page to cheer her up. A fellow can't get too open when he knows the hull darn fambly has a look at all that goes to the house. You simply write to everybody, and put Ma's address on it.

LaVerkin, May 5 . . . We have a setting hen. I wanted little chickens, but Marilyn seems to want little ducks worse. She has promised LaVon and LaReta each a duckling. I guess I'll let her set the hen on her duck eggs. I wash my hands of the whole affair. She has made a nest in the basement. Tonight she will put the hen on. I feel like I have no need to scold her about messing with the chickens. If she doesn't get any eggs to hatch, she will know why. If she is successful, more power to her.

Hawthorne, May 8. Happy Mother's Day, Alice. Wish I could help celebrate it with you. Now for your query about the cow. She just got a fill on grain and glory, and the milk gets yellower. That's vitamins, and good for everything that ails us. . . I can't be too sure how long I'll be here. A bunch of men were laid off today. They have the forms built, and when we get them done, there won't be room for all in the field setting them.

Sunday I saw Max, and spoke to him about hay. He runs Nellie's farm, and will have a little, so he may have Uncle haul it in and stop the cow feed worry.

Sure wish you had a chance to come up here and see the country. My, my, here I sit all broken hearted, ought to sleep and haven't started. And when I think of my thirteen hour day tomorrow, I'll put up a double lunch, and eat a bite between. The bishopric wants the men to meet on the site (the building they are to salvage to build a church house from) at 6:00 a.m. and pray when they start, and when they stop. With the Lord with us, who can be against us? Who cares who's against us, if he is with us! I hope and ask that he be very mindful of my loved ones. He's good to me. Again, happy Mother's Day. W.

Hawthorne, May 9. Enliven your soul on the sight of the enclosed pay check. Ain't it pretty! I'm No. 225--W. Gubler, and work in the carpenter shop. . . Ardella brought mail for L.C. this evening, but I had to take my disappointment like a man, and wish till Monday. Fate seems to will me some mighty long waits, every now and then. But I hope I can take it on the chin.

LaVell wrote me a card from Vegas. She said Bill was coming this week, and they would have a room built to live in. She was thrilled, thinking

of getting into more space. Poor Max and Tell take most of their meals standing up. She offered to cook for me--fee very small. If I'm let go here, I think I'll go down there closer to home.

LaVerkin, May 8. I got yours of Tuesday today. I'll never get over how nice to hear from you. I'm glamorous again. Spent the afternoon at the beauty parlor. My folks won't claim me. Pop thinks I look better the old, shaggy way. I put Marilyn, Norman and DeMar on the school bus and sent them to the folks's place. Rosamond, Shirley and I went over with Thora at 1:30. They had my iron head gear on, and had me all hooked up with the electric cords to the permanent wave machine, when Rosamond brought the baby in for her 3:00 o'clock feeding. Shirley was too frightened for words when she saw me. She sat on the edge of my lap like she was trying to get away, and looked wild eyed at that machine. She was almost in a frenzy. She looked about the room for something familiar. Golden Taylor had Margurite Nuttal all covered with lather, and was going wildly at her. Shirley looked from them to me, and then up in the big mirror at my reflection. I talked to her, but could not cheer her. Finally she began to sob. I coaxed and coaxed, but she would not nurse. Finally, I covered her head with a blanket so she could not see, and talked to her, and then she took her dinner. My brother Bill brought us home this evening.

Norman suggested that while we were in hurricane that he go to the dentist. I took him up at it. I was glad to have him wanting to go. Marilyn took him there this afternoon. So nice to have kids big enough to do things for themselves. I went over to pay the bill when I finished at Taylors. Doc Gibson charged me $2.50 for both kids--three silver fillings for Marilyn and two for Norman. He bragged the kids up and kept saying he couldn't imagine where we got such a smart little girl. Heh heh!

Both Doc and Mrs. Gibson did their bit to show the kids a lovely time. They showed them their canary and their deer. They have a buck and two doe. They gave the kids some trinkets--among them, a bottle of nail polish remover. Marilyn gave DeMar a sniff of it after we got home. The kids were outside. I heard a muffled cry, and jumped to see what it was. Marilyn was white as a ghost, and was carrying DeMar to the house. His eyes were bunged out, and he was strangling. I've never been so frightened since Norman got the lye in his eyes.

Some of the liquid had spilled on the end of DeMar's nose, and nearly burned the poor little kid up. When he overcame the fumes enough to get his breath, he cried from pain. His breath was heavy with the fumes. I grabbed him and ran to the sink to wash the stuff off. Then something in my head snapped, and I had a blinding headache. Marilyn and Norman both looked like they might faint.

Sunday: DeMar's choking awoke me at the crack of dawn. I jumped out of bed and found him in convulsions. His mouth was covered with foam, and he was thrashing about in his bed. I carried him to the sink and washed his face, but all in vain. I could not bring him too. His head rolled around like he didn't have a bone in him. I awoke Marilyn and questioned her, to no satisfaction, about that polish remover. He quieted down, but I couldn't get a stir out of him, for all of my calling and shaking. I could not bring him to. I put him in bed beside me where I could listen to his breathing, and waited for morning. He slept two hours, then woke up crying. I got your dad and Van to come and administer to him, then he grinned at them and seemed perfectly normal.

Your folks left and he begged for breakfast. I put him in his high chair, and he whined a bit, then began to yell. He stared like some monster was after him, and clenched his fists, yelling in the most awful tones. As I grabbed him, he passed out. He choked, and his lungs sounded full, and streaks of blood ran from his mouth. Marilyn, Norman and I were terrified. Marilyn ran for Bishop Church. He came, and when he saw the blood, he ran for the doctor, but he was in Cedar. Mrs. McIntire sent instructions to give him an enema, which we did. He slept until two this afternoon, then he ate a tiny serving of oats and drank a cup of postum. Now he sits quietly in his little rocking chair, and seems quite normal. Mrs. McIntire thought it was an after effect of measles. He still has a few on his arms. I dare not leave him for a moment. I keep a continual prayer in my heart.

Darling, at times like these, we need you more than you can ever imagine. I could always get so much strength and comfort from you. I am thankful that I've been taught to pray, and that I know we can depend upon our Maker to come to our rescue in times of distress. It is only this assurance that gives me courage to try. Goodbye. I love you so very much.

LaVerkin, May 10. I didn't go to church and get the customary rose today. We've had one sick kid or another so long that going to church is just a memory.

The kids had been worried about how they were going to buy me a Mother's Day gift. I overheard them discussing it among themselves. I couldn't hand them the money and say, "Go buy me a gift," so I bought a dozen duck eggs from Marilyn and gave Norman 2¢ a trip for wheeling Shirley out for her nap. By Saturday morning, he had earned the equivalent of Marilyn's dozen eggs. Marilyn is a money manager. She shopped for a bargain, finding a little tin funnel for 7¢. That left 3¢ for suckers, and she still has a nickle in her purse. I chuckled all over as she proudly related her high financing to me this morning as I unwrapped the beloved gift. She said, "I knew it was just what you've been wanting." She remembered how we filled the root beer bottles last summer. Norman could hardly wait for me to open his gift. He kept saying, "It's awfully pretty. I know you'll be glad to get it." And I am. It is a cut glass bowl with a cover, which can be used for a sugar bowl. What precious little children!

You'll want to hear daily, I'm sure, until I can say DeMar is all right again. He rested good last night, and has been quite happy all day today. He was overjoyed, and could hardly believe it, when I told him he could go outside and swing.

Hawthorne, May 10. Hi pal, I'm wishing I was present to add my personality to the Mother's Day occasion. They had the usual program here today. The unusual feature was that after the program, the mothers stood in a row, and every member of the Sunday School marched by and shook hands. It went over big. A good many had tears in their eyes. Then is when I wished so much that I was in other parts, holding a nice hand I know of, and telling a mother how perfectly adorable other people's mother can be (is). Not to mention my own mother.

I can give you a lot of news today--startling stuff, sizzling sentences, scandalous skullduggery, stunning, stupendous, still simply screaming headlines. (1) At meeting today Willard Duncan was sustained and set apart as President of the YMMIA. Ardella Duncan was put in as 2nd counselor in the Primary, and Leah Pierce as 1st counselor, and Ann Fuller as secretary. Now ain't that a real story? (2) Another big headline is, they expect to

build a hall here for church use, and will begin by twenty or more of us going out tomorrow night, after work, and work again, tearing up forms for the lumber in them. The church gets it free for the salvaging, and also, they can get anything they want, through one of the big contractors--cement, nails, doors, windows, etc. (3) Another big headline: We got a raise in pay. One-hundred and five per week, less a dollar and five for old age pension. (4) More news. The grocery store across the street is going full blast. Handy, eh what? (5) Another scoop. The biggest store in town, Hawthorne Mercantile, burned to the ground. The hotel back of the Gallo Bar, also went up in smoke. The work I first did, has half of it gone up in flames. About everybody in town watched her burn, but I had been up late, and slept through it all.

Hawthorne, May 12. Yours of Saturday came today. I got quite excited over DeMar's ailments. I pray he gets over his troubles very soon--is over them long before you get this. . . I'd really love to see you and the new hair do. I dreamed I was home, and Wickley entered the picture, wanting me to do something. It was a very pleasant dream, and I hated to have it stop.

It has been so cold,part of the men had to lay off a day or so. It snowed two or three inches. Last night a group of church men went out and loaded a big load of lumber for the building preparation. It was tough. I nearly froze. I had left my coat home. I took it to work this morning and wore it till nearly noon.

I'm not in need of sugar here, so I'll send my stamp book to you, so you can have more sugar there.

Willard wants me to sing in a quartet Sunday night. He sang a solo last Sunday night.

My prayers are with you in your call for help. I pray for you continually. Be assured my thoughts are with you across the miles. You can feel doubly assured how very much I care. May your troubles all be vanished by now. W.

Hawthorne, May 13. Your letter of Sunday came today. I'm glad DeMar is showing improvement. I feel like his spells were the aftermath of measles, and just got going, because of the nasty dose he got. When a feller is low, it doesn't take much to touch off the works. . . Ardella says mater told her that Don leaves on the 23rd for Salt Lake. Only a week and three days left.

Monday night we plant tomato sets. We manage to have plenty to do. They want us to help salvage lumber as often as possible. One cannot overdo in the Lord's work. I wish I had access to a temple. I miss that part of my labor very much. There is a big happiness attached to association with people of that class, and a joy in feeling you can turn time into such importance.

I'm always putting in my petition for my family, and I know how good our Maker is. I feel assured of our entire safety, despite the griefs and ills of life. The goal is often won, after much trial or tribulation. On this earth we have to get our lessons the hard way, knowing plenty of bitterness to make us capable of enjoying the sweet. Our separation has made us realize, the hard way, how very much we love each other. We felt that it was so before, but now it is seared deeply by the test of tears, fire and sorrow (burning) (yearning). I implore our Father above to help us soon put an end to this separation. It was never meant to be in the first place. In the meantime, keep your heart glowing with the love I give thee. W.

Hawthorne, May 15. Today I've been debating what to do with my bedroll. I could never take all my luggage along with me if I move out of here. My tool box is a load in itself, so if I leave by bus, I will have to make two trips to the station. . . Tomorrow is the big day again. I wish I could go out and earn this much in six days, and then go home and spend it on things to give me a job right there for awhile until it was gone, and then go out and work for another six days. All this is because I still have those tantalizing little ultra homesick spells, then the feeling passes over. Just like hearing things which make tears come in your eyes, or a lump come up in your throat, and just as soon go away. But all in all, I feel like I do very well out here among strangers in a churchless (care less) crew. When I consider the great gangs of people who really can't have much to be looking forward to, I get a twinge of deepest compassion, and wonder what they missed that could have changed their lives. The world's deafness to good teachings is alarming, but then they are all fulfilling the words of men who saw this day, and told us what to look for.

Hawthorne, May 17. Bishop Bowler went to Mesquite, and will be back tonight with 1,000 tomato plants. We will go up tomorrow night to plant them. Imagine a gang going from LaVerkin to Toquerville to work a little garden plot! Of course, no one here has a garden, or cow, or pig, or chickens to tend, so that could spell a heap of difference. . . I didn't get any mail today. I sorta looked for a letter. I begin to get desperate after a few days with no letter. Since Thursday this time, and from then till Monday night is a real spell. I need good news from my family to keep me cheered up. Nothing in the world makes a guy more restless and dissatisfied, than to be so far away,and have things wrong at home. The writing on the knee is getting tiresome. L.C. always uses the table, and I sit by and use the knee. He always uses the outside of the bed, and I crawl over uncheerfully. One day I'm going to have a bed with two outsides.

If things go as usual, I shall stay here till the first week in June, and then go home for a spell. We'll fix up the flivver and take our family for an outing. . . Ardella and Willard are motoring in this Saturday night. They will take my little stick grip and my bedroll.

LaVerkin, May 19. I took the kids to the clinic today, and they were vaccinated for small pox. Shirley was also inoculated for diptheria. She cried and cried. The doctor thumped Norman all over, and told him to gain another pound. He told him what to eat, and that he must rest during the day. Norman sat with his eyes, ears and mouth open, listening to it all. When we came home, he became kind of high and mighty about the food question. He wanted everything on the table at once, that McIntire had suggested. I let him take a dozen eggs to the store, and get a can of salmon. At the dinner table, he delivered a lecture to the family.

"The doctor says what is wrong with America is that people eat too fast. We'd be a bunch of healthy kids if we ate slow and chewed our food good, and rested every day." The minute he finished eating, he went to bed.

Hawthorne, May 22. I'm sending this letter in by Willard and Sis, and you should have it by 10:00 o'clock, instead of mail time. I'm going to have a famine on ways to get home, now that I've let three ways go by the board. Willard would let me join them and the kids, then there was a ride to St. George today with Lavoid Leavitt. But then, I'm set on working till the first Sunday in June, and if nothing happens before, you may know in good time, you'll be seeing me than. Just two weeks! Can we take it?

I'm left to my own thoughts for awhile. L.C. went out to buy a file. His wife sent him a box of candy. It would just put me on the rocks to eat as much as he does. He positively can't let the stuff alone.

I went over to the new store and asked about cashing my checks, and he told me it was okey dokey. He said he could tell by the looks. Glad I looked good to him, eh? Saves me blocks of walking.

We're all intensely interested in Van's set up--when and if he's going into the service. Maybe I'd better come and run the she-bang while the boys are gone. Dad will kill himself off, trying to run the works by himself.

Ardella says it makes her so mad, to think they would take Van in the army. She thinks he has worked so hard for what he has, and has never had any fun out of life. I sure laughed at her plenty. Ardella and Willard came in last night, and Willard cut my hair, then I cut L.C.'s for him.

Since deciding to come home in June, I've had that little piece running through my mind, "What is so rare as a day in June. Then, if ever, come perfect days."

Later: I got my time tonight, ten minutes before quitting time. I'm on my way home. Oh goody! I will hand this letter to you, and save you writing. Love, W.

LaVerkin, June 2. What boundless joy, to have you actually become tangible again--to realize our separations will be broken into shorter intervals. We know it's a long drive for you to come home from LasVegas after working twelve and thirteen hours a day, for six days a week, but oh how wonderful it is to attend Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting as a complete family again!

Your visit with us after church, as we waited for your car to honk out in front, was more precious than emeralds. I am so thankful that you have moved to LasVegas, and that we will be seeing you every week.

Your letters are choice, and I am grateful to have the written proof that you love me. Never would I have possessed such a bundle of love letters, if you had not gone so far away. Letters are something to cherish and reread, when one is alone and needs reassurance. But oh, my darling, to have you gather me in your arms, and to hear you tell me, is like a shower of star dust, moon beams, and sparkling sun all at once, made all the merrier by the clamoring of our children, eager to be in the circle of your arms. How dear to our hearts are your fleeting visits, and how much greater the resolution to bring you home to stay.

Remember how DeMar mimicked the baby when you were here? Because we laughed when Shirley stuck her toe in her mouth, he figured he should look equally as cute doing it too. Well, he's been on a baby binge ever since, carrying it to the obnoxious point. When he dumped his cereal in his hair, I finally had to spank him. In retaliation, he spit on the floor, so I rubbed his nose in it. He arose with a look of disdain, and with head held high, marched resolutely out the door and spit on the ground. Kneeling, he rubbed his nose in that too, and a gob of wet dirt clung to the end of his nose. He came back into the house, and with eyes snapping above his muddy protusion, announced, "Mar spit again."

Last evening, as we walked home from Grandma Gubler's, Marilyn and Norman were pushing Shirley in her buggy. DeMar looked across the square

toward home, then up at me. "The ground is too big. Mar wants to ride on your back." I sat on my heels and let him put his chubby arms around my neck, and brought him home piggy-back. His head drooped on my shoulder, and he fell asleep. He seems so little and yet so big. When I spanked him today for climbing upon the roof of the house, he lay in the yard and howled. Suddenly the crying stopped, and he came inside and coolly announced, "Mar turned the cry off."

LasVegas, Nevada, June. Beloved, I always reserve Tuesday night for my letter to you, but yesterday we were kept on the job until 7:30, and it was about dark when I got home. I was to have been up at 12:30 to be to work by two bells this a.m., but was so tired I slept through the alarm, and it was three when I awoke. We only worked our regular twelve hours today. Monday there were so many headaches and hangovers, that the boss called off at 4:30.

My, but living a week at a time seems good, as compared to long months, and I'm wishing they were only half as long. . . Our journey down was without incident. There was a giant fire raging on the mountains south of Mesquite. Ray (Horatio) and I have never even put up the tent yet. Will do well to get it fixed at all this week. Our bedroom is the whole outside. It's getting dark. I can't see a word. I'm just writing by feel. I guess I'm too lazy to go in the house. I'm all ready for bed, as soon as I take my duds off. Be seein' ya soon. I'm thinking so much of you, and hope my prayers reach you. Love, W.

Note: LaVell and Percy Wittwer had an old bus parked on Sam Earl's vacant lot, on the edge of the LasVegas desert. With plywood, they constructed a portable 12x16 foot room alongside the bus, which served as a mess hall for the family and friends who stayed there. For awhile, Ardella and Willard lived there, as well as Winferd, Horatio, Tell, Bill Neilson, Max Woodbury, Donworth, and I'm not certain who else. The sky was the roof over the beds of the boarders.

LasVegas, June 10. Hello dear. I failed to make the grade last night. Too big a muddle here. So many to keep up the chatter, I guess 9:30 just came too quick. I'm still on the job at five bells every day. I missed my ride Tuesday a.m. and had to thumb my way. . . Max is playing soft ball with J.C. Penny store team, first game tonight. His job doesn't require twelve hours labor a day. . . I've ridden a bicycle out to meet my ride two days thus far. It is better than a two mile walk to meet the car. . . Horatio and Don both got on as painters at $1.25 per hour for ground work, and $1.50 for high steel girders or rigging, like the LaVerkin bridge.

Think I shall have to get our old flivver fixed up. It's awful being afoot, on this, of all the jobs I ever had. Rode to work with Walt Church yesterday a.m. He is now getting $1.00 per hour. Says he is going to try to get on as an electrician's helper. That would get him in the $1.25 class. Sheldon DeMille brought his family down with him yesterday. They will stay the week out and go home. I was surprised yesterday out of all measure to see Lafe Hall out on my job. He was happy, and so was I, for a familiar face. We were put on a job together. I enjoy his company. He is one nice guy.

I met a fellow from Butte, Montana. He said they were talking about me at noon, and decided I was a good Mormon. I had a bottle of milk in my lunch.

LasVegas, June 16. Hi Pal. Again I make the grade and do you a few lines. Beside me sits Ray, doing likewise for his one and only. We are just one big happy family. DeLoy is tending the kids, while Pa and Ma have

gone to a show. A gang event. Mother included. She enjoys it here with all of her later kids and me. Tomorrow night, the bunch is going to take her to the airport and send her up once.

I'm feeling pretty good, all except in the morning when the alarm rings. I have to get up at three, in order to get on the job by five. After working thirteen hours, I crawl in early. Bill turns in early too. The others can sleep till five. Max goes down early each evening to play ball, and William Tell is a night hawk.

The trip down was slow. Sam drives slow, then there's a long stopover in Mesquite. Dixie guys ought to buy that joint we stop at. Tillie works there. The two girls have three times too many customers to look after . . . . The Vegas weather is like home. I enjoy the covers in the a.m. Wish I could enjoy it longer. Sleeping is sure valuable.

LasVegas, June 23. I'm just going to do a small one tonight, as I'm to be up and away by 12:30 a.m. I want to roll in as soon as it's dark enough to take off my pants. Hotel de tree is well patronized, and there are several beds close around.

Nothing very exciting happened on the way down. I usually sleep a little, and think over my short stay with you and the kids. I gave Marilyn a dime. Did Norman feel slighted? I made up my mind to give them a little change each week. Ray and I have never put up the tent. I intended to bring a piece of canvas down to use for mending it. . . I did so enjoy my visit this week. I feel fed spiritually and have a good feeling left with me. Sure do love my pal, and will be glad when you can come down and see me.

LasVegas, June 30. Percy just drove in, in a new ford. He has been disgusted with his old red truck for ages, and all that has kept him from buying a new one, was his wife. . . I went in to see the awning shop and see what it cost to fix up my tent. They want $12.50. New tents are about $40. I may turn out to be a tent maker myself. . . The company has posted notice that there would be no work on the 4th or 5th, so I may have extra time at home this week. . . I'm outside doing my writing, and dusk has about shut the door on me.

LaVerkin, the last day of June, and hot! Been some time since I wrote you. I spent a fun evening filling in as an extra at the women's bridge club, last night. Only the exclusive crowd was there, with the exception of me. I felt extra good. Those card sharks didn't freeze me, or scare me to death, or petrify me, or anything like that. I was as dumb as usual, but smart enough to enjoy it. Our host served heaped up dishes of freezer ice cream, and giant pieces of strawberry shortcake, drizzled over with crushed, fresh berries, smothered in whipped cream. Everybody acted hungry. We visited a lot, and didn't move very fast with our cards. I got the booby prize. Come to think of it, I've often got a prize at bridge, but always the booby prize. "You know who," still leans across the table and says, "Girls, do you want to hear some juicy gossip?" The "girls" lean her way, nodding their anticipation. This always reminds me of the movie, "Barnacle Bill," where the alley cats on the back yard fence impersonate the village gossips. I lean back and chuckle to myself, because I've seen those cats in real life a number of times. Yeow! Who is being catty now?

LasVegas, July 1. Cloudy and cooler. Here it is letter time, and a mighty little news. The whole crowd got a letter from Donnie boy. He is in Santa Anna, California. Says the Air Force keeps him busy.

Next item: Horatio and I talked over the farm situation. We both agree that there can't be too much revenue from the place. We're going to try and get Van to put off his army life for three months, when we both can be freer. We're going to have a get together and see if we can work it out.

Our bathtub was delivered here yesterday. My, it is a heavy seacook. Takes four men to lift it. I feel like it was a good buy. Now I'm in the market for a freighter to deliver it home. . . At present, I'm working in the carpenter shop, and would like to stay here a spell . . . Ardella and Willard have moved in by themselves. They no longer eat here. Sis was satisfied, but Willard wanted for them to be by themselves. . . If you can get Kate or anybody to take over, I'm sure you would enjoy a trip down here. You'd see some sides to life you never saw before. . . Bill tells me L.C. is going to spend another week at home. A whole month! That's going good. I'd like nothing better, if I could fix our house up, and have a good visit besides. These weekly aggravations are hard on all of us. But they say, the harder one works for something, the greater the value. That being true, then the visits are priceless.

LaVerkin, July 7. It is so hot today I'm beginning to curl up on the edges. I'm complaining three degrees worse today than yesterday. It is 97° in the house, and that ain't cold!

We had a Genealogy meeting here last night. The multitude consisted of Ina, Angie, Leonard, Pansy and a host of gnats that came in and stuck to the light. I really kept open house last night, both garage doors wide open, in hopes of catching a whiff from the Arctic, but nary a whiff came by. . . I've been afflicted with thoughts of you, ever since you left. Can't get you off my mind. Like the song says, "I've got it bad, and that ain't good." I think it's kind of good though.

Bishop Church mowed our oats yesterday. He was doing some mowing of his own, and he came in the evening and did ours, then drove out, without me getting to talk to him.

We should have taken a picture of the oats, to show the difference between fall and spring plowing. Weren't you impressed with the sharp line down the middle of the patch, showing where you stopped plowing last fall, and where Van took it up this spring? Winter did magic to the upturned sod, mellowing and crumbling the clods. Dry winds, water and heat did nothing to the giant clods that hardened to brick, after spring plowing. The oats on the loamy side, stood like a wall, two feet taller, and a world thicker than on the gumbo side.

I bought more defense stamps to put in the kids' books today. I used my sugar stamps too. I have ninety-one pounds of figs to put up.

Shirley just climbed upon my lap, and you should see her busy fingers at these keys. I can hardly write a word. . . I had to put her down. Here she comes again, laughing and coaxing. She's awfully cute.

Don't forget to get DeMar some shoes, 9½ EE. Shirley has scrubbed the soles almost off her shoes, since being down on the floor. I'll have to get her a pair so we won't be ashamed to take her to church.

LasVegas, July 7. . . I just loaded the tub onto Cleve LeBaron's truck to deliver to you. . . I've spent a lot of today thinking in terms of taking over Dad's farm. I can see plenty of work, at least. I want to iron out a lot of points before I make a decision. I will visit with Dad next Sunday. If I had a truck of some kind, I know I could do ok. We shall see. I would enjoy being in town again, especially to eat and sleep at home. . . When are you coming down? Bill would bring you. You could come Wednesday night, and get two or three days.

LasVegas, July 14, Hi pal, here's hoping you can give me a good report of yourself. I've been doing a heap of thinking about how you've managed all of your chores, cares and kids. . . It's about to rain. Interlude to cover the bed. I soled my old shoes last night. They look quite fine now. . . Well, darling, I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea. I've almost gone gray trying to decide which of a list of things to pick up for next Friday's celebration. I'll just tell you happy birthday for now. Haven't been able to think of much else since leaving, but of all the things you are to me--sweetheart, wife, mother, pal, etc., etc. . . . Tell took most of the bunch out to see a trailer house he wants to buy. Ray and I stayed home. No mon, no fun, can't even buy a mosquito netting, or the scrim for the tent.

I enjoy my visits with you, and the main purpose of this letter is to keep you fully reminded. I bask in the enjoyment you've been to me, and how fully you filled the need I had for you. Hoping to be always my best and your best. W.

With the prospect of Winferd coming home to run the farm, I concluded that if I ever saw the war boom in action, it had better be now. Kate stayed with the children, and Bill Neilson took me to LasVegas.

I had seen LasVegas twice before; first, when we took Tell and Audrey to get married, and second, when we visited Boulder Dam. This was in May, 1936, when they celebrated water going through the spillway tunnel for the first time. Ah, what a moment--to be leaning over the wall with hundreds of other spectators, when the drum gates were opened and the water poured through the tunnels, pounding, furious and white, into the Colorado below. With our two little children, Marilyn and Norman, we went on down the river to Calamity Ranch to visit Winferd's missionary companion, Dell Fairbourne and his wife.

LasVegas was a normal little desert town, in those days. I couldn't believe my eyes! There was nothing normal about what I beheld now! LasVegas had spawned a rag town, that sprawled beyond the city limits in all directions, fluttering and waving like a dingy wash, hung to dry over miles of chaparral. Like swarming ants, men had come from every direction for the war time gold rush. Over night, the town teemed with thousands more people than it could house. Transients threw up temporary shelters of tarps, old quilts, sheets, piano boxes--anything for protection, and squatted in the desert. Some owned real tents, and others made plywood shacks. What impressed me most was the fluttering and flapping in the ceaseless, scorching wind, of the new LasVegas.

Winferd took me sight seeing in the evening. We walked down a crowded street in the colored section of town. We squeezed our way through throngs of noisy, laughing Negroes. I tried to imagine all of them as Uncle Remuses and Aunt Jemimas, but since it was my first time to see more than one Negro, I confess I was scared, and clung to Winferd's arm.

If the movie industry did not film the LasVegas of 1942--the living conditions in the desert, it certainly missed one of the strangest epics in history. The wandering of the children of Israel could not have been more spectacular. How glad I was to get home to more than the shade of a mesquite bush.

LaVerkin, July 28, Dearest Winferd, all day I've thought of little else but that you are coming home to stay. There is no greater luxury than your society. If I did not marry for love, money would be the only other consideration. It seems that we have an over abundance of love, so why waste our time in the pursuit of money?

We still have the bird house on our hands. May Heaven rescue me if I ever attempt to help my son do carpenter work again. I haven't the ability of a three year old when it comes to building things. I spent a lot of time trying to help Norman, but to tell the truth, he and Marilyn could do much better without my assistance. We got the queer thing together, but I'm embarrassed about how shoddy it is. There isn't one right angle in it, and there are no two edges that fit. Norman is satisfied with it, but if he's going to be a good carpenter, he shouldn't be satisfied.

Our neighbor to the north and east of us, reported to me that Gene Henroid had applied for a license to sell beer at his fruit stand. She wept as she told me, because she knew what a difference it would make to her own household. Well! I could see no reason to take this sitting down. Since the day was cloudy, with a cool breeze passing through, it seemed like a fine time to take Shirley for a buggy ride. I wrote a petition against selling beer in our town, and left Marilyn in charge at home, while I wheeled the baby all the way from Wilford Thompson's to Grant Button's, collecting signatures. When I presented my petition to the mayor, he grinned and said, "You have the majority of our people. No beer license will be granted." Shirley might become a real vigilante, after having covered the town with a petition so young.

The other youngsters were rewarded for being so good. Marilyn and Norman coaxed me to let them take the little wagon load of cans to the trash dump yesterday. DeMar set up a storm to go too, so I let him. After I finished mopping the floor I packed a lunch and took Shirley in the buggy, and set out after them. I met them by the big stand pipe above Brooks's, and we ate lunch there. You should have seen Shirley. I've never seen her so tickled. She just kept saying, "Ha, ha, ha," in a boisterous, grown up way. She rejoiced to the fullest all the while we were there. Oh, but she got dirty. She took her berry dish and licked it inside, and stuck it on top of her head, and got blackberry juice in her hair, and all over her face, and down the front of her slip. I had to take off her slip and mop her up before we could start home. DeMar and Shirley were ready to go to sleep when we got home. . . .

Abruptly our correspondence came to a halt. Ovando was drafted into the army, and Winferd came home to manage the farm early in August. We were a complete family again, eating three meals a day together, and knowing once more the serenity of having Winferd prepare his Gospel Doctrine lessons aloud in the evenings, while I darned socks or ironed. On hot, haying days, when Winferd needed to cool off in the late afternoons, we went to Oak Grove for supper, or we went swimming in the river near Sheep Bridge, below Virgin. With a rope, Winferd lowered Shirley's buggy over a little ledge to the sand, where the other children played and splashed in the shallow water. Winferd

swam like a porpoise up and down through the narrows, while I swam near the children. Once, Norman followed me too far in the water. I turned just in time to see him disappear in a water hole. When I tried to swim against the current, the distance widened between us. I screamed, and Winferd came up stream, churning the water like an outboard motor, dove into the hole and came up with a purple little boy. Winferd worked with Norman and got him breathing, but we never took the children to the river again.

At apple picking time, Winferd and I took a vacation together, peddling apples. The kids loved it when we hired Onie LeBaron to stay with them, because she was hearty and cheerful and cooked exciting things, like cornmeal hotcakes. But she had a family of her own, and only came when we made short runs. Once we hired a little woman from Hurricane, who brought her violin. As we left in the cool of the evening, we heard the thin, trembling of her violin strings, and her quavering voice singing, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam." She held the children in such fascination that they didn't even whimper when we left.

We were gone three or four days, and during that time the violin had lost its soothing effect. When we returned, our baby sitter was fit for the booby hatch, and the kids full of "guess whats" and giggles. All about us was the evidence of her deeds of valor. She had done the washing. I found the clothes tightly stuffed into the toy boxes that scooted on rollers under the lounge. Overalls, muddy socks, sheets, towels--everything had been washed, unsorted, in the same load, and everything was the color of wet cement.

"I did your mending, too," she announced.

Had she ever! She had sewn all the rags in the rag drawer together, in crazy patch fashion. The result was a thing big as a tent, with fringed and feathered seams. There wasn't even a rag left for Winferd to wipe the truck's oil stick with. Next, she fixed my cooking utensils. She had pounded the dents out of my thin aluminum pots, and in her diligence, she had pounded the bottom right out of my biggest kettle. Pounding pots was probably her safety valve to preserve her sanity. Next, she invaded the linen closets in our new house. There I had stored a dozen percale sheets, still in the packages. For some strange reason, she opened them all, dumping the sheets in our bathtub, (which had never been used, pending hot water heater, finished room, etc.) flooding them with iron stained water from the new pipes. The sheets were a yellow, soggy mess.

The poor little woman's eyes were red from weeping. The kids said she cried every time the baby did, and she cried when the kids fell in the ditch on purpose. We should have told her about the ditch. It was a shallow thing of mud where the kids played with Marilyn's baby ducks. But our harried baby tender became as upset as the hen that had hatched out the ducks.

We should have told her about kids and trees, too, but we thought she knew. It must have been terrible, her trying to keep them down out of the trees. The kids thought it entertaining.

To make matters worse, we thought anyone would know that three or four days meant four. She thought it meant three. So for twenty-four hours she visualized us turned upside down in some bleak canyon, and herself stuck with our kids forever. But she had hopes enough to have her things all packed, ready for instant flight the minute we got home. We appreciated her far more than she appreciated us, for the kids were well fed, safe and happy.

The living room and kitchen were the only finished rooms in our new house. We were using these as sleeping quarters. A pile of flooring was stacked in the hall. Dangling from an extension cord over the hall door was a walnut sized night light. One morning, DeMar became intrigued by the little white globe, so climbing upon the lumber, he pulled down the cord, and stuffed the bauble in his mouth. He got an electric shock that knocked him to the floor. The inside of his mouth was burned, and his lips swelled until they protruded like a duck's bill. For days he was a pitiful bundle of misery, but luckily alive.

The children were so happy to have a daddy again, that they followed him, riding on every load of hay or load of fruit that came from the field. Once, when I captured Norman long enough to get him to clean the white cylinder of coils that topped our GE refrigerator, he felt so debased that he began droning his melancholy lamentations. As his fingers worked the wash cloth between the circling tubes, his sad dirge ran like this: "Nobody likes me. Nobody ever helps me. Everybody around here just wishes I hadn't been born. When kids come to play with me, they don't stay long at all, and when they go away, they say they'll be right back, and they don't ever come back, and I haven't hardly any playmates or friends, and daddy's and mother's don't play with kids, and they don't do any nice things for their kids. All they ever do for them is give them food and clothes and things like that, that they have to have. Daddy's and mother's aren't a bit of fun. Even when they try to play, their games are kind of workish." And on and on he went, the tremor in his voice increasing until finally tears begin trickling down his cheeks. His misery was so funny, I couldn't resist taking notes, but I was as happy as he was when the job was done. With a whoop and a holler, he took off joyously across the field, his sorrows all forgotten.

Norman ran six inches taller as he raced with his sister to catch the bus on the first day of school. He was eager to enter the halls of learning as a full-fledged first grader. He had been deprived of going to kindergarten, as it had been temporarily discontinued the year before. I was happy for him to go, because his longing had been so great.

Winferd's returning to LaVerkin was timely. On November 22, Bishop Vernon Church and his counselors, LaFell Iverson and Wickley Gubler, were released. Loren Squire was sustained as bishop, with Winferd and Leonard Hardy as counselors. This new priesthood assignment came as a special blessing to our home. A warm, sweet feeling of peace accompanied it, a fitting conclusion for a year in which our love and faith had been so deeply tested.

CHAPTER 32
Gordon
(1943)

With the exodus of farmers from our area, our ward suffered a man shortage. The Young Men's Mutual Organization had been dissolved, and Vilate Hardy carried on as Young Women's president, with Geneva Segler and me as her counselors. Although our numbers were few, we had a lot of good times together.

Vilate and her husband, George, were in the turkey business at this time. In the springtime, Vilate asked us to come to her home to an officer's and teacher's meeting, which also included the bishopric. Actually, it was a surprise party for all of us. She had prepared a most extravagant turkey dinner for the crowd.

In April, Bishop Squire and his two counselors attended conference in Salt Lake City. This was a special occasion for Winferd.

Percy and LaVell Wittwer had moved from LasVegas to Orem, Utah, where Percy worked as an electrician for Geneva Steel. One day in April he was killed in an accident at the roller mills. We were stunned at the news. It seemed impossible that our ranks would ever be broken. LaVell was left with four little children, her baby being only three months old.

Shirley was a cute little talker by now, but she had one real hang-up. She hated to have her hair combed. It was so curly that it took the two of us to get the job done. Winferd would hold her on his knee while I brushed and wound her shining ringlets around my fingers. Winferd's eyes lit up with admiration as he looked on. Then he'd set her down, and she'd take hold of his hand, and together they'd walk in the yard, Winferd chuckling at her constant chatter. She'd stoop to watch the ants among the leaves, and make little beds for them in the grass.

"There now, nice little bug, go to sleep," she'd purr.

She couldn't pronounce "Gubler," so she called herself, "Shirley Booger." This always brought gales of laughter from the kids, which pleased her, so she'd say it over and over. Even after she learned to say "Gubler," she still referred to herself as a "nice booger."

One day she shut the window on two of her fingers, taking the nail off one. Her crying stopped as she watched me wrap each finger. "Nice dollies," she cooed. "Shirley Booger's nice dollies." She kept the rags on her fingers a day or two longer than necessary, because she loved her "dollies."

And my how she loved DeMar. Although he teased her to tears every day, she always coaxed, "Come on DeMar," when she went out to play.

On July 28, our little boy Gordon was born. When LaVell Hinton placed him in my arms, I felt like all the angels of heaven rejoiced. Cute! Oh my yes! His dark hair hung down over his flannel nightgown, and the quizzical look on his little face let me know he was eager to find out what life was all about. Gordon was born at LaVell Hinton's maternity home, and of course McIntire was our doctor.

When Gordon was a week old, his cousin, Leon Duncan, was born at LaVell's also. Ardella and I had one full week together there, with our husbands visiting us in the evenings. The event took on a social atmosphere.

The Fruit Grower's Association had imported Japanese help, and peach picking was in full swing when I came home with my baby. John Judd hired a Japanese merchant from San Francisco, who came to pick fruit during his vacation. The man and his wife lived in the northeast basement room of our new home. My cousin, Sylvia Gifford, was our hired girl. She did our cooking and housework, but since it was peach bottling time, there was an extra load.

As I prepared to help, the Japanese lady said, "Oh no! In Japan a mother never puts her hands in water until her baby is one month old."

She stayed right in our kitchen and helped Sylvia until our bottling was all done. Her husband was right at Winferd's side as soon as his day's work in John Judd's orchard was done. Landscaping was the man's hobby. Our garden and yard never got such a grooming as it did at this time. Both the man and Winferd seemed to be having an unusually happy time together. These people were of the very highest caliber. So were the four Japanese boys who picked Winferd's fruit. They lived in a tent under the poplar trees on the square.

The Secretary of War had marked off military areas to provide for moving American born Japanese, as well as enemy aliens. Under the office of War Relocation Authority, camps for displaced Japanese were set up, some of them in Utah. This is how the Japanese happened to be working in our area. With their help, the Fruit Grower's Association shipped 107 carloads of fruit from here in 1943. It takes 528 bushel to make one car load.

I was absorbed with bathing the baby, when Bishop Squire entered. He didn't come to see Winferd, as I had supposed, but to see me.

"The Lord has directed us to ask you to be YWMIA president," he said simply.

I gathered my baby in a blanket, and sinking into a chair, gazed silently at the bishop. Was I hearing right? How could I think of MIA with my baby so new? Did the Lord really know about this?

Seeming to read my thoughts, the bishop said, "We discussed this in bishop's meeting, and your husband approves. You will be blessed in the selection of your counselors and will find joy in this calling."

What was there left to say but, "I'll do it."

Belva Sanders and Ellen Woodbury were sustained as my counselors, and Lucille Gubler as secretary. The YMMIA was also organized, with George Sandstrom as YM president, and Horatio Gubler as both counselors, and Walter Church as secretary.

On October 21, Tell's wife, Audrey, died. Her passing was as sudden as Percy's had been. This came as a terrible shock. It seemed incredible that our ranks could be broken again so soon. Audrey left four little

children between the ages of ten and two. Tell was returning from a scout training school in New Jersey. Audrey died from a heart attack in the morning, and he arrived home that afternoon. Since Tell had to be away to earn a living, Grandma Gubler took care of his children.

At the close of 1943, ration stamp books were still in force. Many canned goods were rationed, as well as sugar, meat, butter, fats, oils, gasoline, tires, and building materials. Rents were frozen at the July 1 level. Americans were urged to buy more war bonds and U.S. savings stamps. School children gathered scrap metal and scrap rubber for the war effort. People were urged to turn in all of their bacon drippings and every spoonful of grease. In fact, they were almost made to feel guilty if they used any to cook with. One patriotic woman proclaimed, "It is better to give the fat to our country, than to carry it on our hips." Thus was the state of affairs with the people.

The world itself was restless. This was the year the little spiral of smoke curled up from a Mexican corn field, and the volcano Paricutin, was born. This was the first recorded volcano where man actually witnessed its birth. It built its cone 1,200 feet above the plowed sod.

CHAPTER 33

Summer
(1944)

With Dixie Harrison as chairman, the ward celebrated an old fashioned May Day, down on Wayne Wilson's Ash Creek farm. Swings were fastened to tall cottonwood trees, game tables were set up in the shade for "checkers" and "fox and geese," an area was cleared for soft ball, and pegs planted for horseshoe pitching, and of course, there was a May pole. A long table, made of planks on saw horses, was set up for the potluck dinner. The day promised to be a perfect one.

Winferd had gone ahead with the older children, while I stayed to care for the baby. As I prepared my salad and casserole, Winferd returned, carrying a glassy eyed little boy into the house.

DeMar had climbed a cottonwood tree to gather beanies for his shooter, and a dead twig snapped, letting him down. The 18 foot fall knocked the breath out of him. Winferd rushed him to the doctor, who examined him. The doctor found no broken bones, but told Winferd to keep him in bed for the rest of the day. So I sent my food to the celebration with Winferd, and spent the day at home with Gordon and DeMar.

DeMar was floppy and quiet. Poor little fellow. Usually he was awfully noisy, imagining himself a feed mill with a roaring engine, or an airplane. Now he lay still. As I wrung out cool cloths for his head, I thought how gentle and sweet he was. Could this possibly be the same rowdy rebel of yesterday? Today he appreciated my attention. Yesterday he didn't like my attitude. When I took a cake from the oven, he wanted me to cut it right then.

"No," I replied, "it's for dinner."

He regarded me for a moment, then announced, "I'm going to get me a new wife. I'm tired of my old wife."

"Who is your old wife?" I asked.

"You are," he replied.

He could see no reason why a boy had to sit down to eat with the family at meal times when piecing all day long was easier. He thought boys should not be expected to bathe and get ready for bed when night time came, either.

"I feel like busting down the house. Old drawer," he said to his chest of drawers,"I'm going to break you for holding my sleepers." To his bed, he said, "Old bed, I'm going to burn you up."

But when I put my arm around him and said, "Kneel down now and say your prayers," he earnestly prayed, "Heavenly Father, please help me to be a good boy."

DeMar had hastened Gordon's growing up, too. The other children learned to crawl before they walked, but not Gordon. When Gordon was only ten months old, DeMar came growling across the floor at him.

"I'm a bear and I'm going to eat you up."

Gordon squealed and ran, wrapping his arms around my legs. From that day on, he walked.

The day after May Day, I realized how beautiful DeMar's motor sounded. How relieved I was that he was ok.

In July, Leonard Hardy's family and our family went on a camping trip together at Navajo Lake. One afternoon, as we hiked to the ice cave, Neil and Norman ran ahead, and we lost track of them. We called and called, but our voices were muffled by the trees. An hour passed without our seeing any sign of them, and I became panicky. The sun was dropping behind the trees and it would soon be dark. We might have to call out a searching party. I visualized spotlights and lanterns shining through the trees all night. To make matters worse, someone suggested that there were bears on Cedar Mountain. At the height of my anxiety, Neil and Norman came down the path toward us. They had raced to the ice cave ahead of us, and since we were forever catching up, they had been on an exploring expedition.

CHAPTER 34

T E R R Y
(1945)

"Shirley," DeMar said, "when I'm a man I'm going to be bigger and stronger than you."

"Will you be fat like I'm going to be?" she asked.

"I'll be so big I can talk a whole lot of ladies down."

"Will you love me?"

"Naw. I'll go way off and marry my own mother. I don't know who she'll be though."

On April 1, our number four son, Terry,was born. Early that Sunday morning he announced his intended arrival, but by the time I was ready with my suitcase, he had changed his mind. After all, this was April Fool's day. Besides, our nurse, LaVell Hinton, was to be out of town until the next day. But "just in case," we made emergency arrangements to go to the Bradshaw Maternity home in Hurricane.

Sunday evening, our baby became serious about coming, so Winferd hustled me and my suitcase into his rattle-trap truck. As he turned onto the highway, the irrestible sight of two hitchhikers greeted him. Winferd could never resist hitchhikers or hobos. Often he presented them at our dinner table, or brought them home for the night. This day was no different. Slamming on the brakes, Winferd squealed the truck to a stop.

"We're only going two miles," he called, "but if you'd like, you may hop aboard."

They hopped up behind the cab.

As he stopped to let them off, Winferd said, "This is where we turn. By the way, where did you say you were from?"

"Shreveport," one of them replied.

"That's green country, isn't it? You're a long way from home." He leaned leisurely back and proceeded to get acquainted.

Heavy pains, like the weight of a landslide, bore down upon me. I dug my fingers into the ragged upholstery of the car seat, clutching onto the bare springs.

"We're going to Phoenix," one of the hitchhikers was saying.

"I used to know a fellow from Phoenix--let's see, his name was--"

"Winferd," I whispered, "hurry!" I was doing my best to appear calm, but this little kid of ours--owe! Are hitchhikers any good at delivering babies, I wondered?

"Guess we'd better be going," Winferd said. "Have a nice trip."

At Bradshaw's, Emma ran to the phone. "Annabelle, we need the doctor quick," she said to Mrs. McIntire.

"He's in LaVerkin. Joe Gubler has had a stroke. I'll try to get him."

"Well," Winferd said, when he got the report, "I'll just run along home and get the kids their supper. I'll be back in plenty of time."

What a serene man!

Breathing shallow and holding a baby back doesn't sound like much. It's about as mild as trying to hold the world together under a bombing attack. Dr. McIntire and Terry both arrived at the same time. By the time Winferd returned, Terry had had his oil bath and I lay on my cool pillow thinking,"Thank Heavens!"

"Uncle Joe is pretty bad," Winferd said.

Uncle Joe Gubler, Grandpa's only brother, died on May 3.

Then came word from Germany that Willard Duncan had been killed by a booby trap on March 26.

"Oh no," I cried as Winferd brought me the news. "How can our family

be hit so hard again so soon? First LaVell loses her companion, then Tell, and now Ardella! Which one will be next?"

I recalled the night the family had had a get-together to bid Willard goodbye as he went into the service. Ardella wept openly. As big tears slid down her cheeks, she sobbed, "I know he'll never come back." We tried to console her in vain. Her premonition had been correct. How sad we were.

While I was at Bradshaw's, Elizabeth Burgess' baby Robert was born there also.

In the afternoons, Bishop Bradshaw would sit by my bedside and read the daily paper to me. On April 12, Franklin D. Roosevelt died of a cerebral hemorrhage just 83 days after he had taken office as President of the U.S.A. for the fourth time. Within four hours, Harry S. Truman became the 33rd President. President Roosevelt had said he did not want a 4th term, but he felt that it was his duty to run so there would be no shake-up in leadership in the middle of a great war. Many people were opposed to the idea of one man being president for 16 years, and the Republicans had used this issue in their campaign. F.D.R. was the only president who had presumed to run even for a third term. The Democrats emphasized the danger of "changing horses in midstream", and stressed the idea that an experienced man was needed to finish the war and establish lasting peace. President Roosevelt's fourth inaugural address was one of the briefest in American history--15 minutes. He did not live to see the Allied victory in which he had played so great a part.

On the 13th of April, Addie Naegle had a baby girl, Annette. Addie had chuckled about me having a baby on April Fool's Day. Now I chuckled about her having one on Friday the 13th.

On April 28, Italian patriots killed Benito Mussolini, dictator of Italy. On May 1, it was announced over a Hamburg radio station that Hitler, "fighting to the last breath against Bolshevism, fell for Germany this afternoon in the Reich Chancellery." British intelligence officers later reported that Hitler had committed suicide on April 30, in the shelter of the Reich Chancellery, a day after his marriage to Eva Braum, who also chose to die by her own hand. However, despite this report, many persons who knew him, continued to believe that Hitler was alive. Whether he was dead or living in hiding, his dreams of a master race had collapsed, and Germany was humbled. The places connected with Hitler's rise to power were either completely destroyed, or left in ruins. Hitler had rose to dictatorship by the so-called "blood purge," in which he executed 1,100 persons. He had the Jews brutally robbed of their property and civil rights, and many hundreds of thousands were murdered. There was no question but what he was Satan's greatest ally.

On May 7, German emissaries entered a schoolhouse in Reims, France, where General Eisenhower had his headquarters. There they signed a surrender document, which was ratified in Berlin the next day. Germany was divided into four zones, occupied by the Soviets, British, French and the United States.

Just one week later, on May 14, President Heber J. Grant passed away. I will always remember President Grant most for his slogan, "That which you persist in doing becomes easier to do, not that the nature of the thing has changed, but the ability to do has increased." He visited our stake often.

The church was smaller in those days, and always at quarterly conference time, we either had visitors from the First Presidency or from the Council of the Twelve. After President Grant's passing, George Albert Smith became the 8th President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

On August 6, we had a George and Annie Isom family reunion at the old homestead on Kolob. The day was clear and sunny and the children had fun racing in the meadow among the pines. We pitched out tents early in the afternoon, then spent the evening around the campfire. The pine trees began to bend in a rushing wind that swept in with dark clouds, blotting out the stars. We hustled into our tents, and then a downpour came. The cracking of lightning and the clapping thunder made a deafening din, with the pelting rain. Finally it subsided, leaving only the patter of a gentle rain, and we slept. But somewhere in my subconscious, I could hear digging and splashing the whole night through. Morning found ditches dug around every tent. Kate had spent the night shoveling in the rain to keep us all from being washed away. Seems like she would have batted someone she knew over the head with the shovel, but she didn't. She just dug on. What love!

On the afternoon of August 7, Mama's birthday, we returned home. When we turned on the radio to get the 10 o'clock news, we got a ghastly report of the bombing of Hiroshima, Japan. A United States warplane had dropped an atomic bomb on this city of 343,000 population. Three days later, they dropped a plutonium bomb on Nagasaki, Japan, a city of about 200,000. 66,000 were killed in Hiroshima and 39,000 killed in Nagasaki. Thousands of others were injured. The reports of devastation were too terrible to think about. As awful as this was, it was still a life-saving effort. The United States figured the war would have lasted at least eighteen more months, with the loss of millions of lives, if this action had not been taken.

On August 15, Emperor Hirohito told the Japanese people, by radio, that Japan has lost the war. On Sept. 2, Tokyo time, the Japanese signed the formal surrender aboard the battleship U.S.S. Missouri, anchored in Tokyo Bay. Under MacArthur's direction, American troops occupied the Japanese home islands.

My brother William was a Lieutenant in the South Pacific. Ovando had served his time as radio technician and had returned home, and Donworth was still in the Air Force as a bombardier. Rationing was dropped on everything but sugar, after the fighting stopped.

On the home front, we had vacated our little house. We were moved into our new home. Instead of this being one big thrill, it was a culmination of a hundred thrills. Each time a closet was finished and painted, or a book shelf installed, or windows put in, Winferd would say, "Come and see." And we'd celebrate. And now, all of the individually finished parts became one great whole--a home, though admittedly, parts of it had already mellowed. But we didn't owe a cent. It was all ours, built without going into debt, except for tiny piece loans that Winferd paid off immediately.

What fun it was to cook our first meal in our new, sunny kitchen. Marilyn was cute the way she took over. Dishes were promptly done, and lovingly she swept up the crumbs, then thoroughly dusted the house.

Best of all, we had SPACE! Serene, beautiful space! No longer were we bumping into each other. With room to stretch, dispositions became sweet. When we were crowded, people were irritable, and meal time was often a devastating experience, because the whole house had to be cleaned again.

When every inch of a house is lived in every minute of the day, a woman has to be cleaning and setting to rights with every breath she draws. Now, housekeeping was a breeze. It was as though we had burst from our cucoon.

But even a butterfly might possibly look back at the empty cucoon with some degree of tenderness. Often, while I was busy with the baby, Gordon, just barely turned two, would disappear. Usually we found him in the vacated mud house, sitting on the couch, his feet sticking out in front of him. On his solemn little face was a look of homesick longing. Sometimes in the evenings, both Gordon and Winferd vanished. We'd find them sitting together in the old house, listening to the radio that had remained in its forgotten corner.

Gordon was an independent little soul. He never troubled to ask for a drink when he was thirsty, but slid a chair up to the cups, got one, then climbed down, sliding his chair to the tap for his drink, then he'd slide the chair back to the cups and put his away. Whenever he opened a drawer, he shut it. He always put the spoon back that he had been digging in the sand with, dirt and all. At meal times, he slid everyone's chairs up to the table, then he'd go outside and call the others. Sometimes when the kids dawdled over their food, Gordon would say, "Eat, eat, eat."

Winferd had a small, red-handled scythe that was light and easy to swing. One Sunday afternoon, as we sat enjoying the cool shade of our front porch, Gordon took the scythe, swinging it at the weeds along the ditch.

"Look at him," Winferd exclaimed. "He's really cutting them down."

Persistently Gordon worked, the weeds falling under the scythe's sharp blade.

"Ah, he's my boy," Winferd observed. "He is going to be my companion and helper."

I am sure he little realized how prophetic his words were.

Gordon was a picture, in his short, blue linen pants, buttoned onto a blue and white striped shirt. His face glistened with perspiration, and his damp, thick hair curved softly on his forehead.

"He's a handsome one," Winferd said.

Chief Tillehash, of the Shivwit Indian Tribe, brought his family to LaVerkin and pitched camp in Grandpa Gubler's pear orchard at pear picking time. The Tillehash family harvested the crop for Winferd. The little papooses played among the trees, and the babies were laced up in their cradle boards and stood against the tree trunks on the shady side. The little tykes endured the gnats and flies patiently. Only their little hands were free. Indian babies are a marvel to me.

After the fruit was harvested, Winferd bought a second hand piano, and from Marilyn's beginner lesson book, I learned where middle "C" was on the keyboard. Now our house really became a home. We had a fireplace, which is the heart of a home, and now a piano, which is the pulse beat.

At MIA we often lacked a pianist to play the march tune for the classes to reassemble, so I decided to learn one piece, so I could pinch-hit when necessary. Secretly I practiced every time I found myself alone. Diligently I struggled to learn "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and

was quite impressed when I could play it clear through without a mistake. Then the great moment came. Our pianist was absent. Max Woodbury was YMMIA president by now, and both the Young Women's and the Young Men's executives were holding a meeting in the recreation hall during class period. It was my turn to take charge. The time came to sound the chord on the piano. My heart began to pound. I wondered if I dared. Bolstering my courage, I walked to the piano. Pretending to be calm, I sat on the piano bench as if I'd been playing in public all my life. I struck the first chord, which was masterful and beautiful. Out of the side of my eye I saw my counselors suddenly sit up to attention. Then it was time to play. To my horror, the piano keys began to swim. And so did the room! Extreme stage fright gripped me. I could not see one single note on the keyboard. Still, I knew that I knew how to play. Hoping to redeem myself, I fumbled with the keys, making strange, pitiful sounds. Sliding from the bench, I'm not sure whether I walked, or crawled back to the others. The only thing that prevented me from perishing with a stroke was everyone's hearty laughter. I laughed too.

"I've practiced for weeks for this moment," I confessed.

"It was a great start," Max assured me.

With the first frost in the fall, I brought my houseplants inside. When the plant stand in front of the south windows became crowded, Winferd built me a wire glass greenhouse over the southwest basement windows. From these open windows, I could work inside with perfect ease. Verbenas and geraniums bloomed all winter, filling the basement with their fragrance.

On December 30, Bishop Loren Squire was released, which meant that Winferd and Leonard were also released from the bishopric. Winferd's brother Horatio was sustained as the new bishop with Roland Webb and Carl Church as his counselors.

CHAPTER 35

We Can't Eat Flowers
(1946)

In the spring, Winferd hooked the truck onto the sagging wire fence across the top of the lot and yanked it out, along with the blackberry bramble. He built a rail fence in its place, and hauled in sand for lawns and flowers.

"I'll leave the fence for you to paint," he said, "and since we can't eat flowers, I'll leave them for you to grow, too."

Our new lawn came up thick, but as the days turned hot, keeping the young grass watered was a problem. Terry was walking by now, and he and Gordon were like a pair of ducks, going everywhere side by side. I had to guard the spray nozzle or they would dig holes in the lawn with it. Like a kangaroo, I constantly leaped up and down the steps to my housework, then back to the lawn sprinkler. If I found it gullying out the lawn, I scolded. Gordon and Terry learned to disappear when I came in sight. Once, when I heard Gordon say, "See Terry, I'm spraying the walk," I charged out the back door and around the house to surprise him. When he saw me coming, he was too startled to put the hose down, but froze, with the spray

nozzle turned full upon me. I gasped and spluttered, charging into the cold, stinging spray. Bewildered, Gordon began to whimper, still aiming the nozzle at me. When I saw the look in his eyes, and heard the unhappy whimper, I cooled off, (to put it mildly), replaced the hose, and took the three of us inside for dry clothes.

One afternoon, I drove to Ruby Webb's house to ask her to give a lesson in MIA on "Safety in the home and on the farm." Gordon rode in the back seat.

"You stay in the car," I said. "I'll only be a minute."

I parked with the gears in reverse, because of the slope. As I entered Ruby's house, she said, "Your car is going."

I ran, but the car was gaining speed. It crossed the intersection, bouncing through an abandoned ditch, mowed down a couple of Powell Stratton's fence posts, and came to rest in his pomegranate bushes. Gordon was pitched over the back of the front seat, where he limply hung, wide eyed and white. Ruth Stratton ran from her house, and was there ahead of me.

As I opened the car door, Gordon said in a quivering voice, "I didn't drive it. The car runned away."

I was too shaken to back the vehicle out of its predicament, so Ruth did it for me. I almost didn't have the nerve to tell Ruby why I came.

My mother used to say we should start getting ready for Sunday on Monday. I knew she was right, but it never worked out that way for me. Come Saturday, I usually had a week's work to be done before night. The particular Saturday I speak of was typical. I had cooked, mended, and scrubbed, both house and kids, until I got my usual Saturday sag. Finally, the last child was tucked in, and I collapsed into a chair with a sigh. Oh, for one blissful moment of relaxation! Then, from the basement, the nightly ritual began.

"Motherrrrr, I need a drink."

"Mother, I need to go to the bathroom."

"Make Norman stop hitting me."

"DeMar is pulling my hair."

Like a martyr I arose, responding to each cry.

I felt abused. Then annoyed. Then aggravated. Then exasperated. THEN DOWNRIGHT FURIOUS! I HAD HAD IT! As sounds of unnecessary vitality vibrated from the rooms below, I stormed to the head of the stairs.

"ONE MORE SOUND OUT OF YOU KIDS, AND I'LL COME DOWN THERE AND PITCH ALL OF YOU OUT." (That's not all I said, but that's all I'll admit to.)

Then I turned. Standing in the hall, grinning at me, was Emerald Stout. Behind him was Wilford Leaney and Lafe Hall, the Stake High Priest Presidency. Winferd was their secretary, and they had come to our house for a meeting. The men had let themselves in, because Winferd was momentarily out, and I was yelling too loud to hear their knock. Emerald and Wilford were amused, but as Winferd walked in, Lafe gave him a sad, sympathetic look. The tone of my voice, and my shouted words echoed back in

in my ears, and I stood appalled, hearing myself as others heard me. My face burned.

The Fruit Grower's Association imported a bus load of help from Mexico, when the crops were ready to harvest. Winferd's pears were never more beautiful. He had pruned, sprayed and thinned, and the crop was bounteous. Still, at the packing shed, his pears were culled back, and culled back, because of bruises. Once, he walked into the orchard, instead of driving. That's when he discovered his trouble. His men were in the tree tops, whacking the fruit down with sticks, and filling the baskets from the ground. These men were from Mexico City, and knew nothing about farming. The Association had a bunch of unhappy farmers that year.

In September I was released as YWMIA President, and sustained as Stake Special Interest leader.

Winferd and I were usually involved in setting up the LaVerkin Ward Fruit display at the Hurricane Peach Days each summer. Often, we captured the blue ribbon. This year I also entered my flowers. My garden had been a mass of bloom all summer long, and at the Fair, I took first place. With my prize money, I bought a set of three Hull Art vases, fluted and tinted from a clear pink at the top, fading gradually, like evening clouds, to sky blue at the base. These were absolute luxuries. Normally, we never bought anything but necessities. Then when Winferd went to Salina after a load of coal, he brought me a necklace. That was an absolute luxury, too.

"I saw the necklace in the window of Christensen's store," he said. "The sun was shining on it. I stood glued to the window, fascinated with its jets of colors, and I said to myself, 'Alice has <u>got</u> to have that necklace.'"

It wasn't my birthday, or Christmas, or anything like that. That necklace was a total, thrilling surprise. I had two other necklaces. One was a string of blue glass beads that Winferd had given me on our second date, and the other was of braided seed pearls that he gave me on our first Christmas. That was the year I bought him the white buckskin gloves with the beaded gauntlets. The Indian woman who had made them brought them in to the store to sell, when I was helping with the Christmas rush.

CHAPTER 36
L o l e n e
(1947)

Throughout the year of 1947, the Church celebrated the 100th anniversary of the saints entering the Salt Lake Valley. As Stake MIA Special Interest leader, I was in charge of the Centennial Dance in March. With feed sacks dyed a pretty blue, I made my centennial dress. The floor length skirt was full and swirly, and the waist nipped in to a slenderness that I recall with longing. The shell pink lace dickey, fastened around the throat with a beading of black ribbon. Lace ruffled at the wrists of the muttonleg sleeves. I made a swallowtail coat for Winferd from an old dress coat. He wore knee britches, long stockings, and had gold buckles on his shoes. We curtsied, and gracefully swayed through the minuet, in the floor show. This beautiful affair is highly embellished by memory, because Winferd was there, escorting me on his arm, bowing and smiling at me. The camera of my mind undoubtedly took a lovlier picture of the affair than any ordinary camera would have done.

Utah had a state-wide beautification project that year, and I was chairman of the committee in LaVerkin. Opportunity had flung her door wide open to me. When we built our home facing the square, we little realized the complications we were heaping upon ourselves. There was no through road. To get in and out, we had to drive across the square. Every time it rained, the hard packed clay became as sticky as flypaper, and we could neither get in nor out with a car. The Vernon Church family, to the west of us, had to either go around three blocks to get to the church house, or to walk through Uncle Joe Gubler's field on a little footpath along the ditch bank. Town people often cut through our lot to go to Church's. We regretted building our home where there was no road. Checking the original plat for LaVerkin, I found where many of the roads had been closed, and sold to the adjoining land owners, with the stipulation they would be reopened when the need arose. The need was now.

Grandpa Gubler said he would give Winferd the necessary land on the north side of our lot, so we would still have an acre of ground, and Wickley Gubler said he would give up the north row of pear trees in his orchard. We would have to sacrifice a row of English walnut trees.

When I presented the plan to the town council, there was some lamenting. "No one will use the road but you," I was told.

"You promised that if I would take this job, I would have your full support," I reminded them.

Reluctantly they agreed to opening up the road. I scheduled a Saturday in March to cut down the poplar trees along the square, that were in the middle of the right of way. Practically every man in town came, with axes, saws, chains, and all of the necessary equipment. First, they tore out the old grandstand. This was like a funeral. The ball players grieved openly, and as they looked up at the tall lombardies that had been planted by the first pioneers, they shook their heads.

"Someone is going to be mad at you next summer," one of them remarked.

"The trees are rotten," I responded. "They break in every wind."

The lombardies in front of our house were an ugly litter of broken branches.

The whine of the saw went through the first tree, and it crashed to the ground. The hugh old trunk was nothing but pithy, dry rot, with the exception of a two or three inch live section around the outer edge. When the men saw this, there was never another word said. They not only cut down the trees along the right of way, but went on around the square, felling all nineteen of the old pioneer sentnels. Like beavers they worked, sawing up the wood, and stacking it behind the church house, and cleaning up the limbs. By sundown, the square was clean.

The people worked diligently to open up the road, clearing away all of the nut and fruit trees, and graveling the surface of the new road. We built new, tight fences. Sanders Brothers had their turkey hatchery in operation above the canal, and trucks began rolling daily down the new road. As long as the hatchery was in operation, this road was the main trunk into town.

The day we went to St. George to buy car licenses, we didn't have money to buy two sets of plates, so we only licensed the sedan. At hay hauling time, Winferd had a problem. He couldn't haul hay in a passenger car. Besides that, he only had one battery and coil between the two outfits. So he parked the car that wore the license plates, and put the battery and coil in the truck.

"I feel like there are phantom cops behind every tree," Winferd confessed. One day at dinner, he announced, "A cop pulled me over today."

"Oh no," I groaned. "License plates are cheaper than fines."

"But I didn't get a ticket," he said. "The cop just yelled, 'Hey mister, get those kids off from your cab. Do it <u>now</u>!' then he drove away."

"What on earth were the kids doing on the cab?" I asked.

"I thought they were riding on the load of hay, but when that cop pulled me over, there sat Norman and DeMar, perched upon the cab. I was driving fairly fast, too."

"And he didn't get you for not having license plates?"

"I'm sure he would have, but the kids were so conspicious that he couldn't see anything but them."

"Thank goodness for small favors," I sighed.

After that little brush with the law Winferd didn't push his luck, but took time out to go to St. George to license the truck.

Again the Fruit Grower's Association imported Mexican help, but this time they were not city boys, but farmers. Winferd's four Mexicans lived in our little house. They were destitute. The Mexican government had killed their cattle and burned them in trenches, because of the hoof and mouth disease, and their families were hungry. These men were industrious and faithful. They never went to Hurricane to a movie, or even so much as indulged in a bottle of pop, but sent every possible penny back to their families. At the end of the day, they would sit in our yard and sing. Their voices were mellow and rich, and we enjoyed them. They appreciated fresh loaves of bread from our oven, and loved baked apples heaped with homemade ice cream. They liked our big front room, too. Often, as they sat there, they'd say, "You teach us English. We teach you Spanish." We didn't grab the opportunity as we should have.

One evening after they said goodnight, Winferd remarked, "They're so loveable that they'd almost come in and sit on our laps."

After the pear harvest was over, we packed our camping gear in the truck, ready to take a long-planned vacation. I had baked many kinds of cookies and sealed them up in molasses buckets. I had patched overalls and packed coats, bedding, dishes, and grub boxes, while Winferd tied up loose ends on the farm. The truck was outfitted with a canvas, drawn tightly over wagon bows. We whistled as we hustled with our preparations.

Then Ovando burst through the front door. "Where's Win?" he asked.

"Watering the lucerne."

"Tell him I won't be able to use Donworth this week, so he'd better start cleaning the molasses mill while he has help."

"But we're leaving for Bryce Canyon in the morning," I gasped.

"You can't earn a living by going off on a vacation," he said gruffly.

"You sure can't," I snapped. "That isn't earning a living. It's living."

"When you're depending on the farm for a living, the farm comes first. We can't use Don tomorrow, so Win had better use him while he's available. It's a lot of hogwash running off on vacations. When you're working with other people, you had better arrange your affairs to fit theirs."

My eyes were beginning to shoot sparks. "Look, just because you and Horatio can't pick apples tomorrow, you want us to change our plans. The family comes before the farm. If it wasn't for families, who'd need a farm?"

"If you don't take care of the farm, the family can't eat. If Win doesn't get the mill ready, we'll run into frost before the molasses is made."

I couldn't believe him! "Do you think we're going to let our kids down just because of your schedule? We've made plans and promises. Everyone is excited and ready to go."

"Well! If you've made up Win's mind, there's nothing I can do," he huffed, whirling on his heel.

Almost bumping into him, Winferd said, "She didn't make up my mind. I promised the family this trip, and now we're ready to go."

"You'd better get the mill cleaned while Don is free to help. You'll set us back till frost if you don't."

"The mill will be ready before you are," Winferd promised.

With a snort, Van was gone.

Ooh! I wanted to storm after him and smash him.

Putting a strong arm around me, Winferd said, "Calm down dear. Ovando just doesn't understand about wives and kids."

"I'll say he doesn't. I get so mad at him. It burned me up when he scolded you for buying me a winter coat, instead of using the money to buy cabbages and onions to peddle. Forty-seven years without a wife ruins a fellow."

Winferd grinned. "Someday he'll marry, and we'll all get a kick out of what happens to him then."

As I cooled off, I had to admit Ovando was the family pet, and every woman in town was always picking out the perfect wife for him. And we enjoyed him a lot on Saturday nights, when he came to exchange haircuts with Winferd.

We were gone five days on a camping trip to Duck Creek and Bryce Canyon. As Winferd had promised, the mill was cleaned and ready long before anyone was ready to cut the cane.

That November, our precious Lolene was born at LaVell Hinton's home. As I looked at her, I wished that every woman in the world could have a baby girl exactly like her. She was born under the "new order." I DIDN'T HAVE TO LAY IN BED TWO WEEKS. I could even get up and go to the bathroom, and I could sit up to eat. After ten days, I came home happy and strong, and hung a washing on the line. The December sunshine was glorious.

CHAPTER 37

Clouds on the Horizon

(1948)

January 1. Resolved: I will consistently keep a journal this year.

February 1. The days pass me by. Who can actually keep a journal? But I haven't given up yet.

March 8. This morning, the hot water tank ran cold. The pilot light to the oil water heater had snuffed out again. The oil pan was flooded and I was scared. I looked across the field and saw Winferd in the top of a pear tree, pruning. I've got to stop being a baby, I thought, so I threw a lighted match into the puddle. A flame of fire leaped at me with a "boom, boom, boom," and the whole house shook.

Terrified, I ran out the door. "Winferd, Winferd!" I screamed.

He climbed down the ladder. I thought he had heard me, but he picked up his pruning saw, and climbed another tree. I screamed and screamed and he went on pruning. I ran back into the basement. The whole house roared, and the timbers under the bathroom floor were smoking.

Terry, Gordon and Shirley ran down the stairs. "Mother, mother, what's the matter?" they cried. When they saw the heater roaring and puffing, they cried harder. Shirley was supposed to be in bed, sick.

"Go back to your bed, Shirley," I demanded. "Gordon, run across the field and get daddy quick, before the house burns down."

Gordon was so frightened he blubbered, "What's the matter! What's the matter!"

"Go," I demanded. "Go quick."

Howling, he stumbled across the field, looking back every little way. I couldn't wait for him. I raced across the square to the store. Like in a nightmare, I felt like I was running in one spot. Lyman Gubler met me at the door.

"Get someone quick that knows about oil heaters," I gasped, and ran back.

My lungs were bursting. I hurried into the basement and grabbed a quilt to beat out the flame, if necessary. The house was full of smoke, and the smell of burning pine. The pipes under the bathroom floor glowed red, and the heater boomed on.

Lyman dashed in, and turned everything there was to turn. "What's this?" he would ask, and give it a turn, and "what's this, and this?" Pointing to the little door to the oil pan, that was shooting fire, he asked, "What's this?"

"That's where I lit the flame. The house might blow up if you shut it."

He shut it anyway. It gave an angry white puff and began to subside. By this time, Winferd and Gordon arrived. Winferd opened the draft in the stove pipe, and the heater became still quieter, having spent itself.

"Mother," Shirley shrieked. "Something is burning in the kitchen."

"Oh no," I groaned, running up the steps.

I had put milk on to scald so I could mix bread. The big coil had been left on high, and the upstair rooms were a black smudge that didn't smell as good as the pine smoke below. I put the charred remains out the door, then plopped onto the bed, pretty well spent. How utterly insignificant and helpless can a person be?

March 21. The first day of spring. Yellow crocus are blooming in the sun. Winferd, Marilyn, Norman and DeMar came home from quarterly conference thrilled, because they had shaken hands with our prophet, President George Albert Smith. He is here for the dedication of our new bishop's storehouse.

Winferd will be away next Sunday, so we had our Easter dinner today. Gordon, Shirley and Terry scrubbed their hands, and from a bowl of mashed potatoes, molded bunnies and chickens to be browned in the oven. As they baked, Terry's rooster drooped his head, and one of the rabbits plopped over sidewise, but the rest were dandies. We had apricot upside down cake too. The family was thrilled with the Easter potatoes, and ate them in much less time than it took to fashion them.

After dinner, I looked with distress at the mountain of dirty dishes.

"Don't worry dear," Winferd said, "the wife is expected to work on Sunday."

"Is that so!" I retorted. "What about the second commandment?"

"Well, what about it?"

"The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work," I quoted.

He raised an eyebrow. "Thou means the husband. It says, 'Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter,' but it doesn't even mention 'thy wife,'" he teased.

I gulped. He grinned and put on his striped apron. He and the kids did the dishes, while I fed the baby.

March 22. Lolene coaxed for attention, but I wanted to finish my work, so I put the metronome on a chair beside her so she could watch it tick. She hushed. After awhile, I looked at her, and her eyes were going back and forth, back and forth with the ticker. She was hypnotized. I grabbed her in my arms to break the spell.

March 23. I patched eight pair of bib overalls today for Winferd, and darned his socks. He's going to be a wool jammer for Allie Stout's shearing crew.

March 24. I threw a scoop of slack coal onto the glowing coals in the furnace, then went upstairs. The kitchen door burst open and Gordon rushed in.

"Oh, Mother," he shouted, "you're scaring the Heavenly Father."

Going outside with him, I looked up. Well, I wouldn't wonder! From the chimney belched forth a billowing, black, smudgy cloud. In the still air, it spiraled up and up, looming like a monster above the roof.

March 24. Winferd has gone to Paw Coon and I'm all alone--I and seven kids. And oh, groan--I've got the flu. I longed for just ten minutes to rest. The baby was asleep, the older kids in school, Gordon playing outside, and Terry peacefully playing with his blocks in the living room. I sagged onto the bed, and was just fading into oblivion, when Terry trotted in.

"I gotta use the toilet Alice. Get up and put on your shoes."

"Oh no," I sighed. "Terry is a big boy. You can go to the toilet all by yourself."

"Terry is too little. Come on Alice."

"Terry is big like daddy," I said hopefully.

There was an insistent tugging at my arm. His voice rose higher and higher. Then there were tears and a runny nose.

"Terry, while you're in the bathroom, wipe your nose too. My, but you're a good boy," I said.

"Ok," he said, and obediently trotted off to the bathroom.

A moment later, Gordon came in with a bent stick that went "bumpety, bumpety, bump," as he pushed it across the floor. Terry scrambled forth to admire it, then they both thought of bread and honey at the same time. Gordon decided that Terry couldn't have any. Terry shed loud tears.

"Gordon, let Terry have some honey," I called.

There was a spell of peace. I dozed. Then the walls of the bathroom vibrated.

"You can't drink in here, Terry," Gordon shrieked. "You're making the taps sticky."

Terry howled. Either my bones or the bed creaked as I got up to referee. By the time I reached the kitchen, those little monsters had gone outside and climbed a tree. The house was serene, but my nap time was over.

April 1. I iced an aluminum pan and decorated it like a cake for April Fool's dinner. Norman finished eating first, so I told him to cut the cake. He took his butter knife and sawed away.

Bewildered, he said, "It's kinda hard. I'd better get the bread knife."

"For silly," Marilyn said, "I can cut it." So she sawed away. "It's made of cement," she said, then she stood up, and with the point of her knife, bore her weight down in the middle of it.

Norman was back with the bread knife. After one attempt to cut the cake, he turned it over. The kids laughed heartily, then amused themselves peeling off the icing.

April 8. Marilyn put Norman's hair up in pin curls, and sent him off to bed with a hairnet on.

April 9. I asked Norman to go to the nursery and get some fruit trees to plant, then thought better of it, and asked him not to. So, tonight he came cheerfully home with eleven little trees. He and I chiseled in the red, hard clay to make holes big enough to spread out the roots.

April 10. This morning, Arnold Cannon appeared at our door. "Aren't you glad I remembered your trees?" he greeted.

He had eleven more trees for us--a duplicate order. Oh, my aching back!

"We planted eleven trees yesterday," I explained, "but these look pretty nice. We'll take them anyway."

We chiseled out more holes and planted them. The trees sure look better than I feel.

April 11. Winferd arrived home, late and exhausted.

April 13. Winferd had to leave at 5:00 a.m. this Sunday morning. Some guys would break their necks to get in a full shift on Sunday. He didn't want to go. He loves the Sabbath day. But since he's the only wool jammer on this outfit, the shearers would be pretty mad if they were all forced to rest because of him. Well, they sheared 900 sheep, and the rain came and the sheep got wet, so the men came home. They don't have to be back until noon tomorrow.

April 14. How good it was to have Winferd home. He made me some headgates, and turned the water down, and killed that little speckled hen that's always getting out. I've hauled loads of ashes and dirt, building a dike around the run fence to outsmart that little bobtailed chicken.

Winferd kissed me goodbye, and I'm so lonesome I could die!

April 15. I thought only cats had nine lives. There is still a little bobtailed, speckled hen scratching in my garden! I'm plugging up more holes with ashes and dirt.

April 16. DeMar turned a nest of bagworms loose in the basement. I detest seeing a catepillar ambling down the steps ahead of me. DeMar is supposed to have cleaned them all out, but he isn't too thorough.

I promised the kids lemon chiffon pudding for supper if they'd set out four rows of strawberries after school. Norman played until 6:00 o'clock, then busted a tug to set out his two rows. DeMar played until seven, then dug his plants just at dusk. I made the pudding, but DeMar was still digging when there was no light in the sky but a scrap of a moon. I called him in and gave him a lecture. He promised to set his plants out before breakfast, if I wouldn't send him to bed without supper. All night long my subconscious nagged at me to get up, so he could fulfill his part of the bargain. He has finished and gone to school. The disciplining was harder on me than on him.

April 19. DeMar invited thirteen boys and DeLynn Woodbury to his birthday party. She sat on the front porch and played jacks, while the boys imagined they were airplanes. They swarmed through the trees and all over the back yard, making queer noises.

"DeMar," I said, calling him in, "before you pass the cookies, you should play just one honest game."

"Hey fellers," he called, "come here. We're going to play post-office."

DeLynn dashed frantically to my side. "They can't play post-office," she said. "I'm the only girl!"

I rescued her by sending the refreshments out at once.

April 20. Norman has been poring over the Farm Journal ads. The appealing post card he has written seems worthy of sharing. It is addressed to "Miller Hatchry, Bloomington, Illinois," and reads, "Dear Mother Miller: How much would you give me to chicks for? I have no money but maby you could let me have 4 or 5 and then when they lay eggs I could take them to the store and get feed, but I wouldn't need to much feed cause there just lots of little bugs they like. Goodby mother Miller, Love, Norman." I'll gladly give him our whole flock of chickens, including that bobtailed, speckled hen!

April 25. Norman got his tenderfoot badge this week. He went on an over-night hike Friday. He rode driftwood down the river, and ate pork and beans, and turkey eggs. It was stormy and cold when they left, and I worried. He came back safe and sound, and as I saw him trudging home across the square with his pack on his back, I was glad I had let him go.

I spent yesterday afternoon making a black skirt for Marilyn, out of an old dress of mine. The eighth grade glee club is performing in the concluding day of the Fine Arts week at school. She had to have a white blouse and black skirt.

Twenty years ago, I paid $18.75 for that dress. For six years it was my best dress. (I had married in the meantime.) After twenty years, my daughter wears the skirt. It has come back in style. They call it, "the new look."

April 29. I didn't know Norman had ordered a camera from Clint, Texas, until it arrived Saturday, C.O.D. for $1.98. Norman had saved his birthday dimes and nickels, changed them for a silver dollar, then lost the dollar. He earned a quarter chasing foul balls on the square, put it in his shirt pocket, and lost that too.

"Well, Bill Sanders will pay me 25¢ apiece for making boxes to ship poults in," he said.

So I let him go ask for a job. Bill let him help Dexter rake and burn brush. He paid him 15¢ and a paper sack full of turkey eggs. I bought the eggs for $1.00, but he had to pay a scout fee with that. So I offered him 25¢ an hour if he'd work in the garden. Monday afternoon I set him to planting corn. He hadn't worked long before he announced he didn't want the camera. He was going to let it go back.

"Daddy doesn't have to work near this hard for his money," he grumbled.

"Whoops," Marilyn shouted, "I'll garden for 25¢ an hour, and get the camera myself."

"Go ahead," I said.

Furious, Norman said, "Boy, if you get that camera, you'll be sorry. I'll tip your doll cupboard over."

Sitting side by side on the kitchen table, their legs dangling, a verbal battle was on. They began to boast of their earning capacity. They were going to be the best strawberry and cherry pickers in town. Marilyn was going to put Weedone out for me the following night. Norman was going to pound on her if she did. She hid the spray and Weedone in the attic so he could not find it. That was Monday. This is Thursday. The Weedone is still in the attic, and Norman has worked for me one hour since then. Now he's begging for me to advance the money so he can get the camera.

The living room floor needed waxing, so today I lit in. I scrubbed about half the old wax off, then moved the piano. That did it. My ambition was shot. Gordon took over. Kneeling on the pillow I had on the floor, he enjoyed scrubbing up a pile of soap bubbles around him.

"Oh Gordon," I exclaimed, " what a wonderful help you are."

He scrubbed, and I mopped. We did the other half of the floor, then scrubbed right on into the kitchen. His little arms were just a going. He sighed two or three times, and I urged him to quit.

"I'm tired," he said, "but work is too much fun to quit."

After scrubbing, he took the hoe and cleaned a strawberry row from the drive, clear down to the bottom of the lot. Not quite five is a wonderful age.

Then DeMar came home from Primary and howled when I asked him to hoe a row of strawberries. His assignment was only a third as long as the row Gordon had done. And he grumbled at it until dark, then finally did it when he realized he couldn't have supper until he did. Laziness sets in at the age of nine. Which reminds me of M. E. Minnick's little poem, "Helping Hands."

They helped with the dishes and swept the floor
When they were only two and four.
They helped with everything I'd fix,
When they were only four and six.
They helped, with reminders now and then,
When they were only eight and ten.
I miss them now, those helping hands.
I'm sure each mother understands.
This tragedy I had long forseen:
You see now they are twelve and fourteen.

April 30. Today I hoed the garden until it was all clean. I couldn't find a decent shovel or hoe. The kids must have hopefully misplaced them. All I could find was a cane topping hoe with an 18 inch handle, so like a gnome, I stooped through the garden with it. Clean looked so good that I even grubbed out the hollyhocks, cosmos and asparagus. Then I stopped to pack May Day lunches for the kids. The ward was having a celebration on the square. Norman's class went on a school outing to Zion.

My baking dragged into the program hour, because I stayed in the garden too long. From the front door, I watched little girls in yellow crepe paper dresses braid the maypole.

Terry toddled in announcing, "I need a dish." So I fixed him a hamburger in a napkin. "I don't want that. I want a dish."

He got out one of our best breakfast plates. We only have half a one around.

"Don't take that Terry. Here is a shiny molasses bucket lid."

"A lid is not a dish. I want a dish."

You don't argue with Terry, because there's only his side, so to get rid of him, I trusted him with the plate, with his hamburger on it. As he stepped off the front porch he stumbled over a scooter, and away went his

bun and plate. I picked both him and the broken plate up, and taped up his cut thumb. He made a terrible fuss because I wouldn't give him another plate. Finally he settled for a battered blue and white enamel one. I put my last pan of rolls into the oven, and went out to join our children. Terry was seated at Iverson's table.

"What goes on?" I asked.

"Terry asked if he could eat with us, and we told him he could when the spuds were done," LaFell said.

"The little tramp!" I exclaimed.

"Leave him be," Cleone said.

I ran back to my oven. Then in trotted Terry with his plate full of potatoes and sausage. He came for a spoon, then back he went to join the Iversons. Sometime later, he came through the kitchen door with a contented sigh, and a fat cooky.

"Iver give me more potatoes," he said, sliding his dirty dishes into the sink.

Then Gordon came in, weary and happy. "My," he exclaimed, "that was sure lots of fun. Pansy gave me sandwiches and cake."

"Gordon," I cried, "why didn't you come in the house and get your lunch?"

"Because I wanted to see what Pansy's food tasted like," he said.

I had let Norman get his camera out of the post office so he could take pictures on his school outing today. He took sixteen shots, then broke the lens. Then he unloaded the camera while in Zion, and lost the empty spool. I looked the camera over. The shutter doesn't even open. All it is good for is to look at.

When I went to get the dirty dishes out of Norman's lunch kit, there was a bottle with a scorpion in it. He's just like his dad.

May 2. I've always wished I could be in the middle of a whirlwind to see what it was like. Today, at a most inauspicious moment, my wish was granted. We were almost to the top of the square on our way to sacrament meeting. Lolene was in my arms, and Terry and Gordon were trudging beside me, when a dirty little whirlwind caught us in its funnel. It was like being sucked up in a vacuum cleaner. I squatted down on my heels, turning the baby's face against me, while the little boys huddled close beside me. Swirling dirt stung our skin, pelting us like buckshot. We were choking for air. Then suddenly, the dust devil whirled on, spending itself in Wilson's field. Brushing off the grit, I combed our hair with my fingers, and we continued on to sacrament meeting.

May 4. Terry runs away whenever he can give me the slip. Usually he does not come home on his own, but this evening I did not go after him. The sun was down when he trudged wearily home. "I runned away for twenty hours," he sighed. He dozed off in his high chair before he'd finished eating.

He loves Lolene. "She sure is cute, ain't he," he says.

May 6. I lost Terry again today. I searched the yard, and called, then gathered up the other kids and told them where to go looking for him. We were grouped by the little bridge at the front gate.

"Terry," I shouted once more.

"What?" Terry answered, his voice echoing from under the bridge, where he contentedly lay in the cool, damp sand.

The kids whooped with laughter.

"Terry was laying down," he said with wide eyed innocence.

May 9. Mother's Day. DeMar presented me with a paper bag of woody carrots that have been in the garden for over a year. Written on the sack was, "To Mother from DeMar and Gordon." Their radiant smiles, as I peeked into the sack, warmed my heart.

"Now we can have carrot pudding for dinner, can't we!" DeMar beamed.

"If you'll grate the carrots," I answered.

So he did.

I waited all evening for Winferd to come home. He said he would, but he didn't make it.

May 14. Winferd came last Monday. He brought me a pink linen suit--the nicest one I have ever had. It is so extravagant. And he needs a dress suit. He hasn't had a new one in twelve years. He doesn't even own a pair of overalls that hasn't been patched time and time again. And now he's gone again. He left for Iron Springs today noon. He hopes he'll be home Sunday night. So do we.

Terry ran down the road screaming after the car when he left. I caught him, and held him tight in my arms, but he squirmed and cried all the harder, asking over and over, "Why didn't you let me go with Daddy?"

The hour grows late, and the house is quiet. The kids have been celebrating the closing of school. Marilyn and Norman and their friends have been making candy and playing the phonograph. The living room is a clutter of bingo cards and phonograph records.

I've just made the rounds, and everyone is asleep. You'd never guess to look at them, that Terry and Gordon had been sent to bed early because they went swimming in the ditch with their clothes on.

June 3. With eternities before us, why are we so rushed? Take the strawberries, for instance. They are only on the vines two or three weeks a year. So we drop everything and pick berries and put them up. Then comes the cherries, and so on, the calendar around.

Winferd got through tromping wool and came home, but we hardly see each other. He went right into the haying and planting cane, and now he's helping his dad and Van drive the cattle onto the summer range. They've spent all week trailing to the mountain and back.

Grandpa took Marilyn, Shirley and Terry to Mt. Dell with him Tuesday. When he brought them home, Terry ran in front of the car and was knocked down. A wheel ran over one knee. Now it's blue and swollen.

Terry has been a tyrant about running in front of cars. The kids report that he stopped four cars Sunday afternoon. Grandpa may have saved his life by hitting him. It may make him more cautious.

Wednesday was a red letter day for Marilyn. She went to Primary as a teacher. This is her first real office in the church. She is an assistant to Norma Sanders in the smallest age group.

When Marilyn got ready to go to Primary, Shirley asked, "What's Marilyn going to Primary for?"

In a taken-for-granted-tone, Marilyn replied, "I teach."

Then DeMar came in. "What's Marilyn going to Primary for?" he asked.

Nonchalantly, Marilyn answered, "I teach Primary."

The same thing happened when Norman entered. What an important milestone!

Lolene has two little bottom teeth that show each time she smiles. They are very exciting teeth. All six of her brothers and sisters have to inspect them, and she laughs at their attention.

It's fantastic how much Norman can get out of a nickel when he spends it on penny post cards, and in his own seclusion, answers ads. Today, a freight truck pulled into our yard.

"Does Norman Gubler live here?" the driver asked.

"Yes he does," I replied.

"Then this freight belongs to him." Grinning, he pulled out a pint-sized package, postpaid from "Old Peachtree Lane, Ind." It had cost the company 60¢ to send it to Cedar. I had to sign papers and dig up another quarter.

The truck driver mused, "They could have mailed the package clear across the United States for a dime."

But the package contained a can of plastic wood and one of solvent. The solvent is flammable.

"Oh boy," Norman said, "now I can make models and sell them. I'm going to start a new business."

He has made a bailing wire form and molded an ostrich onto it.

We've been hounded with dunners from a stamp collecting outfit, for $3.00 to pay for stamps Norman ordered with a penny post card. The stamps, fortunately, never arrived, so I have requested that the dunners stop.

The other day, Norman got a packet of literature on how to remodel his old home into a "dream house." Marilyn and Betty Segler had so much fun over this, that Norman refused to even look at it. Now he's dreaming over a premium catalog, contemplating the treasures that will be his, when he sends another penny post card for seeds to sell.

June 5. I mixed food coloring into three pounds of margarine this morning. We've been eating it white for almost a year, because it's too messy to color. (Note: Colored margarine had never appeared on the market up to this time, because of restrictions placed upon it by the Dairy Association.) Shirley has been eating her bread dry, refusing to use a white spread. She padded across the porch in her bare feet, and sat down by me on the step where I was finishing working the color in. Her voice was soft and happy as she said, "I like butter and bread." She ate it each meal today and in between, it has tasted so good to her.

At dinner, all of the kids spread their bread with new interest.

"The only difference between this and margarine is the color," Norman said.

"Oh my! There's as much difference as day and night," Marilyn said. "You could never fool me. This butter is nothing like margarine."

Winferd winked at me. Funny, but it tastes different to me too. It is much better. Really, we eat with our eyes.

June 23. Shirley has cried over everything lately. Sometimes I'm beside myself. This morning, she came wailing into the laundry room.

"Shirley," I said, "what would you rather do in the whole world?"

She stopped crying and thought a minute. "I don't know," she said.

"Well, what would you rather do, have a new toy, go to a picture show, go on a picnic, or what?"

"Go on a picnic and eat pork and beans," she said.

"Ok. We'll go on a picnic and eat pork and beans, and have cake too, if you'll not cry for a whole week. Do you think you can go that long without crying?"

Ducking her head, she said with a half grin, "I don't know."

"Well, you'll try, won't you?"

"Yes," she said weakly.

She has taken the teasing of her brothers all the rest of this day without tears.

June 24. Norman gave Shirley a trouncing today, but she didn't cry.

June 30. Shirley's week is up today, and she still hasn't cried, so we're going to Oak Grove.

July 2. Shirley cried twice while we were at Oak Grove. I guess she really needed to. But she told Gordon she couldn't cry at home any more, because we were going on another picnic.

Norman brought a baby pack rat home, planning to raise it on the bottle. The little thing died.

July 21. Sarilla Hepworth had asked us to get a program number for the morning of the 24th.

"How nice," I said to our children. "Marilyn can play the piano, and the rest of you can dramatize the pioneer song, 'No Sir No.'"

For two weeks I struggled with my troops, trying to teach them the song, but they only hung their heads as if afraid. Yesterday, while Marilyn was horseback riding with Ramona Firm, I decided we'd practice without the piano. But I could scarcely get a peep our of the kids. I coaxed and I pleaded, then finally DeMar inhaled, and swelling up like a frog, he blasted, "Tell me one thing, tell me truly, tell me why you scorn me so, etc." I nearly toppled over.

Catching the spirit, Shirley shouted, "No sir, no sir, no sir NO!"

And Norman boomed, "My father was a Spanish merchant, and before he went to sea,"

"Hey kids, not quite so loud," I motioned with my palms.

"First you want us to sing louder, and then you don't," DeMar grumbled.

"Ok, belt her out," I said.

And they did, each in a different time, like singing a round.

Tonight, I lined them up to practice the action. They were tired and touchy. Shirley's chin brushed DeMar's shoulder, so he punched her. Her eyes rolled back in mock agony as she doubled up howling onto a chair. So Norman flipped DeMar on the cheek, and he howled. In despair, I marched them off to bed.

July 23. I seemed to have two choices, both of them bad. We could either practice without the piano, while Marilyn was off horseback riding, or practice before her company, which she always had. I chose the latter. So Ramona sat in a corner while we rehearsed. When Marilyn started to play, Shirley ducked her head, so DeMar punched her and she bawled.

"Oh no," he moaned, flopping onto the couch.

Disgusted, Norman pounced on DeMar.

"Ow, ow, ow, you broke both my legs," DeMar howled, going down to his knees on the floor.

With my one free hand, I grabbed Norman by the collar. The baby was perched on my hip, and my other arm was around her. I needed a miracle.

"Ok you guys, it's time for everyone to kiss and make up." Letting go of Norman's collar, I kissed his forehead. He would rather have been clobbered.

"I don't want to kiss old DeMar," he muttered.

DeMar shuddered and looked at Shirley. Ramona sat silently in her corner.

"Here," I said, putting the baby in her lap. Picking up a pencil and paper, I said, "You can each speak just once while we practice. If you speak the second time, you don't get a show ticket tomorrow, so choose your words well."

Marilyn played the piano, and the others marched in with a little waltz step, pretending they were on stage.

"Mother, why don't we do it this way?" Norman asked, demonstrating.

"You've spoken once, Norman."

They danced into place and sang, racing ahead of the piano.

"They don't even try," Marilyn lamented.

"You've spoken once, Marilyn."

They sang some more. They lagged in places, and Marilyn pounded the piano harder.

"Softer, Marilyn," I pleaded.

She bit her lips and glared at the piano. The kids performed like puppets, afraid to speak. They were never with the music. I could see pressure building up. I was afraid Marilyn would explode, so we made the rehearsal short.

July 24. Eldon and Edward slept with Norman and DeMar last night. They played until midnight. Marilyn and Ramona tended Elco Orton's kids and didn't get home until 3:00 a.m.

Getting the kids to the church house by 9:00 a.m. was a squeeze. I hurried behind the scenes and pinned on their costumes. They were dressed like a boy on one side and a girl on the other. Norman and DeMar wore Marilyn's outgrown dresses. I had just put in the last pin, and started to make Norman one rosy cheek, when their number was announced. We squeezed behind the extra wings and stage props, but I couldn't hear any piano. Panic seized me. We had left Marilyn at home taking bobby pins out of her hair. I visualized her still there in front of the mirror. Then the piano started to play. But I was stuck in the wings. There was only a six inch space back there. The kids made it, but I was just half way through, and couldn't go either way. I had to push the scenery out where the people could see, before I could get free.

The kids were singing, so no one paid attention to me. They turned the boy side to the audience when the boy spoke, and the girl side when she answered. Fortunately, they found someone in the audience to grin at, so they sang out. My agony was vindicated by the hearty applause.

July 25. Since I've been in the Relief Society presidency with Belva Sanders and Ruth Nielson, I have to go to the early morning welfare meetings, an hour before Winferd's and Norman's priesthood meeting. This morning, when I called goodbye to the family, Gordon wrapped his arms around my legs so I couldn't walk.

"I wisht you had a awful bad cold so you couldn't ever go," he said affectionately.

July 26. Winferd picked over a case of Himalaya berries this morning. "Make a whole row of pies," he said, "so I can eat 'em careless like."

I made five juicy berry pies for him.

Norman and DeMar were supposed to pick berries too. At sundown tonight, we took Terry and Lolene in the cart, and Winferd and I walked up to see how they were getting along. They were getting along fine, playing on Horatio's lawn. (Horatio lived by the briar patch at that time.) When the boys saw us coming, they dove behind the bramble, and began to pick. By the time it was too dark to see, they came home with three cups of berries. Sweat had trickled through the grime on their faces, and their mouths were purple. The only thing that was clean was the whites of their eyes.

"You guys wash up for supper," I said.

Norman darted into the bathroom, turned on the faucet, and darted out again, looking like a racoon. He had rubbed a hole in the dirt around his eyes and mouth.

"Get right back and wash," I demanded.

In half a minute he was back, more racoonish than ever, with the holes a little whiter. I marched him back to the bathroom, and with a clean wash-cloth, I scrubbed.

"Seems like I was four years old again," he giggled. "I remember how I stood on a stool while you washed me."

He was clean when I got through, but complained that the back of his ears felt cold.

July 30. Winferd sold some grain for cash today, so now we can go to the Stake Relief Society bazaar in Springdale tonight. I never found time to make a sewed article for it, so I potted a sword fern to take, and asked DeMar to shell me a quart of walnuts, and Norman to pick berries. When DeMar

finished his nuts, he was so pleased, because it took him less than two hours when he had been so sure it would take him a week. Winferd and Norman picked four baskets of berries during the noon hour. When Hilda Bringhurst, the Stake Relief Society President, called for my collection, she thought it was a wonderful one. I felt so good about her feeling so good that I realized I'd never get any reward in Heaven, because I always get it here.

August 1. At the bazaar I bought a dress for Lolene, a blouse for Marilyn, and an apron for me. Winferd bought cookies for the kids, dried peaches for DeMar, and some good homemade noodles. He was just a little burned up when he saw the berries that he had picked from the briar patch, go for 12½¢ a basket. They sell in the store for 35¢. I cheered him by reminding him of how good the guy felt who bought them. Like I did about the blouse. It had lots of trimming on it, and was the very latest for style. I suspect some woman resolved to never sew again for a bazaar. Bazaars are nothing but make-work projects for women, whose efforts are sold for a pittance. Bizarre!

August 9. I'll have to get Winferd some iron shoes to hold him down. He's been counting his gold for the last five days. The pear market is up--$5.00 a bushel, compared to 40¢ last year. Last year they went as culls. This year they are perfect. Winferd is dreaming of a new car. All I ask is to be out of debt and to see our store house filled.

We got a package from Popcicle Pete today. I had written a letter of exasperation, attached to a package of dirty popcicle bags. I told Pete I was sick of the litter, because my four kids scrounged every filthy popcicle bag they could find from under the grandstand, and out of the weeds along the fences, and were saving them up to get prizes. So I was stomping the mess down inside a big paper sack, 153 of them. We received an entertaining letter from Pete, saying he was sending prizes to all four kids. He sent four yo-yo tops, four singing lariats, four note books, four magnifying glasses, four whistles, and a bundle of crayons. The singing lariats were the most fun of all.

Winferd has seven Navajos camping in the pear orchard. Their little girl, Evelyn, came to the house, and I had her try Marilyn's red coat on. It was just fresh back from the cleaners.

"Oh dear, it's too big for you," I said. Her face fell. "Do you want to keep it until it fits you?" I asked.

Timidly she smiled, "Yes."

She came with her mother to a ward program tonight. Hot as it was, she had the red coat wrapped lovingly around her. It matched the velvet her mother wore.

April 11. I went to the orchard to show the Indian women how to dry pears. They were pleased, putting out a real lot of them in one day. They will enjoy them next winter.

Winferd swapped help with my brothers, Bill, Clint and Wayne. They did some tractor work for Winferd, and he is hauling wheat for them from up above Zion. The wheat, hay, and pears are all ready to harvest at the same time.

I was busy washing when a shadow darkened the door of the little house where I worked. There stood Winferd in his patched, faded overalls. His face was rough, because he shaves only on Saturday, unless we're

going somewhere important. He looked kindly at me.

"Forget the washing, and go pack a lunch. The family might as well go with me to Zion. You and the baby can ride in front with me, and the kids can ride on the grain sacks."

The lunch was simple and quick. As we rode, the baby turned round and round on my lap, like a top, or climbed up into my hair. The only time she fussed was when I wouldn't let her eat the stuffing out of the ragged truck seat. The kids hooted and yelled all the way through the tunnel, and Winferd stopped long enough for them to feed some bread to the squirrels.

Bill and Clint were riding the combine when we reached the ranch. Wayne was at the gate. The other guys said he was just a tourist, but Wayne reminded them of all the good he did. The wind blew the chaff back from the combine all over my brothers and I wondered how they could breathe. We jogged in the truck across the furrows to the one shady spot on the further side, to eat our lunch. The wind blew little specks all over our beans so they looked peppered. But they tasted good. Lolene choked on a pine cone. What a pest she was. I had to eat standing up, so I could keep her in the boys' pickup. When Winferd was loaded, we returned home. DeMar stayed to come home with my brothers. He brought a baby jackrabbit home with him, but the wise little thing ran away.

August 13. Last night the Indian man, Dan Taylor, came to the house. "When we pick across the street (Ed Gubler's orchard) my wife, she fall out of tree. She sick. You got medicine? She hurt."

I gave him six aspirin. I was afraid to give him more, for fear she'd take them all. "I'll come right over," I said. I was worried.

When I got to their tent, Dan's wife, Mary, was in bed. She was in real pain. I tried to get the doctor, but he was in St. George. Winferd and the boys were on the mountain, so I got Jack Eves to take Dan and Mary to the hot springs. When Winferd got back at 10 p.m. we went down in the canyon to get the Indians. Mary cried with every step she took to the car.

This morning, as I talked to the doctor, I told him how it hurt Mary to walk.

"If an Indian woman can walk, she'll get better." He wasn't anxious to see her. "If she doesn't get along, bring her over, but I think she's just badly bruised. The hot springs will help her."

I took some apple and blackberry jam over to cheer her, and to see how she was. She was sitting on a canvas cot under a pear tree. Her knee was hurting, and her head ached. She wanted more aspirins.

"Is there anything else?" I asked.

"Cookies," she answered.

What a relief! I knew then that she was going to get better. I sent her the cookies, and Winferd took her to the springs again tonight. He said she could walk much better.

August 14. Evelyn slept at our house last night. She asked to sleep between white sheets. I fixed a bed on the couch, in front of the open windows. She kicked off her shoes, and piled in with all of her clothes on. This morning she enjoyed washing up in the bathroom, and combing her hair in front of the hall mirror. She ate breakfast with us, and stayed until her mother sent for her.

August 20. Clark took the Gubler grandsons fishing on Ashcreek. Norman caught fifteen suckers.

Dan and Mary Taylor came for their pay last night, and to see what size of rug I would like. I felt humble in front of them. Making a rug is so much work.

"Only take three, maybe four days," Dan assured me. "We grow own wool and make own yarn and dye too."

"We make it 2½ feet by 4 feet to go here," Mary said, indicating the couch.

Those people are so poor, I found myself fighting to be able to accept a gift from them. But they wanted to give.

"Ok," I said, "send your little girl over, and let me take measurements so I can make her some school dresses."

This pleased them very much.

August 24. While I was in the bathroom giving our slimy little water turtle, Herby, a bath, there came a knocking at our kitchen door. With Herby in his tray, I went to answer.

"Edith!" I exclaimed.

"Ugh!" she greeted, looking at the turtle.

I was so glad to see her that I almost forgot how we both hate to be kissed, but she didn't let me get away with it. Her right arm stiffened, and she shook the hand that was dripping with Herby's bath water.

Edith's girls are going to sleep here, and she and Gene will stay with Mom. The Gubler men folks are fishing above Zion.

August 28. Our house has been as noisy as a flock of blackbirds. To have new girls in town as pretty as Edith's girls, has been the magnet to draw the neighborhood kids. DeLoy Wittwer is staying with us too. He has taken a shine to Corinne.

Winferd took the girls to Rattlesnake with him after a load of farm machinery for Bill. The baby and I went for a visit at Mom's. Annie and Rass, Mildred and Maurice, Kate and LaPriel and their families were there too. All six of Mom's girls were home for the first time in years.

September 9. This is the busiest season of the year. So is spring, with its planting and digging. And summer, with its weeding and watering. And autumn, with its canning and harvesting, and the opening of MIA, Primary, and Relief Society. And winter, with ward functions and socials, and the crowded days of mending and sewing. NOW is always the busiest. Especially this NOW. We've put up peaches, pears, figs, grapes, beans, tomatoes, spinach and corn. There is no end to what our fruit shelves will hold. Winferd keeps coming in, five gallon buckets weighing down each arm, and an aren't-you-glad-I-brought-you-some-fruit expression. I sigh, try to be grateful, and struggle on. Like the ant, I know we have to eat next winter, but oh sorrow! I am a grasshopper at heart.

We sold our sway-backed, sad eyed old cow to Wesley Hafen today for $125.00. Already standing in her place is a young heifer Winferd bought from Alma Flannigan for $125.00. Just like trading.

I named the new cow Elsie because she has the cutest face I've ever seen on a cow. It's easy to imagine her with a bow of ribbon on her head, and a garland of flowers around her neck. Her eyes are big and brown, and she has long, curly eyelashes. She's a very dark red, with black smudges around her nose and eyes that give her a saucy expression. This was love at first sight.

September 10. This morning, Alma Flannigan knocked on our door. "Good morning," he said, "I had trouble sleeping last night. That's why I'm here so early. Winferd, I got the best of you on the cow deal. She's only a range cow. She'll never make a good milk cow. She's not worth more than a hundred dollars."

"You didn't set the price," Winferd said. "I offered you $125.00."

"Please come out to the pickup with me," Alma urged.

Winferd went out. Alma opened up some cases of new molasses buckets. "There are $25.00 worth here. Will you please take them so my conscience can rest easy? I want to be able to sleep tonight."

"I need the molasses buckets," Winferd said, "but I prefer to buy them from you."

"Please accept them," Alma urged. "My peace of mind is worth much more than the money."

No amount of money could have ever impressed us as much as his example of honesty.

Winferd had to deliver pears to an outfit in St. George today, so he took the family along. He took us to the College Cove for milk shakes. When he sat down with the baby in his arms, I took her from him.

" I'm used to eating with her on my lap," I explained.

Winferd put a nickel in the little slot at the table to show the kids how the juke box worked. It obliged with "Carolina Moon." The waitress brought the big glasses of ice cream with straws in them. Lolene stood up on my lap and grabbed. She put her little mouth over my glass, so I let her drink. She wouldn't let go. When they brought the ice water, she climbed across me and tipped Gordon's cup over. The cold water startled her, and she cried. I grabbed all the paper napkins available and began mopping up. Lolene wiggled loose, and pulled my milk shake over on us.

"You said you could handle her easier than I," Winferd chuckled.

September 13. Winferd bought the nicest spotted cow and calf from Elmer Hardy, both for $200, and this one produces. We live again!

September 23. I churned Monday--the first real butter for over a year. Since Shirley is the one who felt bad about eating margarine, it was appropriate to churn on her birthday. We've been having cream on our cereal, and cream on our fruit, and milk for dinner, instead of water. Winferd thinks two cows are a nuisance, but it's worth it.

Winferd made arrangements to take the truck to Fredonia for Maurice Judd to overhaul. Whenever the truck moves out of the lot without Terry, he goes yelping down the road until Winferd stops and picks him up.

"Winferd," I said softly, "would you like to take Terry with you?"

"Do you mean take him to Fredonia?"

"Don't be alarmed. It was only a suggestion," I said.

"He'd only get in the way. He'd get all covered with tar and grease from hanging around where I'll be working."

"Don't worry about it. He can stay and play with Lolene. We like his company," I said.

Winferd kissed me goodbye. When he went out the back door, Terry was patiently sitting in the truck. With round-eyed anticipation, he peered above the door.

"Terry, come here," I called.

"I want to go with Daddy," he said.

"Daddy is going too far. Daddy is going a long way off."

"I'm going a long way off with Daddy too," he said firmly.

Winferd looked helpless. "You'd better get him ready, I guess."

"Come on then Terry, and get clean."

He looked so cute and sweet when I kissed him goodbye. I hope Winferd won't be sorry he took him. And I hope they hurry home to take over the milking. The Hardy cow, Old Maude, is hard to milk. She gives a lot, but it's like filling a bucket with a medicine dropper. I get paralyzed sitting so long. Elsie only gives a couple of quarts, but she gives it easy. She's a pet. She loves to eat apples from my hand and to nuzzle up to me.

I've been released as Stake Special Interest Supervisor, and sustained as manual counselor in the Stake YWMIA, to Margaret Nuttal. Bessie Judd is the activity counselor. We're attending conferences in all of the wards. Back in my Stake Sunday School days, I once thought I'd never get called on to talk. I was surprised out of this smug complacency enough that I learned to never go without some gem of thought. It's a good thing I did. I've been called on five times in the last two weeks. I'm like a little minnow bobbing up in a whirlpool. I think I've had my cycle. Winferd, Marilyn and I were all on the program Tuesday. He conducted the recreation hour, Marilyn played the preliminary music, and I gave the lesson to the Special Interest group.

This morning I typed seventy notices about our cleanup campaign, while my floors went unswept, and the breakfast dishes dried up in the sink.

September 24. Norman has a talent for getting knocked out when he's needed most. He got in a fight over a spit wad Tuesday, and feels miserable, looking through a purple, swollen eye. And then yesterday, a wasp got him when he knocked its nest down. His right hand is swollen shiny tight. He can't shut it to milk.

I got Marilyn to milk the little cow. It is her first time. She put on her newest blouse and best skirt, and carefully put on her lipstick before coming to the corral. I sent her back to the house to get into something more practical. When she finally came back, she hedged around and around the cow, trying to decide where to light and begin.

Finally, she asked, "What is the cow waiting for?"

"The cow isn't waiting. That's you. Sit down and go ahead."

She brought the milk in just before bus time, but I had to give it to the chickens, it was so trashy.

September 29. When Winferd and I came home from our shopping, Norman greeted us with a blast from a second-hand trumpet.

"Where did you get that?" Winferd asked.

"From Kent Wilson. He wants $25.00 for it. Mrs. Clifton says it is worth $60.00."

"Then I guess we should be willing to pay that much," Winferd said.

"Mrs. Clifton said my mouth is the right shape for a trumpet."

It must be. That trumpet has been blasting all evening.

October 21. The hunting season is on. Winferd is on the mountain with his dad, helping with the roundup. Of course, his gun is on his saddle.

October 31. The shadow of sorrow descended upon our home yesterday. The day dawned dark and dripping. Winferd did the milking, and chopped a pile of wood.

"If this storm breaks, we'll have freezing weather," he said. "I'd better pick the beans."

Working fast in the chilly mist, he filled a bushel basket, then doubled up in pain before he could get to the house. I sent for Ovando, who took him to the doctor. At eleven last night, Dr. McIntire and Ovando returned from the Iron County Hospital, where Winferd went into surgery. He was operated on for appendicitis, but that was not the problem. What is wrong, I do not know.

November 1. Neighbors and family are good. Ruth and Bill took me to Cedar to see Winferd yesterday. Morris Wilson called to see what farm work was most pressing, so the High Priest's Quorum could help. Aunt Mae Gubler came to let me know she would stay with the family whenever I needed to go to the hospital. Gretchen Stratton sent the same message. Vernon and Areta Church took me to see Winferd today. Winferd was in an oxygen tent, but he smiled at us. Uncle Will Palmer came and helped Brother Church administer to him, then they left us alone with each other.

Sister Church said, "We'll wait downstairs. You stay as long as you can."

I could see Winferd through the windows of the tent. He studied me too much. What was he thinking? Fear gripped me.

"Dear Heavenly Father," I silently prayed, "please forgive me for being so weak."

Trying to gain the strength I needed, in my mind I repeated over and over, "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." The clouds of doubt began to dispel, but still I was sad.

Churches were waiting, when I came down stairs. Oh, my very dear neighbors. How much I loved them.

Bishop Church said, "What would you like to do now? Shall we go to a show?"

"This is your night out," Sister Church smiled.

"I hope the kids will be all right," I said.

"We had better just go out for ice cream, then take you home so you won't worry," Brother Church said.

November 3. Winferd is getting well. He will come home. I went with his dad and mother to see him last night, and he even laughed and joked with us.

I had been to the polls, with a note signed by Winferd, asking permission for me to vote for him. The judges couldn't accept it. Max Woodbury was there, coaxing them to let him cast Ellen's ballot, but they turned him down too.

Calling Max aside, I asked, "How would Ellen have voted?"

"For Truman," he answered.

"Good. Winferd would have voted for Dewey. That makes it just as good as if both of them had voted."

Winferd chuckled when I told him. He was also pleased that the judges of election had snapped the bushel of beans that he picked, so I could bottle them. Belva Sanders, Myrtle Segler and Sarilla Hepworth were the judges. Cleone Iverson stayed after she voted, and helped too.

I have been memorizing a part in the Stake MIA play. Rhea Wakling, the Stake Drama Director, relieved me of the part.

"I'll do it myself," she said, "and you can tell the cow goodbye."

She thought it funny that I had memorized my part by laying the play book on a newspaper under the cow while I milked. Really, it was my best study time. My face burned a little when Ferra Lemmon walked up to the corral gate once, and caught me reciting to the cow.

November 4. Our first wintery blast. The north wind shook all the windows and sent it's icy fingers in through every crack. Even the inside of the house had a frosty breath. All that is left of the coal pile is pulverized powder, and our wood isn't sawed. The weather has been fair, and the wood Winferd chopped has held out until last night. I kept just enough to start the furnace this morning. I kept the baby in bed as late as I could, because we had no heat. When I looked out, I saw that Elsie had crawled through the corral fence, and was under the pearmain tree gorging herself on apples. After I lit the furnace with our last piece of wood, then covered it with smudgy coal dust, I put breakfast on, and routed the kids off to school.

Lolene followed me back and forth in her walker. "Terry, take care of little sister while I milk," I said.

Taking a bucket of dairy mash, I tried to coax Elsie out from under the apple tree. Disdainfully she sniffed at the bucket and began picking more apples. Slipping my hand through her halter, I gently led her toward the corral. At the gate, she shook her head, which plainly meant, "No." We were deadlocked. I pulled and she pulled, and neither of us budged. She barely had her nose in the gate, and I realized she was the biggest. Helplessly, I prayed, "Heavenly Father, push her in." There was no one else to call upon.

Well, he didn't push her in, but he helped me use my brains. On the ground close by, lay three feet of rope. Still hanging to the halter, I picked it up and knotted it through the ring at the cow's chin, tying the other end through a knothole inside the corral fence. Then I got behind,

gave Elsie a boot with my foot, and she went in.

When I went to the house for hammer and nails to fix the fence, Grandpa Gubler was in the kitchen talking to Terry.

"Should I get Clinton or Walter Segler to come saw the wood?" I asked.

Grandpa looked surprised. "I thought the oil you got Saturday night was for your furnace."

"No, that was for the water heater."

"My goodness," he said, and went out and picked up our dull old axe.

I rummaged through Winferd's lumber scraps for a board to fix the fence. The ragged overalls of Winferd's that I was wearing were drafty. The seat and knees were gone. Grandpa dropped the axe and followed the board I was dragging.

"Let me fix that fence," he said.

"I can do it."

I trotted around the haystack with my board, but Grandpa picked up my hammer and took the board. I let him. Men have their superior moments. I washed Old Maude off and sat down to milk, and Grandpa fixed the fence and cut a pile of wood. I was on top of the haystack throwing down feed, when he backed out with his car.

"They've got too much hay down there now," he called. "They waste it when you feed too much."

I hesitated a little with the fork, but he was still watching, so I sat on top of the stack, and slid down into the manger. Sliding down the haystack is the part of doing chores that I like.

Norman phoned Max Jepson, and he delivered a load of good, clean coal. Let the wind blow!

November 5. Hallelujah! I've just this minute bottled the last quart of anything I've got to bottle. Tomatoes were the final roundup. I've counted the bottles that are filled--1,039 quarts of fruits, vegetables and meats. That's stock on hand--not counting the dozens we've used. There isn't a teaspoon full from last year. This is all fresh. It's over, and I'm glad.

December 7 . Winferd came home on the 20th of November. We've petted and pampered him and half drove him crazy. He's glad to be back, but he's a peevish old bear. I thought I was being a perfect angel by ministering to him, but he brought me up standing when he said, "You don't seem to think I can do a thing for myself." It all brings home the point that nobody can stand too much sweet.

We're indebted to <u>all</u> of our neighbors, and <u>all</u> of our folks. My sisters and brothers, Winferd's folks, friends and neighbors have tended our kids, given me taxi service to the hospital, did the chores, brought beef roasts, whole turkeys, and endless good things. How greatly we have been blessed by these dear, gentle people!

December 14. Bless my soul, we're still stuffing things in bottles. Winferd has been peeling squash, and we've put up 20 quarts today. The crooknecks are fine grained and sugar sweet, and we've had plenty to share with our neighbors.

December 17. This is our eighteenth wedding anniversary, and Winferd runs a constant temperature of 102 degrees. Still, he insists we're going to celebrate with Ruby and Roland tonight.

December 18. The Webbs took us to Dick's Cafe in St. George last night. I was thrilled to have a dinner date with my husband once more. While waiting for our order, Winferd reached under the table and held my hand. A strange sadness overshadowed me--an impression that this would be our last anniversary together. There was an ethereal tenderness in Winferd's handclasp--something delicate--not of this earth. My heart almost broke. But I struggled to brush the feeling away. I squeezed his hand and returned his smile. After dinner, we went to a crazy King Kong movie.

December 26. I had given up all thoughts of Christmas shopping this year, but on the afternoon of the 24th, Winferd dressed up in his brown suit and put on his best hat.

"We're going to have Christmas," he announced.

I was afraid his strength wouldn't hold out, but happy that he wanted to go shopping. We started with shirts, sox and overalls, and added a few toys. We got a fountain pen for Norman, and for Norman and DeMar together, an erector set with an electric motor that had been reduced. LaVerkin Feed had a good buy on a little red wagon, just right for Gordon and Terry. All Shirley wanted was a Kewpie doll and roller skates, and we found them both on a bargain counter in St. George, also a stuffed dog for Lolene. Marilyn needed a jacket, and we found a nice red suede one, and a patent leather purse to go with it. Last summer I had picked up a moonglow necklace and bracelet. I was glad I had them now to wrap up for Marilyn.

When we got home Christmas eve, the kids had the house shining and the tree trimmed, and the neighbors had played Santa Claus. From all directions came lovely things, like fresh eggs, mince pies, raisins, ground beef and sausage, nuts, sweaters and skirts for the girls, bath towels, an electric heating pad, cards with money in, and Grandpa Gubler had brought a check for Winferd's year's work. It was enough to pay all of our debts and to tide us over until Winferd is well again. A Merry Christmas.

CHAPTER 38
(1949)

So Long For Awhile

January 2. Bill Sanders pounded on our back door. "Good morning," he boomed, "where do you want me to put these Hatchtown spuds?"

Hoisted over his shoulder was a hundred pound bag of them, which he carried to our basement store room. Then he brought in a slab of fresh beef. I simply didn't know what to say. Accepting so much is hard.

"Aw forget it," Bill said jovially. "Just call me when you need to take Winferd to Cedar for a checkup."

Frank and Margie Barber brought a Boston fern and a flowering, red begonia. "We want you to know you're in our prayers constantly," Brother Barber said.

Everyone tells us that. Winferd has to get well.

January 11. Marilyn's fifteenth birthday. Can sixteen be lovlier?

January 24. I am weary with worry. The past week has been agonizing and long. Monday morning (the 17th), after the youngsters were off to school, I prepared to mix bread. As I went to plunge my hands into the dough, something seemed to say, "Don't get your hands sticky." Wondering, I stood, my hands poised above the pan of flour with the milk and yeast puddled in the middle. Then the bathroom door opened, and Winferd staggered into the hall, lunged for the handles on the top drawer of the cabinet, and hung on. As I grabbed hold of him, he blacked out. Getting him to bed was a hard, hard struggle. Transfixed with fear, Gordon looked on.

"Oh Gordon," I wailed, "run to the store quick and ask Ed to call the doctor."

"Why Mother? What's the matter with Daddy?" he whimpered.

"He's awfully sick. Run fast, please."

Crying, he stood unmovable. Remembering the futility of sending Gordon for help, from the water heater incident, I realized I had to go myself. Running across the square was a nightmare, the distance never closing in.

Finally, bursting through the door, I gasped, "Ed, get the doctor quick, and call Winferd's folks."

Help came. "Winferd has to have blood," the doctor said.

LaVell Wittwer stayed with the family, and Ovando and Wickley accompanied us as the doctor took Winferd back to the Iron County Hospital.

February 12. This winter will be remembered for the snow. It has been coming down thick and piling deep for a month now. Day after day we have tried to get to the hospital, but snow has closed the road over the Black Ridge. When we do get through, it is like riding along a canal bottom, banked with snow too high to see over. In places, the ploughs have piled the snow as high as the power poles. I am in the hospital now, and have been since the 8th. Winferd underwent surgery on that day, and the doctor gives him only a fighting chance. Thursday before the operation, McIntire, Graff and Williams held a council over the X-rays, then called me in.

"The X-rays don't look good," McIntire said. "The best we can do is perform an exploratory operation, but we promise you nothing. He may never come through. We can operate in the morning if you wish."

It was clear they expected Winferd to die. I buried my face in my hands, and silently talked to the Heavenly Father.

"Won't it be just as well to wait until Monday?" I finally asked.

"Just as you say," was the reply.

I had come to Cedar this day on the Greyhound, and now it was time to leave. The sidewalks of Cedar City were treacherous with jagged, broken ice in between the glazed spots. From the hospital to the depot downtown seemed a long way. Numbed with grief, and shaky and frail from anxiety, I felt like a leaf trembling in the chill wind. When finally I turned the corner on Main, I saw the waiting bus pulsating and puffing, and as the driver climbed aboard, I ran. Just as I reached the bus, I slipped and fell. With a feeling of helpless rage, I struggled to my feet. Amused passengers grinned, and the driver chuckled as he opened the door. The only empty seat was at

the rear. I gripped the backs of the seats, weaving my way down the aisle. As I caught sight of the kind, familiar face of Phil Klingingsmith, I felt a comforting warmth.

Sitting beside him, I remarked, "I'll have to phone from Hurricane for someone to pick me up at the bus stop."

"No you won't," Phil said. "The bus driver knows every spot in the road. He'll stop wherever you want him to."

As Phil got off at Pintura, he said, "Driver, let Mrs. Gubler off at Church's corner in LaVerkin."

This small gesture meant a whole lot to me.

The bus let me off on the highway, and the night closed black around me. Thoughts would not take proper shape as I walked up the lane to home. There, the children were rowdy and clamorous, oblivious to my disintegrating world. The routine of family and home reassured me.

Friday morning, I visited Winferd's parents. I was fasting and full of fight. Fasting and prayer would accomplish miracles. I would ask the whole world to fast and pray. At least, all of Zion Park Stake and the LaVerkin Ward, and especially Winferd's High Priest Quorum, and the family. I would not eat or drink again until I had the assurance that Winferd would be well. Sunday was regular fast day, anyway.

I didn't tell the children how serious things were, but went about my regular routine, fagged and faint, but impelled by my determination. Saturday I was sick to my stomach. Still, I ignored it. By Sunday I had jumped the hurdle. I could fast forever if necessary.

Sunday was a perfect day, golden and dear to me. At Sacrament Meeting the ward turnout was so big, extra benches had to be brought in. The entire service was devoted to Winferd. The testimonies were individual prayers for him. In the middle of the services, they paused to have Lorin Squire lead in a special prayer in Winferd's behalf. Everyone's eyes were wet. A spirit of sweet serenity prevailed. The High Council held a special prayer service for Winferd also.

Later, Grandma and Grandpa took me to the hospital. Winferd smiled as we came into his room.

"I have been filled with a sweet, heavenly peace today," he said.

We told him about fast meeting. Our hearts were happy.

Monday, snows closed the road. Tuesday we got through and the operation was performed. The doctor says he has a fighting chance. This is the fifth day since surgery and I have not been home. LaVell Wittwer is with the family. Brother and Sister Church sent me a white, soft robe, and some money. Ruth Nielson sent me a blue crepe dress. Grandma Gubler slipped some money in my hand as she left the hospital after the operation. I slept in the hospital two nights, and at Uncle John Hopkins's place two nights. Uncle Will and Aunt Kate Palmer have had me at their home a number of times for dinner.

Friends are more precious than pearls. Never before have I known such an outpouring of kind deeds. MIA girls have cleaned our house from the basement to the attic. Neighbors have done our washings, ironing and mending, including <u>all</u> of the overalls. We have had the best of baby tenders, and the best from our neighbors' kitchens and farms.

Winferd has had to have ten pints of blood so far. Moroni Sanders gave him two, and Wickley Gubler, Ovando Gubler, Bill Nielson, Horatio Gubler, Clell Stratton, Jack Eves, Bill Sanders and Lyman Gubler each gave him one.

February 13. Winferd is shot woozy. He dozes in the middle of sentences. He is seeing things all the time. Usually food.

"Hey, don't let those kids be so wasteful," he said. Then he grinned. "I was talking in my sleep. I dreamed that Terry and Gordon had their little trucks full of potatoes and gravy." Another time he woke up fighting. "I dreamed you were stuffing cookies down me."

I've filled in my time at the hospital making valentines for the kids. It's fun to draw and paint again.

February 17. Back home, and in the harness. I'm acclimated to doing the outside chores pretty well. The temperature has dropped as low as one above. Some mornings my hands almost freeze as I milk, so I alternate. While one hand warms under the cow's flank, I milk with the other, and the milk coats the sides of the bucket with ice. Grandpa has turned our cows into his field.

The plumbing in the old house froze and burst, and the toilet bowl split. Water ran like a spring under the cement floor, buckling it away from the wall. The water heater froze, twisting and wrenching loose from the pipes, finally leaning like a tipsy drunkard against the monkey stove. We had to shut the water off to the little house, so this leaves the troughs in the corral and chickenrun dry, except for what we lug with a bucket.

I had to move my washing equipment into the laundry room here, but we aren't plumbed for it yet--no floor drains, no running cold water, etc. To add to our woes, the grate in the furnace has burned out. Winferd always said that a house needs a tithing of a man's time, that it takes one day in ten to keep things repaired. He's right.

Ruth Nielson gave me a pink lawn dress for valentine. It has puffed sleeves, a shirred bodice and full skirt, lace ruffles and a narrow, black velvet bow with streamers. When Loren and Amelia took me to the hospital today, I wore it, and I pinned a pink begonia in my hair. Winferd's eyes lit up with admiration. "You're like a breath of spring," he beamed.

March 7. The doctor and his wife Annabelle took me to the hospital Sunday afternoon, February 27. Dr. Williams met me there.

"Your husband is dying," he said. "If you feel like going to pieces, you'd better take a walk around the block."

"I've never felt less like going to pieces," I replied.

Winferd asked, "Where's Mother? I thought I saw her come into the room."

"She will be here soon," I replied.

Grandma and Grandpa came, bringing Marilyn, Norman, Donworth and Ovando. Winferd tried to visit. He asked about the children and the farm work, but he was so tired. Finally, everyone left but Grandma and me. I felt the presence of unseen loved ones filling the room. Just what did the Heavenly Father want of Winferd that was more important than staying to rear his seven children? It must be a great and wonderful calling. Winferd didn't want to leave us. He was fighting to remain. He even joked with us.

"Now if you women folks would just leave the room, I'd kick these covers off. I'm sweltering," he said.

Actually, he was like ice, soaking his pillow with cold sweat.

Until the moment of entering his room, I had felt certain that my faith was strong enough to make him well again. Now I knew that I had been asking for a miracle that was not to be granted. Winferd had received a call, and he must go. I could not visualize my world without him, yet, as I stood by his side, seeing him so close to the veil, I felt a peaceful serenity beyond my comprehension. Gripping his forearm in both my hands, I closed my eyes and silently whispered, "It's all right, Heavenly Father, please take him."

Winferd's heart seemed to leap. One strong pulse beat pounded against the tips of my fingers, and he was gone. For the first time, I was aware that Grandma was beside me. Silently we embraced.

In the hall, concerned friends held out loving arms. "Oh Alice, we're so sorry. So very sorry."

My pent up tears would not fall. "Please don't be," I said. "Things are going to be all right, I'm sure."

I could not believe what I was saying. My spirit wanted to race to the highest peak, and with arms reaching to heaven, to cry out, "Winferd, come back. I cannot live without you. Winferd, please come back."

The physical part of me tingled, like every nerve end had been exposed. I felt cut in two. For the first time in my life, I understood the term, "better-half." An eternal companion is exactly that. My better-half was gone.

Outside, the snow fell thick and fast. The car, taking me home, crawled through the storm, snowflakes darting like pin pointed arrows into the headlights.

Monday morning I was whisked away to Grandma Gubler's house. The whole town seemed to move into our home, repapering, waxing, putting up new drapes, plumbing the laundry room and laying a new floor covering, and cleaning the yards. No way can I possibly acknowledge everybody and everything that was done for us. The place was totally transformed for Winferd's homecoming the day of the funeral. The lines of people who came to pay their respects seemed endless.*

But one cannot forever be sustained by the love of others, for some roads must be traveled alone. Eventually, the heart must break, and the soul must suffer. All the goodness in the world cannot change that. In the midst of the flowers, the food and friends, the new outfits of clothing that our bishop, Horatio, fitted our children with, the big coal pile that was delivered, the assurance that the hospital bill was already paid, as well as the funeral expenses, (by Grandpa), in all this surrounding of beauty and love, I was crushed with grief, and finally the tears came, unceasing. Although I was surrounded, still I was alone.

After the services were over, Mildred, my dear sweet sister Mildred, announced that she had come to stay with us for a week. How comforting, kind and loving. Her cheerfulness dried my tears for a time. But now she has returned to her family, and I must face things alone. The youngsters have returned to school and Terry and Lolene are down for their afternoon nap. The north wind rattles and bangs at the windows and doors, and the house shivers, so I descend into the dungeon. When I open the furnace door, I feel like I'm

* I must acknowledge here the goodness of our Bishop and the help from the Church Welfare. Bishop Gubler took our children to the storehouse and fit them out, so they looked extra nice for the funeral. Many other things he did for us.

looking into the cavernous mouth of a hungry monster, which is either black and smouldering, or glowing angry red, but either way, demanding, demanding, demanding.

Today, the fire had gone out. Ashes covered the dim light bulb so there was no illumination to chase the shadows which gathered around me.

"I am alone--all alone. Winferd is never coming back. The windows can fall in and the house collapse--he will not be fixing them. Never again will he come in with a grin," I sighed to the shadows.

Suddenly my world crumbled and I was sucked back, back and back into an endless dark tunnel. I tried to cry out, but hopelessness smothered my cry. And then--way, way out in the far distance appeared a tiny pin point of light --a beckoning ray of hope. Out of the darkness, the furnace room came into focus, and the tunnel disappeared. I heard a knocking on the front door, so I ran upstairs to find sunlight streaming through the windows. When I opened the door, LaRett Stratton greeted me with a smile.

"Oh LaRette, how glad I am to see you," I cried. "The angels of heaven could not be more welcome than you."

Her dry wit and humor chased away every smidgen of gloom. I think I laughed as hard as I might have cried if she hadn't knocked at that precise moment.

March 17. Homer Englestead has been to check with me on Winferd's life insurance policy with Beneficial.

Winferd has always been good to see that we had a two year's supply of everything, including cases of soap and toilet paper. But he put off getting life insurance until a year ago, at molasses making time. He took out a $2,000 policy with Homer, paying the premium with molasses. So now, at my request, Beneficial will pay me $50 a month--enough to pay power bills and the barest cash needs.

April 5. Terry is four years old. April Fool's day was muddy and sleety, so instead of a party, we had a birthday dinner in the living room.

Terry thinks everybody is tickled to see him. Gleefully he pounces on everyone that comes. I'm trying to calm him down. He and Raymond Eves are inseparable. First thing in the morning, while I'm helping him dress he says, "Can I go to Raymonds?"

"No. You haven't had breakfast yet," I reply.

After breakfast, he either runs away or coaxes until in the interest of peace, I finally give in. Usually he and Raymond get along perfectly, but today they had a fight out on the lawn. The battle was fierce. They were well matched. Finally, like puppies, they began to bite. They bit each other's arms, then in pain and anger, they both howled and screamed, and at the same second, let go of each other. Raymond grabbed his tricycle and Terry grabbed his red wagon. Bawling, they parted, Raymond headed for home, and Terry came in the house.

"I saw you fight with Raymond," I said.

"I didn't fight with Raymond," Terry emphatically replied, "but Raymond sure did fight with me."

In January, Winferd ordered fifty little chickens. They came a week ago. It has been too cold to put them outside, so we've had to live with the aromatic little creatures in the laundry room. It was warm enough today to open the door and let the sunshine in.

This afternoon I took the baby and we went to see Minnie Wilson. She has had a stroke. We took her a red geranium which pleased her. She and Brother Wilson will celebrate their golden wedding on the second of May.

April 12. When Marilyn and I came home from MIA tonight, we found a beautiful potted Easter lily on the table. There was no card with it. I'm extremely emotional. The message of Easter means everything to me.

Oh dear! Is it wrong to confess how mortal I am? I have everything to look forward to, but NOW is so terribly NOW. When I awake in the mornings and realize Winferd is not here, I think I just won't put up with one more day of it. Terry sleeps in my bed, and Lolene is in her crib close by. I watch daylight come through the windows and think, and think.

I think of the garden, where I hoe alone. Winferd used to tease me about my weedy garden. He used to say, "You love to plant, but hate to hoe."

I think of the barn roofing, still in the stack where he put it, and of the old truck parked in Grandpa's back yard. The truck was as much a part of Winferd as his hat and shoes. He gave it vitality. He made it move.

I've cried enough into my impersonal pillow. I want Winferd to put his arm around me. I want him to talk to me. I'm tired of being brave. I'm tired of being a brick, like everyone says I am. A brick is nothing but clay.

My first painful thoughts, upon awakening each morning, are like á treadmill. No matter how much I hurt, I've got to get up and face the day. I walk out into the garden. Blue flax flowers dance on slender stems in the breeze, and pansy faces are turning toward the morning light. The world looks better, once I'm up.

I had resolved <u>not</u> to grow flowers this year, because I recalled Winferd saying we couldn't eat flowers. But the flax is perennial, and Brother Barber brought a couple of flats of pansies for me to set out. Like upstarts, those flower faces are willfully cheerful. I let them get to me. Drifting clouds and trembling leaves in the first sun rays whisper, "Lift up your heart and be glad. God is good."

April 13. I got a letter from Mr. Herbert about Norman's persistent unprepardness. For the past two weeks I have set Norman down after school each day and made him study arithmetic. Whenever the kids start to jangle at the table, I say, "What is eight times nine?" or some other figure. At first, DeMar snapped back the answers, but now Norman beats him to it.

Foster Harrison came home from somewhere in China. I coaxed him and Dixie to go to the temple with me. It was the first time they'd been back since they were married. Going through with them was a thrill, they were so new and attentive.

I set my geraniums out in the garden today--twenty-five of them, all in full bloom.

April 17. When I returned from the temple Thursday night, I found a picture of Winferd on the piano. Pauline Wilson had had it enlarged and tinted from a five-cent picture Winferd had taken at a Peach Day booth. Again I see his old familiar grin. A hundred times already I've stopped in front of it to whisper, "Winferd, I love you." How could Pauline have known how precious such a gift would be?

Yesterday, Clinton and Lillian took our family Eastering out on the Arizona state line. Like ants, the kids (fourteen in all) crawled up and down the sandy banks of a dry wash. I stretched out in the sun.

Ruth Nielson brought us a golden pineapple chiffon cake for Easter. She's always bringing something to us. The white silk slip, trimmed with ribbon and embroidery, that Lolene is wearing today is one Ruth made for her. She also made her a little blue voile dress.

Kay Gubler towed the old green Chevrolet sedan away tonight. I recall when it was shiny new, and that sporty Winferd Gubler was dating me. That car was the family sedan. It took to the byways, instead of the highways. Winferd always wanted to see what was off the beaten path. Often, as we were cruising along, Winferd would notice dim tracks taking off the main road. On the spur of the moment, he would cramp the wheels and say, "I wonder where that road goes?" Exploring was fascinating, but often we ended up in a bog, or some other queer obstruction, and I ended up behind the wheel, while he puffed and pushed to get us out. As the family grew, the car became jaded. LaPriel once remarked, "There's something about an old car like that. Now, when anyone sees that old Chevy coming along, they can always say, 'There's Winferd and Alice.'"

Taken-for-granted tasks that Winferd used to do are gradually being distributed. Winferd used to tease me for sharpening our kitchen knives backwards. He said I made them duller. DeMar has taken that job over now. I'm trying to train Norman to be the family barber. He took the barbering outfit and started on Gordon. He looks simply terrible. He did Terry next, but DeMar refused to let him whack his hair, so both he and Norman are wearing theirs down under their shirt collars. I'm no better at hair cutting than Norman is. Marilyn has taken over the butchering. I've never killed a chicken. It didn't seem to bother Marilyn to kill and clean a couple of them for our Easter outing.

May 1. Lolene has whimpered all day. Her temperature is 102 degrees and she won't sit up at all. I didn't go to church. Norman has the cramps and Gordon has a headache. The children brought leaflets home from school saying there is an outbreak of polio in Washington County, and what symptoms to look for. I don't think we'll have to worry about that. We've had our share of troubles for now. However, they took Herbert Isom's little ones to Salt Lake today with polio.

I got out my paints and made a jumping jack to cheer Gordon, and now Shirley and Terry are coaxing for one too.

May 3. Lolene's temperature doesn't change, and she still cannot sit up. Terry is up and around, but his knees hurt. Gordon is awfully sick.

Narissa Ruesch took Marilyn to Springdale for the week end. When Marilyn came from the school bus yesterday, she slipped in through the basement with her suitcase. When I walked down to the fruit room to get soup for supper, I found her dreamily putting away her things. She couldn't hear a

word I said. She was in a trance. She thinks she's in love. Quimby Ruesch's picture is on her doll cupboard.

May 6. Tuesday afternoon, Terry's left leg went back on him. He was so anxious to go off to play that twice he crawled away from the place without me seeing him, and twice he had to be carried back home. Gordon couldn't keep anything on his stomach. In the afternoon I bought a bucket of oranges from a peddlar. Gordon ate five of them, and kept them down. He immediately felt better, except for his legs. He and Terry were quite crippled by night.

Wednesday morning, Lolene's legs were rigid in the knees, and she cried when I touched them. The realization that I had three kids with polio began to seep in. I had to have help. Wasn't it enough that Winferd had been taken from us? I fought back the rebelliousness within me. If miracles were accomplished by faith and prayer, then I'd better get busy, so I started fasting Wednesday morning. It wasn't easy, with the heavy load of work to be done. My craving for food and drink was unreasonable. Thoughts taunted me--pesky, mean little thoughts about how I had lost ground with my many days of fasting for Winferd, but I fought back. I would not break my fast until after the temple session Thursday night.

I know the Lord can do anything. My faith in Him is perfect. My faith in my ability to exercise faith wavers. That's my big fight.

When Grandpa and I walked through the temple gates last night just after sundown, I felt as though I had entered another world. I was thrilled to go there fasting. I felt strong, happy, and serene as we walked past the flowers and shrubs toward the temple,towering white into the blue above. My soul rejoiced. Today, Gordon seems entirely well. He has no lameness or soreness at all. Terry has just a trace in his left leg. Lolene is sweet and happy, laughing and playing, but she falls down when she tries to walk, but she will be well. The doctor examined them and said it was not polio. He said three children in one family wouldn't get it at the same time. He says their throats are all good.

While I was fasting, Sister Iverson sent us a quart of sweet cream and a pound of butter, and Sister Church brought a spice cake thick with icing, and Isaac Hardy brought a box of Rawligh products. Isaac isn't having it easy himself. I was touched. Sister Church concluded that our sick children needed dairy milk, grade A, so she sent us six quarts today. This afternoon she brought little scissors, paint books and funny books. She has been in every day this week to soothe and comfort the kids.

Marilyn butchered a couple of chickens before she went to school this morning. She didn't have time to clean them. I had them plucked and on the kitchen table when a guy walked in to buy cane seed.

Helplessly, I asked, "Is there any special combination to getting into this chicken?"

"Don't you know how to clean a chicken?" he asked.

"I've never had to until now," I answered.

"Give me your knife." And with a swift cut and a rip with his big, strong hands, he had the first one done. Then he did the second one, and cut them both up ready to fry.

Sarilla Hepworth came to take me to the band parade this evening, but I couldn't leave. Norma Sanders brought a piece of pink voile to make up for Shirley, and Hazel Woodbury brought two cute blouses for Marilyn. Neighbors!

May 7. Winferd's den in the basement is stacked high with cans of molasses and sacks of cane seed to sell. Until now, I've never sold a gallon or a pound of either, because he was the business manager, and that's the way I wanted it. Whenever people came to buy, I always sent them to him. I liked being helpless. Now I can see that that was plain dumb. Now I have to lead men into Winferd's room, and negotiate with them. And I have to be shrewd. I remember how fussy Winferd was about his sacks and baskets. I know the seamless sacks cost him $1.00 each. But guys coming for seed seem to think I'm dumb enough to exchange them for old burlap sacks. I hate selling cane seed. I hate to have to be a scheming, dickering female. I don't like dickering with men.

Two strangers came today. They were arrogant and seemed to think I was dumb, but they didn't jew me down on the seed. Yesterday a guy picked me up and carried me up the basement steps, and I had the baby in my arms. I was so mad that after he left, I just stood in the middle of the kitchen and bawled. The baby laughed and pounded my head with her fists. I shut my eyes and let the tears trickle. I felt like I was standing on a summit with nowhere in front of me, nowhere behind me, and nowhere all around me.

Lolene hugged me and chirped, "Go bye, bye."

"All right, darling," I said, and wrapped a light blanket around her.

Terry was in the yard with his little wagon. I put him and Lolene in it.

"I want to pull," Gordon said, bounding out in front.

The other children were at the church house with the ward members, celebrating the Sunday School Centennial.

The evening was everything a spring evening should be at sunset. The sky was a mirror of blue. The few scattered clouds had the sheen of angel hair. Mockingbirds relayed their rhapsody from Wick's pear orchard to the apple trees below our corral, and back again. My heart lifted.

"Let's have a play dinner," Terry exclaimed.

"Where shall we have it?" I asked.

"In the living room," Gordon offered.

"Ok. We'll eat on the little plant table by the window."

Even Lolene thought that was fun.

May 9. DeMar hobbled up the basement steps on one foot this morning, the other foot dangling uselessly like a canine that has been hit with a car.

"Oh, my foot hurts. Oh, my foot hurts. Oh, my foot hurts." That's DeMar's way of making an impression. He repeats, and repeats in sort of a hushed wail. Very dramatic!

"Don't believe him mother. He's just trying to get out of going to school," Norman loudly announced.

"I'm not either," DeMar yelped. "I got polio."

"He bet me last night he could get you to let him stay out of school," Norman informed me.

"I didn't either," DeMar howled. "I've got to have some hot salts water to soak my foot in right now."

I brought him a bucket of hot water, and he sat soaking his foot while I put breakfast on. While his foot was hot, I rubbed Capsulin into it.

"He, he, you're going to get burned," Norman jeered.

"This don't burn," DeMar boasted.

I was disappointed, so I squeezed more of the red salve from the tube, and rubbed and rubbed, then had him dress his foot. He was much too ill to sit at the table, so he ate his toast lying flat on his back in the living room. He groaned all the while he stuffed it down. DeMar can groan steadier and longer than anyone. He can do it with every breath for hours, until you sort of get used to it, like the wind rubbing a limb against the roof all day long.

I took his temperature. It was right on the arrow. This made him sad, because he had just gulped a cup of hot cocoa while I was in the bedroom after the thermometer. He was so scared I'd send him to school that he turned pale. After the bus left, his color returned.

I insisted that the poor cripple crawl back to the basement, and from his haunt below, he managed to lure Terry and Gordon to his bedside. And then the Capsulin took hold, and his ranting began in earnest.

Hobbling to the kitchen, he pleaded in a quavering voice, "Can't I take off my shoe and stocking and rub that stuff off now?"

"No. It has to stay on all day or it won't do any good."

"Oh, my toes burn awful," he moaned.

"The burning helps get rid of your lameness."

"But I can't stand it," he howled.

He bawled and coaxed until dinner time. When the noon bus came, he wiped off the salve without asking and got ready for school. I watched him race for the bus. His limp was entirely cured.

May 14. Ah, sweet mystery of life, who could find thee? The whole family has been quarrantined this week--the natural incubation period for polio--so none of the kids went to school. Marilyn had a sore throat, so in view of the trouble we've had, she had to take sulfa and stay in bed. The other kids felt great. They took Winferd's new lariat and built a swinging bridge from the top of one pear tree to the other. They tied a plank to the lariat with bits of old rope. Interesting and treacherous. All week they've climbed up and down, up and down. DeMar's overalls are worn to limp tatters. Gordon's legs look like he's been in a cat fight. Shirley's hair has been constantly pulled out of the braids in scraggley little wisps. Betty Segler moved in with an old hammock she'd acquired from somewhere, and suspended it between the trees beneath the swinging bridge. She has lived in it for days. She was kept out of school because she was supposed to be coming down with the measles. Tonight the bridge and hammock were both taken down. Luckily, there were no casualties. What a week. Monday they go back to school.

Yesterday was Girl's Day and Annette Gubler took Norman to the show last night, then to Dave's Malt Shop.

May 21. Our sewing machine needed fixing, so Marilyn found a repairman at school. His name is Harry Clancy, a wizened up little fossil. Roy Condy, of the AAA, chauffered him to our place from St. George.

Clancy sat down to the machine, gave it two quick looks, no more, then said, "This will take me all day long to fix. You milk the hens for a couple of extra eggs, and I'll spend the day with you tomorrow."

Yuck!

By 10:15 Thursday, Clancy moved in. I turned him loose on the machine, then sauntered into the yard to visit with Ovando, who had come after cane seed. By 11:00, Clancy came out on the back porch to see why dinner wasn't brewing. When the bus brought the kids home to dinner, we ate green peas, sausage, and ice cream. Clancy ate silently and long.

After the bus left, he looked up at me and asked, "Are you a Mormon?"

"Why yes," I replied.

"I'm a Catholic. My parents had me baptized when I was a baby. I ain't never been to church though. But I'll tell you one thing, I ain't never been a traitor to the Catholic church by visiting some other denomination."

"I believe you," I said.

As he arose from the table, he said, "I need something to spread these machine parts on, like a sheet or table cloth."

I handed him an army blanket, which he spread out on the back porch. He completely dismantled the machine, taking every screw, and every moveable part out of it, and spread them on the blanket. He kept having nervous fits. He'd pace into the kitchen, through the living room, then back to the porch. There he'd stand, ponderously above the machine parts, puffing his cigarette. When the kids came home from school, he went to pieces, speaking sharply to them for daring to raise their voices in his presence. He was as jumpy as a fugitive. When Gordon reached into the cupboard for a cup, the door squeaked. Clancy cringed, clenching his hands together on his chest.

"Lady, will you please make that boy stop doing that?" he bleated.

When Condy called for him at night, there were still a few screws on the blanket. Clancy gathered them up and poked them under a doily on the piano. Friday, he came back just as the bus brought the kids home for dinner. Exasperated, I went ahead and fed my family. After they'd returned to school, Clancy went into an amazing fit of nervous spasms, shaking like a leaf and dropping screw driver and screws.

"Mr. Clancy, have you had your lunch?" I ventured.

He pounced upon my question like a dog after a bone. "No lady, I ain't had any breakfast or any dinner either."

"Well, here," I said, putting a plate on the table for him.

"I was really hungry," he said, after he'd eaten his seventh biscuit and finished the strawberries.

By 4:30 he'd put the last screw in the machine and said it was good as new. Then he sat down to wait for Condie.

"In another year I'll be old enough to go back to the state of Washington, and draw my old age pension. Then I'll get me a little cabin and set and spit tobakky juice on the prairie."

Goodness! He looked old enough to have been drawing an old age check for the past thirty years.

He charged me $12.50 for repairs, and I felt mean about it and wished I had the nerve to give him his board bill.

May 27. My sewing machine won't sew. I sent a message to the Liberty Hotel, and they said Clancy had checked out. He was found dead in some other hotel, slumped onto a table beside his beer can. So he never got to pollute the prairie!

Another package came in the mail today from Popcicle Pete. We sent 200 Milknickel bags this time. Instead of selecting premiums from the catalog, I enclosed a note to Pete, telling him to send just anything, but make it spread over five kids. He sent one beach ball, worth more than all the 200 bags, a long, yellow slide whistle, two magic pencils that write four different colors, a pencil sharpener, five police whistles, five singing lariats, ten balloons,two baskets of crayons, four jack balls, three yo-yo tops, two tin snapping owls, four wooden spinners that go up in the air, and a billfold. I hid the beach ball for Gordon's birthday, and I'm keeping the pencil sharpener for DeMar when he needs a special reward. He'll love that. Pete must have kids of his own.

Norman's grades were the eyebrow raising kind. He was promoted "on condition." The condition being that he do six pages of math every day this summer. Between milking and strawberry picking, he has valiantly done 23 pages already. He is the boy scout chosen to represent Zion Park Stake at June Conference, so he's really working.

Marilyn and DeMar have been picking berries too. Marilyn thought she'd get out of it, but we've pressed her into service, and she hasn't broken out with eczema either, like she knew she would.

June 3. "I see your little boys hauling chicken mash along the highway in their little wagon," Lucille Gubler said. "When you need anything like that, why don't you let me know?"

I caught my breath. "Why did you mention mash? The little wagon is broken down and we've been out of chicken feed for four days."

After we unloaded the mash, Lucille asked about the polio clinic my children were supposed to go to.

"Miss Knight never gave me an appointment," I replied.

"Well, the clinic is in St. George today. Appointment or not, your kids are going."

Marilyn, Norman and DeMar were picking cherries, so I went with Lucille, taking the four littlest kids in her car.

Miss Knight looked annoyed when I walked into the clinic with the baby. Everyone else there had a card with their hour on it. "Dr. McIntire convinced me that your children didn't have polio, so I didn't send you a card," she said. "But now that you're here, we'll squeeze you in on Dr. Pemberton's noon hour."

As soon as Dr. Pemberton looked at Lolene, he said, "This child has polio." Then he demanded the case history of my children. "I want to see those other children," he said.

Lucille brought Terry and Gordon in.

"This little boy has polio also," he said, examining Terry. When he checked Gordon he said, "This boy has had a mild case and is apparently

clear, but he'd better be put on a therapy program also. I want to see all three of them in one month from now."

Lolene has been struggling to learn to walk all over again ever since her illness. The doctor said she'd be crippled for life, unless I acted fast. I was instructed to soak each child in a warm bath for one half-hour both morning and night. While the second one soaks, I am to lay the first one on a blanket on the floor and pull the muscles of the affected leg, from the heel down, by bending the foot up, and messaging. He showed me how to work with the back muscles too. I am to work with them until the children can easily touch their chins to their knees, when they are sitting flat on the floor. Neither Terry nor Lolene can bend their backs. Lucille came at the most crucial moment.

June 4. Marilyn mixed bread yesterday. First, the dough was too wet, and then too stiff, and so the batch grew. Finally, she dumped in green food coloring to make it more appealing. Imagine what green does to whole wheat. Yuck! She mixed so long we had to refrigerate the dough overnight. And now the oven won't work. I have to heat the top unit, put the bread in until the oven begins to cool, take the bread out, and give the oven another shot of heat, and so on. The results are appalling!

Cyrus Gifford fixed the little red wagon, so we can haul our own chicken mash again.

June 6. Norman hitchhiked with DeLoy Wittwer to Cedar today, to get a scout uniform. He earned $7.00 toward it, and I gave him $1.75 for the balance.

This Quimby stuff is getting old. There is a letter every other day from "guess who", and on the flap it is S.W.A.K. Marilyn glows at his scrawl. She sat with him at both meetings in conference yesterday, and didn't bother to come home to dinner. She visited with relatives from Springdale instead. She ate no breakfast, and no dinner. "I'm not a bit hungry now," she said. That's bad. Norman suggested we break this affair up by packing a lunch for Quimby out of the green bread Marilyn made.

June 10. No matter what comes in the mail, I'm always disappointed. I've stopped to figure out why. It's simply that I never get a letter from Winferd. It seems like I should.

Terry played among the hollyhocks by the clothesline, while I put out the washing today.

"What do haulihocks haul?" he asked.

Just then Frederick Brooks passed by.

"Does Frederick give us fred?" he asked, meaning thread.

Lolene is learning to walk pretty good again. She's getting over her limp. She is a darling doll. She knocks outside the door, and calls, "Come in," until we open it for her. She picks my carnations, and with a flower in each hand, patters around to each of us, saying, "Smell, smell, smell." Everyone must smell.

I've soaked and worked with my three kids. The boys are coming along fine. They can bend easily to their knees, but I've had a time getting Lolene's head down. At last I concluded she just couldn't do it. Finally,

I painted her knees with cake icing and said, "Eat it." Promptly, she put her mouth upon first one knee and then the other, and licked them both clean. I hugged and hugged her.

June 11. Norman stayed up half the night trying to catch up on his math. I threatened to cancel his Salt Lake trip if he didn't get busy.

Belva Sanders brought me 44 beautiful printed feed sacks. I'm going to make them up into dresses, aprons, shirts and kitchen curtains. Vilate Hardy also brought me seventeen. Ten were white. That's enough to make a pair of sheets for the boy's bed. Five of them have pink asters on. I'll make a bedspread for my bed with those. Vilate also brought a yard and a half of white silk to make a slip for Marilyn. Such good gifts.

I sent four dresses to the little Indian girl. I hope to make her some blouses and wool skirts this fall. People give us so many things. Most people give good gifts, but it appears that some people figure that just because I'm a widow with seven children, I'd be glad to get anything. Some of the stuff dumped onto us appalls me. I've tried to be conscientious and make good use of what I can. Once I got caught, by the donor, using a ragged old coat for a footwiper. I was chagrined.

LaPriel said, "Alice, you don't have to use everything anyone gives you."

I hadn't thought of that. I've decided to give everyone the joy of giving, by graciously receiving. What I can use, I will. What is good that I cannot use, I'll pass on to someone else. The impossible stuff, I'll burn. I'm not going to give anyone, something I wouldn't have myself.

June 20. Winferd had promised Norman and DeMar that he would take them to Salt Lake this summer, so with the help of relatives, they did go--June Conference being the excuse. Wayne chauffered Annie and I and my three oldest kids. We slept at Maurine and Clark Gubler's home. It was my first trip to Salt Lake without Winferd and too totally different for comment.

June 25. I was busy with the laundry when Norman came whimpering in, dripping blood and mud.

"Well, what now?" I muttered.

"Stepped on a nail," he blubbered.

I examined it. What a nasty one. The nail was sticking up in a board imbedded in the manure in the corral. The puncture was too deep for me to clean, so I got Grandpa to take us to the doctor. Terry, Gordon and Lolene went along. The doctor gouged Norman's foot out, and gave him a tetnus shot, then looked at the three littlest kids' throats. Terry's tonsils meet.

"We've got to take some tonsils out," the doctor said, "but because of polio, we can't operate for at least two months. You'll have to have them gargle every day in the meantime."

Besides polio exercises every morning and night, I've got to teach these kids to gargle. And sit tight with Norman every day to put him through six pages of math.

Norman's mind flits about like a moth, and long division staggers him. The only day he got his work easy was when he found the answer book. He did eight pages in an hour. Even at that, he copied a lot of them wrong. The scorching he got for this episode has thrown a fear into him.

June 27. Miss Knight came to see my little patients today. Clinic reports show that Lolene is most seriously affected. I thought Terry was the one. He still has quite a limp. Lolene walks on the sides of her feet, toeing out. She isn't to go barefooted anymore. The doctor will prescribe corrective shoes. Dr. Pemberton discovered Gordon's hernia also. Gordon has been wearing a yarn truss ever since he was two years old. Miss Knight will make arrangements at the Primary Children's Hospital to have this taken care of.

Gordon and DeMar picked apricots for me today. Gordon cut them for me, and I bottled thirty quarts. He stayed on the job to cut and pare the entire bushel all by himself. He's scarcely six. He's a wonder on the work angle. Shirley and DeMar slipped out like shadows and left him to it.

Gordon said, "I'm tired, but I won't quit until we're through."

Hardy Segler mowed the weeds on the bottom half of the lot. They look better laying down. Moroni Sanders came to tell me I wouldn't have any more water bills to pay. He said LaVerkin Town does not charge its widows pipeline tax. What a consideration!

I'm trying to be realistic. I drift through sunshine and shadow as though my highway runs through a forest. "For heaven's sake," I said to myself, "spruce up and go find some adults to talk to for a change."

So I wandered into Grandma Gubler's kitchen, where she was putting the milk things away. Ovando was eating bread and milk out of a mixing bowl. He offered me a spoon so I could dig in. His absurd big bowl amused me.

June 29. Dr. Williams says Mama can't live more than two months, so we've been spending what time we can with her. I walked to Hurricane today, after I got my little ones cared for, and left the place in Marilyn's care. When I got home this evening, the kids complained they were hungry.

"Marilyn hid everything in her room and locked it up," they said.

As I came up the steps, I shuddered at the chicken entrails strung across the porch.

"Ugh, what goes on here?"

Norman rushed past me into the kitchen and proudly displayed a cleaned chicken on a plate. "Betty Segler did it," he boasted.

"Betty?"

"Yes. Marilyn got her to come and tend us so she could go with Quim," Norman said. "She went to Hurricane to meet him on the bus, and then stood around talking to him until the mail car came this afternoon."

My eyes were beginning to smoke, I was so angry. To even try to describe the mess the place was in, would make me go into a spasm. I had brought home a loaf of bakery bread, and the four boys lit into it like refugees. I paced back and forth like a seething monster, demanding an account of the day from each one of them. Marilyn floated in with an air of "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"I'm going to write a letter to Quim and what I say in it won't be nice," I threatened, "and I'm going to call for the mail every day, and his letters won't reach the house. What's more, our trip to Pinevalley to the Pickett reunion is cancelled."

The kids were crushed, all but Marilyn. With a look of, "You'll cool off, Mother," she sauntered to her room.

June 30. My big mad paid off. Norman had the milking done when I awoke this morning. While I prepared breakfast, he raked the back yard. Marilyn got up earlier than usual, and without being told, she scrubbed the living room, then did the washing. DeMar stretched himself out on the end of the lawn mower handle and worked himself up to a lather. Shirley did the dishes, and Gordon cleaned the furnace room. I scrubbed the kitchen floor. After the third time over, I finally came to the pattern on the linoleum. By noon we were all starved. We had new potatoes, icy cucumbers and nippy cheese. It was a banquet. Food tastes best when you've worked hard for it.

The kids are excited with plans for tomorrow. We've made cookies by the dozens, fried chicken and made dressing, and we've all bottled apricots this afternoon. We'll go to the reunion.

July 5. It took forever to get to Pinevalley. The truck, loaded with kids, grub boxes and bedding, kept getting hot, and stalled on every hill. Everytime it stopped, all 23 of the kids spilled over its sides onto the highway, scampering through the brush after wild gourds or rocks. It was after dark Friday night, before we got to camp. Making camp under the glare of head lights, and trying to keep track of kids in the dark, wasn't easy. The kids slept good, but my bed was lumpy. Morning was a welcome thing.

Details aren't necessary. Everyone knows what a flock of kids does, turned loose in the woods with a tumbling mountain stream running through camp. And everyone knows what grown-ups do, like loafing from one camp to the other, visiting, while grandmothers like Grandma Gubler and Aunt Hattie Woodbury, fuss and fret because dads and mothers are too permissive. They don't even get excited when their kids climb trees, or fall in the creek. And everyone knows about the moments of irritation parents feel at grandparents, wishing they could remember when they picked a few rushes to make whistles with. All of this is part of the "good time."

The evening banquet was to be the climax of the reunion. The tables were beautifully spread with flowered coverings and scrumptious food, when along came a bluster, bending the pine trees and shaking loose last year's cones. There was a mighty roaring, then thunder and lightening. Before the crowd could even find shelter, down came the rain.

People scampered for cars and tents. There were only two tents, and one-hundred people. I crawled into David's pup tent with the little kids.

Paula said, "The devil sent this rain."

"Oh I don't think so," I said. "The Heavenly Father takes care of the wind and rain and sun."

She mulled that over, then she said, "I don't see why we have to celebrate the Picketts."

Little floods rushed down the slopes. Clark's tent was pitched in the bottom of a gully and the water swirled underneath the flap and swooshed across the floor inside. The folks inside stacked the bedding in the middle of the floor and tried to pull the waterproof canvas about it. When I peeked out of the pup tent to see what all the squeeling was about, I quite enjoyed the comedy. Everyone had their pants rolled to their knees, and the water swished and swirled around their shoes, while they held the tent sides up to let the water on through. At least they weren't getting their hair wet.

When the torrent quietened to a gentle rain, we gathered the wet things from the table and moved into the basement of the Pinevalley church house to eat. We looked like drowned rats. For the homeward trek, the truck was full of wet beds and canvases, so the kids were crowded into passenger cars. We got home at 11:15 p.m.

I got a new G.E. kitchen range today. I'm in debt now for the stove, water heater, washing machine, laundry tubs and linoleum. I hope the refrigerator doesn't peter out. All of our allowance will be going to make monthly payments on things that we have to have to keep going. I wonder why everything goes back on us just at a time when Winferd had to go too.

Today, while I scolded Terry for crying, DeMar surveyed me thoughtfully, then asked, "Mother, did you ever like all of us at once?"

Startled, I laughed. But it made me think.

July 11. As I dusted the piano, I picked up a letter from Quim. The flap hadn't been licked too good, so it was partly open. I've prided myself in never looking at anyone else's mail, but something seemed to say, "You're Marilyn's mother. You've a right to know what's in that letter."

With a guilty sense of duty, I sat down on the piano bench. I had the same feeling that I used to have as a kid, when I climbed the pantry shelves. The letter took two minutes to read. It was scrawled in the careless hand of a boy who didn't like school. It began with, "Darling." Very good. I always loved getting letters that began with darling. Everyone wants to be somebody's darling. "I love you," the letter continued. "Do you love me? I don't believe you do. I love you very much. Quim."

I shook with laughter. That was the funniest letter I've read since I used to get the same kind. I didn't laugh at them then. I looked quickly at the beginning and the end of my letters to see if there was any silly sweetness about them, and paid little attention to the scanty news in the middle. Love was the thing. Those kid letters of mine were in the same careless hand, with the same sentiment, only signed "Orvil," instead of "Quim."

July 29. As I looked out the door, I saw Leonard Hardy driving old Maudie into the lot. She had been in his garden again! I could feel the smoldering going on inside of him as he came up the steps.

"I've got her out of the garden three or four times, and she's been into our apples and our grain and hay," he said almost in a whisper, like he feared to talk for fear he'd really let off steam.

I know how he felt. Mutely, I dropped to a chair. I was thinking, "that nasty, rained on, molded hay that was given to us would starve any critter to death, but beggars can't be choosers." Finding my voice, I said, "She's drying up on the hay we have, so I had to turn her out in the lot to graze. Our makeshift gate won't keep her in very good. Every bicycle that comes along knocks it down."

"Oh, don't you corral her?" Leonard asked in alarm.

I stared out the window, afraid to speak. I was thinking, "I'm just a widow with seven kids to dump onto society. We're a burden and a worry to our neighbors." My mind wouldn't lift out of that horrible groove, so I only sat staring off and not speaking.

"Maybe I could help fix a gate that would keep her in," Leonard said quietly.

Angry tears threatened. I stood up and called crossly to Norman. "You'll just have to fix that gate better. Our cow has been over to Leonard's again."

Leonard went to help Norman. He's got work enough of his own to do, I thought, but to protect his own interests he's taking out time. I shut myself in my bedroom and cried quarts. I didn't even go out to thank him for his help. As a kindly gesture to the kids, after he got through, he let them tag him home and gave them two female cats. And now the cow is tromping our own pea rows. I'd like to pick up all my kids and run away forever where folks can't be bothered with us.

August 4. Aunt Mae Gubler's barn burned down this afternoon--the barn that housed the Church Welfare hay and our old green Chevrolet. That's where Kay Gubler parked it. Goodbye, sweet past--thrilling week end journeys up Cedar Canyon, to Puffer's Lake, to Bryce Canyon, to Grand--just Winferd and I and the Chevrolet. The last of our honeymoon is going up in smoke.

Betty Segler seems to be our girl. And she can be just as trashy as though she belonged to me. Day after day she comes and idles away her time. Finally, I said, "Betty, I want to talk to you."

With an "Oh, oh, I'm going to be preached to" look, she followed me to the front porch, where I always sit when I lecture. I lit in on her.

"You can't just sit around all the time. You're grown up. Now go home and help your mother." (That's the mild sum and substance of our chummy talk.) Then whirling on DeMar, I said, "Get out there and pick those apples right now."

He always bawls when I expect him to work, and says his head aches, but he went. It wasn't long until Betty came lugging the apples in the back door. She had picked five bushels. Then she pitched in and helped clean up the dirty dishes and tidied up the house. She had earned the right to sit here the rest of the day, and she did it. I was flabbergasted! What do I do now? Adopt her?

The little Navajo, Evelyn Charles, wrote thanking me for the dresses I sent at Christmas time, and the other dresses I'd made for her. She said her folks needed more clothing, and gave the names and sizes of her brothers. I told the Relief Society about it. Well--I believe everyone in town cleaned out their closets and attics. Boxes and bundles of old things have been dumped at our place. If I spent my whole month's insurance check, it wouldn't cover postage for all of this stuff, so I've been going through it all. Some of the stuff is really nice, but a lot of it I've had to burn, because I would not make an Indian feel bad by giving it to them. The things that are serviceable, but not worth postage, I'll sack up and take to the Navajos that are camped out in the fields now. The best, I'll mend, clean and mail. Marilyn has taken possession of Garth Day's black wool sailor shirt. She is keeping it for herself. Also a white bed jacket. She insists she's going to wear it to church.

August 8. John and Camilla Judd are moving to Springville. Camilla gave me her blue georgette evening dress--the one she wore when she gave readings.

"Alice, will you please wear this when you give readings?"

I tried it on. "Would I ever!" I replied.

We took a carload of stuff out in the fields to the Indians today. They swarmed around the stacks of sacks, impatient for us to leave so they could dig in.

August 11. This afternoon I sewed. I made another feed sack bed sheet. This makes the sixth one in the last few days. Then I made blouses to send with the skirts I've been saving for Evelyn. I had fun making them. I could have patched overalls, but that isn't fun. Besides, there isn't much left to patch on. All of the boys' pants are so worn that I need to follow them with a needle and thread, and pull them together as they go along.

DeMar took over the milking because it's time to dry up the cow. I figured that would do it. He has taken so much pride in his milking that he has stepped up her production.

August 21. I've been to so many meetings lately, that I don't even find time to read "Loony Tunie" to the little ones before I put them to bed. We're planning our Ward Fair, also the Garden Club display on Peach Day. We're building the "ideal estate." Ruth Nielson has made the model house, and we're planting sod on a table and making miniature lawn furniture with tooth picks, airplane glue and tweezers. I made a little stooped man with wire. I sewed him a shirt, vest and pants. It took an hour to dress him. His bald head, hands and feet are made of used wallpaper cleaner dough, and his gray hair and beard are made from the gray fuzz from turkey feathers. He carries a cane. I think he's precious.

"Boy, do we get welcomed when we come to your place!" Quim complained to to Marilyn. He and Howard Smitt came while Marilyn and Norman were out horseback riding the other night.

DeMar burst through the door. "Kids, if you want to see Quim, there he is."

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The screen door banged once for each kid as they whizzed out over the back porch like cannon shells.

"Quim, Quim," they sceeched, and enmasse they leaped through the air, landing straddle of Quim and Howard, wrapping their arms and legs around them. Under the impact, Quim and Howard crawled up the steps, and I peeled the kids loose.

Mildred and Maurice Judd, and Carol and Vinona stopped by in their new Plymouth last night. They took Norman and Shirley to Fredonia with them to spend a week. This was an answer to prayer. I have to take Gordon to the children's hospital Wednesday, and hated to leave Norman fancy-free to celebrate Peach Day.

August 23. I threw a fit, and now I'm quite contrite. I contacted every truck driver, and every living soul that I thought might possibly be going to Salt Lake, but could find no way to take Gordon in. Two or three people were going, but said they didn't have room for us. I knew they did. It dawned on me that we were a burden to society. I needed to get my little boy to the hospital. No way could our $50.00 monthly insurance check stretch over a bus ticket. It's gone to cover barest needs, before it arrives. Rebellion arose within me. I ran into the basement, and let my pent up feelings come out.

"Look, Heavenly Father, I'm not complaining. It must have been necessary for you to take Winferd away, or you wouldn't have done it. But must we become beggars? Must we grovel in humiliation, being a plague to the family and

and friends? I've done all I can do to try to keep our appointment with the Children's Hospital. I know, if it is Thy will, a way can be opened up this very instant!" I was on my feet, gesturing through tears.

A car honked outside. Wiping my eyes, I went up the steps. Grandpa Gubler had driven into the yard.

"Alice," he called, "here's $30. You take the Greyhound and go with Gordon to Salt Lake tomorrow."

Mixed feelings of exasperation, appreciation and humility overcame me. I thanked Grandpa and he drove away. Looking up, I whispered, "Oh, Heavenly Father! How often my anguished pleas have ascended to Heaven. Thanks so much for hearing me."

September 1. Gordon and I took the bus to Salt Lake on the 24th. We stayed with Royden and Melfa McCullough. (Royden was one of Winferd's missionary companions.) Royden had planned many places to go and things to show Gordon before he entered the hospital, but they took him right in the next morning, and I sat by his empty bed and waited during surgery. When they wheeled him in, he looked so sweet and tender. I stayed by his side every minute I could, but was concerned about the kids at home.

Miss Knight came to the hospital. "You go on back to your family," she said. "I'll bring Gordon home in a day or two."

Gordon clung to me. "You better not leave me mother, you better not."

What a terrible pull. I could hear him crying and calling to me all the way, as I walked down the hall. I wrote him a letter as I rode home, then each day since.

LaVerkin, September 1. Dear Gordon, we've had breakfast over with just long enough for Terry to run away. Looking out the window, I saw him going, fast as he could. "Terry," I called sharply. He stopped like he'd been shot. "Come back here." "I want to go to Mace's," he began to cry. "Not until after dinner." "But we ate our dinner." Terry can't ever tell breakfast from dinner. . . . I put up new kitchen curtains yesterday. They are so crispy bright, that I stop to admire them every time I enter. . . . Marilyn tried to saddle Uncle Ovando's bronco, and he bucked, but she stuck with him, because she loves him so. He finally gave up and let her saddle him and ride, but she has black and blue bruises today. . . . I'm going to have to make noodle soup with our red rooster. He made a dusting spot in my flower bed. He rolled around and flopped his wings until he made a big round bowl where my pansies are. . . . I have to stop every other minute to peel another peach for Lolene. She stands by my chair with her hands outstretched, saying, "I wann pea-shut, Money.". . . . I got a nice letter from the hospital saying you are in a wheel chair. I used to love to wheel the chair for Daddy, and he'd visit me as he rode along.

September 2. Dear Gordon, Terry wants to know if I think he can make flying ants out of his spit. . . . Lolene climbed from her crib onto the bed with Terry. She covered his face with the sheet and kept saying, "Go seep, Tawy," and he giggled and giggled, so she sat on his face. Now she's back in her crib and everyone has gone to bed. The house is quite except for Norman's harmonica playing softly in his room. . . . DeMar and Norman made a curved rock dam in our back yard, just like Boulder Dam. Tonight we have a little Lake Meade, with a road running across the dam. All of their little cars are there. Goodnight. We love you. Mother.

September 4. Miss Knight brought Gordon home today. As soon as he got out of the car he said, "Look Mother, I can run!"

Bless his heart. It has been four years since he could run without bending forward, because of the skein of wool yarn that was knotted for a truss to keep his hernia in. Now it's over, and he's free!

September 10. Every time Ruesch's car comes through town, Marilyn has to go with it. Marilyn says, "Don't worry Mother. Quim says he won't get married until he's 21." Four years of this to endure? Between Quim and the family ironing, Marilyn has little time to practice piano.

We made a new ruling--that Norman and DeMar would do their own ironing. Norman is pretty clever. What his magic words are, I don't know, but Betty is in the laundry room this minute doing Norman's shirts, and Norman says he's going to help DeMar next.

September 13. I left Lolene and Terry at Kate's today, while I went to a Relief Society convention in St. George. When I returned, I found Terry standing by her kitchen sink bawling, and smearing tears in a circle around his eyes, as he twisted with his dirty fists.

"Hi?" I queried.

"I spanked him," Kate said with exasperation. "He put a chicken down our outhouse."

"I can git it out," Terry bawled.

"How?" Kate asked. Taking a bushel basket, she tried to lower it into the hole, but it was too big.

"You need a fish net," I suggested.

"See, you've really helped already," she beamed.

She fixed a sack onto a bailing wire loop and lowered it, but the frightened chicken just ran back under the floor.

"Let's tie back the seat, and put a ladder down," I suggested.

Kate trimmed an old trellis down with the axe and lowered it into the hole. Wilford Leany came by and laughed.

"It was my kid that did it," I said humbly.

"Well, if your kid hadn't done it, hers would have," he chuckled.

We walked away, and the chicken hopped up the trellis by itself.

September 24. Terry tried to impress me with a great business proposition. "Mother," he said, "if you'll give me a dime, I'll go buy a squirt gun so you can squirt on DeMar when he squirts me with his squirt gun."

September 25. Our bishop, Horatio Gubler was released today. Wayne Wilson is the new bishop, with Walter Church and Ervil Sanders as counselors.

Yesterday, we took Shirley to the Temple at St. George to be baptized. LaVell Wittwer drove Wayne's car. There were 12 of us in all. We could have put in one more layer of kids. We went upon the Sugar Loaf for a picnic after the baptism.

October 10. DeMar found a nest of little kittens down by the river. They were so plump and round, that he couldn't resist bringing one of them

home. The little thing was too young to leave its mother, and it cried all night. DeMar felt overcome by his new responsibility, so he gave the kitten to Gordon.

"Poor little baby kitten," I cooed. "You want your mama, don't you."

Gordon's eyes grew misty. "That's just how I felt when you left me alone in Salt Lake," he said. Gathering the unhappy little mite in his arms, he hiked back to the river to return it to its nest.

I had wanted to enter the Deseret News Christmas story contest, but to qualify, I had to submit five subscriptions to the paper, so I gave up. This morning, Sister Church handed me a long white envelope. In it were the necessary subscriptions.

"We want you to enter the contest," she said. She had solicited among the neighbors.

She noticed two bushel of pears, waiting on the kitchen floor to be put up, so she stayed until they were in the bottles. Pears are so slow to do, but these moved fast.

Last Friday morning Lorin Squire inquired, "Could you use a bushel of beans? We've put up 140 quarts, and have beans going to waste."

"Oh my yes," I replied.

Pretty soon he arrived with a bushel of beans, cleaned and cut up, ready for the bottles.

"For goodness sake!" I exclaimed, "Do they grow already snapped?"

"Yup," he grinned. "Mom and I figured you had plenty to do, so we sat by the radio and listened to the ball game while we snapped these for you."

I had just put the last batch in the pressure cooker when Bill Sanders arrived with a bushel of white clings, and Grandpa Gubler brought in an arm full of green corn. Maggie Barnhurst sent a sack of sweet, tender carrots from Hatch Town, and in my mailbox was an envelope without any sender's name written on it. It contained $40 in currency. How can I contain so much goodness?

October 17. As Horatio regulated the water in the field next to us, Terry trotted along by the fence.

"Uncle Horatio," he called, "why don't you come and be our daddy?"

"What would Aunt Genevieve do?" he asked.

"Oh, she could have Uncle Ovando for her daddy." Terry replied.

At the dinner table today, when everybody was talking, and nobody listening, Terry waved his arms solemnly at all of us. "Be quiet, everybody be quiet while I want a drink."

I didn't attend the mass meeting the other night, and someone with an exaggerated sense of humor put my name up for four year councilman on the town board. My name and Rosemary Church's both came up on Moroni Sanders' ticket. Moroni is the mayor, and not one bit happy at having <u>two</u> widows on his ticket. Rosemary works for Sanders Brothers at LaVerkin Feed, so he was content with her name, but not mine, nor Luther Fuller's. So he made up his own ticket, eliminating our two names, and went out and got 25 signers. Well, he need not worry. I've enough to do to take care of my family and

and my MIA and Relief Society responsibilities. With all of the kindness around me, I wonder how I dare have such thoughts, but really, I'd sort of like to win this spot on the town board, just for the pleasure of turning it down! It's wholesome to feel a little spunk in my makeup, after feeling so humble for so long.

October 31. A chest of silverware came in the mail today from the Dexter Company. I couldn't stop laughing. The whole day has been fun because of it.

When DeMar brought the package from the postoffice this morning, he said, "Mother, what did you order from the Dexter Company?"

All of the kids clustered around, because opening a package is fun.

"I wrote to the company about those silly, sawed off pieces of hose on the double drains," I said ripping open the package.

There, under the pasteboard flap, shone the mahogany lid of another box. I had to shake it upside down to get it out. A polished wood chest fell out to the tinkle of silver.

"Silverware," I exclaimed.

"Isn't it pretty," everyone cried.

"Why should they send this to me?" I said in astonishment. I pondered a moment then exclaimed, "My letter! What did I say in my letter?" Then I burst out laughing.

"What's the matter Mother?" Marilyn asked.

"Oh, my crazy letter. That must be it."

For months I had fumed every time I went to empty my twin Dexter Washers. Finally, I went to Graff's and asked, "Are these tubs supposed to be emptied with a bucket?"

"Let's sell you a pump," Ersel Hall suggested.

"I don't want a pump. I've got a good floor drain."

"Well, come out to the shed and I'll show you what I've fixed for my wife."

My! What a maze of "L's" and "T's" and reducers and unions he had contrived. Very complex.

"All I want is a couple of pieces of hose of the right size, and long enough to reach the floor drain."

"But that hose isn't standard size," he said.

"The Dexter Company has it, or they wouldn't be able to chop up those silly little pieces of it that come with the washer."

"Well, we'll see what we can do," he promised.

Wash days came and went. In the meantime, from worn pieces of hose, I concocted a setup of my own that proved to be nothing but lint catchers. My floor drain was ample enough for a fire hose, yet my washers drained one drop at a time. Every wash day I fumed a little more.

"What am I waiting for?" I asked myself. "I'll write to the company myself." And I did.

"I hate to be a kicker," I began. "I always long for peace, but the wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease. And I'M SQUEAKING!" I illustrated the letter with my best cartooning, and told them

of the fury of wash day. I complained about the blind hood over the wringer that could tangle a whole bed sheet before a body realized it, and about their dealer's masterpiece of "L's" and "T's" etc. and asked what under Heaven those chopped off pieces were for that were attached to the drains, making it necessary to catch every drop of water in a bucket.

"I ask you, what sort of weird woman were these created for?"

And now comes this chest of silver--service for eight!

November 1. Two letters came from the Dexter Company today. One of them said: "Dear Mrs. Gubler: Perhaps you will have by this time received a set of silverware which is the compliments of our company for one of the most enjoyable letters we have received in the history of this company.

It was my intention to get a letter written to you at the time the silverware was sent. However, in passing your letter around for everyone to read, it resulted in a delay in getting out an acknowledgment to you. . . Your constructive criticism is greatly appreciated. It is from our customers who actually use the machine that we can learn of improvements we can make in our products.

In fact, since you have purchased your washer, many improvements have been accomplished. And for that reason, our service department is sending you a new wringer, which we are sure you will enjoy, and as well, special drain hose which can be attached to your washer, all on a no charge basis."

What a thrill! I've sung about my work this whole day through.

November 2. A freight truck brought the wringer and the drain hose. The hose is a flexible, two headed thing that fits the floor drain perfectly. Wash water runs through it like a mountain brook!

November 3. Shirley had been asked to give a reading in the class Halloween party. Vanda said, "Come to our place and we'll help you." My first impression was to take the easy way out and let her go, then the thought hit me, you help her yourself.

In the Farm Journal was a cute little Halloween ditty, illustrated with a Jack-O=Lantern in different moods. I drew big pictures for her, and she and DeMar and I painted them. She learned the poem, and practiced holding the pictures high above her head one by one as she recited. She was cute, and I knew it. She came home from school laughing.

"You know, the silliest thing--the teacher made me go in every room and do my part because she said it was so good."

In a more serious mood. I spent our last cent to get shoes for Norman and DeMar. I knew that if a cold snap should come now, we'd have no heat for the house, but to stew about it would show a weakness in my faith. I thought of telling our new bishop our plight, but pride wouldn't let me. So I told the Lord that I'd really appreciate it if he'd take the matter in hand, because--well, I don't like being a beggar. A serene feeling came over me, and I dug in to the day's work. Before breakfast was on the table, here came our new bishop with 100 pounds of potatoes, a quarter of venison, and a heart full of kind words and instructions. A load of coal is on its way. I feel so full of energy and thanksgiving I could turn the world over today.

November 9. The day after election, I was naturally curious about the results, but no one bothered to tell me, and I didn't dare ask. In the

afternoon I went to Hurricane. Chauncy Sandberg was quite gleeful about the outcome. Moroni's hand picked ticket went in, all but one. Instead of Bill, he got me for a four year councilman.

Chauncy said, "This is going to be interesting."

Impishly, I replied, "I wanted to win so I could have the pleasure of resigning."

"You wouldn't do a thing like that," Chauncy said.

"Maybe not. If people had confidence enough to vote for me, I guess I should do my best."

City councilman work is like church work anyway. It does pay $10 a year for gas money, and there is a monthly meeting to attend.

November 22. I mailed my Christmas story to the Deseret News today.

Terry and Raymond had another fight today. When Raymond bit his arm, because Terry wouldn't let go of a paper bag, I shouted, "Give him his sack." Raymond's mother was watching too. Terry ran howling to me, and Raymond ran to his mother, and she kneeled beside him, talking to him. Two or three times, Raymond started for our house, then ran back. While we were eating dinner, Raymond stuck his head in the front door. "I'm sorry Terry," he shouted, then ran.

We laughed, because we knew he was only doing as he was told. But Terry was so tickled, he left the table and ran to hug Raymond. Raymond halted, then they both hugged each other and giggled.

Mayor Sanders paid me a visit. He hemmed and hawed, trying to cover up what he wished he hadn't said. Very little had been relayed to me, which was good, because my imagination could supply the rest, and probably make it much better than it really was. He was so ill at ease, trying to explain, that I might have pitied him, if he hadn't been so funny.

"Ah, forget it," I said. "I'm not a bit wounded. I'm on your board for the next four years, so we might as well make the best of it."

November 29. Lolene's birthday.

"Can it be half my birthday too?" Terry asked.

"No. Lolene's birthday," she said, giving him a naughty push.

Ed Gubler gave her a little earthen doll, and when she went to Relief Society with me, the women made her pockets jingle with pennies.

Terry and Gordon have checked out very good at the polio clinic. I do not soak them nor exercise them anymore, but I have to work with Lolene both morning and night still. I will probably have to give her her exercises for years to come.

Mattie Ruesch stopped by today. She asked me to take Betty as a foster child! Yikes!!! Me alone with my brood of seven, and I am asked to take another one? I'm blundering enough as it is. Betty had a fracas with her father, and it appears she got the best of him, and needs another home for awhile.

December 1. Betty moved in tonight. The kids are so used to her that it doesn't make a particle of difference to them. Mrs. Ruesch is going to get a Mrs. Hall from St. George, who is yearning for a daughter, to come and interview her.

December 2. That batch of little chickens grew big, and we've had meat chickens to share with our friends this past summer and fall. Today, I took our biggest red rooster to Bessie Judd. I've enjoyed Bessie so much since we've been in Stake MIA together. She had given Lolene two little dresses. Well! Bessie moved like a whirlwind when I handed the clucking cock to her boy Jimmie.

"Sit down a minute," she said.

Then she began loading things onto me, making witty remarks all the while. In the heap of bounties were ten pounds of fresh rendered lard, four more little dresses for Lolene, cowboy chaps for Gordon's Christmas, a coat and bonnet set and two pullover sweaters for Lolene, a dress for Shirley, one for Marilyn and one for Betty, red cowboy shirts for Gordon and Terry, and a semi-formal dress for me, fresh from the dress shop.

"These little dabs I've given you are nothing. But that chicken! We just haven't anything like it."

"Bessie, Bessie, what can I say?" I was thunderstruck.

"Do you know, the next day after I gave you those other two dresses, my sister sent me twelve more from Salt Lake?" she laughed.

Belva brought thirty more bright, printed feed sacks. Wrapped up in them was a new doll for Lolene's Christmas. And so it goes. Never have we had a more abundant supply of clothing and meat. Everyone who butchers shares with us. I've put up as much venison this fall as I did when Winferd went hunting. Friends do all in their power to make life good.

December 7. Betty has been with us a week. She has shown me the little things she made for the kids for Christmas. Marilyn got the flu, so Betty did the Saturday cleaning for Grandma and Grandpa Isom.

I didn't tell Betty that someone would come from St. George to see her. She felt secure and at home with us, and did her best to please us. Then Mrs. Hall, with her two little foster children, came Sunday afternoon.

"Betty, we came to offer you a home. We want you to be our daughter," she said.

Shocked and hurt, Betty crumpled on the couch and cried.

"Please Betty, won't you at least come until after Christmas?" Mrs. Hall pleaded. "All my life I've been lonely for a family at Christmas time. I had no brothers or sisters. When I married, no little children came to our home. I've looked forward so much to having a family this year."

She drew little Blanche and Wayne to her. "These little ones came to us in July, but their own mother thinks she should have them back for Christmas. Betty, please come with us, just for awhile."

My eyes were blurred with tears. Betty wouldn't even look at us, but hid her face in her lap. Finally, Mrs. Hall and I went to see Betty's mother, LaVina.

"I'm so lonesome I can't stand it," LaVina said. "I wish we could take her back, but some things have to be ironed out first." Then she wept.

"Come back in a few days," I said to Mrs. Hall. At home, I said, "Betty, you're the luckiest girl I know. Mrs. Hall wants you. We want you. Your mother wants you. Everyone wants you for Christmas."

"I didn't know anybody ever wanted me," Betty grinned.

That night she got the flu. She has been too sick to raise her head. For three days I've carried her meals to her basement bedroom and waited on her. It's a lot of running up and down steps.

December 12. What an innocent lamb I am. I honestly thought I had a good chance to win the Christmas story contest, because I needed to. The prize money would pay taxes and buy Christmas. Besides that, I needed the joy of being independent, instead of accepting coal and flour from the bishop. I prayed, and worked and wept trying to write a winner. The Heavenly Father was interested in my progress I know, so naturally I supposed he would bless me with success. I didn't even get honorable mention.

I have read of little housewives sitting down, and with their first attempt, dashing off best sellers. This might happen some times, but generally speaking, this is a fairy tale. I know now that I can no more sit down and write a winner on my first try than I can go to the piano and play a masterpiece without studying, practicing and learning the art. Vesta Crawford won the contest. She's a long time winner. I'll just have to plug along.

I accept every church assignment with the thought in mind that if I do the Lord's work, He'll bless me on the home front. Sometimes I wonder. When I go to Stake MIA meetings, I often come home late at night to find my littlest ones still up. Tonight it was 11:00 o'clock. The kitchen was a puddle of dish water. The supper dishes were left to Gordon, because he was the only one willing to do them. Betty took a mop to the puddle when I started to scold Marilyn.

Tonight was the Stake MIA Christmas party. I had given myself a home permanent so I could look pretty for the occassion. I sat with the extra ladies in a corner. I couldn't help but think how different it was two years ago when I danced the minuet with Winferd in the floor show.

Breaking into my reverie, Heber Hirschi said, "May I have this dance?"

After that, Wilford Leaney danced with me. What a boob I am. Subconsciously, I'm still expecting Winferd to whirl me out onto the floor.

December 17. The first wedding anniversary that I have been alone. All of the "firsts" throughout the year have been a jolt.

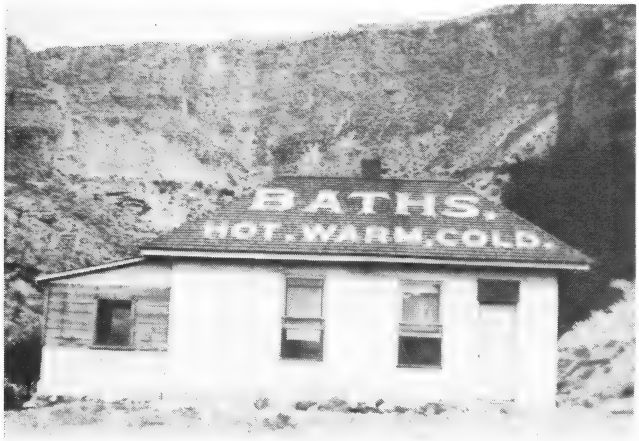
The other day Mrs. Ruesch came for Betty. She prodded her with her packing. "Betty, it's getting dark. I hate to drive at night. Please hurry."

With as little enthusiasm as a turtle, Betty gathered up her things, and they left. The very next day Mrs. Ruesch brought her back. Aside she said, "Betty said she had to come back to be in the opera. I thought I was bringing her to her mother until we got here, but she said she was staying with you."

So our girl was back again. She never returned to Mrs. Hall. Her parents convinced her that they loved her. They took her Christmas shopping, and promised her they would have family home evenings if she would come home, but she's sleeping here again tonight. She brought marshmallows to roast in our fireplace for our home evening.

"I'll just leave a pair of pajamas at your house," she said. The foster mother role is over, and we're just plain neighbors once more.

These are the babies that blessed our home,
and the houses where they were born.

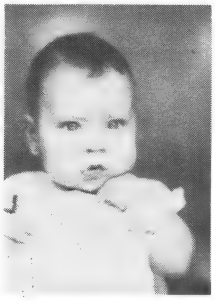


Marilyn's birthplace. The LaVerkin hot springs.

Our first home in LaVerkin, where Norman and DeMar were born.

Marilyn

Norman



DeMar

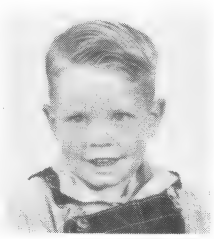
LaVell Hinton's home in LaVerkin where Shirley, Gordon and Lolene were born.

Emma Bradshaw's home in Hurricane where Terry was born.

Shirley

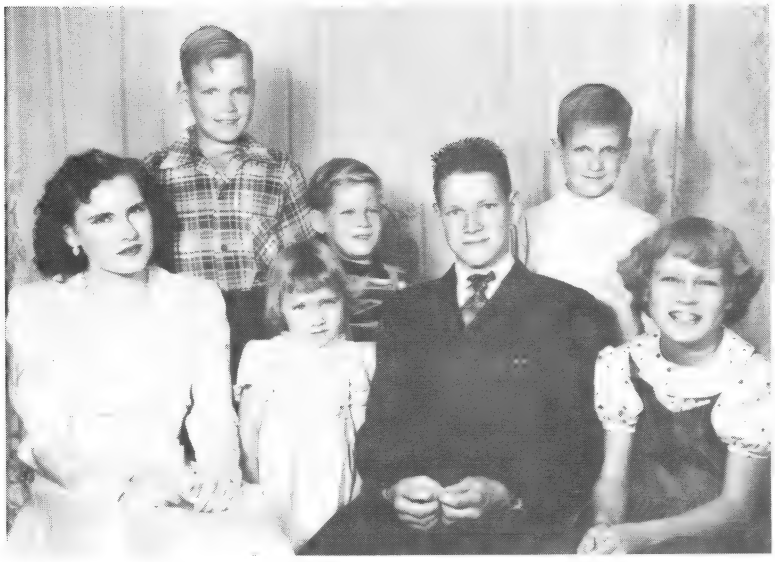
Gordon

Lolene



Terry

Winferd and Alice (me) and our brood of seven. The children, seated from left to right are: Norman, Gordon, Shirley, Terry, Marilyn and DeMar. Lolene is in the inset. She was still in heaven when this picture was taken.



Our children at the time of Marilyn's marriage. Front: Marilyn, Lolene, Norman and Shirley. Back: DeMar, Terry and Gordon.

The house that Winferd built, and the place where his children grew.

December 20. Ervil Sanders brought us a turkey that is so big I had to take a refrigerator shelf out to get it in. Sister Church bought a doll for Shirley's Christmas. Melfa McCullough sent us $15.00, and the bishop gave us $30.00 for Christmas.

December 26. Someone left a set of Pyrex glasses, plates and baking pans on our back porch Christmas eve. The dishes are clear glass, trimmed with pink flowers--service for ten. I've asked all of the relatives and friends, but cannot discover who the mysterious giver is. LaVell Wittwer and her children gave me a three strand pearl neclace to go with the lace formal Bessie Judd gave me. Margaret Nuttal gave me a rhinestone choker to go with the same dress--also a fruit cake, a cured ham and some bacon.

P O L I T I C S

Chapter 39
(1950)

January 3, 1950. The county assessor, Henry Graff, came by today to express his sympathy for my lone and weary lot. Terry bounced through the room.

"Is that child yours?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," he clicked, mournfully shaking his head.

Gordon appeared.

"Who's child is this?" he asked.

"Mine," I replied.

"Pitiful. Very pitiful," he sadly said.

When Shirley entered, he asked, "Who does she belong to?"

"To me," I answered.

"What a shame, what a shame," he remarked.

All seven of the children put in appearance, one at a time, and seven times he sadly lamented. I understood his meaning, otherwise I would have burst out laughing. Henry's a kind, good man. What he was trying to impart was, "How pitiful to think their father isn't here to help rear them."

January 7. Terry is going to have his tonsils out. Dr. McIntire asked to check the clotting ability of his blood, so today, Grandpa took us to Hurricane. Gordon and Lolene were with us. Gordon and Terry amused themselves locking and unlocking the back doors of the car.

"Ok, you two, sit down and leave the doors alone," I said.

Gordon obeyed, but Terry kept fiddling with the lock.

"Terry, you're going to get pitched out if you don't sit down," I warned.

Just then the door flew open and Terry was whipped out, his little black coat flapping like wings. Grandpa was going about fifty miles an hour, but it couldn't have been worse if it had been two-hundred. I felt the pain of

the impact as the little fellow hit the hard highway.

"He's gone, he's gone," I cried over and over, frantically watching the distance stretch between us.

It seemed that Grandpa could never stop the car. Far back on the highway, Terry lay in a lifeless little heap. My heart broke, for I was certain that he was dead. Then I saw a truck bearing down on him. Before it reached him, Terry rolled off the highway onto the gravel.

The truck stopped and Cyrus Gifford got out and gathered Terry into his arms. Gordon raced to him as soon as Grandpa's car stopped, and I followed, carrying Lolene who was crying with fright. Terry's coat was splattered with blood from the gash on his scalp. Grandpa looked terribly stricken. Cyrus kept Terry in his arms and rode with us to the doctor's.

In the waiting room I took Terry in my arms. Lolene sat wide eyed on the couch beside me. She pattered close at my heels as I carried her little brother into the operating room. Her head came just under the operating table. She stood silently, close against me all the while I helped the doctor, as he sewed up Terry's scalp. The doctor had more blood sample than he anticipated, and it clotted good.

(In later years, Terry recalls this same incident. He looked down on his lifeless body, laying on the road, in the path of the oncoming truck. His one thought was, "that little kid is going to get run over if something doesn't happen." Then he saw no more. That is when he rolled out of the way. He was conscious when Cyrus picked him up. He recalls feeling sorry that Cy's white shirt was getting bloody.)

January 19. I went to my first town board meeting tonight. Lorin Squire presented us with our certificates of appointment.

January 20. Dr. McIntire took Terry's tonsils out today. He's doing fine.

January 25. Moroni took Rosemary and me for a trip up Toquer canyon to the head of the pipe-line. He explained to us the work that had been done. I begin to feel like a city father.

Our Stake MIA officers had fun at a dancing party at Virgin last night.

February 2. I made Marilyn her first formal--a filmy, pale yellow one, which she wore to the Gold and Green Ball. I was proud of her, the dress, and of myself, because she looked very pretty. She's been half carrying the torch for Quim ever since their quarrel before Christmas. She was tickled when Neil Hardy asked her to take the dancing course with him from the Church dance director, Mr. Yates. This course has been some of the most wholesome, laughing fun she had for awhile. It's great for her to not be in love, but simply having a good time with the kid that lives down the lane.

Five of my youngsters entered the Quaker's Oats contest, and Gordon, the youngest of the five, was the only prize winner. He received two RCA Victor records, "Lore of the West," by Roy Rogers and Gabby Hays. We've been listening to them morning, noon and night.

February 4. Grumble, grumble, little lad,
At times you think the whole world's bad.
Sonnet to DeMar.

DeMar's face looked dark as a thunder cloud all during dinner. "I'm not going to dress up for that old school dance," he growled. "I hate dancing. Nobody likes me. All the girls are stuck up. They always say 'no' to me."

"Maybe they wouldn't say no if you combed your hair so it doesn't look like chicken feathers," Shirley said.

"Tell the girls you can't dance any better than a frog, then they'd all want to teach you how," Norman suggested.

"Well, when I do dance, they whirl me around in an old Virginia reel, and I wish I had spikes in my shoes so I could dig into the floor and stand there. I'm going to grow up like Uncle Bill Nielson and never learn to dance."

"Grow up like Daddy. He liked to dance," I said.

Off he marched to school, looking mighty skeptical.

February 15. Ovando said I shouldn't bother farmers about spraying my few fruit trees, or plowing our lot. He says the boys need to learn to work, and they could dig up the garden with a shovel. My, how they would hate the soil if they had to chisel a whole acre of potter's clay that way. We could break our back and blister our hands, and still never dig deep enough to root a squash vine. This lot is total hard pan. I'd give the bottom half to anyone for the next five years, if they'd just tend it.

February 18. Walter Segler came to my rescue. He plowed for us. When I tried to pay him, he just grinned and said there was no charge. I hope this will be recorded in Heaven. I am so appreciative of his help.

February 20. Once, when Winferd was still here, a peddler came to my door. I didn't want his wares, but his wily words interested and flattered me. Before he left, he had talked me out of a loaf of fresh baked bread, a gallon of good Gubler sorghum, and a paper bag of English walnuts in exchange for an unlabeled glass jug of colored water with a little detergent in it. He called it upholstery shampoo. As Winferd came home to dinner, he met the shyster carrying his loot to his car. I told Winferd what had happened, and he laughed at my being taken in by such flattery. Still, he agreed that the flowery words the peddler had spoken about me were true. I was chagrined at my gullibility. I felt like the crow that preened on a limb while the fox ran off with the cheese.

Since the incident had amused Winferd so, I thought it might make a good story, so I wrote it up in detail and sent it to the Farm Journal. Today, the manuscript was returned with a rejection slip.

I am the new city clerk. It pays $75 a year, enough to pay my property taxes. I will have to send out about 80 water notices twice a year. Water taxes have raised from $6.00 to $7.00 every six months. Connection fees are $35.00. The town desk is in our living room. Wherever the desk is, that is the city office. We will have town board meeting here once a month, unless the mayor figures we don't need a meeting. I wrote my first big check of $11,361.83 to pay for the new pipe-line the city is installing.

Lolene talks to herself. Sometimes she kisses her hand and says, "Lolene kissed me," or "I kissed Lolene."

Norman, Brent Hardy and Lynn Gubler have been trapping muskrats. One sunk its teeth into Norman's finger. Although it bled good, his hand swelled and made him sick. Dr. McIntire had to clean out the wound. The Canal Company paid each of the boys $4.00 for their muskrat tails. I hope he earns enough to pay his doctor bill.

The cane seed buyer who carried me up the basement steps last spring came today. He was drunk.

When I saw him coming up the steps, I prayed fast, "Help me, please!"

Terry has this terrible talent of giving all who enter here, a pouncing embrace. I've tried to break him of it, but today, this talent was the answer to my prayer. As soon as the man stepped inside, Terry made a dive, wrapping himself around his legs, almost tripping him. This time I didn't call Terry off, but silently applauded him.

The man dug into his pocket and pulled out a dime. "Here, little feller, I'll give you this dime if you'll run outside and play."

Terry took the coin, then backed up and did one of his favorites, a billy goat act, right into the man's padded middle.

Winded, the guy grabbed Terry. "Little boy, I came to see your mother. Why don't you go hoe some weeds?"

Terry backed away momentarily.

"I thought you might be needing a little loving," the man said, coming toward me.

I backed up to a wooden nut bowl on the desk, and closed my hand around the nut picks. I prayed that I wouldn't have to use them, but the grin on the whiskey reddened face closing in on me gave me a firm grasp. The sharp end of the picks were pointed out. As the man reached for me, Terry lunged for his feet, hobbling him. Just then, the school bus stopped. My older children came whooping across the square.

"I've got to be in Cedar within an hour," the man said, then he ambled out the back door.

Heavens and earth! When that man is sober, he is as good as gold!

April 14. Miss Knight brought a flat of stocks for our garden, and Brother and Sister Barber brought flats of pansies, petunias, egg plants and peppers.

Wednesday I got two little checks in the mail. One was from the Deseret News and one from the Tribune for little stories I had submitted for their "It Happened Around Here" columns.

The story for the Tribune is one about George Gibson, Hurricane's barber. It goes like this:

Our barber had a cure for everything, even for the stories of the fish that got away.

"You used the wrong bait," he'd say. "You can't lose if you use carrots. Get the biggest carrot you can find. Hold it over the side of the boat so the fish can see it. In a few seconds, one will leap out of the lake to grab it. Quick as a wink, poke the carrot in the hole the

fish jumped through. With the hole plugged up, there's no way for him to get back into the water, so you just pick him up and toss him in the boat."

The story the Deseret News published was an incident that happened to Hilda Hall Bringhurst when she taught school in Springdale, but I didn't know it was her until she called me when the story came out. It goes like this:

When mother was a child, children sat sedately in their school benches. Teachers were stern and children obeyed. But Springdale's early history boasts of one lad who dared to be different.

It was a frazzled Friday, and the teacher's ire had mounted. In exasperation, she pointed to the lad who had caused so much disturbance.

"I warn you not to do that anymore--you--you--you human!"

Bristling, the lad faced the teacher. With quick tears springing to his eyes, he retorted, "I ain't no more human than a pig!"

Yesterday, Emerald Stout came with a message that made my knees wobble. "You're going to be asked to run for the office of county treasurer," he said. "We feel you are the woman for the job, and we can guarantee you all of the votes from the east end of the county. It will pay you $180 a month."

Stunned, I looked at Lolene and Terry standing close beside me. "I can't leave these little ones," I replied, putting my arms around them.

"You've had problems before," Emerald said. "You'll figure this one out."

Left alone to mull this over, I felt awful. Sure, we need the money! But my home, and little ones! I can't leave them.

With little boy enthusiasm, Grandpa Gubler came to confirm the decision of the Republican Central Committee. "I have every reason to believe you can carry the entire county," he said. "You can rent your home and move to St. George."

His exuberance tore me to pieces. After he'd gone, I walked from room to room. Why, this was the only house on earth built to fit us. Winferd had built it! I considered our accumulation, mentally appraising, sorting and discarding. Our furniture is so shabby we'd have to move in the dark.

Then Chauncy Sandberg arrived, the next harbinger of a new beginning. "You'll need to fill out these application papers," he said, "and there will be a filing fee. I had to pay $50.00 to run for State Legislator, but yours won't be so high."

Great. I don't have five cents. The power bill took all I had left.

I'm caught in a whirlwind. Everyone is making my decisions for me. Everyone knows what is best for me, but me! Grandpa came to take me to see the county clerk, Oscar Barrick, before he left for St. George. I shook every piggy bank in the house, and came up with $5.00, which I handed to Oscar.

"The filing fee for county treasurer is $21.50," he said.

I felt like a roof tile had fallen on my head. "Just a minute," I said. My throat tightened. Going to the car, I said, "Grandpa, I don't want to file for office. He wants $21.50. It's like betting on the horse races. If I lose, I don't get my money back. The $5.00 I brought isn't even mine."

"Well--," Grandpa drawled, "I'll pay the fee myself, before I'd let you not file."

Taking his check book from his pocket, he wrote out the needed amount.

"You'll never get that money back in kingdom come," I said.

"I don't care," he grinned. "You'll win."

April 21. My intention to run for County Treasurer has been published in the County News. Free advice and criticism begins to pile deep. Why don't I stop being so stupid, and just stay home and accept county aid. People say I'm an idealist--clinging hopefully to the powers of providence, that I'll come down off my high horse. Well, we aren't starving to death. Sure, the family and neighbors have helped us. I just simply do not want to accept public welfare. So now I'm being harangued, harassed, and harried.

Emil Graff has given Marilyn a job clerking in the store after school each day, and the bishop has given Norman a job watering the shrubs on the church grounds. I'm thankful for that.

I had refused to take students as guests during the school music festival, but I had a change of heart. Yesterday morning I routed the family out at 6:00 a.m.

"I guess we'd better put a couple of girls in your room," I said to Marilyn.

She leaped out of bed. "I'll wash my windows and put up clean curtains." And she did.

The boys finished planting our little trees, while Shirley and I washed woodwork. This morning, Marilyn and Norman kalsomined the hall before school, and Shirley did the dishes as though she enjoyed it. I did the laundry and called the plumber. Ever since Halloween, we've flushed our toilet with a bucket from the bathtub. Tonight the house shines, supper was a success, and the place rings with the laughter of my children and our guests.

If it hadn't been for the music festival, I guess we'd have been flushing our toilet forever with a bucket, and have ignored the finger prints on the hall walls.

May 2. Lucille Gubler needed to go to St. George today, so she took us to the dentist. Dr. Hutchings checked all of the children.

DeMar, Gordon and Terry went to Pickett's with me to get some new mush dishes. We're always out. I had $1.50 to buy them with.

"Let me carry them, Mother," Terry begged.

"No, I want to," Gordon said.

"No. DeMar will. You kids might break them," I said.

So DeMar took the precious package. We walked down the street to meet our car. As we waited in front of Penny's store, DeMar restlessly hitched the package from one hand to the other. The string came loose and the package crashed to the pavement.

"Oh, DeMar," Gordon shouted.

DeMar fell to his knees and pulled back the brown wrapping. The top dish fell apart in his hand. Down through layer after layer the same thing happened. One dish out of the dozen was not broken. It was only chipped.

Big tears welled up in DeMar's eyes.

Lolene kept repeating loudly, "DeMo boke em. DeMo boke em."

"Now we can't have any new dishes," Terry lamented.

I noticed a young man sitting in his car, his three children climbing over him. Mournfully, he surveyed our little group, shaking his head from side to side. We were creating a scene, so I grabbed up the wreckage, and we moved on.

May 12. Five days have passed since Doom's Day. At last I'm out of shock enough to make a diary entry.

Vida Duncan took me to Union Meeting at Springdale in her pickup Sunday. I had a notion to take all of my boys, but DeMar and Terry were the only ones on the spot when she honked her horn. Gladly they piled in the back. Well, really, I shouldn't expect the sky to fall in the two hours that I would be gone, and it didn't. But it might as well have.

While DeMar and Terry were having a happy time on the school slides in Springdale, and I sat in church, Norman and his buddies were enlarging their underground house beneath the cherry tree at the bottom of the lot. I've reared a batch of gophers. My youngsters have been grubby with red clay for weeks, as they've burrowed in and out of their diggins. If I had asked them to excavate a basement by hand, they would have rebelled, but the rooms in their underground house were growing to impressive proportions.

Little did I know of the sticks of dynamite that had been concealed in our old house ever since the day the deacons gathered asparagus for the cannery. While scouting the fields, they found some dynamite, so they hid it under the asparagus, then stored it for this momentuous day and hour.

The day was May 7, the hour 4:00 p.m. All of the saints were safely and peacefully home from church, except the extra-milers who were at Union Meeting.

When I got home, the whole town was at our house to greet me. Little kids swarmed like flies, trooping along with me toward the house until I could hardly step.

"Look, look, your house is blowed up," they chorused, pointing to the gaping hole in the ceiling.

Grownups, shaking their heads and clicking their tongues, regarded me with horror and pity. Shirley lay white on the couch. A flying clod had knocked her down. Something terrible had happened. Just what, and how terrible, I did not know, because everyone was talking at once.

I went into shock. I couldn't speak. The day was a hot one, but I was freezing. I shivered and shook, and my chin chattered. Out of the babble, I caught snatches of words, "dynamite," "biggest blast that has ever rocked the town," "scrap iron spewed from the cherry tree," "field showered with flak," "a dozen kids almost mowed down," "Gordon came closest to getting hit with flying iron."

Gordon was standing innocently in front of the little old house, unaware of what the older boys were doing, when a big scrap of iron whizzed by.

Neil Hardy didn't want to be any part of the excavation, so he sat down in our living room with a stack of funny books. When the blast shook the house, he ran to the door. A minute later, a red hot iron, the splintered part of a wagon axel, crashed through the roof, bringing a pile of plaster with it, and landed on the couch in the exact spot where Neil had been.

This episode could have been mass slaughter, but it was not.

"Was anyone hurt?" I finally managed to ask.

"Not that we know of," someone answered. "We haven 't seen Norman or Rulon since the blast."

"Oh," I groaned, "they might be dead. We've got to find them."

While the multitude lamented my damaged home, Lyman and Thell Gubler were out on the roundup, accounting for the boys. This is what really mattered. Norman and Rulon had climbed a pear tree in Grandpa's orchard, hiding in fright. Lyman personally let them feel the whack of his shoe.

Now, five days later, Cyrus Gifford and Harris Merrill have mended my roof and plastered the hole in the ceiling. The scar is still there, and the town still feels the tremors of the after-shock. Since our house sits in the center of town, it is quite fitting that we should be the center of attraction. And we are. Crossing our threshold daily are visitors who come to sympathize, lament, complain, condemn, to be horror stricken, to be amused, to laugh and wise crack, and to tell me how to raise kids. I do appreciate Orin Hepworth for taking Norman into his counsel, to explain and to help him understand about explosives. Orin is experienced, and able to give good, honest advice.

The underground house, incidentally, is now a crater.

May 16. This evening we spread our supper on an army blanket out on the lawn. Neil Hardy was having supper with us. After the fried chicken was devoured, Marilyn ran in the house for desert dishes. We had plum cobbler, baked in a large milk pan. With a whoop, Marilyn burst through the front door, and leaped from the porch to the lawn. One foot landed in the middle of the cobbler. She squealed and hopped out, and everyone groaned.

"Oh well," she giggled, debating whether to wipe her shoe on the grass or whether to lick it, "I've never had all of the cobbler I wanted anyway. I'll eat my track."

With a tablespoon she scooped out her track, heaping it onto her plate. Neil turned sick to his stomach and went home. By the time we divided the untouched narrow rim of cobbler that was left around the pan, the servings were small.

May 23. Early yesterday morning, as Norman hoed alongside me in the garden, he started to complain.

"My neck pops every time I turn my head. It gives me an awful headache."

That was the introduction. With each swing of the hoe it got worse. He stopped and rubbed the cords of his neck often.

"I need to go to the chiropractor. Something is terribly out of place."

"Chiropractors are a lot of nonsense," I said.

"But I can't do a thing this way," he insisted. "Pansy is taking Paul to St. George this morning and she said Neil and I could go too. I told her my neck was out of place."

Dropping my hoe I said, "I'll go see her."

As I got to her gate, the thought struck me. Of course Norman's neck was out of joint. Neil and Paul were going to St. George and he couldn't go with them. They were already gone, anyway, so Norman and I hoed on.

He concentrated so much on his neck that the pain became real, so I borrowed Grandpa's car and took him to the doctor for a physical.

McIntire checked him thoroughly. "You're fit as a fiddle," he said. "Instead of your mother paying this bill, why don't you stay and hoe for me? I'll pay you 50¢ an hour."

So Norman is hoeing for McIntire--six hours of it, to pay for his $3.00 pain in the neck.

June 29. DeMar broke his arm three weeks ago. He was playing with friends upon the hill, when the rock he was on went out from under him, and he fell over a little ledge. Roy Wilson brought him home in his little express wagon. The bone was so badly splintered that Dr. McIntire couldn't set it, so I had to keep the arm in ice packs for a week until the swelling went down. Then we took him to the Iron County Hospital, where Drs. McIntire, Brodbent, Edmunds and Dan Jones worked on it. Sitting in the waiting room seemed an eternity to me. DeMar was mighty sick when he came out of the ether.

July 7. A Whiffle McGoof is an eerie creature that wears a witches cape, and climbs fruit picking ladders up to roof tops when mothers are at Stake meetings. A Whiffle McGoof makes little girls and boys afraid to go to their basement bedrooms, until worn out, they finally fall asleep on the living room couch until Mother comes home. I feel very cross about Whiffle-McGoofs, especially the ones named Marilyn, Norman and DeMar. Lolene wraps her little arms about my legs until I can hardly walk, whenever I leave the room, and Terry comes crying back into the kitchen after I've sent him to bed, and I keep finding the basement screens pulled off. There is <u>no</u> excuse for scaring little kids!

The latest Whiffle McGoof episode is the trap door built in the top of the living room closet. This has been accomplished while I was away. With much moaning, a terrifying creature partially descends from on high. Until Val Jennings discovered the true identity of a Whiffle McGoof, this act sent him scurrying across the square toward home. I've had to banish all such creatures. I haven't forgotten the cruel torture of being frightened when I was a child.

July 8. "Owe, owe, owe," Terry howled, running in through the kitchen door.

"Serves him right," DeMar said. "He should know by now not to shut bees in squash flowers."

"I know it," said Gordon, "because he doesn't know how to hold them without making the bees mad."

July 11. Frank Stevens is working for his uncle Elmer Hardy this summer. Whenever his truck, tractor or spray machine comes up our road, it stops, and Frank whistles like a squirrel. My boys stampede to greet him, escorting him to the house like a king with an armed guard. Since there are only seven evenings a week, that's all that he spends in our yard strumming Garn Segler's guitar, which Betty left here three months ago. Both Betty and Marilyn have shared the strumming, singing, the moon and stars, then along comes Frank's dashing uncle Chance Hardy. Chance has been in the navy and seen the world. Chance services Union Pacific Trains, and has money in his pockets. He drives a motorcycle that's as dolled up as Roy Roger's horse. Flashy. Chance is flashy too. He's handsome. He's a lady's man. Frank paced through the house a number of times on the 4th of July, only to learn that Marilyn was off with his uncle. Like a squatter on his homestead, Frank stays.

July 18. Chance still has the upper hand. Frank comes to see Norman now days. I wish Marilyn was 20 and safely married to a good man. I'm too tired to be a mother.

Yesterday was my birthday. Among my gifts was a dead beetle from Terry and a firecracker from Betty, a motorcycle ride from Chance and a ride during a thunderstorm with Wayne, Mama, Papa and my littlest children. We went to see the flood over the Third Falls. After Town Board meeting last night, Wayne and I went to see Bob Hope in "The Great Lover." It was funny.

July 23. The Deseret News sent me a check for two more little stories. One was a summer day incident when I gave my little niece Elda Judd, an ice cube to lick.

When her fingers became aching and red, she said, "Aunt Alice, isn't there some way you can warm this ice a little?"

The other incident was about a little boy who knocked on my brother Bill's door one morning. "I'm not a baby anymore," he said. "I'm a barn."

"A barn?" Bill asked in surprise.

The little boy nodded. "Mama says I'm her first barn, and my baby brother is her second barn."

September 15. The bishop asked our family to clear the tumbleweeds from off the church grounds. Monday we were all busy with our shovels and hoes when Terry struck a yellow jacket's nest. The wasps covered him solid, and he screamed in pain. I grabbed him and ran, swatting off the stinging insects, then they swarmed on me. Swiftly we ran home. I dumped a whole package of soda into the bathtub and plunged Terry into the water. He swelled like a blimp from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet. He had no eyes, no facial features, no neck. He was one solid hunk of swollen misery. He was so filled with toxin that he could hardly breathe or even cry. He would never have lived if the elders hadn't come and administered to him. How grateful I am for the power of the priesthood.

The wasps didn't sting my face or neck--only my arms and legs. This was pure torture. My limbs were swollen shiny tight. We got udicane--per-scription strength--from the drugstore. Applied every four hours, this ointment numbed the flesh so we could endure while the healing took place.

October 14. Tomorrow is the ward fair. We've made cakes, candy, and aprons for the bazaar, and have garden produce ready for the auction. But as usual we're broke.

"Let's stay home tomorrow and can beans," I said to my children, "The booths and side shows are set up to raise money, and we haven't any."

Marilyn and Norman said nothing, but a wail went up from the other kids.

"Please don't go up there and stand around wishing. It's embarrassing if you have nothing to spend."

Shirley ducked into the hall and sobbed, "It wouldn't be like that if Daddy was here."

"But Daddy isn't here. We pay our tithing and do the best we can, and now it's up to the Lord."

Just then Bill Stratton knocked on the kitchen door. "They tell me you have some molasses cans you'd like to get rid of," he said.

"We sure have," I replied, leading him into the old house.

Bill bought $11.00 worth.

Gordon's eyes were big with wonder. "Mother," he exclaimed, "you just said it's up to the Lord and there came that knock at the door."

The children were all smiles. Tomorrow, we will go to the fair.

October 29. The political campaign is on. With the other candidates on the Republican ticket, we've knocked on every door in Enterprise, Veyo, Central, Gunlock, PineValley, Ivins, Santa Clara and Hurricane.

I dreamed, the other night, that I was walking along the highway alone. Crowds passing on foot and in cars, pointed at me and laughed. Looking down, I saw that my underpants had fallen around my ankles. Embarrassed, I recalled the jingle, "Oh, it's hard to grin with ease, with your step-ins slipping to your knees."

The next day--and this is no dream--Gordon Clark and I were political tracting in Santa Clara. He took one side of the highway and I the other. At the end of my street was a service station, and then about a quarter of a mile further on was an isolated dwelling. As I hiked alone, streams of red-capped California deer hunters drove by. And then, like in my dream, I felt like people were laughing at me. With a horrified feeling, I realized something was hobbling me. Looking down, I beheld my pink skirt was unzipped, and about a foot of white satin showed between it and my blouse. My purse and arm full of literature occupied both hands. Eeeek! What to do!!! The traffic ceased just long enough for me to lay my stuff down on the road and zip up my skirt. As I picked up my load, cars began streaming by again. What a funny parallel to my dream.

November 4. Marilyn and Norman went with me to a Democrat rally last night. I enjoyed it, until the chairman, Mr. Miles, introduced Nettie Morris, my opponent.

"We're concerned about the office of County Treasurer," he said. "We feel it is too important an office to turn over to a newcomer just because of our sympathy. Mrs. Morris is capable, experienced, etc. etc. etc. Her opponent should be permitted to remain at home to care for her family.

There are welfare organizations set up to take care of such people. . . ." On and on he went about that pitiful little widow in LaVerkin.

Marilyn leaned over and said, "Mother, them's fightin' words, ain't they?"

"They sho' is," I whispered back.

I didn't like any more of that rally.

November 7. Election day. I got a little hostile at one of the judges of election, when I went to vote.

"Just what right do you have running for office with a family the size of yours?" she asked. "Don't you know there is such a thing as government relief?"

"Look," I said, trying to keep my voice even. "I depend upon someone a little higher up than the government. I've asked my friends not to vote for me. I don't want to leave home. If I'm elected, it won't be because I wanted to be, but because of someone who knows better than I what is best." I'm sick, sick, sick of people trying to push me off onto public welfare.

I voted for myself so my record would look less embarrassing, then went home to make a tub of soap. I like to make soap. It soothes the nerves.

November 8. We went to Gordon Clark's home in St. George to keep an all night wake with the rest of the Republican candidates to listen to the election returns. It was beastly tiring, in a fun sort of way. By 2:00 a.m. the courthouse quit taking calls. Gordon Clark lost by 100 votes. I won over Mrs. Morris by 190 votes. The radio this morning said Mrs. Morris got 1630 votes and was unopposed. The folks in this end of the county felt bad because they wanted me to win.

All day I supposed last night's figures were a mistake, that Mrs. Morris had won. This afternoon, Sheriff Prince came to congratulate me, and to tell me they were waiting with open arms for me at the courthouse. And I just stood there, stirring soap in the black tub. My soap making duds, and dirty hands did something to his enthusiasm. He expected to find me jubilant. Instead, to hide my embarrasment, I stooped over Lolene and wiped her runny nose, and he kind of eased out of the place, saying some toneless little speech about always admiring me, and being happy for me.

After he'd gone, realization hit me. Yikes!!! What am I going to do? Just what am I going to do?

November 15. Terry came in from school with a boom, boom, boom. That's his natural speaking voice.

"Terry," I shouted, trying to be heard, "there isn't another person in the world who talks as loud as you do."

"Ohhhhhhh yes there is, Mother," he grinned, making half-moons of his eyes.

"Who?" I demanded.

"That old Mrs. Blank that lives across the street from kindergarten. I went by her place and picked a flower that was sticking through her fence. Her window opened and she stuck her head out and yelled, 'YOU BRING THAT

FLOWER IN HERE RIGHT THIS MINUTE.' And so I picked them all and took them in."

"What kind of flowers were they?" I asked.

With a puzzled frown he said, "I don't know. They had a black bottom, and a blue top and green petals."

"Why didn't you bring one home?" Shirley giggled.

"How could I?" His chest began to swell, and so did his story. "It was too big."

"You could have brought it on the bus," Shirley suggested.

"I could not. The bus doors are too little to get even one flower through."

"Then how did you get it in the lady's house?" Shirley asked.

"Silly. Her house has two doors like a church house, and when she saw me coming, she opened both doors wide so I could get it in."

"But you said you took them all in," Shirley said.

He grinned. "I was just thinking they were bigger than her doors, but they were only this size," making a circle with his arms about the size of a milk pan. Seeing the stern look on my face, he said in a small voice, "Well, really it was only this size." He made a two-inch circle with his fingers.

November 17. Everyone wants to know how I'm going to manage my home, my family and my new job. And so do I. I don't have a car. People think Oscar Barrick, the County Clerk, should take me back and forth. He doesn't relish the idea. His wife says, "Why don't you sell out and move to St. George?" That suggestion keeps popping up. I love our home. Today I Kemtoned the living room, washed the windows and brought in new houseplants from the nursery. I don't want to leave this place. What comes next?

CHAPTER 40
County Treasurer
(1951)

I didn't set foot in the courthouse until today. I stayed home and worked hard to get everything caught up before I came to this frightening crossroad. LaPriel volunteered to tend Terry and Lolene during my office hours. Commissioner Ervil Sanders took me to the courthouse this morning to take my oath of office.

As I entered the Treasurer's office, Nettie Morris snapped, "I should think you'd at least have come down to find out the duties of the office before I had to leave."

"I'll be here for four years," I replied. "To stay home was more important to me than being here. Today is soon enough to start worrying about this office."

In twenty-minutes she explained the duties of her office, then left. I inherited her deputy, Merrill Stucki. He's the one who keeps the books. In a shy, quiet way he went over office procedures. I asked a million questions. Tonight I have a splitting headache this January 2, 1951.

January 4. Thank goodness it's Friday. I've spent three days studying "around the calendar" duties of the County Treasurer, in the Utah Code Annotated, and in becoming familiar with tax rolls, and watching figures whirl in the calculator. I've used so many new brain muscles that now I am a lame brain.

I'm falling in love again--in love with this new life--ledgers, office machines, vaults, old records, people, having to be nice to them etc., which submerges my incessant homesickness within the recesses of my heart. I have no time to think of the children while I'm on duty. But the instant I lock my door at night, my thoughts are all of home.

January 8. A burly giant from Bull Valley came to settle back taxes today. He was mean and tough. Said he had authority from the State Tax Commission to settle his taxes anyway he pleased. The County Recorder, Helen Bleak , summoned the Sheriff's Deputy, Israel Wade. Israel's gold badge loomed big. Mr. Bull Valley's voice simmered down from a roar to a rumble. He paid me his money and left.

January 17. We're on our way to Salt Lake to a convention. This is a bonus feature I knew not of. I rode as far as Provo in the front seat with Oscar and Dawn Barrick. Ervil, Belva and Elda Jepson were in the back. I'll take the Greyhound into Salt Lake in the morning. I stopped off to spend a night with Edith and Gene. We went to a funny movie.

January 19. Last night we saw the Salt Lake Theater players in "Laura." My head aches. I'm having a wonderful time. I'm so tired I could cry. The shower in our hotel room won't give with hot water. It just beats icy cold against the shower curtain. We can't get to the toilet or wash bowl without wading. All for six bucks a day. We've no clothes closet and our room forms an "L" around the elevator shaft that rumbles all night. It's like trying to sleep in a bowling alley. We've tramped miles through the snow looking in shop windows, and checking out Kresses and Woolworth, and we've been to meeting after meeting and have been banqueted and received gifts from the business houses of the city. Helen Bleake is my roommate. We talked all night while the elevator rumbled by.

January 20. Home again. Chance Hardy here--Marilyn in a trance. At least, the kids are well. Marilyn baked bread. It looks as though it came from a volcano crater--cinder to the core.

January 21. MIA executive meeting today after Sacrament Meeting. LaPriel came while I was in the MIA meeting. I'm never home when my folks come. I could cry.

January 22. Spent the day at the office entering delinquent taxes.

Problems arise. Oscar is fed up with running taxi service for me. It's eight miles extra for him daily--plus time--plus inconvenience if he wants to do other things after office hours. He wants to sell me his 48 Chevy.

The Stake MIA officers spent the evening at our house making paper flowers for the Gold and Green Ball.

January 27. Grandpa Gubler says I can buy Clark's old car for $150. Says it has a new motor. That's a little more in our range. Oscar wanted $1,100 for his car.

January 30. Norman grinned as he dug his report card from his pocket.

"You got an 'A'," I exclaimed.

"Not quite. But I will have next time."

I had offered him a dollar for every "B" and five-dollars for his first "A". I didn't have to pay him anything last year. This time he got "B" in physical education.

February 2. Nothing electric in the house works. A checkup revealed goings-on in the old house. Norman has spent days re-wiring it.

"It's going to be a clubhouse," he said. "We'll have a darkroom in the back to develop films. This house is going to be wired better than it ever has been before." He squatted in the dirt and drew a diagram for me. "See, one wire goes this way, and the other this to make a circuit. Every connection is wrapped." He sounded so sure of himself.

"You might have done a perfect wiring job, still the clock has stopped, the stove stays cold, and I can't get supper."

"Aw, we haven't done anything."

"But Norman, I can't cook, and I can't get anyone from the electric shop."

"Well, call DuWayne Hepworth," he said.

So I did. I couldn't get DuWayne, but his parents, Orin and Sarilla came. Orin should have been a woman. He fussed over everything. DeMar tinkered with the meter box and the stove glowed, and I put supper on. Orin went out to where the boys were and sounded a warning to them and left.

Norman came in hopping mad. "Oh my! We can't do a thing without him getting after us."

"Well darling, I only took your advice and phoned them."

Chagrined, he went out to milk. Later, Sheldon Gifford came. Orin had sent him.

"Having trouble?" Sheldon asked.

"I'm afraid so," I replied.

"Let me check your meter box."

Norman and DeMar led the way.

"Eeow!" Sheldon exclaimed. "You guys have wired this old house into your mother's stove. If you had a short, the wires would burn red hot through the building and never blow a fuse. Do you mind showing me your electrical projects?"

The boys love Sheldon. He's a scout man--the kind boys put their confidence in. They led him to their bedroom. There they displayed every old coil and electrical device the trash dump had to offer. From their headquarters they had blown one fuse after another, and my power bill had doubled in a month.

"If you fellows are going to play like this, you'd better come into my shop and get a little help," Sheldon said. Taking me aside he said, "They're learning a lot. That's how I got into the electrical business. I ran the wires red hot through my dad's house when I started."

Tuesday, February 6. Grandpa traded Maurine's and Clark's '37 Dodge to me for my range cow, cute little old Elsie. I'm memorizing the driver's manual.

February 7. I passed the test! Now I have my learner's permit. That means I have to have a licensed driver with me. Oscar says I can at least drive from my house to his alone--four miles.

February 8. Drove to Oscar's this morning with the emergency brake on all the way.

Night: I'm weary of worry. Chance spends three days a week in LaVerkin. Tonight, he said, "I don't suppose I'll ever convince you that I love Marilyn." He insisted that I listen to him. He can't live without Marilyn. I am unfeeling--Marilyn cannot confide in me. (All this through the turmoil of kids bouncing in and out of the room.)

In one of Marilyn's quick flights through the hall, I told her what Chance had said, and blushing she confessed it was true--she loves him. Then off they went to a movie. I waited up for them, and we talked till morning. They want to get married. She's barely seventeen. I begged Chance to stay away for just two months, to let this affair cool off, and then to see how they both felt. Chance almost wept and said I was asking the impossible. I have begged him to at least let her finish high school. The only reply I can get out of him is, "I know what I want." He knows what he wants. What I think is best makes no difference to him. Finally, Chance promised to stay in LasVegas for the next two months if I'd let them announce their engagement in the spring.

Chance has done all of the little things about the place to be helpful when he's here, such as putting glass in broken windows, and bringing us discarded oil packing from the railroad to help us start fires in the furnace.

February 13. Marilyn plays and plays the piano. It seems to be an outlet for her emotions. She's getting very good. Her briefcase is full of sheet music, most of it given to her by Chance.

February 15. Thursday. This is Chance's first day off this week. He isn't here. Marilyn takes it quite normally.

February 16. Marilyn plays all of the songs Chance sang with her, but no one is singing. We sort of miss him.

February 17. He's in town. I'm disappointed. He phoned Marilyn--said he didn't come to see her, but only to bring his mother home. He spent all day Saturday pouring out his heart to Marilyn over our eight-party line. All eight parties, including me, were burned up. Finally, he had Marilyn put me on the line. "Could I talk to you?" he asked. He picked me up in his car and we went for a drive. He said all of the things he had said to Marilyn a million times. It was time for him to return to LasVegas, so I relented and let him tell Marilyn goodbye.

February 18. Sunday. He's still here saying goodbye.

Monday, February 19. If I had dreamed it took so long to say goodbye, I never would have relented.

Tuesday, February 20. Goodbyes are said. I'm glad and mad. Glad it's over, and mad it took so long.

February 23. Lolene fell in the ditch. Wet and cold, she came in crying. "Why don't you laugh, Munney? Laugh, Monney, laugh," she bawled.

She was afraid I'd spank her. If only I'd laugh, then things would be all right. She put over her point. She didn't get spanked.

February 26. Today I drove my car to St. George for the first time. Oscar came with us. I brought DeMar, Gordon and Terry to the dentist, then gave them each a dime to buy paint books to occupy them until time to go home. They bought squirt guns instead. I hope I get safely out of town by quitting time.

February 27. I made my first solo flight today. I felt a little like a bird poised on the edge of the nest, before pushing off. But the open road gave me confidence. I even liked it.

March 7. I passed my road test today. The cop was kind. He talked about my mistakes, and reminded me not to drive the way I drive and I'd be ok. Eow! My first driver's license.

March 8. All that I am, or ever hope to be, so far as driving ability is concerned, I owe to Oscar Barrick. He has been my tutor, though at times he has visibly exercised great patience. Sometimes he shuts his mouth tight, like he would burst if he couldn't cuss, then he becomes kind and instructive. Today I passed my first car on the road. I told Oscar I'd <u>never</u> pass a car.

"You've <u>got</u> to," he said.

Well, I started by passing a tractor that was going about five miles an hour. Next I passed a team and wagon. All was calm. Then there was a state road truck on the Harrisburg hill.

"Now, now," Oscar kept saying.

"I don't dare."

"Go on, now, now!"

He was so insistent that I pushed down on the feed, and got a most exhilarated feeling. Whee! I passed it! So quickly I swung to my side

of the road, and looked to Oscar for words of congratulations. He was huddled down in the seat with his head in his hands.

"My gosh!" he spluttered, when he came up. "Don't you realize that truck was coming too? My gosh! You cut back too soon. I could just feel you hooking his front bumper. Don't you ever do that again. You'll get us all killed. Give yourself plenty of clearance before you cut back in." Shaking his head with disbelief, he gasped, "I still can't see why you didn't hook him."

All I felt was funny--that uncomfortable feeling one gets when he has to be told.

March 23. My car sounded queer when Oscar and I started for work. As we passed the Berry Springs bridge there came an insistent knock in the motor.

"Go slow," Oscar said. "Try to make it to the 'Y'."

Knock, knock, knock, one-half a mile, and POUND.

Oscar got out and lifted the hood. "No oil," he said, trying not to scold. "Maybe no car."

A truck stopped. "Can I help?" a man asked.

"Yes," Oscar said. "Tell the man at the 'Y' to bring us a gallon of oil." While we waited, Oscar lectured on how a dumb person can wreck a car.

Nobody ever told me a car had to have oil. If I had been Oscar's wife, and the car had been his, he would have cussed. But I wasn't and the car wasn't so he felt sorry for me, and I put on a brave front. Vic Angel brought the oil. He had me try the motor. It sounded like a jackhammer.

"See if you can turn the car back toward Hurricane," Angel said. I turned it around. "Take it about fifteen per, and get it to a garage."

Fifteen per is pretty slow with Oscar feeling sorry for me and my dumb car, and me pretending not to care just as though I can throw this car away and have a new one any minute, and me making wisecracks all the time just to build up my morale, which I practically haven't got any of. If I went over fifteen, the car had convulsions. Oscar got off at his place. I stopped at the first garage.

Lloyd Richin Sr. asked, "What's the trouble?"

"I have a sick car. Burnt out bearing," I surmised. I don't know anything about a bearing, but Oscar and Angel surmised it, so I did too.

"Hmmm. Big trouble," Richin boomed.

My morale was so low by now that it was easy to wisecrack and everybody laughed, and I laughed back too easy. Richin looked at my car and said it had shot a rod and I ought to throw the car away because it would take a hundred-and-fifty dollars to fix it and it wasn't worth it, so I went home thinking how this couldn't happen to me, and I tried not to really care, till --splash. There was a salt tear on the back of my hand, right while I was humming a tune, and I decided to heck with it, and sat down and bawled hard.

March 27. Grandpa wouldn't accept Richin's verdict on the car. He towed it to Cedar today.

March 28. Grandpa drove the car back tonight. They trued the motor without tearing it down. The bill was $50.00.

March 29. As I drove up the Washington hill on my way to work this morning, my steering went out. No matter how I turned the wheel, the car would not respond. It zigzagged from one side of the road to the other. If another car had come along, I would have been helpless to avoid hitting it. The car swerved to the outer edge of the dugway. I thought I was going over, then it swung back, and I went into the gutter. Just then a slow semi truck came over the crest of the hill with a solid stream of cars behind it. I was safely out of their way, roosting in a pile of boulders. Then I realized that the truck had been the bottleneck that had held up traffic while I did my stunt driving. Otherwise there might have been a terrible pileup. I uttered a silent thanks for divine intervention. No one could stop until the entire caravan had passed, and then the mail car came along. The driver sent Vic Angel from the 'Y' to get me out. Vic had me drive my car in low to the top of the hill where he could check it over.

"It's a poor risk, even for a sane person," he said. "If you keep it in low all the way, you'll make it into St. George."

I was so shook up that my knees fluttered up and down and I could hardly keep my foot on the gas feed. I felt like I had a built in vibrator inside of me. I crept into town and straight to Dixie Motors. Grandpa has part interest in that garage with Dan Heaton. I stopped in the yard and just sat there, helpless to move.

"Well, young lady," Dan greeted.

I tried to grin at him but it wouldn't work, so I turned my head and blubbered, "Dan, I can't talk."

"Here now," he soothed, putting a hand on my shoulder. "What's this all about?"

I poured out my story. "And I just spent fifty-bucks on this old hack yesterday."

"Well, come in and we'll see what we can do." He took me into his showroom, and sat me down in a wicker chair in front of a shiny, new Studebaker. Dan sat in the chair opposite me and wrinkled his brow while I wiped my eyes. I felt like fate had really pawned a lemon off onto me.

Dan read my thoughts. "Brother Gubler is an awfully good guy. He just can't stand to throw anything away. That's all."

"I won't even be able to face him," I said. After I got myself under control, I came to the office, leaving the car with Dan, who checked it over. The verdict was: The car is so old and worn that it's pure folly to have it on the road. The kingpins are loose, and the spindles worn, and a wise person would not spend another cent on it. Well, come night, I turned slowly homeward, the flivver and me, creeping and crawling, and thinking.

April 1. We started putting out valuation notices today. Mary Lou Feller is helping me. I'm still driving my car. If I go slow enough, the steering works. Grandpa said he couldn't understand why I had any trouble.

April 7. Grandpa ran off the road in Middleton today and ripped into a barbed wire fence, riddling a fender. It somehow makes me feel better.

April 10. The County Commissioners appropriated $15,000 to the cloud seeding program, which has caused a lot of controversy. People are alarmed over our long dry spell.

April 19. DeMar's birthday. He wanted a party, but it rained too hard. Pansy called early this morning. "Who do we thank for this storm, the Lord, or the rainmakers?"

"The Lord," I replied. "The cloud seeders don't have their equipment set up yet."

April 20. I was just told of a little incident that I feel is worth retelling. It seems that Lafe Hall, when giving a talk in church, said the taxpayers should support the rainmakers, because man is to eventually be able to control the elements.

After church, Aunt Mary Stout said, "That's all right Lafe. You can hire the rainmakers if you want to, but I prefer to leave the weather up to the Lord."

After that, whenever Lafe and Aunt Mary chanced to meet, Lafe twitted her about the weather. "How are you and the Lord making out?" he would ask.

Aunt Mary and Lafe both have a waterhole on their dry farms on the Big Plains. These last storms have filled hers, and his is still empty, so the story goes.

May 13. Marilyn graduated from seminary tonight. There were seventy-two graduates. Marilyn sang two numbers on the program. I was thrilled.

May 16. Big sigh. We've finished typing the valuation notices. Now to fold and mail the 7,200 pink slips.

May 22. The J.P. got Mary Lou and I to go to his office to witness a marriage. A couple from California had been out all night and ended up here in their crumpled party finery. After the ceremony, I stuck out my hand to congratulate the groom. He fumbled in his pocket and put two silver dollars in my hand. Was I ever mortified! I pushed it back and got the handshake.

May 24. Deputy Sheriff, Israel Wade,won a box of candy kisses on the punchboard today. He invited us into the commissioner's room to celebrate Sheriff Prince's escape from jail last night. Antone was called out at 2:00 a.m. to lock up a couple of drunk Indians. The man that helped, slammed the outer door to the jail, so they were locked inside. The Indians were in an inner cell. For almost an hour, Antone and this fellow tried to get out. They tried phoning, and pounding on the door and yelling. Antone's car was standing outside, keys in it, and motor running. Finally, they got an axe from the basement and pried the door open.

May 25. Unclaimed letters flood my office. Assessor Henry Graff says I'm supposed to go out on a bicycle and locate these missing persons. Merrill left town Monday, and I know why. Besides "address unknown" letters, reaction to the valuation notices keep our office rocking. And Merrill gets further away each day, New York bound.

May 28. The Regional Dance Festival in the Dixie Sun Bowl. Marilyn and Norman are dancing.

May 29. As fast as I find new addresses, the postman replenishes my unclaimed pile.

June 11. All eyes were on me as I entered the courthouse this morning. The gang had Merrill hid behind the vault door. He stepped out with an innocent grin and I almost fell on his neck and wept. He's been gone three weeks, and it's been hectic.

June 13. No office work today. I've been burning the midnight oil to get ready for June Conference. Helen Gubler of Santa Clara gave me material for Marilyn's square dancing dress. The skirt has eleven gores and is ten yards around the bottom. It makes a circle and a half. And does she ever look cute in it. Norman has a new silk shirt for the dance. I've patched overalls enough to keep the boys clean for five days, and made enough cookies and ice cream to make them all sick while we're gone.

June 14. We left home at 6:00 a.m. We're staying with a group of MIA workers at Leora Hinton's mother's place in Holiday--a fascinating, rambling house. It's hard to tell where the house ends and the garden begins.

June 15. So much to see and hear. We've come so far, yet we're so tired we have to fight to stay alert. The dance festival tonight was beautiful.

June 16. I slept for an hour under a blue spruce on the tabernacle lawns at noon. The organ awoke me as the afternoon session began. Tonight was the music festival. It seemed that the portals of heaven were wide open.

June 17. Youth conference. Marilyn and Norman beside me. How I loved them, and the testimonies of the young people. I am glad I'm a Mormon.

June 18. Home. I could not have left my five littlest ones behind, except that Pansy insisted that they would be ok. Well, the inevitable happened. They moved in on her. They were well and happy and she was in good spirits when we returned. What a woman Pansy is! (She would take no pay.)

June 19. I am so weary when I come home from work each night. Home isn't what it should be. Mothers belong home. Now that the scolding is over, kids marshalled through the things they should have done while I am away, supper over and everyone to bed, I sit and sew. Terry is asleep on the lounge. He is smiling. There is an insistent "scratch, scratch." It's his paper sack of June bugs pinned to his blanket. In a cup of water near by are his polliwogs, a big one chewing on the tail of a smaller one.

June 20. Norman has been working for Elmer Hardy since school let out. It's a happy setup--tractors and trucks to drive.

July 2. The elected county officials are going to a national convention in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Shirley is at Fredonia and DeMar at Cedar. They will stay with my sisters until I return.

Anderson's Junction 10:20 a.m. My car has just rounded the bend out of sight, bearing a precious load--five of my children. Marilyn is driving. They came with me to the 'Y' to meet the truck that is to take me to Salt Lake. It's an hour late. The children were getting tired, so I sent them home. Now I sit on my suitcase waiting. 11:00 a.m. Still no truck. I am sitting under a cedar tree by a clump of cactus and a pile of rusty tin cans. Might as well eat my orange. The truck finally came. It was Kent Bently driving for O. P. Skaggs. He had a dead cow in the back taking to the by-products plant. I think he waited for the cow to die. Helen Bleak was with him.

July 3. At Salt Lake we boarded the train for Chicago. Our chair car was filled with county officials from Utah. It was hard to realize such glamour and excitement was happening to me, so I bought post cards to share the pleasure with my children. When the conductor announced a seven-minute stop at Rock Springs, Wyoming, I bounded from the train, across the tracks, and mailed my cards. To my horror, an oncoming streamliner pulled in between me and my train, and stopped. It stretched a good mile in either direction. What a predicament! I was stranded, alone and scared. My money, clothes and companions were on that further train, and I'd have to run two miles in three minutes to reach it. In a frenzy I sprinted down the tracks.

A door opened in the streamliner, and a porter shouted, "What's the matter, Smiley?"

Gesturing wildly, I panted, "How do I reach my train?"

"We'll help you," he grinned, lowering a set of steps in front of him.

His hands reached for mine and I was escorted through the streamliner. A colored porter from my train waited on the other side. Chuckling, he took me by the hand and rushed me into our chair car, where my anxious friends audibly sighed with relief.

July 4. What a way to celebrate the birthday of our nation--streaking across Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. I little dreamed what a rolling meadow our country is. Every hill, ravine and valley is knee deep in green. Cornfields run up over the hills and groves of trees are standing in little pools of water. Behind us are the barren streatches of black lava and sage brush. Why did Brigham Young lead the saints to the burning desert?

Engine smoke blackened my window. "Oh no," I lamented aloud, "my first train trip, and now I can't see out."

The Negro porter who had brought me back aboard at Rock Springs, overheard me. "Hee, hee, first train trip eh?" he laughed.

At every stop he cleaned my window so I could see the country. He brought me extra pillows and fussed over me all the way, and I thanked him every time. He made my trip so enjoyable. He bid me a hearty goodbye when we left the train. I didn't know until afterwards that people tip porters for such special attention. Oh dear! He really seemed to enjoy it as much as I. I hope he understands.

The grand assembly of the National Association of County Officials was in Juneau Park in Milwaukee tonight. Fireworks lit up the sky with the words, "Welcome NACO." That meant us.

July 5. Today, our caravan of fifteen buses toured the city of Milwaukee. A motorcycle escort of uniformed men raced up and down the line, sirens wailing. In our bus were people from Texas, Alabama, Virginia, Massachusetts, Ohio, California and Florida. Schlitz Beer hosted a smorgasbord for us in their elegant dining room. Everyone was offered enough beer to bathe in. Our Utah group did not partake. Each time we boarded our bus, beer on tap followed. At every stop in the city, tankards of beer were rolled out and lines formed in front of them, and in front of the restrooms. A barrel-shaped official from Florida, wearing a lacy bird's nest of a hat bright with nodding flowers on it, tanked up on Schlitz at every stop, then stood in line at the little boy's room, but the bus driver always called, "All aboard," before his turn came. We toured Milwaukee's parks, shoreline and zoo. We dined with the bears and the monkeys. As our bus returned to the Hotel Schroeder, Florida still hadn't made it to the end of the restroom line.

Passing a grocery store window, someone yelled, "Hey Florida, did the grapefruit in that window come from Florida?"

"Don't mention anything with liquid in it to me," he agonized.

The bus had barely stopped before he was dogtrotting ahead of us for the hotel.

Friday, July 6. This morning, we attended a Utah Breakfast in the small dining room of our hotel. At noon the ladies were treated to a fashion show and luncheon. This evening we banqueted in the Crystal Ballroom of the hotel, with a floor show of both amateur and professional performers that sawed women in two and tied people in trunks.

July 7. I'm sitting on the upper deck of the Milwaukee Clipper, sailing into the rising sun, across lake Michigan. Throngs of people on shore are throwing kisses at us. Over the loud speakers comes the music, "So Long, it's Been Good to Know You." The skyscrapers of Milwaukee grow small in the haze. A spanking breeze whips white caps up on the water. Beyond the sea wall, the clipper begins to roll. Water slaps the sides of the boat, and coming over the speakers is the song, "Over the Waves." Lake Michigan is so big there is no shoreline in sight. I sit alone on deck, bursting with a thrill too big to contain. Belva and Ervil, Oscar and Dawn, and Helen are down below watching a movie. We'll be six hours on the water and have three-hundred miles to cover.

Later: In the lounge, I visited Mr. Adams, a County Recorder from New Jersey. He has invited our group to ride as far as Lansing, one-hundred miles, with him.

Back on deck: How anyone can stay down below like gophers, beats me. Up on deck I see the sea gulls following the boat, fighting and churning the water for the lettuce leaves, bread scraps and other garbage that has been tossed from the kitchen. And I sight land. Ahead is Muskegon where we will dock. Over the speakers comes the music, "Harbor Lights." No longer am I alone. As the shore becomes real, and the little specks that are people, grow bigger, the passengers below begin to swarm like ants coming out of their nest. It's fascinating to watch the boat smash against the big timbers in the harbor, as it is pulled up to anchor.

At Muskegon, Mr. Adams seats the men in front with him, and the four women sit in the back. Wedged in my corner, I sleep. At Lansing we board the Greyhound--Detroit bound--and ride all night.

Sunday, July 8. In the foggy morning light I behold Canada. It too is green. We follow a lazy river, then comes the Niagara River, tumbling out of the woods. What a spectacle! The Niagara swishes around pines that stand on rocks right out in the stream. We walk along cool paths that lead through deep shade, then out to the gleam of water roaring over the falls, where rising mists form a perpetual rainbow.

July 9. We spent this day in Palmyra. Mrs. Merrill Ellis was our guide. We saw the big churches on the four corners--Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian, and one block from there, the Catholic church. No wonder Joseph Smith was confused. We visited the building where the Book of Mormon was first published, Martin Harris's home, and the grave of Alvin Smith. We walked into the Sacred Grove. Like the song, the morning was lovely and the music of song birds filled the air. Sunlight splashed through

the quivering foliage of the trees. We were on hallowed ground. No one spoke, but reverently we stood, our hearts swelling within us, as tears stung our eyes. We visited Joseph Smith's home, and the Hill Cumorah, where the Angel Moroni monument rises above the blue spruce, pines, shrubs, flowers, and carpet of grass. Tears of joy streamed down my face, for I felt the sweetness of the Holy Spirit.

July 10. Traveling by bus into Canada, over the Peace Bridge at Buffalo, N.Y., riding all night, coming to the Ambassador Bridge out of Winsor into the U.S.A., we arrived at 7:00 a.m. Weary, and on foot with our luggage, we searched for a place to rest. All of the hotels were filled, because Detroit was celebrating its Sesquicentennial. Since we do not plan to stay overnight, but to start for home as soon as Ervil picks up his new car at the plant, all we need is a place to rest.

Later: Oscar and Ervil talked the clerk at the Tuller Hotel into letting them have a room just for the day. That wasn't easy, as reservations were made ahead for every room.

"Only four people can occupy one room," the clerk said. "It's a state law. Health regulations."

Well, well. Oscar and Dawn, and Ervil and Belva got the room. Helen and I were stowaways. We followed the others to the room at a safe distance, pretending not to know them. They pretended not to know us the most. After they were safely inside the room, we called on them. In the room was one single cot, and a three-quarter sized bed. Guess who got those! But I noticed an interesting cabinet in the wall. When I went to open it, a bed let down--a lovely single cot. Weary as we were, there was plenty of room on it for both Helen and me.

When Ervil phoned the plant for his new car, it wasn't ready. We had no transportation to go home, and not enough money left to go by bus. Ervil and Oscar talked the clerk into letting them keep the room, so we're here for the night. They didn't mention Helen and me.

July 11. Sweet are the uses of adversity. Here we are, helping celebrate Detroit's birthday party--marooned on the opening day in the hotel that flanks the Circus Park where the candle lighting ceremony on the giant birthday cake is to take place. Ours is the most desired spot in the city.

Helen and I put on our best finery and announced, "We're going out on the town."

The others regarded us with sleepy unconcern. Poor Ervil didn't dare leave the telephone. He's been pegged down to it ever since we hit town, trying to learn where the slip-up was--why he had no car. The lines are hot between Provo and Detroit. Oscar and Belva prefer to stay close by to needle him--to make him sweat and worry, because our pockets are fast running dry. The $200 allowed to each of us is almost gone.

While Helen and I were in the corner drugstore slurping a bowl of soup, I glanced down to see the biggest pair of shoes I'd ever beheld. My eyes followed up the flannel covered legs, then up and up to the jolly face that towered above everyone in the store. I couldn't believe it! This had to be the tallest man on earth! When he left the store I tagged. He towered head and shoulders above the throngs, cheerily greeting the people with a hearty, "Hi."

Night: Helen and I joined the multitude to watch the candle lighting ceremony. The Air Corps band and a youth chorus marched onto the cake stand, followed by the mayor, the governor, legislators and congressmen who made their bows. The band struck up, "The Star Spangled Banner," and the colors were presented, and the lighting ceremony began. The governor pressed a button, and layer by layer the candles on the cake lit up, beginning at the bottom, shining on the skyscraper walls, one level at a time. The crowd gasped, cannons boomed, and thousands of colored balloons floated up past the high rise hotels and up beyond the lights playing in the sky. From the top of one of the hotels, fireworks sent a fountain of spray over the park. The youth chorus sang, "Happy Birthday Detroit." Dances and songs followed, some beautiful, some comic. Then the world's tallest man came on stage. The very man we had seen in the drugstore. He was over eight feet tall. Next an average sized man came on, followed by the world's shortest man, who barely came to the knees of the tallest man. The little guy marched between the legs of the average man, and the average man marched between the legs of the giant, then they did a funny dance.

Happy and exhausted we returned to the hotel where the others were sleeping.

July 12. Today we visited Henry Ford's Greenfield Village. Assembled there is the birthplace of Henry Ford, Stephen Foster, with the Swanee River, McGuffy, etc. The gang is glum today.

Oscar says, "It's the first time in my life I've had three days with nothing to do."

Poor Ervil is heckled constantly. We're in our room now laughing and kidding in a most irritable way. The salesman in Provo says the money for the car has been wired to Detroit. The car is off the assembly line and ready to go. Still, they won't release it until the money arrives. We've already packed our suitcases, but now the plant is closed, so we'll have to unpack.

Friday the 13th. Some start this day had. At 1:30 a.m. we came in from a show--all but Oscar, who had gone to bed. Helen and I, trying not to be noticed, went up the elevator ahead of Ervil, Belva and Dawn.

"Oscar, Oscar, wake up and let us in," Helen called, gently rapping on the door.

The only reply we got was Oscar's snoring.

"Oscar, wake up," I called.

Then the house detective appeared. "What do you girls want with him?" he demanded. "Are you registered here?"

Scared, I shook my head, while Helen nodded hers. Just then Ervil and his two women showed up.

"Do you know these girls?" the detective asked.

Ervil stammered and shook his head, then suddenly exclaimed, "Oh yes, they belong with me."

Perplexed, the house detective put his key in the door. Oscar's snoring had stopped. Opening the door the detective switched on the light. Hearing the commotion, Oscar had bounded out of bed, and stood blinking in his underwear. With a leap, he jumped back in bed, pulling the sheet over him.

"Hey, you, do these people belong in this room?" the detective asked.

Uncovering his face, Oscar gulped. We wondered if he'd ever say yes. Finally he nodded. The detective left, shaking his head and muttering. He probably checked our registration and noted we were from Utah, which would explain four women to two men. All night long I expected to be thrown out.

Ervil has gone to the plant to beg them to let us have the car. Helen and I packed our suitcases and moved to the lobby of the Statler Hotel.

Later: After breathing cigar smoke all day, we've moved back to the Tuller.

Saturday, July 14. At 2:00 a.m. the phone jangled. The Provo salesman said the money for the car had been wired at 2:00 p.m. Friday. Well, really!

This morning we sat on our suitcases and locked them for our final move. (We've done this every day since Tuesday.) Helen and I have kept ourselves isolated from the others as though we had the plague. Ervil went for the car at 8:00 a.m.

9:00 o'clock. No Ervil. 10:00 o'clock. The same. 11:00 o'clock. Still no Ervil. Oscar stood guard over our luggage in front of the hotel while Helen went upstairs to sleep and I walked around block after block. Oscar has sighed and sighed, and exclaimed to the limit, and sat in a heap on the luggage, his chin resting in his hands.

"I never was a patient man!" he finally exploded.

12:00 noon. Ah! What's this! The car, the beautiful car--the one we've been waiting for. Goodbye Tuller Hotel. Goodbye Detroit. Ahead lies the open road.

Night: We've passed through Indiana's waving corn fields and sycamore trees. Tonight we sleep in Peru.

Sunday, July 15. This afternoon we visited Nauvoo, tucked in the bend of the Mississippi. The Catholic church is built from the stones taken from the Nauvoo temple. Joseph Smith's house is at the water's edge of the Mississippi. We followed the river road from Nauvoo to Carthage. Steamboats were passing upstream on the placid river. Carthage jail bore silent testimony of the outrage committed against the Prophet. Night brings us to Canton, Missouri, to rest.

July 16. 5:00 a.m. and the open road again. . . . Today we visited the Liberty jail and our hearts were torn with the story. From Liberty we went in search of Adam-ondi-Ahman. We followed a crooked dirt road, its dim markers partly hidden by jungle growth. Finally we became lost. Just as we were turning away in disappointment, a rattlesnake slithered out from the reeds in front of the car. Oscar and Ervil dashed after him and got his rattlers, leaving the snake for dead. A woman stopped her car behind us, because she couldn't get by, so Ervil told her we were lost. She said we were at Adam-ondi-Ahman. We were standing at the foot of the little hill where Adam built the altar when he was driven from the Garden of Eden. We were not more than 500 feet from the very stones he used for this altar. Sure enough, we found them embedded in the earth. A placard on a tree told that this had been revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

I visualized the Ancient of Days standing on this little knoll with the Greats of every dispensation seated on the slope below, at that great meeting when Adam calls his family together.

July 17. My birthday. Last night, we went to Kansas City, Missouri and Kansas. Now we know why we were delayed in Detroit. Our plans would have taken us to Independence, Missouri, where we might have been marooned, or even have lost our car, as hundreds of others did. Trees, standing in water, as we had observed on our way to the convention, were not the norm, but only the beginning of the deluge. The only way in to Independence was by boat, and that was restricted to the National Guard. From the bridge over the Kaw and Missouri rivers, we viewed the devastation. Water had reached over the top windows of warehouses. Hundreds of train cars were submerged. Thousands of homes and acres of farmland were demolished by fire that broke out from gas and oil on the water. We just stood and stared.

My birthday took us across the prairie land of Kansas, into Colorado, the Rockies and Denver.

July 18. 4:00 a.m. and homeward bound. The Colorado Rockies rise up through dark pines and larkspurs. We see buffalo, elk, and woodchucks. Loveland Pass is 1,200 elevation. We stop. While the others wait at the car, I scramble up the bank to the summit. I run. Then I black out. I didn't know about thin air. I can't breathe. Sitting, I hold my head between my knees, scared. Shucks, I'm ok. With numb fingers, and a piece of glass, I scratch my initials in the highest bank of snow, then return to the car. Down, down we go, across burning wasteland--800 miles and home at midnight.

Thursday, July 19. Home sweet home. I count my children. Only two! "Norman," I say, waking him, "where are the kids?"

"Shirley's still at Fredonia. Marilyn is at Grandma Gubler's. The rest are at Pansy's."

Then follows a tale that freezes me. Marilyn had a bad accident on the 4th of July, and through all of her suffering I have celebrated!

Ervil and Belva had confessed, as they let me out at my gate, that there had been an accident, but that things were all right now. They had kept in touch by telephone every day.

On the 4th of July, Marilyn and Betty were horseback riding on the newly oiled road through town. As Marilyn trotted her horse, its iron shoes skidded in the oil and she was pitched into the cement headgate at the corner of the field west of Grandma's house. Genevieve Gubler was coming by. She saw the horse roll over, thrashing its legs, and floundering in the ditch where Marilyn lay, crumpled and bleeding. Running, she called Grandma. The horse had scrambled out. Grandma climbed down beside Marilyn and pressed her hands against her head to stop the bleeding while Genevieve got help.

Dr. McIntire told me that when he arrived, he looked down in the ditch where Grandma was holding Marilyn's head together. Marilyn's neck was so cruelly bent, it was certain to be broken. "It's no use," he said, "She cannot live." "She's <u>got</u> to live," Grandma said, firmly holding on as Ovando and Hardy Segler lifted her out and into Grandma's house.

Sheriff Prince was summoned. "Get Marilyn's mother. Fly her home before Marilyn is gone," neighbors said.

"Don't you do it," Grandma said firmly. "This is the first time Alice has ever been anywhere. We're not going to let this spoil her trip. Marilyn is going to live."

Marilyn's uncles and aunts, the Sheriff, the County Assessor, the doctor, everyone urged Grandma to give in and bring me home because Marilyn had no chance. Grandma was firm.

"Your daughter would never have lived if it hadn't been for her grandma," Dr. McIntire said. "She held her head together where it was so badly broken. She nursed her and stayed with her every minute. Medically, she had no chance. Only the faith of your mother-in-law, and the family, and the administration saved her."

When I saw Marilyn, I cried. The whites of her eyes still looked like pools of blood, even after two weeks. Her face was a mottled purple, with the odd yellow color that follows as bruises fade. She was thin and frail.

"What are you crying for?" Ovando asked. "She looks great. She looks just wonderful to all of us, after what she has been through."

Friday, July 20. Back at the office! Why do I have to leave home and come to work? Why? Why? Why can't I stay home with my family? Why does everyone have to pitch for me? Why does my family have to be so spectacular? Why can't we just be ordinary? I should be happy--all of the hugs and kisses that I got when I came home. Home! The best place, the only place on earth. I sit staring at the calendar on the wall. There are things to do on my desk. Up and at it!

Sunday, July 22. Mildred and Maurice brought Shirley and my car home. They painted the car green. It looks new. The paint job is a gift to me. My debts to my family and neighbors grow.

Monday, July 23. This evening I returned everything that people offered me, to get me off to the convention. Bessie Judd brought her silk duster for me to wear at Milwaukee. She kicked off her spike heel shoes in the living room, because I must wear smart shoes. She pattered barefooted to her car. Melba Mendenhall brought her brown purse, because it matched my suit. Norma Sanders brought her wardrobe suitcase and another pair of high heels. La-Priel loaned me her overnight suitcase. And then there's Pansy, who has always been a pinch-hitter mother to my children. She took over my family after Marilyn got hurt. Many is the time she has fed my children and put them to bed. I am a project!

July 26. Mothers belong at home. When my car backs out of the driveway in the mornings, activities cease. Certain kinds of activities, that is, like pulling weeds, washing dishes, etc. Today, Norman went fishing, and Marilyn went rabbit hunting with Chance. The rest of the kids crawled through the loose dirt in the back yard building dykes, ponds and roads. They buried the hose so a spring came up in the pond. They were dirty and happy until I arrived. Then the neighbor kids took off on a lope and mine grabbed for brooms and garden hoes.

July 30. Stayed home to bottle apples. Norman was to have Kemtoned the laundry room last week, but he left it to his little brothers, who used a whole gallon of paint and didn't even finish one wall. Since I couldn't match the pale green, I had to buy a different shade and do the whole thing over. The task grew bitter to Norman, so I sent him and the other kids to peel and core apples and I finished the painting and scrubbed the floors.

July 31. Back to the office and glad of it. Two days at home like yesterday would be a killer.

Norman phoned from home. "Mother, can I go to Salt Lake with Neil?

He won a $100 certificate on a TV and he wants to go to Salt Lake and sell it."

"You've no money, and I don't like you to hitchhike," I protested.

"Aw, Neil will lend me some money, and we can easy get a ride," he argued.

Long distance arguments and long distance parents are neither one good. "Get back as quick as you can," I said.

Tonight Loren Squire phoned. A trooper had picked the boys up north of Beaver, and had radioed home to see if they were runaways. I sent word back that they had gone with our permission.

Thursday, August 2. Norman wasn't back when I got home from work. By 11:00 p.m. I was terribly worried. Rain drizzled outside in the darkness. As I went to turn out the lights, the laundry room door opened and Norman staggered in, weary and muddy.

"Oh, I'm glad to be home," he exclaimed. "I haven't had anything to eat all day. I'm so hungry and tired."

While he bathed and got into dry clothing, I fixed his supper, then sat by the table to visit while he ate.

"Neil's certificate wasn't any good," he said. "Nobody would give him $100 for it. I'll tell you where we went, but Pansy mustn't know until Neil tells her."

They had climbed into a boxcar on the Union Pacific Wednesday evening, hoping to get off at LasVegas. Daylight found them at Grand Juncion, Colo. The train didn't stop at Grand Junction, so they climbed off the moving train and ran back down the tracks a mile or so to the depot. There they boarded a waiting freight train that was headed south.

"There were tramps in the freight cars," Norman said. "One was in the car we first climbed into, so Neil and I climbed out and walked across the moving train about five cars, and then got down in again."

From Salt Lake, they still had to hitchhike home. Norman's new shirt was in the freight car going out of Colorado.

August 10. Terry fell asleep on the lounge, so I left him there. During the night he came whimpering into my room. "Mother, there's a snake hole in the lounge."

"Terry, turn on the light, go to the bathroom, get a drink and then go back to sleep." He did all but the sleep part. Lights out, he yelled, "The snake hole is still here!"

I turned on the living room lights. "See, there's nothing here. Now let's all get back to sleep."

I went back to bed and dozed, then Terry let out a rousing yell.

"Mother, something is in the kitchen door."

Groggily I arose. Lights dissolved the thing in the door.

"Oh," Terry said, satisfied this time. "It looked like a man standing there." One more drink of water and he slept, and so did I.

August 11. I've long since surrendered to the Marilyn and Chance situation. Young as she is, their wedding day is set. Her aunt Ruth Nielson

is going to make her wedding dress. Chance went to Penny's with Marilyn and they selected the pattern and the material. I couldn't believe it when I saw the cloth.

"I got everything for $3.00," Marilyn proudly said.

Bless her. She has never been demanding or spent our meager funds carelessly. She has seen our financial struggle. But this cloth--it was nothing but white rayon lining.

"I'm sorry Marilyn, your wedding dress has to be made of better stuff than this." She looked crestfallen. "Let me take it, will you?"

She left the package with me at the office, and I went back to Penny's. They were nice. Even though the cloth had been cut off the bolt, they took it back and I bought white satin for her dress. Also a piece of pink taffeta for Lolene to wear to the reception. Lolene is awfully cute about that taffeta. Whenever anyone comes to the house, she runs to the bedroom and brings out the cloth."

"Look at my wedding dress," she exclaims.

August 16. Marilyn had a surprise party for Chance last night. "You won't have to do a thing about it," she promised.

Well--at least she invited the guests, begged two gallons of milk from Pansy and borrowed an ice cream freezer, then she took off with Chance, because the party was to be a surprise. Betty polished the front room while I set the ice cream and fed the family. Then I made Mexican meatballs, then scrubbed the dishes and cupboards. What a race. The guests came and DeMar slicked his hair down like a toupee. Joy Bailey brought a birthday cake with 23 candles on it. The party was a success, but not a surprise.

"I knew there was going to be a party," Chance said, "because of the ice cream freezer on the back porch and then DeMar combed his hair."

He combs his hair on Sunday's too.

August 19. After church, the family made a pilgrimage to Ruth's to see Marilyn's wedding dress. Tell, Clark and families were there, and the Hanson family from Germany. Later,I took Lolene with me to see Grandma Gubler, and the men folks scolded me for drying up the cow too soon. I felt sad, because our milk bill is more than I make.

Grandma followed me to the gate and pressed $50 in my hand. "For Marilyn's wedding expense. Her daddy isn't here to help, so I want to take his place," she said.

August 23. The ward fair committee accepted my design for LaVerkin's fruit display at the county fair. It is the Bee Hive symbol of the cell, the hive, the violets and the bee. We've spent hours polishing purple plums, placing figs, grapes, nuts and grain in place. Don Squire's painting of Zion is the backdrop. We won the blue ribbon, which means the ward gets a $50 check.

I entered my three little ones in the children's parade. Gordon, Terry and Lolene were Willie Dee, Wiggy and Trudy. Gordon refused to be Wiggy because he is the most stupid kid in the comics and his plaid coat drags over his shoe tops. Gordon wanted to be Willie, the all-American boy. Gordon argued, "I couldn't look like Wiggy anyway. And besides, Terry looks just like him already."

Wiggy had to carry a Wiggymobile in the parade, a soap box car with Wiggy's legs for wheels. I promised Terry a milkshake if he'd take the part. With his funny hat and droopy coat, DeMar's big shoes, and the Wiggymobile, he looked just like we'd cut him out of last night's paper. Lolene was a cute Trudy. Gordon, with his boxing gloves and checkered cap and patches looked like Willie. I followed the parade down its half-mile track like a lifeboat following a swimmer, then we went for milkshakes.

With a feeling of oppression because he'd had to shuffle along in DeMar's big shoes, Terry said, "I'll be glad when DeMar's married so I can spit on his kids!"

Sept. 3. Back to the whirr of the calculator, computing taxes. Methodically I record them, but my mind is calculating the things that make up a wedding. The boys must mow and rake the lawns and yard and trim the flower beds. Slip covers must be washed and ironed, serving trays and ice cream scoops to borrow, check janitor about the hall, arrange stage for gift display, borrow Ruth's lace table cover, get Lucille to arrange flowers, check dance orchestra, need people to unwrap and arrange gifts, and people to serve. Where do I stand in receiving line? With the calculator my mind whirrs. Panic cramps my middle. I am alone!

Sept. 4. In vain I shop for a mother-of-the-bride dress. Nothing. My brown lace will have to do. Three times I've given it to Marilyn, then had to take it back. The ballerina skirt is swishy. Can't find shoes to match. My brown pumps won't take one more polish, so I've applied two coats of ACME maple enamel. Costumish--maple leaf patent leather!

Wednesday, Sept. 5. The day before Marilyn's wedding. I've worked around the clock. When I sleep I dream--crowds to feed--the photographer--the boys are shaggy. How can I compute taxes? 60.42 mills--$1,600 valuation. The calculator is always right. Ossie will have to use my bedroom. The dressing table lamp looks sad--this piece of yellow scrim--a scrap of pale green ribbon and a bottle of gilt--there! The lamp looks better--the bedroom nice. I ache. Glad Norman isn't a girl!

September 6. Marilyn's wedding day. AND MY DEPUTY IS IN SALT LAKE IN THE CHURCH TENNIS MEET! No one to tend the office but me! Helen Bleak looks in nervously. "You worry me. Go on home." I stay till 4:00 p.m. When I get home the house is BEAUTIFUL. Kate has arranged zinnias in the fireplace and framed it with gold curtains. And a blue bowl of flowers on the table in front of the south window. Clinton is on the back porch shearing my boys. Pansy is in the bathroom scrubbing kids. Alda Sanders, the maid of honor, is fussing over Marilyn's hair. Now comes the final hour--the bishop--the ceremony. May heaven bless the maid of honor. She is the only clear thinking one of the lot. She marshalls the family in, all of us in wedding attire, including Lolene's pink taffeta with the little blue bows, Grandpa Gubler, with the bride on his arm, Alda places us, and the bishop reads the ceremony.

I look at the picture of Winferd's smiling face on the piano and stifle a sob. "My darling, this is <u>not</u> how we had hoped it would be," my thoughts whisper. Perhaps God permitted Winferd to stand by my side during the ceremony. There was plenty of room.

It is over. People are kissing people. My frail little mother whimsically kisses Chance and whispers something in his ear and they both chuckle.

Then Charlie Green, the photographer, takes pictures. Then the reception--people forever dancing, singing, toasting the bride and groom--then there is a sudden exodus of young people--the bride and groom caught up among them--the barbarous old custom of the charivar!

The evening passes, the crowds disperse, all but Pansy, Clinton and Lillian, and Norman. It is now Friday, September 7. Here we are, with the equivalent of a hardware store of gifts to pack and put away. I cannot see the beauty of the crystal, the silver, or the lace and linen. Methodically we pack. The hands of the clock push 2:00 a.m. Home. I fall upon my bed to turn and toss. 3:00 a.m. The bride and groom come noisily in and insist on putting all of their gifts in the basement. 4:00 a.m. Task completed. "Goodnight, we're off to Yellowstone." 5:00 a.m. I'm wasting time lying here. 6:00 a.m. What's the use. Up and at it.

Back to the office. Computing taxes. What a drag. Noontime! Aha! My desk looks inviting. With the whistle of the siren I lock my door and stretch out full length. My desk couldn't have felt better if it had been made of eiderdown. One hour of sweet oblivion. Doors unlocking around me bring me back to life.

September 10. Now to reshape our pattern of living. There's a vacancy in our home. It's easier to cut a cake or melon into eight pieces. The kids look at each other and say, "Do you miss Marilyn?" "Sure. She's our sister, isn't she?"

And now I must leave to go to Stake MIA meeting. (Oh bitter tears! Why am I torn away from my little family? I don't want to leave them.) But I was set apart for this work with the promise that my family would be blessed if I serve faithfully. So--go ahead with your supper children--don't stay up too late.

September 17. The tunnel between St. George and Middleton was caved in today. A truck that was too high ripped the timbers from the top and let down tons of rock. The driver escaped with his life, and most of his truck. We have to detour over a steep dugway over the hill.

September 20. The state auditor, Charlie Butchrite is auditing my books. "Oh, yoe, yoe," he says, "life is yust a bowl of cherries. Full of pits." Lustily he is singing in the vault, "Israel, Israel, God is calling."

September 25. Mr. Hansen, the new Stake Music Director, fresh from Germany, came into MIA tonight. Quietly he stepped up behind my bench and tapped my shoulder. "Your little kid cry hard."

"Now?" I asked.

"Yes, now."

I slipped out of the church house and ran home. Shirley was tucking Lolene in. Everyone was happy.

"Who was crying?" I asked.

The youngsters looked bewildered. "No one," they replied.

"Mr. Hansen said someone was crying hard."

"Oh," Gordon plopped onto the lounge giggling, "it was me making noises on this." He blew into the mouthpiece of DeMar's cornet, and out came a most plaintive cry.

Imagine anyone thinking I had kids that sounded like that! My kids sound worse. When I reported back to the concerned Mr. Hansen, he told his wife. (She can't understand English.) She hid her face on his shoulder and laughed.

He said, "My wife, she say little kid run around house and cry with such voice," then he laughed.

September 27. Hooray! Our cow had a calf today. She's been dry seven weeks.

Amelia Wilson went to the office with me today to help stuff tax notices in the envelopes. What fun it was, having her there.

October 2. Tax notice reactions have set in. The mailman and the telephone is busy.

Marilyn and Chance came home tonight. Chance drew house plans and talked enthusiastically. We visited until 11 p.m.

October 6. Taxpayers file through my office door like sheep in a chute. I stamp "paid" on tax notices, tear off stubs, put the money in the till, smile "thank you," and reach for the next tax notice, like a precision machine. The noon whistle blows, my door is locked, and I open the rolls and post my stubs. Oh, oh! One number is missing! Whose can it be? Worried, I search books, drawers, and the waste basket. Merrill is the one who counts the money. How much we're out, I won't know until Monday.

October 7. Fast day. I fast and pray that my children will have a sweet home influence, and that my office will have increased efficiency. "Please, Heavenly Father, help me to be a right kind of mother, and help me find yesterday's mistake."

October 8. Merrill's pace is as methodical as the ticking of a clock. I pour out my worries to him. His face looks the same, whether he's worried or tickled. "I can't tell you how the account checks out until I fix this," and, "this," and so on. Deliberately prolonging my agony, and all the time, his face wears that same look--I cannot tell whether it's passive amusement or frazzled patience.

Finally, after lunch, mind you, he casually remarked, "Our account is $4.88 long for Saturday."

Well! That's better than so much, but it took me just as long to find it, as it would have $200.

October 12. Friday and a holiday. Papa, Mama, and their local posterity went up on Coal Pitts. Clinton gave me the courage to drive the old green dodge. LaPriel said I was crazy if I did. Too many high centers. I got up at 3:30 to get Norman off to the dance festival at San Bernardino, then I put out the washing. By 7:00 we were ready to go to the Pitts.

Papa said, "I'd better ride with you to tell you what to do in the bad places."

In a flash I retorted, "You'd better not." Memory was too vivid of his trying to show us how to do thing when we were kids. He'd say, "Move it over this way, this way. No, not that. If only I could use my hands to show you. No--no--don't be so thick headed," and on and on until we became totally flustered trying to follow his directions. I'd wreck the car quick, with his words wrapped around the steering wheel.

"I love you, Papa, but I'll just tail along behind Clinton's car. He'll show me the way.

I regretted my choice. His car was so slow on the hills that my car nuzzled against his back bumper, in a desperate effort to climb the grade before the motor killed. The kids were silent in the tight spots, then heaved big sighs as we came into the clear. But we made it!

And I climbed a volcano knoll. The cinders were loose and deep. I slid down as I climbed up--like going up a down escalator. With the aid of a stick for a staff, I made the top. Lolene and Terry stood at the bottom crying and calling, "Mother, come back."

"Don't cry. I'll come back soon," I shouted, but the breeze wafted my voice upward, along with their cries. They could not hear me.

Time and again I looked down at the crying little specks below me, and thought that I should turn back. But I had worked so hard to come this far. I couldn't turn back now. I wonder--do we lament so loudly here on earth for those who have gone on, that we retard their progress? Do they look down at us, and try to comfort us as I did Lolene and Terry, but we cannot hear?

From the top of the cinder cone I could see the grain fields out on the big plains. The world was wide, and good, and sweet. Growing in the crater were pinion pines. And surprise! There was Shirley. I didn't even know I had company.

Going down was easy. We sat down and slid. The seat was mostly gone from my old hiking jeans by the time I reached the bottom.

I was dubious about the drive home. I left ahead of the others. The sun was almost down. We stopped by a pond on the last stretch, before going down the rocky dugway.

"Would you kids like to ask the Heavenly Father to help us?" I asked.

"Oh yes," they answered anxiously.

Kneeling in the dust in the shade of the car we prayed, then waited for the sun to slip behind the hill. I watched sharply for high centers to curve around, but came to one I couldn't clear. Swinging too far to the outside, one front wheel went over the edge, and the motor killed.

"Can we get out?" the kids asked in scared little voices.

"Yes. DeMar, you get out and show me how to cramp the wheels to back up."

He stood on a boulder and gave orders. I only dug gravel, and the car lurched forward a notch. DeMar turned pale. "Wait!" he said. Digging under the rear wheels, he cleared a space. The next try brought up on the road. How thankful we were. The day had been a good one, and we were happy to get back home.

October 17. People have been so nice to give me transportation to leadership meeting, that I decided to return the favor. "Brother Squire," I said, "would you like to ride to meeting in my rattletrap tonight?" I said.

"I'll be anticipating the ride," he replied.

As we pulled onto the highway, a patrol car approached. It swung around, flashing its beam on me. I drove off to the side, and it came alongside. A sleek, uniformed man got out and leaned on my door, as I rolled down the glass.

"Sister," he began briskly, then seeing Lorin Squire beside me, he stopped with startled embarrassment. "Good evening, Lieutenant," he courteously saluted, "I just stopped by to see what my orders are for tomorrow."

Brother Squire, who is his superior officer, gave him his orders, and the young patrolman turned to go, then hesitated. "By the way," he said to me, "did you know you are driving a one-eyed car? You'd better get your lights checked."

As he left we laughed heartily. That was Monday night. I got my lights fixed the next day. Brother Squire said the patrolman asked him this morning if that Relief Society sister of his got her lights fixed.

November 6. The days are too short. It's dark and cold when I get up. A wind sent me scurrying to rescue my sheets from the line at 3:00 a.m. I put breakfast on while it is yet scarcely dawn, but the kids won't tumble out until the sun pinks the tip of Pinevalley mountain. This morning they all had to race for the bus, Shirley's hands still dripping dishwater, and Gordon's mixing bowls on the table where he had been slicing pears for a salad. In a frenzy to get the floor mopped, I gave the table a shove and one of its wobbly legs buckled under, and the table went down. Broken glass and fruit skidded across the floor. Oh agony! With the mess cleaned up and my arms full, I headed for the car. There in the back yard were Norman's pigs crunching our black walnuts. I tried to be blind to them as I passed.

Merrill went pheasant hunting today and the office was a madhouse. I spent most of the day settling back taxes. I'm getting allergic to anything delinquent. Guys even kept coming to my house tonight--the only time I have with my children. And today was town election. I'm still the town clerk, so I had to stay up for the slow election returns. Lolene has a mashed finger that is swelling, and Gordon has a cut on his leg. Wish I were ten men and a boy!!

November 8. The brakes went out on my car, so I left it at Wilf's Auto Shop. I felt like a boob, and wanted to cry. One way to overcome that feeling is to get mad and say, "I'll walk." So I paced purposefully forward, not having the nerve to thumb. Even the local people passed me by, their cars getting smaller, and going out of sight over the hill. St. George was a long way off. I pretended I was walking for fun. Then, a car came purring softly behind, so I thumbed, and it stopped.

"Are you from around here?" the man asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"My wife and I were hoping we could pick someone up who could tell us about this country."

I got in beside them. Two burly dogs sat on their haunches in the back seat.

"Are there any Mormons around here?" the woman asked.

"Yes. I'm one." I tried not to seem to brag.

Astonished, they eyed me over. "We've never seen a Mormon before!"

The man slowed the car to twenty miles an hour, they were both so full of questions. In St. George, I directed them to the visitor's center at the temple, where they could pick up literature. Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Hubbard from Kentucky. I'm glad I had to walk.

November 9. Shirley is the sole possessor of the room that used to be hers and Marilyn's. She has taken real pride in arranging it. There are two mischevious hours between school's letting out, and my arrival home--two hours for my boys, and their idle friends who seem never to have to go home from the bus, to re-arrange her room, when she isn't looking.

Time and again, Shirley's tearful greeting is, "Mother, come and see what they did."

Mostly I'm thankful they have not broken or destroyed her things, but have simply rearranged. Pictures are hung with their backs turned out to the room. Her fifteen dolls stand on their heads on the floor with their feet against the wall, and the dishes and trinkets in her cupboard are topsy turvy.

"All right you guys, get in here and put things where they belong," I'd demand. If I looked mean enough, the surplus boys scuttled off for home.

Today, things seemed serene. Shirley sang about the kitchen, making cupcakes for supper. The boys were in a jovial mood too.

After supper, DeMar said, "Mother, I'll clean the ashes out of the furnace."

"No kidding?" I asked surprised, "without me even telling you to?"

"Yah," he grinned.

"I'll help too," Gordon said.

"Me too, I'll carry in some coal," Terry added.

"What's this, the millennium?" I gasped.

"We want to do something good, because Shirley made cupcakes," DeMar said with a saintly air.

"Great. I'll tell you what. Shirley, I'll wash the dishes and you can wipe. When we're through, we'll read in front of the fireplace."

The boys vanished downstairs.

"I'll be right back," Shirley said, racing to her room.

And she was, splitting the air with a terrified scream. Clutching onto me, she cried hysterically, and the basement rang with mischevious laughter.

Finally, when Shirley could speak, she cried, "Mother, come and see what they've done!"

I followed her to her room. There, with its mangy head on her pillow, lay a mummified, dead coyote. Tucked in between her white sheets was its scraggly body.

"Who put that thing in her bed?" I demanded.

"I did," DeMar giggled. "I thought she'd like it."

"Oh yes, you just knew she would. Now get it out of here."

Throwing back the covers, he grabbed it by the leg and marched out, still laughing. His little brothers followed.

"Mother, I can't sleep in this bed," Shirley sobbed.

We stripped off the pillow cases and sheets. "I can't sleep under these covers either," she shuddered. Before she could be content, I had changed every last blanket and the spread.

The boys industriously dug into the furnace work, cleaning the room and bringing in a week's supply of fuel. But that still didn't get them off the hook. They will get a double dose of dish washing, which is bad medicine.

It isn't enough that Shirley's room is a prime target, but Shirley herself holds the same fascination for them that a cat does for a dog. One evening as she was peacefully playing under the south window in the living room, Gordon's little race car buzzed right over her paper dolls, followed by DeMar's car, and then Terry's.

"Mother," she screamed, "make these guys leave me alone."

"Beep, beep, hawranng, hawranng," roared three imaginary motors.

"Look, fellows," I stood in the doorway, my hands covered with dough. "This room is big enough that you don't have to run over her paper dolls."

"Yeh, but she built her house right in the middle of our race track," DeMar said.

"Yeh, we wuz here first," Gordon added.

"All right, Shirley, move your house over by the fireplace," I said.

Hastily she gathered up her things and set up housekeeping in the opposite end of the room, and I returned to my bread mixing.

"Beep, beep, hawranng, hawranng." Three more cars ran over her people again.

"Mother," she screamed, "they're still doing it."

"What's the matter with you guys?" I demanded.

"But our race track runs clear around the room," DeMar said.

"If I hear one more speck of trouble out of you, there won't be a car left to run on your track. Now behave." I drew an imaginary line. "Ok. This is Shirley's territory. If one of you even dare cross it, you're going instantly to bed."

With subdued motors, the race cars took themselves to the south end of the room. Shirley's paper dolls chirped and talked to each other softly, while I put the dough in the pans. Then sounds of pathetic weeping came from her end of the room.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"I'm all alone," she wailed. "Nobody even plays where I am."

I give up.

Tuesday, November 20. The kids were tickled when I got home. A big car had driven into the yard, and a man handed Norman a bag of suckers, candy bars and gum. "Tell your mother it's the man who was in her office today."

It was Mr. Salmon, the calculator salesman, and he had already clinched the sale.

November 21. Moroni Sanders phoned this morning. "Stop doing what you're doing and come up. I've a present for you."

"Can it wait until I get home from the office?"

"You'd better come now."

It was a turkey. I had to keep Norman home from school to clean it.

Thursday, November 22. There were forty of us at Grandma Gubler's for Thanksgiving dinner. But Marilyn made the headlines again. She and Chance rode to the St. George airport with Don Stevens and Joy Bailey in Don's new chevy. It was raining, and Don was speeding. He hit the gravel and they rolled over three times. Don and Joy were thrown from the car. Marilyn and Chance were banged around in the back seat--still Chance drove the wreck home.

November 27. Gnash my teeth and tear my hair!!! Wilf charged me $90 to fix my car. (My monthly pay check is $85.50.) And this morning that oil eating, brake fluid dripping, bearing burning, pay check consuming hack wouldn't start. For the fifth day Lolene and I had to walk. Cars by the dozens whizzed by. Lolene skipped along singing and chattering.

"I like to walk," she chirped.

I was afraid to smile at her for fear my smile would smoke. Then a car backed up. It was Arch and Gladys Klienman. "We're going to the county seat," he called. What a relief.

November 28. Norman has acquired a horrible wreck of a car. He had a twelve inch grin when I came home, and his hands and face were covered with black oil.

Saturday, December 1. The first Saturday home for weeks. The tax run is over, and I'm finally home to wash, bake and scrub. I wish I could stay home every day and have the house warm and clean and good things to eat when the kids come home. I wonder if women who have that privilege appreciate it.

The kids are having fun pushing Norman's old flivver up and down the road. All of the neighborhood kids have joined in the push. They got it a mile out on the highway.

December 2. Shirley shouted through the bathroom door at me, that Chester Hardy just died. I sat on the edge of the bathtub and cried. Hazel's baby is just eight months old. I wish there wouldn't ever be any more widows.

December 6. Hardy Segler came to collect five bucks for that ugly old car of Norman's. I said we didn't want to buy it. Norman has decided to be a radio tecnician instead of a mechanic. My brother Wayne has given him an old radio that we can get Clint, Texas on.

December 20. It began to rain this afternoon, then suddenly a cold wave froze the rain to a glaze, and snowflakes spilled from the sky.

"We'd better get out of here while we can," Oscar said.

Thank goodness, he was driving today. Merrill just stood at the window watching the courthouse lawns turn white.

"I can't work while this is going on," he said.

Oscar drove cautiously. The highway was glass under the powdery snow. When we came to the foot of the Washington hill, our wheels spun and the car slid sidewise. Oscar fumed. With grim determination, he floor-boarded the foot feed. For the next twenty-minutes the car steamed and growled, the rear end trying to get out in front. Cars came over the summit in our direction, sliding crazily, managing to somehow miss us. We had inched ahead, and were part way up the dugway. About half way up the hill we started sliding toward the outer edge. To stop going over looked impossible. I jumped out, hanging desperately onto the door, trying to hold the car onto the road. Against that steaming, skidding hunk of steel and glass I was about as effective as a gnat. My slick soled shoes were like ice skates, and I was sliding with the car, smoothly and surely over the embankment. Then the wheels struck a ridge and stopped. Behind us was a lineup of stalled cars.

And then, as merry as a chipmunk, frisked a model T Ford, passing us all, going sprightly over the hill. In wonderment I watched, as snowflakes blew in my face. From the crest of the hill came laughter. The three boys from the model T, came whooping down on foot toward us.

"We were sorry to pass you up, but you know how it is. We had to keep moving," one of them said to Oscar. "Now, we'll get you over the hill if you'll get in there and do what we tell you." Turning to me he said, "Look, honey, you stand on the back bumper with us to help give the car traction."

I stood in the middle, digging my fingers into the crack where the trunk hinged. A boy stood on each side of me, jumping up and down on the bumper. The third boy ran alongside, pushing. Each time the car rocked back on its rear, the front lurched forward. Yelling and laughing, they bounced us to the summit.

I sat in silent astonishment on the way home. I saw the chaparral and rabbit brush plumed in white, and the soft lines of the peaceful hills.

When I got home, the door flew open and my children shouted, "Mother, look at the pretty snow!"

The kitchen smelled of good things baking. "Ummm," I inhaled.

"I made muffins," Norman grinned. "I knew you would be hungry."

"And I made potato soup," Shirley said.

At the dinner table it was like seeing my children for the first time, because I realized how easily we could have wrecked on the hill.

After supper we read stories and played games in front of the fireplace. Funny--we don't know how good, good is, until we realize how bad it might have been.

Saturday, December 22. I waxed the living room floor today. When I wax, the kids have a ball. They get down on their bellies and whirl until they rub the wax to a mirror finish. They lay on their backs and have caterpillar races the length of the room. They slide into all the furniture, or make it slide into them, and the walls quiver. Between their buffing the wax with their bellies and backs, Norman got the Christmas tree up. Then Gordon made one wild caterpillar skid, and crashed the lounge through a pane of glass. It's a good thing we have small panes in our windows and doors, since they have to be replaced so often. Humbled, Gordon sat on a chair. Then there was another crash--this time a small one. Terry had glided into the tree and smashed a bauble. Contrite, he sat on a chair by Gordon. To avert further disaster, DeMar sat down too.

Sunday, December 23. Lolene had a cough today, so I stayed home from church with her. I decorated the living room with pyracantha berries, then built a snow scene on the mantle and fastened a star on the mirror with silver streamers from it. Tonight, I went to a Christmas program at Hurricane with Shirley.

"Go right to bed," I said to the three boys. (Norman is in LasVegas.)

We were late coming home, because we stopped at Harrison's for ice cream. When we got home the boys were waiting for us.

"Where is our snow scene?" Shirley cried.

"It got on fire," DeMar said with bowed head. "We found some wax in the cupboard and made some candles, and the cotton got on fire."

The angels and reindeer were melted and the little houses and trees crushed and black.

DeMar fished out his last 30¢ and handed it to me.

"That won't fix it," I said, thinking of the long hours it had taken to make the scene.

"Can't we try?" he pleaded.

"The last three times we didn't mind, bad things happened," Gordon said. "A window got broke, and a bauble, and this got on fire. We've really learned a lesson this time."

Do we really ever learn?

December 24. I took the kids to Hurricane to see Santa, and then we went to Amos Workman's after figs. The car balked, so Will Hinton hooked onto it and pulled us out where we could coast down the lane. The kids pushed to get it started, then DeMar jumped on the running board.

"DeMar, tell the kids I'll pick them up at the bottom of the lane," I shouted.

There was a scream, and DeMar jumped off the car. "Mother, stop," he shouted.

I slammed on the brakes, but felt like I was stopping on top of one of my youngsters.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"You're dragging Terry," DeMar answered.

I was almost afraid to look, but before I had a chance, Terry came howling around the car. The front of his pants were dragged to nothingness, but underneath he had on heavy underwear. He was neither bleeding nor mangled.

"For goodness sake Terry, never, never hang onto a car when you're pushing it down hill," I scolded.

"I hung on," Gordon said, "but I drug along on the toes of my shoes."

Speechless, I buried my face in my hands.

Later in the evening, Gordon asked, "Mother, do you believe in Santa?"

"The older I get, the more I believe in him," I answered.

He was thoughtful. After the other children had gone to bed, he said, "Santa would stumble over these chairs. I believe I'd better clean things up."

As I finished my baking, he removed the slipcovers from the chairs and lounge, and took them outside to shake them, then he folded the newspapers, and swept and dusted. It took him quite awhile. The house looked nice. We had put up a new snow scene on the mantle, and the star of Bethlehem gleamed even brighter, with its new silver streamers. With a contented sigh, Gordon joined his sleeping brothers and sisters.

Alone, I bring out the gifts. Marilyn had helped the last two years. Norman has not returned from Vegas. He was to have been home last night. Christmas music fills the air. Where is Norman? Is he out in the dark trying to thumb his way home? I reach for the phone to call the highway patrol, then someone knocks on the door. It is Grandpa Gubler, making his annual Christmas rounds, to place the familiar white envelopes with gifts of money under the tree. After he leaves, the phone rings.

"Is this Medford 2814? Will you accept a collect call from Norman Gubler at LasVegas?"

"Oh yes."

"Mother, can you have Christmas without me? I decided to save bus fare and come with Marilyn and Chance."

Sigh of relief. "We'll do our best to get along. I'm glad you called. Merry Christmas."

Hurriedly I gathered my packages to deliver. Outside Christmas chimes were ringing. A car slowed down at our corner and a shadow drifted along our front fence, while the car drove on. Dashing back into the house, I waited for a knock on the door. It didn't come. Peering out the bedroom window against the street light, I saw no one, so I opened the front door. There was a package and a typewritten card, "Alice," just like last year and the year before. Who is this mysterious Santa? Last year the gifts were earrings and a silk slip.

There's chicken, turkey, pork and beef in the refrigerator, and apples and nuts in baskets. And a shower of gifts from Church's, plus their annual visit.

December 25. Resolved: Never again will I fret over Christmas. I will always remember my six year old Terry, his excited exuberance and good humor, and when I'm haggard, I'll try to catch his spirit.

All day long we've roved from house to house, admiring gifts and tasting goodies, accumulating numbers as we went, like a snowball. Marilyn, Chance and Norman arrived tonight, and we watched a family movie of the Hardys' honeymoon.

December 26. Back at the office, yawning through the day. Chocolates in the vault. Four pounds of them for me from the Kelly Company and Hafens and Nelsons.

December 30. The close of an eventful year. This year I entered the career world, acquired an indispensable, impossible flivver, bought a new

refrigerator, and acquired a son-in-law.

At the beginning of the year, Norman scarcely came to the top of my glasses. Now he is taller than I am. He sold his calf for $156.00 and bought a purebred pig for his Ag project. It will take some doing to make a profit on the deal.

DeMar deplores education, but is dependable about his milking. He never has to be told. His chief interest is electricity and guns. He got a sleeping bag for Christmas, and slept in it under the tree that night.

Shirley is wild to learn piano, but wants to learn without practicing. She's the hub of family powwows--two brothers older, and two brothers younger. She bawls when they tease her, and bawls if they don't.

Gordon is the family angel at the moment. He's serious-minded and anxious to help, and generally speaking peace loving. But he enjoys teasing Shirley and lording it over Terry. He is far more studious than his brothers.

Terry is the most enthusiastic kid alive. His front teeth are out. Has a hearty, infectious laugh. He's a little imp. Willing to do his brother's bidding if it's going to get a raise out of someone. Has a quick wit and a philosophy all his own.

Lolene--tender and sweet. She's still the baby. Has a natural ear for music that is keener than all the rest, except for Gordon. She can't pronounce her "r's." When I pick her up each day at LaPriel's, the twins, Lynn and Leslie, say, "Aunt Alice, can't little fat cheeks stay just a little longer?"

What would I do without LaPriel? She showers the same love on my little girl that she does on her own.

CHAPTER 41

Grandma? Who, Me?

(1952)

January 1. The kids made their traditional batch of New Year's doughnuts.

January 2. Norman stayed out of school today with a headache. He was better tonight, especially when the church house lit up for the dance. He came from his room dressed in his navy blue suit.

"Ah, ah," I chided, "no school, no dance."

Hanging his coat in the closet, he sat on the couch pretending to read. He said no more about the dance. Finally, he said goodnight and went to his room. I stayed up to read and wait for DeMar, after the children were all in bed. Faintly I could hear the dance music. Three times I went to Norman's room. In the dim light from the hall, I could see him burrowed under his covers, with just his hair sticking out on his pillow. He had been so silently obedient, it tugged at my heart I reached to caress his head, knowing how disappointed he really was. His hair felt strange, like it was braided. Startled, I threw back the covers. HE WAS NOT THERE! I had patted a rolled up chenille rug. Norman had skipped out

to the dance. At first I was angry, and then another scene flashed through my mind, and I could hear Winferd's laugh as he told of the night he tried to sneak in without waking his mother. Carefully he put a ladder to his upstairs room, and climbed in his window. Kneeling on the sill, he reached into the darkness, feeling for his bed. His hand landed in his mother's lap. She was sitting on the edge of his bed, watching him crawl through the window. Winferd said he never tried to sneak in again, but always let the doors slam, and bounded noisily up the stairs. In the mornings, his mother would remark, "I didn't hear you come in last night."

I tumbled into bed, leaving the lights burning. DeMar didn't arrive. When Norman came in, he knew that I knew, so made no attempt to slip in. He grinned sheepishly and said, "I guess I don't need to make a speech." I didn't make a speech either, much as I wanted to.

January 3. When I got home from work, I could see at a glance that DeMar was home from LasVegas. The house resembled an army trash dump. It was litered with khaki bags, wires, batteries, and enough gas masks for every boy in town.

"What are you going to do, put on a skit?" I asked.

Proudly he beamed at his loot. I spent the rest of the evening persuading him to clear at least a little trail here and there for the family to pass by.

January 4. DeMar likes everything that's awful. Among his treasures are hunks of sulphur, which he enjoyed burning on the bright coals in the furnace, until he almost asphyxiated us. He also had mothballs in his jeans. I started hunting for whatever had died, and my nose led me to him. When I extracted the foul things and flushed them down the toilet, he sadly lamented.

January 6. Serenly I sat in church, loving my fellowmen, when up from the basement trooped the Junior Sunday School. And to my wondering eyes appeared my son Terry, skating down the aisle with his pajamas sliding down under his pants and over his shoes. Horrors! I clapped my hand over my mouth and looked at Horatio who was laughing.

"Oh," I gasped, "Terry asked if he could wear his sleepers to church and sarcastically I said, 'Oh sure.'"

January 8. Since I can't go to Relief Society, I get it second-handed, like the report today. After school, DeMar sent Terry out to help peddle The Grit.

Stopping DuWayne Squire in front of the church house, Terry asked, "Do you want to buy the Grit?"

"No, but there's a lot of ladies in there," DuWayne said, pointing to the church house. "I'll bet they'd like one."

So Terry marched in. Melba Brewer was bearing her testimony. "Any of you ladies want to buy the Grit?" he asked.

Sister Church took hold of his hand and whispered, "Honey, we're having a meeting."

"Oh," Terry said, and left.

January 9. Chance gave DeMar a generator. While I put supper on, he

had the kids holding hands in a circle and Lolene turned the generator crank. Her unsteady jerks gave them some bouncing, squealing good shocks.

January 16. I took Lolene to the dentist today. He put in one filling. I was surprised, because she's rosy, chubby, and practically perfect. After the dentist, she sat in my office and drew pictures. She had a big red apple on her desk she could eat after two hours. Every few minutes she'd ask if it was two hours yet.

Shirley's teacher phoned, saying Shirley needs help with her arithmetic. Shirley cried for help the last two nights. Both nights I went out on Stake MIA work as soon as I got home. When her teacher called, I felt that I had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. I dialed President Graff to ask for my release from MIA, but he was out. I just sat down to help Shirley when Sister Nuttal called, and we talked MIA until Shirley had to go to bed. What <u>am</u> I to do?

January 29. All day long I've typed fascinating stuff, such as, "The S½ SE¼, NW¼SW¼," and so on. I came home cross as a bear, so the kids began to get cross too.

"Look," I growled, "it's <u>my</u> turn to be cross. Just one at a time."

DeMar and Shirley stopped their jangling.

"That's crazy," DeMar said, "just one at a time. How can we even quarrel? We gotta have <u>two</u>."

That brought a chuckle and the grouch was over.

February 9. Shirley made a valentine box, all on her own, for her school room. It's a pale blue. I let her use the ruffler on the sewing machine. It thrilled her to make the white ribbon ruffles. She was very particular. She fastened on a pink satin bow and put a sweetheart standup on top.

February 11. Shirley bubbled tonight about the exclamations of admiration from her class about her valentine box.

I told the bishopric we'd take a calf to raise to help toward the church house.

February 12. Dan Murphy brought the calf tonight. It's a two week old, black and white cutie.

February 16. Norman went to Beaver this morning for a high school wrestling match. As I said my prayers before tumbling into bed, my mind raced over the miles between here and Beaver, and I prayed for his safe return. Then I heard the kitchen door open, and the steps of Norman's boots. I was so tickled I almost forgot to say, "thanks," before "Amen." Norman flopped across the foot of my bed and we talked for an hour.

February 17. Tonight a blustery cloudburst put us out of power while we were reading, "The Wizard of Oz." The kids put more wood on the fire, and we read in the flickering light until 10 p.m.

February 18. I've typed motor numbers and serial numbers all day for people standing in line to pick up their car licenses. When I'd come to the question, "color of car," people say, (each one thinking they are original) "a dusty blue," or "a dirty red," or "a scratched black," or "what's left of it is green."

February 21. I'm thankful for the sweet relationship between Shirley and Lolene. Shirley coaxes her little sister to share her bed, and Lolene is happy to. If Lolene falls asleep on the lounge, Shirley gathers her in her arms and carries her down the steps. A chubby four year old is a big load for a frail little girl of ten.

Saturday, February 23. The scout scrap-iron drive is on and the pile grows on the square out in front. My four boys are deep in the drive. The unsightly pile grows bigger and bigger and my boys grow blacker and blacker. The only way I can see to get them white for Sunday will be to skin them.

Shirley is giggling at Lolene in the bathroom. Lolene has put her underwear on upside down. Her head looks funny sticking out of a pant leg.

March 4. When I arrived home tonight, three solemn faced little boys met me at the gate.

"Hi gang, what's up?" I asked.

"Gordon got kidnapped," Leon Duncan exclaimed.

"You'd better hurry and call the sheriff," Evan Wilson stewed.

Terry was pale and wide-eyed. "We might not ever see Gordon again," he quavered.

"Tell me exactly what happened," I said anxiously.

"We were walking home from school," Leon woefully began. "When we got to the fruit warehouse, a long, black car stopped. Gordon said, 'hello,' and the man said, 'have you got any money,' and Gordon said, 'a little,' so the man said, 'get in,' and Gordon did and the man kidnapped him."

"We ran as fast as we could to see if the man brought Gordon home, but he isn't here. He's no where at all." Terry's voice broke.

"No man in a long, black car would kidnap Gordon for his ticky little bit of money," I pondered.

"But Mother! He did!" Terry wailed.

"Ok," I said, "we'll call Antone Prince."

As we started up the back steps, a long, black car pulled into the drive and Gordon got out.

"How are you, Sister Gubler?" Maiben Ashby called, "Gordon and I have been out finishing our newspaper collections."

Maiben is supervisor over the paperboys for the Deseret News.

March 10. Lolene walked home from Hurricane tonight, and Lapriel was real upset. I took the little tyke on my lap, when I got home, and explained that dangerous people traveled the highway, and she could be kidnapped, and we might never see her again.

"A black and white car stopped and picked me up," she confessed.

"A skunk," Terry volunteered, meaning a patrol car.

Lolene's face puckered. "Terry, they were good people. You don't call them skunks."

March 11. Oscar has resigned. He can make more selling insurance than being County Clerk. There will be no more sharing rides. My monthly check of $166 has got to stretch and stretch. Worse still, I'm losing my deputy. Merrill Stucki will take over the clerk's office. No matter what happens at home now, I'll have to be on duty at the courthouse. Concerned friends ask if I've tried getting a job closer at home, or why don't I quit and take public welfare. They say I'd get a bigger monthly check, and have all of my time with my children. I wish people would stop harassing me with that suggestion. I think I'll go to bed and cry.

March 12. I went to the News Office today to check up on my new tax notice forms. I can have them made up on spot carbon for $50. Joy, oh joy! I want to hug the world. Spot carbon--cheaper than one-time carbon. Cheaper than paying a girl's wages to change carbons like they've always done. Spot carbon--my very own dream--my very own dream that I toyed with last year as I sat rebelliously changing carbons for Mary Lou. This new tax notice is my masterpiece. I've had as much fun planning it, and making it, as an artist would a painting. My design was in to the News Office before the last sample tax notice came in the mail from one lone county in Utah. It had spot carbon--but was designed quite differently than mine. I'm glad I had the dream and the design of my own before I saw this last form.

Saturday, March 15. I've lathered everything we owned in suds--windows, floors, clothes and kids. We had town board meeting here tonight. Perry Asay, Elwin Slack, Lyman Gubler, and Moroni Sanders. The guys talked into the night. I'm so tired that I wish I wasn't a city father.

Sunday, March 16. I'm glad I'm a Sunday School teacher, because I have to study. Horatio teaches with me, and he gives every other lesson.

At a scout court of honor today, Norman and DeMar both pinned miniature badges on me and I felt blubbery and happy inside.

After church, I read to the kids for a couple of hours. They kept begging for more. Then Shirley and Carol Ann set up housekeeping in the basement and Norman and DeMar tormented them. Shirley is the yelpingist kid in the nation, and her brothers the peskiest. I wish Winferd was here!

March 25. Oscar's deputy, Vida Albright, and I planned a "going away" party for Oscar, but we couldn't get any volunteer help. "It's your idea. Do it yourself," was the response we got. So we did.

Early this morning I grated carrots and made a pudding, putting it in cans ready to steam, and put the material for lemon sauce in a bottle, ready to cook. I drove to work alone so I could carry hot plate, dishes, and tablecloth. Slipping through the clerk's office into the commissioner's room, I plugged the hot plate in.

Helen saw me come into my office with nothing but my purse. "What did you bring for the party?" she asked.

"My sunny disposition," I answered.

"Nothing else?"

"I didn't have to. We asked the rest of you to bring the eats."

With a mischevious grin, she and Harvy and Wilma went on a little tour. They ransacked my car and found nothing but a cowbell, some boots, and a stack of gopher traps. They went through my office, then bolted for the commissioner's room. I tried to head them off, but couldn't. The pudding

was steaming by now, and beginning to smell. They sniffed, and looked around, but didn't see it. The hot plate was under the table.

Vida and I set the table upstairs in the courtroom, then she ran home for the hot rolls her mother had baked. Antone brought butter. We had punch and two kinds of salad. Conscience smitten, the others rushed out for cheese, olives and pickles. There were thirteen of us for dinner, and Oscar and Antone each made a speech.

March 26. I had a date with Norman for the FFA banquet tonight. And his Ag project, the pig, got with it and delivered thirteen little piglets just an hour before the banquet. We had to rush about making a straw bed, and stringing lights to keep them warm, and fix braces, so the mother wouldn't mash her brood. We arrived at the banquet just as the guests were sitting down to the tables.

March 27. The commissioners financed my trip to Nephi and Provo to see their mechanical setup for putting out tax notices--addressograph, etc. I rode with Donald Staheli as far as Nephi. After going over their setup, I took the bus into Provo. Their marble halls and expensive equipment make our termite-eaten quarters look mighty humble. Theirs is all efficiency, and not so homespunish and familyish as our little group--but if we had the money, we'd convert.

I walked from the courthouse to Edith's. She gave me a case of bottled raspberries, and a cardboard box of funny books.

March 28. Antone Prince called on his way home from Salt Lake, and brought me home.

March 29. My family was glad for the raspberries and funny books. Our place is the most popular one in the neighborhood today--kids and books sprawled all over.

March 30. Sunday school convention at Orderville today. After the convention we rode up into Zion Canyon. The snow is melting and coming over the ledges in waterfalls.

March 31. MIA Leadership tonight. Rumor has it that the stake will be reorganized, then there will not be this social hour once a month when board members dance under the tutorship of Alma and Angela Cox, dance directors.

Helen's mother gave me eight dozen daffodils, so I fixed flowers for leadership, gave some to Mama and LaPriel, and mailed some to Edith.

April 1. "I told all the kids to come to my party today," Terry announced this morning.

"Terry," I wailed, "I won't be home to help. Why can't we wait until tomorrow?"

"But today is my birthday, and I've already told the kids. I'll fix the party myself."

Office worries beset me. I have to find a new deputy. Merrill takes over the clerk's duties today.

Norman came in at quitting time. "Mother, I paid the canal tax. I cleaned ditch. Can I go to Mesquite with Neil? He's going to get a motorcycle."

I sighed, thinking how I hate motorcycles.

"Don't preach," Norman said. "Neil's mother preached an hour before we left.

Reluctantly I relented, and Norman took his FFA pin from off his shirt and pinned it on me.

When I got home, the house was strewn with powdered sugar, cake coloring, paper cups, straws, punch and funny books. Shirley had helped Terry with his party, and then had taken everyone swimming.

Norman and Neil were back from Mesquite on the motorcycle only a few hours after they left the courthouse. They buzzed up and down our lane again and again before Norman came in to tell me it was them.

April 3. Last night the motorcycle coughed and died in our back yard. The boys worked on it under the porch light until late. Hardy's milking, and our milking had to wait until 10:00 p.m.

April 11. The deputy situation is resolved. Beulah Sammons, Henry Graff's daughter, is my new deputy.

April 12. This evening I went to Rosalba's to make buttonholes in my blouse.

AdaLu took Lolene's hand. "Let's make block houses," she said.

Lolene said, "I will, if you won't say whose is the cutest."

April 14. The elected officials met with the commissioners today, and asked for a wage increase for our deputies from $120 to $150 a month. It was granted. It was requested that Merrill be granted an increase for being Clerk, and for supervising my books. Commissioner Woodbury said it was not legal. I was glad. After all, I am the elected County Treasurer. I want to keep my own books, and I told them so.

"The State Auditor says that unless she has had double entry bookkeeping, she cannot do it," Merrill remarked.

Defiantly I insist on my rights. They cannot deny me. Well--reluctantly, they grant my point, "under Merrill's watchful eye."

Henry added fuel to the flames when they questioned my bookkeeping ability. "Beulah is awfully smart," he said.

"She could help," Helen said. "Beulah can do anything."

"Alice will do the bookkeeping, and Beulah the stenographic work," Woodbury said.

I, the only Republican in the courthouse, am before the firing squad. So be it. I shall call upon the Lord morning, noon and night, and with Him as my partner, we'll keep a correct set of books.

April 7. A man came to the house to pay his water tax. "What you need, is a good man to help you raise your family," he said. He gave me the old, familiar line. "I have a personal interest in your happiness." (I recognize the type.) "If you have problems, you can confide in me." (Yeah, I know.)

Then came my Relief Society teachers, both of them married for the second time. "If you're smart, you'll never re-marry so long as you have children at home." This was followed by their hilarious recital of their difficulties. I laughed till I cried.

April 16. DeLance Squire audited the town books today, and gave me a grade "A". He encouraged me to go into bookkeeping as a profession--like doing it on the side for business houses. I don't feel bad anymore about losing Merrill.

April 17. Commissioner Arthur Barlocker visited my office today. He was absent the day I insisted on doing my own books. I told him how it burned me up when they insinuated that I might not be able to grasp the work. He laughed, and expressed faith in me, and paid me higher compliments than I ever deserved. He said Merrill was afraid I'd bother him too much with questions. Well--he needn't worry. I've got spunk enough to carry my own load. I'll get mighty good at research before I burden him.

Charlie Butchrite, the State Auditor, came today. Also our office supply man, Charlie Craig.

April 18. I thought Charlie Craig was well on his way back to Salt Lake, but he knocked on my door during the lunch hour. Craig said he had been out to dinner with Butchrite. Butchrite was still objecting to my taking over. "She makes too many changes," he said. Hooray for me! I'm not one bit like the former Treasurer. I must have been a pain in the neck to Merrill. How many times have I heard him say, "But this is how it has always been done." "But if this way is better, why do we have to go on doing a thing, simply because it has always been done that way?" I'd ask.

Well, Craig and Butchrite argued about me. Craig said I was on my toes, progressive, etc. After Craig left, Butchrite came in. When the gang took a soda pop break, I noticed Butchrite scrutinizing me. The argument with Craig made him look a little closer.

Tonight, our Stake President Elmer Graff came to visit our family. He talked to me about wolves that like young widows--and gave me strict counsel. He said someday I would marry again. He talked about the enticing ways of the adversary. He likened him to the fisherman who baits his hook, or to the trapper who sets his traps.

April 23. Butchrite came into my office, and we dragged the bookkeeping issue out into the light.

"Surely, you don't think I'm beautiful enough to be entirely dumb, do you?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied.

Then he related all of the horror stories he knew about pitiful little women in bookkeeping--of the County Treasurer who resigned and spent the rest of her life paying the county back for a mistake on her books. She finally died of a broken heart, and then they learned that there had been no shortage at all--merely poor bookkeeping. He tried to scare me to death. We stood in the old vault full of books and talked long after all the offices were closed. He lit up when I spunked, and pledged me his full support.

April 24. Today, at exactly 7:00 p.m., Perry Asay turned the valve that turned the water into the new headhouse for the first time. Lyman Gubler, Perry, Evan Wilson, Norman and I were there for the event. We climbed a ladder up to the top to watch the water rush across the floor. Perry turned the water down the overflow to try out all the wheels and pipes. Everything works.

April 27. I was so tired last night, that I felt like I couldn't answer one more of Lolene's questions. "I'd give a nickel if you'd turn over and go to sleep," I said.

She turned over and never made another sound. The minute she opened her eyes this morning, she said, "Where's my nickel?" I paid off.

Saturday, May 3. The Regional Dance Festival. Norman and DeMar are both dancing, so they left before noon. Gordon had the milking done this morning before they awoke. Then he hoed the garden, and set out tomato plants. He cleaned the basement, did the evening milking, and delivered Paul's papers. (Paul Hardy was dancing too.) To top it off, Gordon was left to care for Terry and Lolene, while Shirley and I went with Grandpa to the festival in the Dixie Sunbowl. I couldn't have appreciated a boy more.

May 5. As I stopped my car at Penny's intersection, I saw in my mirror Blondie Porter stopping behind me. "Aha! A road cop," I thought, "I'll give him a demonstration of perfect driving." I waited until the light turned red, then drove through. Flashing his light, Blondie pulled me over.

"Do you realize you just ran a red light?" he asked.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, burying my face in my hands. "That just shows how flustered a person can be when they see a cop behind them."

He gave me some words of advice, but didn't write me up.

Friday, May 16. Tonight we set the table for five. Once there were nine of us. Norman is working for Mrs. Whipple in Overton, shipping tomato plants, and DeMar has gone to the Heldorado with Marilyn and Chance. Gordon has to do both Norman's and DeMar's chores, and deliver Paul's papers. I intended to leave the sack of pig feed in the trunk of the car for Norman to unload when he gets home tonight, but Gordon dumped the whole hundred pounds of it into the bin. He works so hard, yet he's scarcely nine.

LaVina Brooks phoned to congratulate me on being a prospective grandmother. Leona Hardy borrowed baby patterns from her, for Marilyn. Marilyn hasn't told me she is going to have a baby.

May 17. "There's a green worm in my grapefruit," Terry complained.

"Nonsense. It's nothing but a sprouted seed," I said.

"What's it trying to do?" Terry asked.

"It's trying to be a tree."

"It's walking around. Do trees walk?"

Yuck!

May 18. Norman's pigs are a problem. Before the mother pig became a mother, she lounged on her bed of straw. Life was peaceful. She could plow through the Jerusalem artichokes for pastime. At feeding time she had the trough all to herself. She could lay under the peach tree that leaned over the fence, and look up with her little pig eyes at the sparrows quarrling in the tangle of grapevines climbing there. How she must have rejoiced that she was a peaceful pig, and not a sparrow! And then--bingo! Thirteen squealing, hungry baby pigs arrived, and she was equipped to feed only eleven.

One day as I hung clothes on the line, I heard a lone little pig squealing and squealing, so I stopped to investigate. There lay the mother pig feeding her family, and there, pitifully alone, and crying, was the little titman. (One of the others had already died.) He was the scrawniest, sorriest little thing I'd ever beheld. He rooted under the clods in the pen, crying and finding no comfort. I climbed through the fence and picked the little mite up in my hands. Bringing him into the house, I fixed him a nursing bottle of warm milk. He fought me. I tried to cuddle him in my apron, while squirting milk into his mouth, but a pig's snout won't close over a nipple like it would if he had lips. I put his nose in a dish of milk. He lolled about in it and didn't learn a thing. But I learned one thing. You can't cuddle a pig. This little fellow only lived a couple of days.

It wasn't long before the piglets found their way out of the pen, and into the back yard. By now they were plump and round. When I opened the kitchen door, they vanished through the fence, back to their mother. They were leery of humans. But that didn't last. As they grew, they began to investigate the premises. They plowed up the irrigation ditch, and ate the young stalks of corn, and wallowed in the mud along the tomato row. They chonked down every pecan in the yard. They got acquainted with the kids, and spent the major part of their time in the yard.

One day I watched Norman put the feed in the trough. Ten pudgy pigs piled in, filling the trough. There was no place for the mother to get her snout in. No longer was she fat, but was gaunt as a coyote. By now, her feeling of self preservation was far greater than that of mother love. She wormed her head in, and with a quick bunt, sent a couple of piglets sprawling, and grabbed off a mouth full of grain for herself. Fascinated I stood, watching that family squeal and trample each other. They were selfish, and piggish. They were terrible. Even when the mother did get a chance at the trough, the left over piglets stood and sucked on her. To think, she gave up her peace and quiet for this!

And there's <u>still</u> a runt. We've taught it to come to the porch for a handout. Drastic mistake. Every time the back door opens, there's the runt. He has more personality than his plump brothers. He's the only one that knows how to march up the steps, stand on his hind legs, snout in the air, and coax. He's the only one that doesn't bully or push the others around.

To lessen the pileup, I've put a pan outside the pen, where I spill a little food on my way to the trough. The greediest ones lunge for it, too pigishly blind to see they'd get more at the trough. There are six of them that put their heads together in the pan and push, trying to root the others out. Their strength is evenly matched. They push with their hind legs in the dirt, until the six of them start to revolve. Round and round they go, not giving an inch, all of them squealing full-blast. It's funny.

But it isn't funny when I find all eleven squealing at the foot of the steps when they see me coming. There's nothing funny about eleven little pigs wiping their snouts on my legs every time I step outside. I have to run for the wash bowl after every exit. When I'm dressed for the office, I start kicking and yelling as soon as I come out the door, hoping to scare them away while I sprint for the car.

We reached the climax last Sunday. The back door was ajar, and when we got home from church, the runt was in the kitchen prancing back and

forth in front of the refrigerator, squealing and running his snout along the crack at the bottom of the door. One little kitten sat under the table watching. Mending fences was forced put!

June 11. We're on our way to the NACO Convention in Texas. Night finds us in a motel in Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona. We visited the South Rim of the Grand Canyon today. I'm homesick for the kids tonight.

June 12. My, what a lot of Arizona there is. Imagine spending two whole days riding up hill and down in one state. This morning we climbed to Jerome. It's a funny village perched upon a hillside. Fronts of houses stand on stilts, while the rear rests against the hill. Arizona has colorful names, such as "Big Bug Creek," "Chipmunk Inn," "Bloody Gulch," "Horse Thief Valley," and "Superstition Mountain."

Tonight we're in Lordsburg, New Mexico. A cloudburst came over the area two days ago, and mosquitoes spawned in every puddle. We ran from the car into our motel, but still our arms, necks and faces were covered with a fur of mosquito wings and legs.

June 13. We're in Fort Stockton, Texas,tonight. Today we visited Carlsbad Caverns and took the "big room" tour. Dripping stalagmites and stalactites glistened. In Carlsbad, you can buy lunches and souvenirs 754 feet under ground. The guide said Jim White dug the caverns and Sam White carried out the dirt. By the time Jim had the caverns dug, Sam had the hill built. The trail around the big room was a mile and a quarter.

June 14. San Antonio! I sat under the desert cooler 1,500 miles for this. Antone Prince filled it with water at every service station, and I pulled the cord to keep it wet. The hot, sticky ones in the car were always yelling, "Alice, pull the string." One jerk would never satisfy. Sometimes two would do. They liked three the best. That whirled the water to a frenzy, and the wind whipped it across my face, wet my hair, and drizzled it down my right shoulder. I was in a perpetual shower bath. My hair was wet and dried, and whipped to a standing snarl. They called me an African.

Tonight we went to an outdoor opera, "Naughty Marietta." Fireflies, with little lanterns, flitted through the audience.

Sunday, June 15. San Antonio has a good Mormon chapel. Going to church was just like home. This evening, we went to a NACO reception upon the roof garden. It was a drunken brawl, so we left. We took a walk along the river, and came to an open air Spanish dance hall. Lanterns in the trees, and the music attracted us. A Mexican, in a white coat, saw us looking through the gate, and invited us in. A Mexican wedding was in progress. Our host seated us at a little table, and brought us a drink of orange juice. As we watched the dance of the "bull fight," he explained each movement. The bride and groom, and the dark eyed flower girls were a picture to see. We were the only white people there. I wonder! If we saw a group of Mexicans peering in on one of our weddings, would we invite them in and treat them as grandly as they did us?

Tuesday, June 17. Yesterday we went on a sightseeing tour of San Antonio. It is a city of Spanish art. We saw the sunken gardens planted in the old stone quarry--the place where we had attended the opera, Saturday night. Tonight we walked up the river to the LaVillita, the place of the Mexican wedding. Remember the Alamo? We re-lived history at this shrine.

Sunday, July 6. It's good to be home. Ruby and Roland want Norman to run their fruit stand at Paragonah. He will leave Wednesday.

Ever since San Antonio, the haunting refrain from "Naughty Marietta" has persisted in my mind: "Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you."

During the past week, I've given dramatic readings in three wedding receptions, and during the dance that followed, there were those who did not just dance, but whispered flattering things in my ear. To laugh and lightly skim the surface is one thing, but an undercurrent is something else. Sometimes when I cannot sleep, I slip out of my bed and on to my knees in the wee hours and weep.

When I called for an appointment with President Graff this morning, he was not in. Tonight, after I got home, he called me.

"Do you want to talk to me?" he asked.

"Yes. I have to be at the stake chapel in half an hour," I answered.

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes," he said.

So was I. I let my heart spill over. My enthusiasm seemed to be getting me into difficulties. He was kind and understanding, pointing out the danger signals, counseling me. When I asked if I should be less exuberant, he said, "No. I admire you for being able to relax, to laugh and enjoy life in the face of your problems. Go ahead and enjoy the companionship of the opposite sex, but do not go alone with them. Enjoy them in a crowd. Someday, you'll find someone you care for very much, who will look after you. Then, you'll be wise to marry."

Always, after President Graff has counseled me, or my children, we have felt a firmer footing. He has made us eager to do our best.

"Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you. Ah, I know at last the meaning of it all." All of the love and bright moments that sprinkle my path, I shall share with my children. As a memento of San Antonio, I have ordered a Spanish wallpaper for the kitchen, and am redoing the woodwork. It is going to be awfully pretty.

July 10. DeLance Squire loaned me his accounting text book, and I've devoured it with as much relish as a Gene Stratton Porter novel. It's a perfect reference book.

While Beulah and I were apportioning delinquent taxes, Merrill kept sauntering in, looking us over and asking <u>me</u> questions. I'd answer them with unconcern. I guess it got to him.

Today, he asked, "What is your total to apportion?"

"$4,207.21," I answered.

"Hmm," he scowled. He was holding a scrap of paper with that very figure on. In a minute, he brought <u>my</u> ledger, and <u>my</u> receipt books in and put them away.

I didn't even know he had them. I had checked out to the penny. I think he wished I needed him.

Monday, July 21. Mr. Salmon, the calculator salesman, came in the office at closing time. He had just returned from a convention in Virginia, and he liked it as much as I did the one in San Antonio. We had

fun exchanging notes.

"I'm with another salesman, and we have to come through LaVerkin. We'll come to your house for peaches."

"Apricots," I corrected.

My sandals flew across the courthouse lawn to my car. "Come on Dodgie, hurry home," I urged the flivver. My mind whirred as I pushed the gas feed down lower than usual. I'll sling Lolene and Terry in the bathtub as soon as I get home, I thought. DeMar can scrub the blob of whitewash off the screen door, Shirley will have to brush her tangled hair, Gordon can pick up from the drive to the house--and so the rehearsal lasted from St. George to home.

I ran to the house. Both back doors stood wide open to the flies. Slamming them shut, I ran and skinned into my best looking house dress, slushing through mud and water in the hall as I went.

"Terry! Lolene! Shirley! What's this mess?"

"DeMar made a pond, and threw Lolene and Terry in it, so they had to bathe."

I tied on an apron, and ran through the house, picking up funny papers and yesterday's clothes.

"Shirley, clean the back porch. Friends are coming. DeMar, get that horrid whitewash off the screen. Gordon, pick up that litter by the rose bush. Terry! (Oh groan), look at that bathroom! Where did all that mud come from?"

I could die, just looking at it. The walls, the basin, the tub! Mud! Mud! Mud! Like a whirlwind, I began shaking and straightening chair covers and couch covers, while Terry mopped up mud. I wiped up the trail they had left in the living room.

Calmly, Shirley announced, "Mother, here's two men."

I walked down the back steps, and Mr. Salmon handed me a bag of candy. "For the kids," he said.

Lolene trailed out of the bathroom, half washed, with nothing on but her little pants. Her hair hung in muddy strings. Terry filed in behind her. He had pulled on his old muddy pants, and was naked from the waist up. Shirley stood barefooted and uncombed. DeMar and Gordon sauntered over, caked with grime. Tenderly, I introduced them.

"Come on, let's go get those peaches," Salmon said.

"Apricots," I corrected.

We climbed the fence by the pecan tree, and Norman's old sow grunted, got up from her wallow, and ambled along with us.

"Gee, I wish that was all I had to do," Salmon said, looking at the swine.

The kids, and the pig tagged us to the apricot tree.

Terry climbed the tree and said, "Look." He protruded his belly out like a watermelon, then made it ripple and roll. The fellows laughed, and I blushed and said there ought to be a law against kids. Salmon said he had six of them, and he often thought the same too. He volunteered

that the other fellow had one that was just two years old.

"Then he hasn't reached the age of iniquity yet," I ventured.

"Oh yeah," he said understandingly.

DeMar jumped on an apricot limb, and dead ripe fruit showered around us, somehow failing to splatter on the men's white shirts. We filled a paper sack of fruit from the tree, and climbing back past the pig wallow, stood well within the smell of it, while DeMar got more intolerably adolescent, throwing darts past us into the mud. As we visited, I pretended to be suave, but the kids got the upper hand.

Laughing, I said, "You can't be swanky in a large family."

"How many do you have altogether?" Mr. Salmon asked.

"Only seven." I wanted to say seventeen.

Just then, the little pigs that had been rooting under the apple trees, surmised that we had company. Gleefully they came, squealing and scampering around us. I felt like I was Moonbeam McSwine.

"Next time you come to see us, come to the front door," I said.

Mr. Salmon said they would. When they said goodbye, I knew there wasn't going to be a next time.

July 28. Gordon's birthday. Sweet little fellow with big responsibilities. Norman and DeMar left for scout camp at Payson at 4:00 this morning. Gordon will celebrate by doing their chores and delivering Paul's papers all week. We made root beer with dry ice, and watched the fog roll across the kitchen floor, and ate birthday dinner on the lawn.

July 29. The best way to get away from a world that seems cockeyed, is to stretch out on the cot at the edge of the lawn, and watch the evening sky. Look up. Let your thoughts take wings.

The sun is setting, and the shadows are long. The hill to the east is burnished with gold, while the orchards are deep in green shade. From the apple tree, a robin's song caresses the twilight. The orchard--the robin--the deep shadows--the pink and gold in the west--peace--and longing --peace, because this moment is sweet and good--longing, because the robin, and the twilight reminds me that <u>this</u> is the hour that Winferd would be coming home. He would come through the gate there, dusty, tired and hungry. He would grin and hand me a boquet of sunflowers from the field. Sunflowers are pretty in a blue vase. While I put supper on, he would wash up. I would love life for this very moment--not for the past, nor for the future, but for now.

Memory can be so real--the robin, the twilight and Winferd. If only he were <u>really</u> here. There would be no chasing to the courthouse--no ledgers--no conventions--no foolish romances--no artificial existence. Life would be sincere and secure. The robin--the twilight, and tears welling in my eyes. Pink rays of the sky shimmer. My sobbing, aching heart searches for the answer. A still, small voice whispers, "Be still and know that I am God." Perplexing problems that drove me here, dwindle. I thrill to the robin and the twilight.

August 5. Our ward MIA had an Indian pow wow at Duncan's Retreat tonight. We did war dances around a blazing campfire, and sang to Perry Asay's guitar. Coming home, I sat between Dixie DeMille and Dixie

Harrison. I'd forgotten the fun of singing all the way home.

August 6. I stayed home today to houseclean. When the boys came in from picking fruit, I had dinner on--summer squash, chicken, dressing, and apple pie. Usually, they come in from the field and open a can of something. Their appreciation of my presence, and dinner on the table was great.

Norman said, "My! I wish all of us kids had a job so you could always be here to cook for us."

I wish it too.

August 8. We've had supper on the lawn each evening this summer. Nobody quarrels outside. After supper, I stretched out on the cot. Lolene wanted one of my pillows.

"Go down in the basement and get one there," I suggested.

"Not in my room," Gordon shouted.

"Not in mine," Shirley said.

"I'll go in Norman's," Lolene whispered.

When she returned with a pillow, DeMar demanded, "Where did you get it?"

"On Norman's side of the bed," she said, sidling over to me. "Mother, trade pillows with me, please Mother, please," she softly pleaded.

"Go put it on your cot, and lay down," I said.

She did. DeMar made a circuit around the lawn, doing a war dance, then stopping by her cot, he pointed fiercely at her pillow. "Lolene, whose pillow?" Then he continued his vicious dance.

Grabbing the pillow, she ran to me. "Please trade, Mother. Please."

Catching the drift, I traded, and she settled down in complete serenity. Still imagining himself an Indian chief, DeMar whooped by again. "Lolene! I'll bet that's my pillow."

"Ha, ha, ha," she laughed gleefully, "it isn't. It's Mother's. She's got yours."

"Oh," he grunted, tormenting her no further.

August 12. At MIA stake board meeting last night, rumor had it that we will all be released. MIA has been the anchor that has stayed my ship in a stormy sea. I'm glad for the six years in the Stake MIA--four of them as age group counselor to Margaret Nuttal.

Sunday, August 17. Quarterly conference. We were not released.

September 17. Norman borrowed my car to take the radiator off his old heap to Hurricane to get it welded. He was to have been home in time for supper, but wasn't. He came in later, white faced and covered with grease, dust and blood.

"Where's the car?" I asked.

"I wrecked it," he said simply. "I had the radiator in the back, and it fell against the door and knocked it open. I tried to grab it,

and ran off the road just before I got to the bridge, and rolled over a couple of times."

I put down the pan of pears I was peeling. "Let me look at you. Where are you hurt?" I asked.

"I'm all right. Call Loren Squire and let's get the car out." He groaned and grabbed his leg.

I rang for the doctor, but got no answer. I got Loren Squire, and he came at once. We scrubbed Norman and Loren dressed his arm, which had a nasty gash in it, then we went to the scene of the wreck. It was a mess. I felt sad about the car, but glad Norman was still alive. Crowds gathered. We took Norman home and put him to bed with a heating pad on his leg.

September 18. Norman paces up and down, up and down. I cannot quiet him Over and over, he says, "I'm going to quit school, and get a job and buy you a car."

I was supposed to be in court today, but I couldn't leave Norman, even if I had transportation. I called the district judge and the sheriff and begged to be let off from court duty. When I finally got the doctor, Ed Gubler took us to Hurricane, and the doctor put twelve stitches in Norman's arm.

Friday, September 19. Loren Squire took me to the office this morning. Allie Stout would have made a special trip to take me, if I needed it. I leave Lolene there with Kate each day on my way to work. LaPriel and Jim have moved to Kanarrah.

The kids came from school, upset over reports. Shirley's teacher delivered a discourse to the class on the evils of drinking and speeding, and said he had seen the results in a wrecked car at the bridge.

Shirley stood up and said, "That's <u>our</u> car, and Norman was <u>not</u> drinking or speeding." She said the teacher got a funny look on his face, and stopped her in the hall and asked for details.

But supposition is the mother of whoppers. By night, every version of the accident, but the correct one, seemed to be on the loose.

Ovando came tonight to offer me a car that's in their yard that has a burned out bearing. He thought it might be fixed up. In spite of the kind offer, I felt sick. The old Dodge wasn't worth a hundred dollars on the market, still I had put $400 into it, just to keep it running. I hate the thoughts of a repetition of the same deal. Beggars can't be choosers.

Saturday, September 20. Grandpa came down to repeat the offer of the old Chevrolet, and I got him to help Norman replace our broken window panes. It's stormy, and getting cold.

Today is Shirley's birthday. I gave her wallpaper enough for her room, and some blue dishes for her cupboard.

September 25. Wilford Ashton phoned that the car Grandpa had given me was ready to go. Norman went after it. By the time he drove it from Wilf's to our place, it was puffing and steaming. It sounded horrible. I took sick when I saw it. Grapes of wrath! I'd never thought the Dodge was much, but now I felt a genuine homesick longing for it. Grandpa said this car had good upholstery. Heavens! It bristled so much you

could use it for a hairbrush. Nothing worked--speedometer, gas gauge, oil register. Norman didn't turn the motor off, because it might not start again.

Well, I sat in the ragged, trembling, noisy old thing, and got the blues. In my whole being there was not a grain of appreciation for this gift. I was scared to death of it. We drove back to Wilf's.

"Wilford, I don't dare drive it," I said.

Wilf had tried so hard to get it to run, that he looked hurt. I was sorry. The motor killed, and nothing in the world would make it start again. Allie came in his pickup and took me to St. George. I knew that I had to get a loan and buy a car. I felt engulfed in utter starvation and desolation.

I called Angus Jones, from St. George Service, and he came to the office and talked cars, kids and the gospel, and said buck up, sure you can do it. $25 a month for gas, $40 a month for car payment, $45 a month for coal and lights, $30 a month for milk, (the cow is dry), and good Heavens, we'd have $20 a month left for food, clothes, school lunches, and everything else. No problem!

Friday, September 26. Loren Squire took me to work, and I came in grinning.

Rayola Anderson said, "You just can't feel low and ride with Lorin. Why, he'd lift you right up, even if you were lower than a snake's belly."

The kids have a colony of ants in a bottle in the living room. They've spent the evening watching them tunnel and store grass seed.

Saturday, September 27. Ward Day. I ran the rootbeer stand under the walnut tree. Lolene and Terry were constantly underfoot. In the afternoon they wanted to go to the picture show in the Relief Society room.

I gave them each a dime and said, "For goodness sake go. I'll be glad to get rid of you."

Tonight, when I put Lolene to bed, she said, "Good night, Mother."

I gathered her in my arms, and rocked and sang, "Good night sweetheart, 'till we meet tomorrow."

She hugged and kissed me. When I tucked her in, she watched me soberly. "Mother, did you really mean you'd be glad to get rid of us?"

I was dumfounded for a moment, then hugging her some more, I said, "Of course not."

She sighed contentedly.

October 1. Angus Jones brought me a 41 Chevrolet to drive home last night. I was late getting to work this morning, and Antone, Israel Wade, and the guys at the service station across the way kidded Angus for letting me take such an old car. Antone warned me not to buy until the guys at the courthouse approved. Rulon Snow brought me a club coupe from Judd Motors tonight. It's a 41 Chevrolet too. I liked it. Grandpa drove it around and cautioned me not to make up my mind until he saw me Friday.

Monday, October 6. Tonight, I drove the club coupe home.

October 7. Grandpa Gubler made up our minds. He drove the coupe back to Judd Motors. "Put in new shock absorbers, weld this fender, and fix this, and we'll give you $425 for this car."

They said, "Sure, sure, we'll be glad to."

Funny. I had tried to talk them into shock absorbers, but they said it would cost me $32 more. Grandpa, with his silver backing, had them hopping to a different tune. Now I'll be making car payments to Grandpa instead of them.

Monday, October 13. Marilyn had a baby boy this morning at 3 a.m. Breakfast conversation excitedly ran like this, "I'm Uncle Terry," "I'm Aunt Lolene", "I'm Uncle DeMar."

"Humph, you kids act like this was the first baby that was ever born. They're being born all the time," Norman said, refusing to be impressed.

But for some reason, he failed to show up at school. After I got home from work, Norman phoned me from LasVegas. "Mother, I thought I'd better let you know I had to see Marilyn's baby."

October 15. Norman came home on the late bus tonight. He stayed at the hospital with Marilyn until they sent him out. Chance was working night shift, so he decided he'd go down to the railroad to see him. It was after curfew hours, so the police picked him up. They kept him until five this afternoon. Norman said they gave him a good bed and very good meals. He had to wash dishes and mop floors. His face is swollen with hives.

"I'm allergic to juvenile homes," he explained, "but I got homesick to see Marilyn. Her baby has dark blue eyes and long, black hair."

Saturday, October 18. Today was too pretty for ordinary things. The children and I went up Cedar Canyon. Norman chauffered. We visited LaPriel's family in Kanarrah, then went to see Annie. She went with us. We heated our pork and beans on a camp stove among the blue spruce above Wood's ranch. The quaking aspens are gold. The air was nippy, and Norman's hives came out big and red.

December 31. I've survived the rush and bustle of tax settling, of being responible for thousands and thousands of dollars each day. Nightmares have tormented my sleep. I've dreamed disturbing dreams of strange and impossible entries. Through these trying weeks, I've prayed constantly. I've acquired the habit of talking to the Lord as I drive to and from work each day. And now, my trial balance comes out on the nose, and bank statements are reconciled. My prayers have been answered, and I can sleep soundly without dreaming.

Rambling year-end thoughts. Perhaps I should encourage Norman in his love affairs. If he had a wife, and knew his mother wasn't going to feed him, he might buckle down to work. Norman is witty, and popular. Someone is always phoning, knocking, or honking for him. He seldom spends an evening at home. He's a ladies man.

DeMar is the opposite. When night comes, he's home in bed, the same as the rest of the kids. DeMar is <u>not</u> a ladies man. He prefers

to appear tough, but appearance is as far as it goes. He is presently in love with Julia Fish, so he combs his hair and shines his shoes.

Shirley is an interesting mixture of opposites. She can spin out the breakfast dishes until noon. Her coat is a problem from the first chilly day in the fall, until the last cool day of spring. She has an aversion to coat hangers. She isn 't alone in this sin. There are often six coats draping the living room, or spread out like rugs. When I demand that everyone hang up their coats, Shirley puts hers on. Pretty soon she's too hot, so back it goes in a heap on a chair. I shout, so on it goes again. She seems afraid to touch a hanger. For days at a time she is absorbed with her dolls, and goes around like a little tramp. Then suddenly she's primping, her blonde curls shining, her fingernails daubed with polish, and her lips gooped with lipstick as she teeters about in high heels. She loves to drum on the piano, but hates to practice.

Gordon is conscientious in school, and brings home good reports. The other children's report cards say, "Talks too much. Wastes too much time." But not Gordon's. He's a hustler. He can clean up a batch of dishes as quickly and thoroughly as a grown-up, and then, with his halo polished, and his wings sprouting, he can really moralize to Shirley, which she despises.

Just to mention Terry's name seems like it ought to explain everything. There are only a few Terrys born in each century, and there's wisdom in that. He has a laugh that can roll and bounce like wheels down a rocky slope. He loves all the world, and figures the world loves him. There are no strings on him. He's as carefree as a breeze, and runs away just as often. His daydreams are big. Nothing is beyond his reach. Gordon is shy. Terry is bold. Let Gordon worry. He has the knack for it. Terry can't be bothered. When he comes in tired and dirty, he wilts on a chair. He wants me to love him and help him with his bath. He feels suddenly little and helpless.

Lolene is a product of many mothers. Since LaPriel has moved away, Kate is her school day mother. If Aunt Kate is ill, Lolene goes to Aunt Rosalba. If Lolene is ill, she goes to Grandma Gubler. If Aunt Kate goes to Relief Society, or out of town, Lolene stays with Grandma and Grandpa Isom. She has been disciplined and taught by so many grownups that she's a different product than all the rest. She's bookish and old beyond her years. She can spell out any word she sees, and ask what it is. She writes anything that is spelled to her. She loves the piano and can play any melody by ear, including alto and base. Kate is teaching her to read music. Lolene has to be reassured often that she belongs to me, and that I love her.

And now there's Darwin, Marilyn's baby. When Marilyn and Chance drove up in front of Mom's and Dad's Thanksgiving day, I ran to see if I could get to their car first. Shirley almost beat me, but I gathered the little mite in the blankets before she did. We acknowledged Marilyn's and Chance's presence, but only briefly. We had to get these blankets in the house where we could peek inside.

Rass, Annie, Mildred, Maurice, LaPriel, Jim, Kate and Allie and their families were all there. There was a room full of people waiting for the unveiling ceremony. When I pulled back the blankets and saw the plump little papoose, my heart did a flip-flop. His thick black hair shone like silk, and he had a darling face. When we laid him on Mom's bed, there

was a circle of admirers around him all the time.

CHAPTER 42

A Fledgling On The Edge Of The Next

(1953)

January 9. When I stopped to pick Lolene up tonight, Allie said, "I'm not going to sustain you in Stake MIA one more time. It's all nonsense for you to go out on stake work when you've been away from your family all day."

"What are you going to do next Sunday at Stake Conference? Hold up your hand when they say, 'opposed'?"

"You bet I am," he said.

"Good. I really need to be released."

Allie is a bishop, too.

Sunday, January 11. In conference today, the Stake Relief Society, Stake Sunday School, and Stake MIA, both young men, and young women, were released. Guess who they sustained in my place! Kate!

Chuckling, I congratulated Allie. In a state of shock, he said, "Your kids have got you now, but I have lost my wife."

When he came to our house this afternoon, I piled my stack of MIA manuals in his lap. "Take these to Kate, please." He just stared at them.

January 12. No stake meeting for me tonight. I can't believe it. To stay home on Monday night!! I was in the laundry room merrily singing, "This is the night I iron my clothes, etc.", when the door burst open and Bessie Judd and Margaret Nuttal came laughing in.

"We're lonesome," Margaret said.

Bessie was trying to cushion the shock of our release by clowning. She remembered every funny little thing that had happened while we were together, and dramatized them for us. We planned a party to celebrate our new status, and Bessie outlined a skit. In it, she poked fun at the entire board. Margaret and I laughed until we ached.

Then came a bang on the front door, and Bill Sanders and Wayne Hinton came in. All we needed now was Orvil Minchi, and the six executives would be together again.

Our reminiscing lasted until midnight. A couple of cars cruised in front of the house a time or two. Bessie just knew one of them was Finley. Bill was sure the other one was Norma. When the phone rang, all four of them bolted out my front door. "If it's my wife, tell her I'm coming home."" If it's my husband, I'm on my way." Norma was on the line. She was wondering if we had enough bedding.

A lyric writer, whom I do not know, has fittingly expressed my feelings about our release. "The song is ended, but the melody lingers on." This I know, as one door closes, so another one opens--like Monday nights at home.

January 30. Lolene stayed with LaPriel's family while I went to the State Convention, and became exposed to the measles and scarlet fever. The doctor quarrantined her, so Grandma and Grandpa Isom kept her for a week. She cried the first night I left her. The night I brought her home, she was waiting, with a bulge under the bib of her overalls.

"Guess what it is." she grinned.

I guessed a few crazy things, and she giggled and pulled out a huge orange.

"It's for your lunch," she said.

"Umm!" I drooled as she hugged me.

Grandma bought it for her from the Ding Dong market that stopped at her gate. All afternoon Lolene held it, waiting for me to come. It was so big and pretty she didn't want to eat it. I kept it for a few days, reluctant to peel it. Finally, I shared it with Lolene and the other children.

January 31. "I'm taking these to Dexter Sanders," Norman said, getting a couple of eggs out of the refrigerator. "A terrible thing happened. Dexter made oatmeal cookies, but he used salt in place of the sugar. They were awful."

February 8. Sunday. As I was putting supper on, Norman announced, "I need all of our chairs. We're having fireside up to Edward's."

"Go ahead and take them," I said, "We can sit on the floor."

He took them, and we ate supper sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace. It was a picnic for the kids.

February 9. Norman failed to bring the chairs back. I hoped that when he had to sit on the floor for supper, this would spur him in to action.

February 10. Still no chairs. I guess the reason no one complains is because it's so much like camping out.

Feb. 11. Well, well. We have chairs to sit on again. How sophisticated!

Saturday, February 14. Terry said, "I can't clean my room this morning, because I promised I'd go play with Mace. I gotta keep my promise."

"And I'll promise you a spanking if you don't clean your room. And I'll have to keep my promise," I countered.

He kept his promise. When he came home starved, I said, "Now I'll keep my promise, then you can clean your room and have bread and milk."

I took him into the bathroom and shut the door, because Shirley and Lolene were too anxious to witness the spanking. He bawled and was awfully insulted about the bread and milk. I reminded him what a good, kind mother he had to even offer it to him. He considered looking for a better mother, then went to clean his room. He was so hungry by then that the bread and milk looked good to him.

February 15. A cold wind was blowing today. "Mother, I can't ped my bike against this wind," Gordon complained. His paper route skirts

the entire LaVerkin bench.

"Come on, I'll help you," I said.

Lolene, Terry, and our stray dog, Wolf, piled in the car ahead of us. The dog knew every stop, and was ready to hop out each time. The kids giggled and the route was fun.

February 16. Gordon has been using Terry's or Shirley's bikes ever since he got his paper route, because his was a problem. They think he should forever bow and scrape to them for the favor. I took his bike to St. George today, and Wes Nelson talked me in to buying a rebuilt one. Gordon was so happy, I felt wonderfully decent.

I have quite a passenger list. Seven different people called today asking for rides to St. George.

February 27. I wish time dragged for Norman, while he's out with Nola, like it does for me while I'm waiting up for him. To think, I've got to worry through the courtship of five more kids after him! It's one a.m. and he's just coming in.

Saturday, February 28. Norman went with Karl and Walter Church to Wolf Hole today, to cut posts, and DeMar went to Purgatory with Leo LaBaron. DeMar is enthused about being Leo's boy, and helping on the farm. I started Gordon and Shirley on piano lessons with Alice Thruston today.

March 1. I spanked Terry for sticking a pin in Lolene, and he said I done wrong, because she stuck a pin in him first, so I spanked Lolene. She sat on the porch in her thin little dress in the cold wind.

When I called her in, she said, "I went out to cry because you don't like me."

"You don't have anything to cry about," I said. "I am the one who should cry, because my children are naughty."

"Did you have to pay money to get us kids?" she asked.

"I sure did," I answered.

She went out into the wind again, and I called her back.

"Do you know why I went out?" she asked. "I went out to cry until I could die, because you wasted your money."

This was my cue to cuddle and love her.

Saturday, March 7. Music lessons furnish a recess in my overworked Saturdays. I have an hour to wait for Shirley and Gordon. The car is comfortable, and I sit and read while Terry and Lolene dig with their spoons in the bank of Gould's wash. Alice Thurston is their good teacher.

Friday, March 13. Jim Segler rode to the courthouse with me today. To be sociable, he kept up a continual chatter.

"That oldest boy of yours, does he ever sluff school any more? I remember he used to get into a lot of mischief. I guess some of the things he was blamed for, he didn't do." (Going into detail.) "That second boy of yours. I remember when he fell out of a tree. Do your kids still climb?"

"Yes. So do I."

"Do you think you'll be able to make men out of them?"

After miles of this, I was feeling annoyed. "They're made of good stuff. Of course, I'll make men out of them."

"I been afraid you'd leave them and go looking for another man. If you got married agin, he might be mean to your kids. He might drive them away from home," etc.

The courthouse at last!

Saturday, March 14. Leo LeBaron is good, kind and gentle. When he brought DeMar home last night, he stopped on the way to throw on a load of blow sand for the children to play in. It had to be loaded and unloaded after a hard day's work, and Leo is getting old, and his back isn't good. The boys helped throw the sand off.

Leo said, "I love your boy. I could put my arm around him and love him always. You're doing a grand job."

I felt happy and encouraged--so different from what I felt yesterday after bringing Jim home.

Saturday, March 21. Terry and Lolene played in the new sand pile, quite oblivious to me, and I hung out the wash.

After a moment's silence, Terry shrilled, "Cock-a-doodle-do." Then he jumped up, whirled around in the sand, and exclaimed, "My goodness, gracious me. Another egg."

Terry will soon be eight, and he doesn't even realize that roosters don't lay eggs.

March 23. Virgil Goates brought a box of fifty handkerchiefs to the boys. "They pile up at the cleaners," he explained. He asked me to gather up my dry cleaning. He wanted to do it just for the pleasure of it. I refused, but he became insistent, so I brought out two pair of pants of Normans. He sent me back to find something of mine, so I gave him my spring coat. He's awfully lonesome since his wife died.

DeMar didn't slick his hair down this morning. He has fallen out of love. Julie Fish walked to seminary with Sam Coons. DeMar figures she's Sam's girl now.

April 1. Terry's birthday. Ed Gubler sent word for Terry to come see him before the school bus came. He gave him a real pair of Levis. There was a package to him from Sister Iverson in the mail box too.

April 8. I went to the FFA banquet with Norman tonight. Norman's Ag project is tomatoes. He had 100 thrifty looking plants set out, but it turned off cold. After the banquet, we were up late finding cans and bottles to cover them.

April 9. We were too late covering the tomatoes. They are all dead.

Saturday, April 11. When Leo brought DeMar home from Purgatory tonight, he had a baby owl as big as a full grown chicken. The tomcat sniffed its warm fuzzy body with interest. He sniffed in a circle till he came to the beak, and his eyes stared into the round ones of the owl. The cat shot like a streak out of the door.

April 12. Norman came home with a second owl. Now we have a pair, Sam and Elmer. DeMar caught a sparrow and Sam swallowed it alive. I'm aghast! What kind of babies are these?

April 13. Everyone has so much to tell at the evening meal. Shirley said, "Mother, Gordon didn't dance at the school dance today."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Cause you have to dance with old girls," he muttered. "I hate girls. All they do is lope around."

"Then lope," I admonished.

Terry carried on a loud conversation with Lolene at his end of the table. She objected to what he said.

"Quit spreading false doctrine, Terry," DeMar interrupted.

Table talk is so lively and noisy, I'm sure the neighbors can hear us every meal.

April 25. Dixie Harrison has gone to Santa Barbara to meet Foster, so Wells and Miriam are with us. DeMar and Wells made their beds on cots by the pampas clump. Shirley and Miriam slept on the lawn. I could hear them giggling half of the night.

An atom bomb was dropped outside LasVegas at 5:20 this morning, which lit up the sky in the west. Minutes later we felt the boom. We were up watching for it. No one slept after that.

DeMar and Wells went to Purgatory with Leo. Tonight they brought home a mother rat and her sucking family, some mice, and a lizzard for the owls. Sam ate the lizard, went into a convulsion, and turned over on his side and dropped dead.

April 26. Shirley and Miriam salvaged two baby rats before Elmer got them. They put them in a shoe box, and fed them watercress and bread. The little fellows hold the food in their front paws, and eat so cute.

At the primary play tonight, Shirley was a schoolteacher and Gordon was Bishop Richards. They did very good. Bill Sanders and Orval Minchie were there. Together, we planned a dinner party and a show for the old MIA board members. We plan a party every time we meet, but never get around to having it. The planning is always fun.

May 25. School has let out, and Norman has gone to LasVegas to look for work. It leaves a strange emptiness in my heart.

May 31. Virgil Goates calls to see the family often. His wife had cancer, and knew she would be leaving him, so they discussed what he would do when she was gone. She asked him to find someone who needed help rearing a family. Virgil is in the dry cleaning business, and tells me he can furnish employment for my children and help put them through college. Can you beat that? He isn't looking for a shoulder to cry on, but sincerely wants to help. He's a fine man--seventeen years older than I am.

When I awake in the mornings, and look at the darling, rosy cheeked girl sleeping beside me, and hear my boys rattling the milk bucket, and bicycling down the lane on their paper route; when I dig out the sleepy,

curly headed blonde from her room to get her to practice her music, all about me is youth and vitality. I am rich. How could I be lonely?

The Pickett reunion is over for this year. Friday night, Ardella, Dixie Harrison and I camped at Oak Grove with our ten children--most of them mine. A half moon shone, and a night wind made music in the pines. Just before daybreak, a crunching sound in our cupboard awoke me. The latch was broken, and a little critter in our food could wreck it. I crawled out, and banged on the cupboard loud enough to terrify any little invader, then burrowed back under the covers. This awoke the kids, and they started asking questions.

"I think we have a chipmunk," I said.

The gnawing in the cupboard started again.

"Mother, the chipmunk is there again," DeMar said.

"You go scare him," I said, snuggling deeper under the covers.

"Wells," DeMar said in a stage whisper, "let me take your flashlight."

Crouched in a corner, on the bottom shelf, was a half-grown mouse. Wells held the light, and DeMar got it with his BB gun.

"Here's the chipmunk, Mother," DeMar said, dangling it over my face.

The Pickett clan began to roll in for breakfast. What a gabby good day, with a host of relatives. I looked at the young mothers herding their toddlers, or lugging their infants, and gloated. Lolene is over five, and on her own. For seventeen years I've tended babies, and this time I didn't have to. I felt free, and I loved it.

Ardella and I put on a skit in the program. We took Ovando, Horatio, Foster Harrison, and Malin Cox off into the oaks for rehearsal. Their ham acting was supberb.

The day was a good one. Even when my car hooked onto a rock in the retaining wall, as I tried to drive out of camp, there wasn't too much damage done. It only mashed the fender down over the tire, and wedged a rock under the wheel. If I had been the last car out, I'd have been stranded. There was still one car behind me, and the men pulled the fender up, and got me out.

Antone Prince stopped to see us after we got home. We were black with mountain dirt, weary, and sunburned. I escorted him into the living room. There sat my three boys and Wells Harrison, four in a row on the couch, reading funny books. Eight bare knees protruded from fringy holes in their jeans.

"For Heaven's sake," Antone said, "are all these yours?"

"All but one," I said.

Antone always makes me feel like Mrs. Wiggs in the cabbage patch. He can never seem to understand why we're like we are. To him, appearances are everything. He stops to see us every time he's out in this end of the county. And at such odd hours. Early in the mornings when I'm still in my pajamas, or on Saturdays when I'm up to my elbows in soap suds.

Every time he comes, he looks at my radiant, ragged kids, and says, "Are all of these yours? How many <u>have you</u> got?"

Last time he came, Daisy Cooper's baby was here. "Is that your baby?" he asked.

"Sure is," I answered. Idiot!

He told me about his own little boy who is so sweet, and clean, and good, and I know it is true. But still, I like my row of Huckleberry Finns. I like them very much.

June 28. We've especially enjoyed the Harrison family this summer. If I don't have Wells and Miriam, they have Shirley, Gordon and DeMar.

The ex-MIA Stake Board members finally came through with their long talked about party. Dixie Harrison was my partner. We had dinner at the Big Hand Cafe, then went to see Gordon McRae and Catherine Grayson in "The Desert Song."

July 17. My birthday. At the courthouse, Israel Wade sang in his cute English accent, "Happy birthday, dear bright eyes." Always, the one who has the birthday, puts up the party. I had nutmeg cake with broiled coconut on top, and a pineapple drink, serving it in the commissioner's room. Howard, Henry and Israel really harmonized when they sang to me.

When I got home, my darling little kids had the house shining. They were bathed and combed so pretty. As I came in the door, they stood in a smiling cluster and sang to me, as cute as could be. They had gifts, and a card. After supper we went to a western movie. A boy in it made us homesick for Norman.

July 20. Kate gave Gordon a part on the Stake MIA program at Virgin tonight. It was held on their open air dance floor. Gordon is a shy little boy, but willing, and he memorizes easily. When I saw him, sitting on a log in the moonlight, mike in hand, and heard his child voice amplified as he said his words slowly, and full of expression, my heart swelled.

His reading was, "A Boy and God." I do not know the author, but these are the words:

"I'm just a kid. I don't know much 'bout arithmetic and history an' such smart things like that. When learnin' them, I don't know where I'm at. Kids don't know much, but down inside of us, thoughts keep on goin' like turnin' wheels. An' then a feller feels mysterious. Then God comes an' I see an' feel him everywhere, like breathin' air. I always know that he's among the quiet trees an' passin' all around along the grass an' ground without a bit of noise. He likes us boys! God wants to see us play with things he made, like stones and sticks an' runnin' water, an' makin' boats with anything that floats. God thinks kids orter be happy anyway 'cause he is there, an' never be afraid. A kid don't think of him as bein' hard and grim and totin' round a rod for punishment. That ain't like God, who made and sent the air and sky an' sun, an' lots of fun. Yep, God is mighty real, an' makin' good things come true for kids like me an' you. That's how I feel."

I was deeply touched, because I knew that was exactly how Gordon felt.

July 21. Norman found part-time work in LasVegas. Yesterday, he bought an old car for $20, so he came home to show it off.

"Would you like to drive a good car to work today, Mother? Why don't you try mine out?" he asked.

"Thanks, Norman," I said, accepting his offer.

"The radiator leaks a little, but there will be enough water to hold you until you get to Washington. Be sure and fill up there, because the car won't go if it gets hot."

Since March, I've had Jim Segler as a regular passenger, and he asks tons of prying questions. I take him to St. George for his regular shots, so I stopped to pick him up in Norman's car. I tried to open the right hand door, but it wouldn't open.

"I guess you'll have to slide in under the steering wheel," I said.

Panting, he got both feet under the wheel, and half of his fat tummy, but he could go no further. He was wedged under.

"I can't make it," he said. "I'll have to come back out and figure out another way." But he couldn't get back out. "Help me," he began to yell.

Isaac Hardy saw our predicament. He yanked and kicked at the door that wouldn't open, and it finally flew open, sending him sprawling to the ground. He got up and got hold of Jim's arm and leg and pulled while I stood on the outside of the car and pushed, and valiantly, Jim sucked in on his stomach the best he could. Gradually he began to give, and we got him over on the right side. The treatment was rough, but we had to unwedge him.

Silently I drove as Jim mused, "I been a thinkin' about you and your young'uns. You probably had your own way so long, there ain't no man could live with you. You been runnin' around a bit with some old guy. You better watch out. He might not be good to you an' your kids."

This was the beginning of a monologue of advice that became so eloquent, that I forgot Norman's admonition to put water in the radiator of the car. We passed through Washington, and through the tunnel, and then the car quit.

Jim remarked, "Course it hain't none of my business. It hain't my car, and I hain't the driver, but I figgered you otta put water in it at Washington."

Now he tells me! As I waited for the car to cool, the comments and questions continued. "Where did Norman git this car? How much did it cost? I suppose it's a car nobody else would have. You wouldn't know whose it was, would you?"

Finally, I realized we'd be here all day, if I didn't go after water. My passenger wouldn't be going anywhere, since he couldn't get back under the wheel, and the right door was stuck again. I left him, and trudged on foot to Penn Smith's cabins and begged a jug of water. After I poured in the water, the car still wouldn't start, so I walked back to Smith's again and phoned for a wrecker.

An old guy without teeth came. "Are you out of gas?" he asked.

"No. It registers one-half full."

"Well, we'll haul you in and check the car while you're at work." He hooked onto the front bumper with the wrecker. "Don't touch the steering wheel, and keep your feet off the brakes. Let 'er swing free."

The cable pulled the nose of the car up and up. As we rode, the car merrily swayed. Like birds in a nest, Jim and I gently rocked back and forth. The guy driving the wrecker looked back in toothless wonder, and I snickered. Jim put his hand over mine.

"You got heart trouble?" he asked softly.

"No," I answered, surpressing a laugh.

"You lonesome because you don't have to steer?"

"No. I'm going to settle back and enjoy this ride. Might as well. It's going to cost me enough."

I wanted to laugh uproariously. This was funny, swinging back and forth, suspended from a crane, in this old junk heap, with Jim doing his best to comfort me.

As soon as we got to the garage, my passenger began to yell, "Is there anyone who can get me out of here? Somebody, get me out of here!"

A mechanic got the door open, and he got out, and walked with me as far as the courthouse.

An hour later, the garage called. "Mrs. Gubler, you were out of gas. The gas gauge doesn't register."

Jim found another way home. Norman met me in the driveway, as I came home. "Mother," he said, "I forgot to tell you there wasn't much gas in the car, and that the gauge didn't work."

July 28. Gordon's birthday. Norman promised to make the cookies for his party. Well, he went to Nola's and asked her to make them, so her sister Merlene did. Norman washed the dishes.

When I got home, Terry was as bald as an onion. He got DeMar to shave his head so Shirley couldn't pull his hair. DeMar had a straw hat pulled down over his own ears, that he wouldn't take off. The kids said he had cut his own hair too. At supper time the hat came off. What a mutilated mess. He had had Lolene hold the mirror for him, so he could see to cut the back. The front and sides looked even worse. I offered to crochet little hoods for both boys so we wouldn't have to look at them while their hair grew out. DeMar said he'd keep his hat on. Terry hung his head and looked sad.

Saturday, 1 August. Last Sunday the state of Arizona made a raid on the polygamists at Short Creek, Arizona. However, there was still some mopping up to do on the Utah side, so Washington County officials joined in. The following account is from the Washington County News, dated July 30, 1953:

"Utah officially joined Arizona Wednesday in the breakup of United Effort cultists. . . . Washington County Sheriff Antone B. Prince and Israel Wade, deputy of St. George, arrested six Short Creek women on Arizona warrants and held warrants on 15 others. . . . Warrants of six women and 3 men and 12 or 15 other women, all were given to Sheriff Prince by a deputy attorney general of the state of Arizona. Formal extradition

papers had earlier been flown to Utah's Governor, J. Bracken Lee. . . . Residents believing the raid to be a joint Utah-Arizona break claimed to have stayed in their Utah homes, awaiting state troopers. . . . Meanwhile $43,000 bail has been raised and posted in Kingman, Arizona for the release of the 34 men and 50 women taken custody there Sunday. Short Creek has been bottled up from all sides and is under surveillance of state patrolmen of Arizona and police officers. Only official visitors are allowed to enter."

For days, prior to this raid, the Washington County clerk's office has been haunted by government snoopers from Arizona. They have been searching through marriage license records to learn which of the polygamist wives were legal. The wily "pligs" it seems, have been bleeding Arizona of its welfare funds by filing false claims. When Arizona officials became suspicious, an investigation was made, which ended in Sunday's raid.

"It is illegal for men law officers to seize women," Antone Prince explained, as he pinned deputy badges on Helen Bleak and me. Since we were the only two women who were elected officials, we were deputized to go on last Wednesday's roundup.

The dust from Antone's car gave the warning signal that we were coming. As we neared the shacks on the Utah side, we saw women, long skirts flapping, fleeing for the cedars. Dividing our ranks, Helen accompanied Israel, and I went with Antone.

Before entering any of their shacks, Antone knocked, then called, then went in. In one place, bread dough was raising over the sides of the mixing pan. In another, fruit boiled in a kettle, waiting to be bottled. In another, a tub of steaming suds held clothes waiting to be scrubbed on the washboard. Everything bore witness of the hurried flight. Much as I detest polygamy and the cowed-down look on the faces of the women, I suddenly felt very sorry for them.

The only people we found at home were old man Jessop and some of his wives. Antone left me and his car in front of their gate. Handing me a pistol, he ordered me not to let anyone leave the premises, and showed me how to call on the radio if I needed help, then he took off on foot.

After he left, the old man, his scraggly gray beard hanging down over his chest, ambled through the gate. The pistol trembled in my hand.

"Pardon me, Mr. Jessop," I said, "I have orders not to let anyone come out of this gate."

The old man's rheumy, soppy red eyes looked into mine. "I ain't goin' anywhere," he said. His vouce quavered, and I wondered at the gallons of tears he must have shed. "I only want to feed the goats."

Looking at the barren goat pen near by, I said, "Ok, but don't go any further." I watched as he pitched a little flake of hay over the fence, then returned to his house.

Later in the afternoon, after they had rounded up all of the refugees possible, court was held in a large government tent set up for this purpose. Reporters from national magazines and newspapers were there, eagerly anticipating the proceedings. One woman on the stand was asked, "Don't you even feel jealous, knowing that your husband is making love to another woman?"

"Of course I do," she replied, "but we recognize the fact that a woman loves only one man, and that a man loves all women. It is God's will that women understand this, and adjust to it."

How revolting! It's lecherous old men's will. Nothing more.

A reporter from the Los Angeles Examiner grinned and said, "Why didn't I know about this years ago? This is the life for me."

The whole affair was a long, hot, pitiful, dusty ordeal. One day as a deputy sheriff was enough for me.

August 6. Norman's car has increased his popularity. He has clusters of friends he's never had before. The good thing about the car is that it takes gas. It has run out on almost every corner. Then some kid with 30¢ runs to the store for a gallon, and the car runs around some more.

Shirley is happily involved with her gang, Jeanette, Vanda, Lorene, Lark and Miriam. Always there's the best show they've got to see, and she has her own money from tending Brenda--or just simply everybody is going swimming, and she has to go. The difference between her and her brothers is that she swims in the pool, and she always asks. They swim in the creek or the river and they never ask.

Wilford Griffiths has been with us a lot this summer. He wanted to be here for the 4th of July, and for the 24th. And there was going to be a scout outing in August, and Peach Day in September. I worried, because I had so many children to leave to their own devices --and now there was one extra to worry about.

"He'll work," DeMar pleaded. "He'll work hard if he can stay."

Sure, he worked. He worked very good. He did DeMar's milking and delivered Gordon's papers. He did their hoeing too, which gave them that much more time to play and to torment Shirley.

One night, when things were worse than usual, I said, "DeMar, Wilford can't stay here one more night!" (Wilford was away at the moment.)

When I set the table for supper, there was one empty place.

"Where's Wilford?" I asked.

DeMar ducked his head. His face was flushed, and he blinked back a tear. "I told him you were tired of him."

"DeMar!" I exclaimed, "Where is he?"

"He said he'd go see if he could sleep with Ferrel tonight, and tomorrow he'll go to St. George."

"Why DeMar, I wouldn't turn him out like that," I said remorsefully.

DeMar's tears welled over, and were splashing big and shiny down onto his hands. "You said he couldn't stay here one more night."

"I know I did. I felt awfully cross, because you hadn't done your work, but I wasn't tired of Wilford. I was tired of you being lazy. I've got to find Wilford."

It was getting dusk. I went in the car to Ferrels. Wilford had been there, but they were going to a show and he didn't stay. Oh dear! What if he felt unwanted, and was hitchhiking his way to Bundyville. Wilford's dad is dead, and his mother is in the hospital. I asked everyone on the street if they'd seen Wilford. Someone had seen him with Val, so I went to Jennings' place. Val's mother said they didn't have enough beds, but they would crowd up for one night.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

They pointed down the road. I found him on the ball ground.

"Wilford, I've hunted all over for you. DeMar told me what he told you."

Wilford said, "He said you were tired of me."

"I was cross. I wanted my kids to do their work. Will you come back?"

He hesitated. "Do you want me?"

"Of course we do. Supper is ready."

He said not a word, but bounded across the square and into the yard where the kids were. Everyone was happy.

September 6. Norman has been working for Virgil Goates this summer, so that means Mr. Goates comes to our house often. He's always bringing favors for the kids, or taking them on rides. They tumble out the door like marbles out of a chute, every time he comes up the walk. If he takes my arm, the kids get hold somewhere of both of us. If we start toward his car, they beat us to it, and are all seated before we get there. They think he is their teddy bear. He says he really wants the family. He even talks with the boys about sending them to dental school. I always squelch this, because if he inherited this family, it would really shorten his life span!

In church today they announced a farewell party for Kent Wilson, Brent Hardy, Neil Hardy and Norman Gubler. Three of them are going in the army, but Norman isn't. He announced he was going to enlist, so they're telling him goodbye. Three years ago they had a farewell party for Kent and Chance, and they didn't go. I should think they'd learn.

The County Fair came to a close last night, and I'm exhausted. My part has been time consuming--selling ads for the fair book, and helping with the ward display. The fun part was riding in the beauty parade. Dressed in old fashioned bathing suits, the county officials rode in Orvil Hafen's Model T Ford. He drove, and sheriff Prince, assessor Graff, recorder Bleak, treasurer Gubler (me), and deputy Beulah Sammons all rode. We followed the queen's procession, and marched up the ramp to be judged, along with the beauties, but we went in a group, and not individually.

September 7. Labor day. School started today, and my littlest girl ran excitedly across the square to meet the bus. Instead of going to school, Norman went to St. George to enlist in the army. This is a holiday for me. Alone I stood, looking out the front door. The house was quiet. All of my children were gone--even Lolene. Always before, she chattered at my side. And Norman--going to enlist. I cried.

Norman came home later, thrilled. Uncle Sam must be boy hungry. Norman will leave for Fort Douglas day after tomorrow.

September 8. The Draft Board received a call from Fort Douglas. They cannot accept a boy under draft age. Norman was deflated. Tonight was his farewell party. I made a cake and the family gave him a welcome home party. I bought him a new set of guitar strings as a consolation gift. His restlessness is almost more than I can stand.

September 9. Kent, Brent and Neil left this morning. Norman went to school, but first, he went to St. George and joined the National Guard.

CHAPTER 43

The Fledgling Tries His Wings
(1954)

January 10. Virgil left for the mission home last Monday. We said goodbye a week ago tonight. I accompanied him as he bid his friends goodbye. It was like dropping valentines. He's a big guy. On all the doors, he knocked big, and received big welcomes. People love him. I felt honored to be in tow. He didn't say goodbye to me. He said, "Goodnight. Be happy." After he closed the door, I stood looking into the glowing coals in the fireplace. To myself, I said, "There he goes, out of my life forever."

January 13. My prayers and my pleadings for Norman have been filled with anguish. Finally I surrendered and signed the papers so he could enlist in the Air Force. He is still 17. I took him to catch the midnight bus in St. George night before last. As we rode, we talked of standards. I wanted him to carry with him the culmination of a life time of teachings. His bus pulled in at the Big Hand Cafe just five minutes after we arrived. He kissed me goodbye, and I watched as he climbed aboard and sat down, then I drove away.

At Middleton the bus passed me up. For a few miles I followed, my lights shining on its rear as it carried my son away from home, closing the chapter of his childhood. How I have worried over him, and loved him. Our long talks together have been precious. He's been the guy to man the furnace and get breakfast while I did other necessary chores before going to the office. Seeing the bus take him away from me was too much. The night was dark, and I was alone. No one would hear or see me cry. The road shimmered through my tears, as I gripped the steering wheel, crying harder and harder. As the tears streamed down my face, it seemed there should be a hand to slip mine into. I slid one hand onto the empty seat, but no hand reached for mine. I was alone. But wait! Was I <u>really</u> alone? I prayed. I've never prayed harder--asking our Father in Heaven to take special care of the vanishing bus and my boy, and to help him to come home whole and clean.

As I passed through Washington, there was a boy thumbing a ride. He was the same size as Norman. Brushing away my tears I stopped, and he ran, opening my car door.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"To Cedar City," he replied.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I turn off at the Y."

"I'd better stay here," he said.

I really wanted to pick him up. Who else would take him out of the cold at 1:00 a.m? If he had been going my way he could have slept in Norman's bed.

29 January. We got our first letter from Norman today. He is stationed at Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas. He writes:

"It's quite a coincident how I found the LDS branch here. This morning the commander had all the men fall out and go to the portestant services. After the opening song the chaplin stepped up and offered the opening prayer. The minute he started, I knew he was a mormon, and immediately after the meeting I visited with him. He is son of the Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson. Talking to him sure gave me a lift. I sure needed it too. His name is Reed.

Tomorrow starts the third week since I left home and I haven't received one letter from anyone yet. I wonder why. I have written so many letters."

Terry has been in the St. George hospital for a few days. He was too sick to enjoy all of the attention he got at first--earache, sore lungs and shots. But the second day began to look pretty nice, and from there on those bed tables that roll up to any position, with the mirrors underneath, and hidden trays and mysterious compartments, what with moulding clay, toys and cheerful nurses, made him feel like a monarch. Now that he's home he gets treated ordinary. He even has to wipe dishes, and he wonders if he came home too soon.

We have a motionless pile of fur at the back door, but it isn't a rug. It's cats. Everyone gives my kids cats. They're real soft to step on when you go out, but it makes you feel a little unsteady. They are silently waiting, yearning for a few scraps to be tossed into their midst. Then they spring to life, snatching and growling. I'm always trying to give them to the neighbor kids, but the trouble is, they've got parents.

Our canal has been pushed out of existence with a bulldozer--trees and all. They've stripped the trees for firewood and hauled us two big loads. Edward Gubler brought them in the dump truck. It looks mighty good to me. The kids are having fun building with the wood. LaVerkin is going to have a new cemented canal.

February 13. Lolene awoke and stretched. "Oh my! I had the best dream. I dreamed I climbed a tree and all of the limbs were made of chocolate. I filled my lap with them and when I looked down, the ditch was full of pink and yellow and green lemon drops. There was a kid just going to step on them and I hollered 'don't' and then I woke up."

A few mornings back, Terry came up from his room. "Man! You otta seen what I dreamed Mother. I saw a car come down the hill and it wrecked and splattered all over. It was blue and it just splattered." As each of the kids came up, he'd say, "Man, you otta seen what I dreamed," then he'd repeat his dream. When Bishop Wayne Wilson stopped by, Terry said, "Man you otta seen what I dreamed." The bishop listened, then he related to Terry his own funny dream about flying like a bird.

March 16. The newspaper belatedly carried a story about my children. It began, "Alice Gubler's boys were burned when they attempted to start a fire with kerosene." The item concluded that, "they didn't think the boys would recommend starting a fire that way." How trite. When folks inquire about the incident, they invariably remark, "I guess they learned their lesson." I think that kind of interest is impoverished. The whole thing was an accident--the result of a home without parents. How can I warn my children of all of the things they're going to do that are dangerous? I cannot know what they will think of next. It would be silly for me to say, "Don't roll tires off the roof," (which they've been known to do) or "Don't fall out of the top of a tree--or don't fall off a ledge and break your arm--or don 't climb a power pole and electrocute yourself." (Norman hung from a power line by the ball park while frozen onlookers watched for the electrocution, but there wasn't a complete circuit.) I can't say, "don't blow the fuses while I'm gone, and don't walk the rails of the bridge across the river." (The boys report their breathtaking exploits, doing just that.) I can chastise them after the deed is done, and counsel them, and try to make them safety minded, to plead with them that they not take foolish chances, but to suggest what <u>not</u> to do, would only plant ideas in their heads. Goodness! All of this soliloquy because of the mundane, unimaginative, lacking-in-understanding statement, "I guess they have learned their lesson."

And now for the kerosene episode, which happened on February 27th. I'm very prejudiced against a cold house. My kids have <u>never</u> been cold. Even if the inside temperature was zero, and I asked the boys to make a fire, they'd reply, "It isn't cold." They love fires, but they prefer them out in the yard or down in the tunnel in the garden that they call their underground house. The smoke looks mysterious curling out of a pipe sticking up through the plowed ground. They're always making fires, but not in the furnace. What's more, they don't like to carry coal. Sometimes I have to say, "No fire, no supper." That gets action.

The kerosene incident happened on a bleak Saturday when I had to go to the office. It was one of those dampish cold days that makes you wish spring was more sincere. Mud--cold house--kids full of promises about the things they'll accomplish while you're away. Then the world is all at once interesting and unsupervised, and promises are postponed. After the boys whittle so many little cars, or the gang plays a game of Monopoly there will be time enough to do the things Mother said to do. But time skips a couple of hours here and there, especially during the Monopoly game. And suddenly the accusing hands on the clock remind them that Mother will soon be locking the office door and coming home. Now what was it she said? Oh yes. Have a warm, clean house. Whoops! Somebody let the fire go clear out! My! Mother will scold! Not much time left either. How can we speed things up? Ah, DeMar has the answer. Kerosene. Put fresh coal on the hot ashes. There. Now kerosene. Wow! The smoldering heat has a lot of vitality. More than DeMar expected. Black smoke billows around and around inside the yawning furnace. The kids gather to watch. It begins to behave like a monster that could get out of hand. What to do? If the furnace is shut it might blow the house up.

"I'd better strike a match to it," DeMar said.

Shirley was afraid. She coaxed him not to, but somebody <u>had</u> to do something. Terry, Lolene and Shirley decided to clear out. DeMar struck a match and threw it in. There was a boom that shook the house. Flames

enveloped DeMar and Gordon. Gordon was standing well back from the furnace, but the flames took off his eyelashes and the top layer of hair. DeMar's arm that threw the match was seared, also his neck, face and head. They saw only the flash but didn't feel the flames at first. "Boy, oh boy," they laughed, running upstairs. And then the burns began to pain. They cried and writhed. The clock said Mother should be coming. But time passed, dragging painfully now. No Mother. One hour. Why doesn't she come? Shirley was desperate. Someone had to do something. She sent Terry to the store for some "Kip." She plastered both boys good, and the pain subsided.

Two hours later I opened the kitchen door. There they were--my five bewildered little kids. DeMar's and Gordon's faces were swollen, and purplish red under the greasy streaks of Kip. DeMar's puffy ears stood out like Mickey Mouse's. Excitedly they told me the story and my heart hurt with a yearning for my little people. I had no need to say anything--only to help them.

The concussion had blown ashes from the fireplace across the living room, and yet there's no connection between the fireplace and the furnace flue. DeMar's face was so bad he missed a couple of weeks of school.

March 27. Maurice Judd, the family sweetheart, the one all of us courted for our sister Mildred, was killed last Sunday, March 21st, as he and Arden and Arcola went out on the mountain to tow in a car. Strange incidents connected with the accident make it appear that this was no happenstance, but rather that he was called. I stayed with Mildred for a few days. How deeply I do appreciate the gospel of Jesus Christ. The peace of understanding helps ease the hurt.

April 2. Lolene pulled one of her baby teeth the other day. I noticed the blank space in her mouth, but was so busy making a ballet costume for Shirley I didn't give it much thought. Yesterday morning she climbed out of bed and hustled up into the attic. Pretty soon she came down with a glass of water. In the bottom lay her little tooth.

"Look," she said disgustedly. "Do you believe in fairies?"

"Sure," I replied.

"Then why didn't this tooth turn into money?"

I had no idea she had put it in the attic. "Maybe it takes time," I answered.

She returned the glass to the attic. In my hustle to get to the office, I forgot the tooth.

This morning she scampered to the attic. "Just look," she said out of patience, displaying the tooth in the glass.

"Doesn't it take quite a few days?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, taking it back.

Again I forgot. This evening as I was ironing, I saw an empty glass in the laundry room. "DeMar, take that glass in the kitchen for Shirley to wash," I said.

"I found it in the attic with water in it," DeMar said.

"Oh!" I clapped my hand over my mouth.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Sh!" I whispered, hurrying into my room.

He followed. "What you doing?"

"Sh!" I looked in my purse. No money. In all the vases. Empty. Through my chest of drawers. Finally, I found one little tarnished dime. Dropping it into the glass, I then filled it with water. "Here, DeMar take it back quick," I said.

Terry had been following us, curious and amused. "Oh," he said, "Lolene put her tooth up here didn't she?"

"Now don't say anything," I whispered.

He and DeMar sauntered into the kitchen where Lolene was wiping dishes for Shirley.

"Hey, Terry," DeMar said, "Do you remember when we used to put a tooth in a glass of water, and the fairies turned it into money?"

"Oh yeah," Lolene spoke up, "they don't."

"How do you know?"

"I tried it. I got a tooth up in the attic now."

"It takes a long time,"DeMar said.

"Well, I only look at mine in the mornings."

"But night is the best time."

Unconcerned, she went on wiping dishes. They kept coloring up stories about their luck with fairies. Finally, she climbed down from her chair, and put down her dish towel. She came in where I was ironing, and everybody tagged.

"Night is the best time to look," DeMar kept saying.

"Oh well," she said, "I'm not going to anyway. The attic is dark."

"I'll turn on the lights," Shirley volunteered, running up the steps.

Lolene followed, returning with the glass with the dime in it.

"Just look," DeMar said, "the dime was made the year you were born."

Her eyes danced. There followed a lively discussion of fairies. After the kids had all gone to bed, she snuggled up to me and whispered, "Mother, I don't really believe in fairies. I just made believe I did, because they all liked me to."

May 28. The swimming hole above Sheep Bridge at the Virgin narrows is the current rage. Pickups and jalopies loaded with boys make their daily pilgrimage there. I am given to worry. I can vision whirlpools of water pulling little boys under, and all kinds of nightmarish things. So my boys decided there was wisdom in getting me to the swimming hole to see.

"I'm too busy to go," I said.

"If we do all of the work will you go?"

"You never could get enough work done to get me to go," I replied.

Well, they decided to try. When I came home from the office night before last I was overwhelmed. DeMar was blistered and sunburned from

planting corn, and the other youngsters were grubby and sweaty from giving the house a total scrubbing and raking the yards. Speechless, I walked to my room and my troops followed, waiting expectantly.

"All right, all right," I laughed, "let's go swimming."

There was a happy scurry from my room. With the scissors, I whacked the legs off from my old green slacks, and ripped the long sleeves out of an old flowered blouse. Presto! A fine swim suit.

And that swimming hole! How could I ever have missed it? Sand dunes rippled from the ledges and rocks along the river, back to the green brush beyond. The river bottom was caressingly soft beneath the warm water.

"You'd better let me go ahead, Mother," DeMar suggested as we got out of the car. Running before us he shouted, "Women and girls are coming."

A scurry of nude bodies scrambled for the brush. I felt a little cruel to end their fun, but then boys really don't have to go naked.

The sand was warm and good to roll in when we got out to dry off, and there was plenty of driftwood to roast wieners with. I thanked my youngsters for insisting that I go to the swimming hole.

September 15. Norman came home on a furlough the last of August. I had worked like a Trojan painting and papering his room. I was Kemtoning the hall by the bathroom when he walked in. We were all in a rush getting ready for him. He came a day early and caught us in the upheaval. He looked polished and sharp! What a difference these months with Uncle Sam has made in him.

Norman arrived in time for the County Fair, and to see the excitement of DeMar getting his calf in the calf scramble. DeMar named the calf "Wild Bill." He's the wildest little critter that ever came off the range. Allie Stout delivered him in his truck. He sent me and the little ones into the house while he unloaded him. The calf shot like a bullet out of the back of the truck, leading the boys on a mad chase down the back lane, before he was finally penned in the pasture.

October 5. Wild Bill is undoubtedly going to be the star of the livestock show at Cedar a year from now. His formula is as fussy as a baby's. Bill weighed 350 pounds when DeMar got him. DeMar already had a heifer calf, Gazelle, but she lost importance when Bill arrived. She was put out to graze in Donkey Hollow, because we couldn't afford formula for two calves.

Donkey Hollow is pretty. The rabbit brush is bright with golden plumes, and bevies of quail run there. The male quail wears the brightest feathers, but it's his little lady that wears the topknot. I like that.

My boys have burrowed under for the winter. At nights when I come home, I can't see a boy nor hear a sound. I find Lolene cutting paper dolls on my bed, not saying a word, but making an awful litter. Shirley is in the laundry room making her hundredth doll dress and doll bonnet on the sewing machine. But the boys! The only evidence that I even have a boy is the red clay that has to be cleaned out of the house daily. If I wanted a boy, I could call from the back door all day and they'd never hear me. I have to go to a big gopher hole by the bamboo clump and throw my voice down it. Usually, I'm aggrevated by this time, and I say, "I'm standing right here until you come out, so hurry." One by one, snake fashion, they slither out--three of mine, and six of somebody else's--a whole string of

them with red dirt in their hair and all over their overalls. This is a deluxe underground house with four apartments in it, two fireplaces, and little recesses for candles. They've dug enough under there to lay a pipeline to the street. If I had asked them to dig that much they would have felt burdened. When they coax me down under, I shiver at the thoughts of all of the little worm eyes that are staring at me from out of the walls.

Shirley is at the height of her boy hating stage. She hates the ones that ask her to dance twice in a row, because DeMar teases her until she cries. Pickle (Dilworth Griffith, or Dill) came in the kitchen as the family sat down to supper Friday night. As he stood in the doorway, he turned to me and asked, "Is Shirley here?" She was sitting all of 16 inches from him.

"Yes, she's here," I answered.

"Do you think she'd like to go to the show with a bunch of us?" His face flushed red underneath the deep tan. It had taken all the courage he could muster to ask for a date in front of a tribe of kids who were smothering their giggles. Shirley was giggling under her breath as she kept her face turned to mine.

"Do you want to go to the show Shirley?" I asked.

"Yes, I'd like to see a show," she answered.

"Well, he's asking you."

The "bunch" included four of the girls in Shirley's crowd, and the boys were DeMar's age--Cookie, Pickle, Hazard and Wes. They had squeezed inside the door behind Pickle to fortify him. They didn't walk when they left, but ran. After the show they ran back to the house. At the door Shirley remembered to shout, "Thanks." I enjoy the way Shirley hates boys.

Election time approaches, and again we are on the campaign trail. Gail Thomas is my opponent. She is a pretty and very much liked young widow.

The Republican candidates went out as a group together. When we knocked on Max McMullin's door in Leeds, he stepped out onto the porch with a cordial grin and shook our hands.

"Yes, I'll vote for you," he said, "I'll vote for everyone of you. That's what I told the Democrats when they came here yesterday too. I always vote for everyone on the ballot. Some I votes to come, and some I votes to go."

November 3. Election day is over, and I was voted in for a second term. The office hums today with the activity of a tax run, and people who are congratulating me on the privilege of taking their money for the next four years. I am reminded of a man who came into our office on election day two years ago.

"I'd better pay my taxes while I've got the money," he said. "If Ike Eisenhower goes in, all the banks will be closed, and there will be soldiers marching down the streets a week from today."

"What in the world makes you think that?" I asked.

Sober faced he pointed to the calendar. The following Tuesday was Armistice Day, and sure enough, there would be a parade of heavy artillery and veteran soldiers down the streets of St. George.

November 5. Yesterday Israel Wade came to work with sore eyes. He looked real miserable and I felt sorry for him.

"Why don't you wash your eyes with boric acid water?" I asked. "It always makes mine feel better."

"How do you fix it?" he asked.

I told him how and this morning he came to work peering out of little slits. His eyelids are as swollen as if a bee had stung each eye. He looks like a frog.

"Israel!" I exclaimed.

"I did what you told me to," he said, sadly shaking his head.

Great Scott! I had no idea anyone could be allergic to boric acid. I'll never dare prescribe again.

November 11. My little grandson Darwin has a baby brother born yesterday. I'm twice a grandma!

CHAPTER 44
The Mesa
(1955)

January 19. Usually, when I go to the bank, I walk south along a residential block that faces the east. I enjoy the yards and gardens. On the corner, violets carpet the entire lot, surrounding a quaint pioneer home where a little old lady lives. I enjoy her cheery "Hello." Today, for a change, I walked around the business side of the block. Next to a shoe cobbler's shop is some kind of a men's club. I don't know whether it's billiards or beer. Anyhow, as I passed the entrance, Gus (not his real name) came out and fell in step with me.

"Well, hello," I said. I've known Gus all my life. He used to drop in for an occasional game of checkers with my dad.

"When are you going fishing with me?" he asked.

"I can't fish. I've never even touched a worm."

"You wouldn't have to. I'd bait your hook for you. I'd even put the fish on the hook."

"Then how would I ever get the wiggly things off?"

"I'd take the fish off your hook too." His dark eyes snapped, and a wide grin wrinkled his swarthy face. "I had a vision last night," he said. "In the vision I was shown that you were to be my wife."

"Hmmm," I mused. "Isn't that a coincidence? I had a vision too."

"You did? Was it about me?"

"Sure enough. I had a vision that you were going to have a vision, and I was warned <u>not</u> to become your wife."

Gus came to a halt, and I hurried into the bank.

February 19. I took my children to St. George today to shop for shoes. Some crazy thing happened to the car on the way home. Every time I turned the wheel the horn honked. It honked intermittently all the way to Hurricane, and then it honked continuously through town.

Terry said, "Don't worry about it mother. We'll all wave like we're glad to see everyone."

When we passed Hurricane Motors, the usual lineup of loafers had collected, including Gus. My children waved jubilently, and my face burned.

February 21. The hills swarm with prospectors carrying Geiger counters, and the courthouse crawls with men filing mining claims. The uranium rush is on.

Gus burst into my office this morning and slapped a paper in front of me. "I need your signature on this line quick," he said.

"Why that line says 'spouse'," I replied.

"That's right. I've got a man waiting to buy my claim. A wife's signature is worth $20,000 to me today. Come on, be a pal and sign."

"But Gus, that wouldn't be honest. You don't even have a wife."

"But I could have if you'd cooperate. Please!"

"Sorry Gus. You'd better find somebody else."

Picking up his paper he sadly said, "Woman, you've just cost me $20,000."

March 25. DeMar and Larry Sanders are bachelors. DeMar told me so last night. He and Larry are good friends. DeMar likes to go out on the desert with Larry for hay.

July 1. Today is a new beginning. Here I am, sitting on top of the world. I came to work this morning in Perry Asay's pickup, climbing the six miles of dugway that is called the "Coleman Road."

Two years ago I read in the Deseret News that the Air Force had selected the lower Smith's Mesa as a test site, where faster than sound flight equipment would be tested. This announcement sent an electric charge through me.

When my brother Wayne was home on a visit I said, "I'm going to be the first woman on that test base."

"And I'll transfer from Hill Field and live at home," Wayne said. "I'll work in the electronics department. I'll furnish your transportation, and you can pack my lunch."

I wrote to Wright Patterson AFB at Dayton, Ohio, sending them my resume. I was thunderstruck when an air force man walked into my office one day for a visit. My letter had interested them.

"Coleman Engineering Company of Culver City, California has the contract to build the test base on the Mesa," the man informed me. "We will refer you to them."

A year later, in September, Coleman began construction on the Mesa road, and on a pipeline carrying water to the top of the hill from the Virgin River, and laying a two-and-one-half mile, continuous heavy duty

rail track. Coleman committed themselves to the U.S. Air Force to run the first rocket down the track on July 8, 1955, an audacious thing to do, since an entire test base had to be built and only nine months to go. I have been introduced to my desk and typewriter, and that is all. While I wait for my orientation, I have a moment to reminisce.

One noteworthy item: Project SMART (Supersonic Military Air Research Track) is located on the Hurricane Mesa. Owen Sanders, who is a booster for our area, did the legal work to get Hurricane on the map by having the name of Lower Smith's Mesa changed to the Hurricane Mesa.

In May, Frank Goff of Los Angeles came to the courthouse to interview me, and offered me $1,000 a year increase in salary if I would change jobs. After my rash statement that I was going to be the first woman on the test base, now the issue stared me in the face. What in the world had I ever been thinking of?

I loved my courthouse family. I had only served six months of my new four-year term. (At least I would have by 1 July). I thought of my meditation time as I drove to and from the courthouse each day--how I had prayed my old car over the road. Only once in four years did I have a flat tire on the highway. And then, a man from Missouri came along and changed it for me. I have traveled on tires so thin that they were almost transparent, but they always got me there. My first flat was right in front of Ashby and McQuaid's garage, and three different times my tires held up until I stopped at the courthouse opposite Snow's service station. I was well taken care of.

Driving alone has given me time for voice lessons. Brother Manning had given me three lessons, and as I drove along I practiced. I'd never have dared do that where anyone could hear me. Sometimes I memorized parts in plays, readings, the beatitudes, and the Articles of Faith. Sometimes I just felt happy because the hills and the highway were beautiful, and sometimes I wept and simply talked to the Heavenly Father. If I changed jobs, I would become part of a car pool. No longer would I be able to furnish taxi service to neighbors and friends who wanted to shop in St. George.

To change or not to change! The decision was up to me. "President Graff, I need counseling," I telephoned.

He listened to my story, then said, "Alice, your job at the courthouse is secure for the rest of your life if you want it. This test base may be a fly-by-night thing, and you could find yourself unemployed. You'd better stay where you are." Then as an afterthought he asked, "By the way, have you talked to your bishop?"

"No," I admitted.

"He is the proper channel for you to go through. Talk to him and follow his counsel. If you have a question, you can call me."

I went to see Bishop Wayne Wilson. After hearing me out, he said, "Let me pray about it. I'll call you in the morning." Early the next morning he phoned, "Alice, take the new job. You'll be glad you did."

On the last of May I gave the commissioners a 30 day notice. Beulah Sammon was appointed to take over the treasurer's duties the first of July.

Merrill Stucki sadly shook his head. "If you leave an unexpired term, you will be washed up politically. You'll never successfully run for office again."

Politics were in my blood, and that gave me a feeling of sadness, but on the last day of June I bid the gang goodbye. And here I am, the only woman on top of the hill. The administration building is still being built around me. Before me is a teletype machine and the switchboard. I am breathless, excited, and ready to buckle down to work.

July 7. How my life has changed. Technicians buzzing by say, "This is a mad house." The intercom is blatting. Men out on the track are making a preliminary drill for the firing in the morning at nine. The personnel from Los Angeles are here, also one man from Wright Patterson. I've typed the forms that show each technician just where he'll be, and what he'll be doing from this point on until the firing.

July 8. Day's end. The rocket was fired at 10:00 a.m. Telemeter trouble held the show up for an hour. After these many months of preparation, the test was over with in a flash. From a choice viewpoint, I watched along with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Coleman, their son, and his friend Peter. Three rockets were strapped to the sled, each weighing 85 pounds. In the igloo are rockets weighing 5,000 pounds. The firing lasted one second. The sled took off at something over 500 m.p.h. and stopped before it reached the end of the track, as planned. There was to be no ejection. The purpose of this test was to check the track, because the rails had to be within 10/1,000th of an inch of "a predetermined position at the fixed alignment points." Just imagine! 12,000 feet of two continuous rails anchored to concrete, stretched out on the flat top of the mesa in such a fine, straight line! Alignment had to be done at night to avoid errors that might result from the bending of light and heat waves. Because of the possibility of the thing blowing up, Dr. McIntire and Uarda Knight, the county nurse, were on the base.

After the test was over, the engineers and technicians congregated in Claude Brosterhous's office. (Claude is the base administrator). They tilted back in their swivel chairs, and with their coffee cups before them, they laughed in exultation. A boisterous brag session was in progress.

Claude had been trained for the Catholic ministry, but gave it up to get married. The training, however, showed, because he was kind and fair in his judgment, but this wasn't the case with some of the others. Loudly their voices boomed out into the hall.

"If it hadn't been for these damned Mormons, we never could have done it," someone said.

"I've never seen men who could buckle down like they did to build the road," said another.

"There's nothing like the way they bent their backs to stretch those rails," added another.

"Getting the water on top of the hill wouldn't have been accomplished in so short a time if it hadn't been for these local yokels," said the first.

Coleman men had cracked the whip, and Mormon dirt farmers had knuckled under. Even though they thought our people were very queer, there was a degree of respect in their remarks.

July 11. After school closed in the spring, DeMar went to LasVegas to work for Chance. A letter from him follows:

"Hi Mother. How did the rocket go over? Very big hu! I hope the thing was a success and I hope your job is a success and brings you lots of happiness.

I don't know for sure when I will be home but I hope it is soon because I git tired of looking at this bleak gray desert, and I would like very much to see the green valley of LaVerkin again soon.

I just remembered something very important. If Shirley, Lolene or anybody has any reports that kids played with my 32 rifle I would like you to hide it in your room some place, but if you do, make sure that it is like it is now with a rag in the end of the barrel so dirt and spiders won't git in and also make sure that it don't git put in the basement or it will rust. Leave it up stairs someplace. Leave the bullets with it in the box it is in but if they don't bother it leave it where it is. It will be alright in the attic under that pile of army quilts. I don't think Gordon or Terry know where it is. I hope not but I was worried for fear they would look for it. But if they don't find it it will be all right. Goodbye for now, DeMar. P.S. If they don't bother it it will be all right but if they do either hide it in your room in the box it is in or give them strict instructions to leave it alone because I am afraid they will be showing of and let Phil or some of those kids play with it and break it but remember if it dont git bothered you can leave it where it is. Well right soon and tell me all the goings on and the results of the rocket and please tell me if Gordon and the kids all promise to leave my rifle alone and please git their promises in their hand wrighting to leave it alone and send them to me so I can rest because if they dont I will be responsible for any accident but if you can git their promise you can leave the gun there. Well good by wright as soon as you can. Good by for now your son DeMar. "

August 1. Well, well, what prophets we were, Wayne and I. Already he is furnishing my transportation, and I am packing his lunch. Soon after I came to work on the mesa, Claude came to me, Wayne's application in his hand.

"Alice, do you know this fellow?" he asked.

"Sure. That's my brother."

"Can you get him on the phone for us? We've been looking at his experience in electronics, and we're hurting for his help."

I called Wayne at Hill Field, and already he has transferred to this base. What an ideal setup.

October 14. There's a difference between a father and a mother. A simple fact. When DeMar went to LasVegas last spring, the family took over the feeding and training of Wild Bill.

DeMar's ag teacher, Pres. Graff, dropped by a time or two and lamented, "That boy ought to be home taking care of his ag project."

I didn't know boys couldn't go off to work because they had a calf. I was glad for DeMar to have an income instead of me being the only provider. Ah, I could see the glowing vision of it all. Wild Bill should not be neglected. The children and I would rise to great heights. We

would make Wild Bill our family project, and show Pres. Graff that DeMar had as fine a support as any of the boys he eulogized at the annual FFA banquets. At these banquets, Pres. Graff always honored some wonderful, magnificent fathers who had taken such active interest in their son's projects. Well, DeMar's dad wasn't here, but his sisters, brothers and mother were. And so we took turns feeding, combing and brushing Wild Bill. We carroted and appled him, put our arms around his neck and patted and gooed at him, and to get him used to being led, we took him for walks up and down the road. A number of times I strolled with him by myself around the square. Bill became the family pet.

Word got back to the FFA teacher that "poor Alice" had to take care of lazy DeMar's fat steer. When school started, DeMar returned and took over the responsibility, but his credit was docked, and no one cited his wonderful mother at a banquet. What a pity. It would have been such a fine time to award a calf-strolling certificate.

To top it off, Bill was so far down the line at the auction in Cedar that the high bidding was over. Beautiful as he was, he scarcely brought enough to pay for his feed.

Still--there was a pride in having honestly tried.

December 1. Working on a test base is fascinating. Of all the office equipment that I have ever worked with, I love the teletype the most. Learning to read and correct tapes before I let them race over the wires is as much fun as learning a new language. Conference hookups, as I send test results to as high as five stations across the U.S. and Canada simultaneously, intrigue me. But to me the real ice cream on the pie is to be permitted to do guide service--to take sightseers out on the base and to try to explain the purpose of the facility.

The blockhouse is the nerve center of the operation. It is underneath a mound of earth at the north end of the track. Inside are the panels of instruments--the electronic brains, and the switch that fires the rockets. I don't try to look too intelligent here. The main thing I'm impressed with is how much I do not know.

I enjoy taking people out on the track, and if they're smog eaters from California, hearing them exclaim over our blue, blue sky, and the white hunks of clouds and the mountains. I'm seeing our area for the first time, through the eyes of strangers. Never before have I known how beautiful it really is.

I like climbing the camera towers and seeing people get squeamish before they reach the top, but I hold in reserve the biggest surprise of all. This is the camera revetment in the face of the ledge at the south end of the track. I lead my guests down a gravel ramp, open a door, and take them inside the dugout. Here I explain the big tracking cameras, and then--I unlatch the steel Venetian blind. It rumbles up, and we are standing in a window, with the world gouged out below us like the Grand Canyon.

One air force pilot walked unsuspectingly with me to help raise the iron curtain. When he found himself suddenly standing in the brilliant sunlight with nothing but the crisp air in front of him, he let out a terrified whoop, and fell against the back wall of the revetment. Then crawling, he grabbed the hem of my skirt.

"Get away from that window," he yelled pulling me back. "You're going to kill yourself."

Certainly I had expected no such reaction. "Hey, look you're a pilot. How can you be afraid of heights?"

"Oh, but that's different," he tried to explain. "When you're up in the middle of the sky with the world all around you, you have a true sense of balance, and a secure feeling. But this!" He groped to his feet, keeping well back. "Here, you are on the edge of a precipice. Let's get out of here."

I enjoyed showing people Hurricane Sam, the anthromorphic dummy with his brains in his chest. He's supposed to be almost human. He's hard and unfeeling, I'd say.

CHAPTER 45

Goodbye for now, Papa

(1956)

February 6. Following is a letter from Gordon to Norman:

"Dear Norman, the last three days it's been below freezing here. The first night we turned the hose on the sword bush and froze about 200 pounds of ice and we've only made one batch of ice cream so far. The blackbirds are coming back and right now they are singing in the pecan trees. The Easter lilies were starting to bloom and they all froze.

I don't know whether you know it or not, but we sold the goats to Arch Bringhurst down on the creek. Terry is the one who sold them. He phoned them and said, "I want all I can get out of them." He sold them for $5.00. Well, I had better close for now. Write real soon. Your brother, Gordon Gubler."

Marilyn and Chance gave us the goats when they were just old enough to be weaned. They were as cute as any little Toggenburg that ever ate up an oriental poppy bed. They ate all my flowers into the ground, and trimmed the arborvitae tree as high as their tongues could reach and their necks could stretch as they stood erect on their slender hind legs. They were loveable too. Whenever we sat in the lawn chairs, those goats scrambled into our laps. Wherever the children played, they played.

One Saturday as the children played on the ditch bank down the lane, I called from the kitchen door, "Hey you kids, come and get your dinner."

Both little goats streaked up through the lot, upon the porch and to the door, their faces eagerly upturned to mine, their little tails wagging. Oh would that <u>all</u> little kids were as swift to obey.

Practically every boy in town fell in love with the goats. Each one in turn asked, "Will you sell them to me?"

"Sure," I'd answer.

"For how much?"

"Ten cents each."

"I'll run home and get the money," was the usual reply.

"Here," I'd say, "let me put this little rope on their necks and you can take them with you."

With a merry heart I'd watch the proud new owner leading the frisky Toggenburgs across the square. Within half an hour the trio was back with the explanation, "Our daddy and mama won't let us have them." Thus ended each transaction.

Still, the goats created a lot of happiness. I was happy watching them go. Each little boy was happy as he led them home, and their parents were especially happy to send them back. Terry was happy when be became sole owner, and could hardly believe his good fortune when Arch gave him $5.00 for the pair. The goats are exquisitely happy living along the creek.

February 10. My father passed away last night. He was in his 82nd year. Twenty-five of those years have been spent in a wheelchair. But druing all that time I don't recall his spending a single day in bed. He has been blessed with good health, and with a keen interest in everything around him. He longed for the day when he could walk again, and now that day has come. Now he is free.

The interesting thing is that he was doing something he really enjoyed at the time of his passing. He was playing Chinese checkers with Aunt Mary Stout and Mama. Aunt Mary said she felt impressed to spend the evening with Papa and Mama, so Papa challenged her to a game. When they were almost through, he was hit with a pain in his chest, and beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"You'd better lie down George," Aunt Mary said.

"Oh no," he replied. "We're going to finish the game."

After the game was finished, Aunt Mary and Mama helped him to bed. He looked up at Aunt Mary and said, "Mary, don't leave Annie until I'm better." Then he was gone. He had played his final game, and won.

March 1. Moroni Sanders resigned as mayor of LaVerkin, to take effect on Janury 1, 1956. He's the mayor who objected to my getting the road opened past our house in 1947. This road became a main outlet during the turkey boom. He's the mayor who almost had a spasm six years ago when Rosemary Church and I were elected to the town board. He didn't want women on his board. He's the mayor who became one of my best rooters when the going got tough. He cheered me on and helped me to take life in stride, to realize that nothing was so serious but what things would work out. Because of him I stayed on as city clerk all through my courthouse years, and through the change over to the test base. We had an agreement that I would be the city clerk as long as he was the mayor.

Moroni and Millie no longer live in LaVerkin, but have moved to Paige's ranch near Cedar City. Perry Asay, Clyde DeMille, Lester Cox, and Elwin Slack were the board members who met with us each month. Perry and Elwin did not run in the last election. They were replaced by Thell and Horatio Gubler on January 1st, and Jack Eves was appointed mayor to fill in Moroni's two years unexpired term. And now the new board has accepted my resignation. Today I turned over the town desk, the two-drawer file, the books, and the entire town board to Ruby Webb. She is the new city clerk.

For six years, water tax payers have worn a path to our door, and once a month town board meetings have been held in our living room. Oh sigh of relief, and sounds of rejoicing! My family won't be interrupted anymore at our evening meals with town business. But I will say this, that I got a lot of socks darned as I sat under the glow of the floor lamp listening to the dog-catcher's yarns when he brought in the license money. Many's the time he sat on his heels telling me his tales past the midnight hour, while I yawned, and darned, and wished I could go to bed.

March 15. Sometime ago DeMar handed me a copy of the Bachelor's Union Constitution, written in his rough scrawl.

"Mother, me'an Larry have drawn up this set of laws for our Bachelor's Union. Will you type up enough copies for all of the guys that belong to it?"

The document entertained me so much, that I coaxed DeMar to let me send a copy to Dan Valentine. He published it in his "Nothing Serious" column in the Deseret News, so now the LaVerkin Bachelor's Union is famous. This is how the constitution reads:

"We, the bachelor boys of LaVerkin, Utah, in order to keep our souls free from girls have drawn up this constitution of the Bachelor's Union to make it so we can only have twelve dates a year, and in dances we cannot make out. We have to go home alone, or at least we cannot take a girl home. If you are caught doing these things the fine will start at 10¢ and it will double every time you're caught. We will have a meeting every Sunday afternoon when meeting has let out. We will allow you to sit with girls in church or elsewhere, but you cannot do it too much and you cannot make out while doing it. The fine money will be used for parties when we have collected enough. Amen.

Sign here: DeMar Gubler, Bruce Church, Larry Sanders, Union leaders. Members: 9."

The old bachlors belonging to this union are ages 14, 15 and 16.

April 3. On the last day of March, in the last hour of the day, Marilyn's little daughter Susan was born. She is beautiful, oh so beautiful, with her dark blue eyes and dark silken hair. Her little brothers, Darwin and Edwin are as pleased as we all are.

April 6, 1956. One of the toughest things about being a working mother is having to leave sick children home alone. Gordon was on sulfa for five weeks this past winter because of an ear infection. I stayed with him as much as the company would allow, but still he was alone most of the time. He read books, wrote to Norman, and kept a diary of the ants, sitting by their nest south of the house counting how many ants went in and out during one hour.

When Bill and Joyce came to Papa's funeral, Bill said, "Alice, why don't you let me take Gordon home with us? We have a good ear specialist in Brawley." So I let him go.

The Brawley doctor said, "He doesn't have any infection, but he doesn't have any red corpuscles either," so he put him on iron.

After six weeks, Wayne and Mama took a trip to California and brought Gordon home. Like sparrows we clustered around Wayne's car

when he stopped in our driveway. Gordon's pale face alarmed me. When we greeted him he grinned but didn't speak.

Wayne said, "I don't believe he can hear you. He seems to be deaf."

"I'll find out if he is," DeMar said walking around behind him. "Gordon, we gave your 22 away while you were gone."

Gordon said nothing.

Raising his voice DeMar repeated, "Gordon, I gave your 22 away."

With a weak smile, Gordon silently walked past us and into the house, where he sat down in a big chair. I sat on the arm beside him. Sadly he he looked into my face. "Mother, I can't hear, except when I see your lips."

Hiding my emotions, I hugged him. "Well, we're going to do something about this. I'll be right back."

Racing across the square to Horatio's house, I prayed and pleaded with the Heavenly Father. My heart was sick.

"Horatio, please come and give Gordon a blessing," I said. "He has just returned from California, and he is deaf."

"How would you like an apostle to give him a blessing?" Horatio asked. "Joseph Fielding Smith is here for conference and I can make the arrangements."

"Oh, will you please?" I asked anxiously.

Running back to our house, I grabbed Gordon by the shoulders and said, "Guess what!"

"An apostle is going to give me a blessing," he replied.

"How did you know?" I asked in surprise.

"All the way home from Brawley I kept thinking I would go home, and an apostle would give me a blessing and then I could hear again."

A tingling sensation raced through me. This was Saturday. At noon Sunday, Joseph Fielding Smith gave Gordon a blessing.

"Did you hear any of the blessing?" I asked as we left the church house.

"Yes. I heard Brother Smith say that my ears would be opened to hear the word of the Lord," Gordon replied.

His hearing returned gradually. By Wednesday it was completely normal. How glorious and wonderful the power of the priesthood is!

June 1. DeMar has been good about not taking the car without permission. Tonight when I got home the car was gone and all of the kids were accounted for but him. I was worried. Finally, DeMar came trudging up the lane, hot, dusty and tired.

"Mother," he greeted, "I knew you would be worried. I didn't mean to be gone when you came home from work. I tried to get you on the phone this morning, but your line stayed busy. Some of the guys wanted to go rabbit hunting and we planned on being back before 3:00 o'clock."

"Where is the car?" I asked.

"About 14 miles out, on the Arizona strip. I lost the keys when we were hunting, so I had to come home for the other set. We searched everywhere, but we had covered too many miles in the sand and brush. It was impossible. Do you think Uncle Wayne would take us back for the car?"

"I'll phone him," I said.

"I discovered the keys were gone before noon," DeMar continued, "so we started for town. No one came along. We had to walk all the way. I cut off across the hill towards LaVerkin instead of going with the others. I'm so tired I could cry."

Wayne took us to our car which was out by the Burma road. He waited until DeMar got the car onto the road, then followed behind us. The gas gauge registered below empty. I listened as DeMar talked.

"We ran as fast as we could until we almost dropped dead, and then we would walk." He showed me the places where they ran, and where they walked. "I'll never take the car without your permission again," he promised. "I can't understand it. Other kids do things they shouldn't, and they always get away with it. Last time I took your car I wrecked it. And now this has to happen."

After we got down off the hill DeMar coasted to Ken's service station for gas. When he walked to the rear of the car to remove the gas cap, he wailed, "Oh no!"

I hopped out to see what was the matter. DeMar stood frozen, his eyes bunged out and his finger pointing. Dangling from the lock on the trunk of the car were the lost keys.

"I remember now. I unlocked the trunk to get our guns." With an agonizing groan he yanked the keys out and handed them to me.

30 June. Sensible people seldom have adventure. It's the naive and the gullible who get into situations. Since we had no hotel reservations for June conference in Salt Lake, Kate and I assumed we'd have to take the first thing we could get. Leora Bradshaw was our other roommate. The Keith's Hotel was close to Temple Square, so while our chauffeur waited, Kate checked to see if they had a vacancy, which they did for $2.00 apiece for a night. Kate signed us up for four nights, unsight and unseen. The woman at the desk demanded $5.00 extra.

"What's this for?" Kate asked.

"It's a cleaning deposit. If you leave the apartment clean, we'll refund your money." She arose and led us to a hall closet. "You will find a vacuum cleaner, mops and scrub buckets here."

I stood open mouthed! She's got to be kidding, I thought. "Pardon me, but our receipt shows only the $24.00. It should be $29.00."

"That $5.00 has nothing to do with the receipt. You'll get it back if you clean up."

The only reason we stayed was because our car was gone, and we didn't know where else to go. When we saw our apartment we were sick. The building was erected in 1890, and it appeared that a family of fifteen had lived in this apartment ever since, with never a coat of new varnish

or a particle of cleaning. It was beat up, old fashioned and dirty. The bathtub stood on legs and was full of grit and grime. The paper lined shelves in the bathroom carried the family history in water spots, and grease circles and dust which showed where Pa had laid his shaving brush and Ma her kid curlers. The only virtue was that it was close to conference.

The woman gave us only two towels. And for the extra bed, which was an old green couch, long since turned gunmetal where oily heads had leaned against it, she gave us one sheet and a pillow. It fell to my lot to sleep on the couch. The bed had the luxury of two sheets and an ugly old bedspread.

I protested to the woman downstairs that my bed was poorly equipped, and she hotly informed me that if I had any knowhow on making up a bed I could be very comfortable rolled up in that sheet. Since we had come to Salt Lake to enjoy conference, and not to stay in a hotel, we forgot the miserable setup and attended our meetings.

And then, on the third day, we visited Mildred and her group at the Temple Square Hotel. The three of them had paid $30.00 for four days. We had paid $29.00. They had fresh linen every day, and maid service. I had to roll up in the same sheet each night, and to be careful to remember which side had touched the couch. And we had to beg for towels, and the ones she gave us smelled used. At Temple Square they had beautiful bedspreads and an extra blanket apiece. A storm had come up, and Salt Lake was cold. Kate put her pillow over my feet to keep me warm, and spread the towels over me. At Temple Square, the bathroom was a sparkling delight, and the towels white as snow.

We decided to investigate a little. I asked at the desk at the Temple Square Hotel if there was a hotel association. The clerk wanted to know my troubles, so I told her about the cleaning deposit at Keith's. She said to call the Chamber of Commerce. The girl there told me that Keith's was not registered with the Chamber, nor with the Apartment Association, nor with the Hotel Association, nor with the Better Business Bureau. She said no one would have them. They weren't even classed as a second rate hotel, and anyone in Salt Lake would have told us not to go there if we had asked. The cleaning deposit was illegal, and we should call the police.

The funny thing is that conscientious Kate had actually considered getting down on her knees and scrubbing up the joint before we left. To have left that place clean would have required all of our time in Salt Lake and we never would have gone to conference.

I talked to the desk sergeant at the police station. He sounded real jovial. I told him how black our hands got when we raised or lowered the windows and about sleeping under towels, and about the old food remains in the refrigerator, and about the woman thinking we were going to houseclean for her. He was indignant, but he had a sense of humor, and as we talked, we began to laugh, and the situation got funnier and funnier. He said they would make out a full report of our case and crack down on Keith's Monday morning.

Saturday night, we came in late after the dance festival. The woman was in the hall and wanted to be sociable. I began to wonder why I had had so much fun making phone calls about her. My conscience began to smart, so after the others went up to bed, I sat down by the desk and

confessed that I had reported their place to the police. The color drained from her face. Her eyes were wide and her chin dropped.

"Oh!" she gasped, "you're horrible. All of this was unnecessary. You LDS people are the worst people we have to deal with. I've never run across a trouble maker like you and your sister."

She ranted on and on, saying unkind things about us. As I looked at her white face I felt terribly sorry for her.

Her husband came to see what the fuss was about and she said, "Get out of here and mind your business. I'll take care of this."

But he didn't leave. He talked kind, and for some reason I liked him. She was so angry that I told her I was sorry that we didn't leave the city without telling her about calling the police. I reminded her that we could have, you know.

"The only proper thing you have done is to warn us," she said, "and you'd better not ever come back here."

"Don't worry," I said, "we'll stay at registered hotels from now on." She threw a $5.00 bill at me. I picked it up and said, "Thanks. Sleep sweet." Then I climbed the stairs feeling low as a snake.

I rolled up in my sheet and Kate spread the towels over me. I couldn't even say my prayers. "I'm bad and horrible," I said.

Kate kissed my forehead and said, "You're sweet and wonderful and courageous and I'm proud of you."

Somehow, I fell asleep.

Sunday morning I went downstairs lugging our sack of garbage. We didn't want to leave a scrap of anything in the room to show that we had been there. We didn't want to even disturb the dust. I thought I could stuff the sack in one of those "Keep Salt Lake clean" cans, but there were so many people on the street that I walked around two or three blocks to find a nice secluded can. I felt like I was trying to dispose of a body. I finally found a can where only six people saw me cram the sack in.

Then I walked to a telephone booth and called the police to withdraw my complaints. They told me it was too late. The report had already gone in to the city attorney, so I called the attorney, and he laughed and drew the whole story out of me, even down to the last sack of garbage. On behalf of the city council he showed great concern. He was so sorry that any guest in Salt Lake should ever receive such treatment. He was indignant over the woman thinking we should spend our vacation house-cleaning for her, but he was sure the place needed it. He was concerned over future guests that might fall into her trap. This thing, he said, had come to the point where it could no longer be ignored. He assured me that action would start immediately, and thanked me over and over for giving the city a chance to improve conditions. I told him what she said about LDS people.

"Naturally," he said, "Keith's is operated for winos. You could not have fallen into a worse place in the entire city.

He made me feel like a hero because I had gone through the right channels. I tripped lightly back to our (?) hotel, no longer feeling like a snake. The woman didn't show up at the desk to bid us goodbye. We left, unheralded and unsung.

July 13. When Wayne stopped to let me out tonight, Harry and Gus were parked by our driveway. Gus sauntered over to Wayne's car, and I grabbed my purse and lunch pail, and sprinted into the house. Shirley was kneeling on the couch peering out the south window, so I kneeled beside her and peeked through the curtains too.

Wayne drove on, and Gus stood gaping at the house. He walked a few steps toward it, hesitated, retreated, then started for the house again. Again and again he repeated this performance. Silently we watched. Finally he got in the car, and he and Harry drove away.

Heaving a big sigh, Shirley said, "Oh my! I've been praying and praying that that man would go away."

My hand squeezed her shoulder. "Good girl," I said. Gus didn't have a ghost of a chance against Shirley's prayer.

September 11. DeMar has been in the National Guard for six months now, and I'm having growing pains. Last night when he came home from Guard he seemed in an awful rush to get to bed. This seemed worth checking into, so I pattered down the steps to his room. His bed was empty, and one window screen was unlatched. Well, well, I thought, snuggling down in his bed. Fitfully I dozed, then the creaking of his bed brought me too. Like a specter DeMar loomed above me.

"Mother, it's you!" he exclaimed.

"Sure enough, and I guess that's you," I replied.

Startled and embarrassed, he fumbled for words. Clearing his throat a few times, he finally said, "Aw, I just went out with the fellows to a dance. I would have asked you, but I didn't think you'd like it. I didn't want to worry you."

Hah! What a crazy idea of how <u>not</u> to worry a mother.

CHAPTER 46

Another Fledgling Leaves the Nest

(1957)

January 22. I wrote to Joseph Fielding Smith expressing my gratitude for the blessing he had given Gordon, and for the healing that had taken place. In reply, he wrote, "The Lord is good to us when we are good to him, and he hears our prayers when we keep his commandments."

April 15. Shirley and I were on the "Dear to my Heart" stake program tonight. Following is the tribute I wrote to her:

> Time has raced so swiftly since first you came to stay,
> It's getting close to sixteen years. It seems but yesterday
> When you were but a baby. A cute papoose, they said.
> Your hair was black and silken, and your face, of course, was red.
> To me you were an angel with a roguish little face.
> You brought a lot of heaven to sunny up the place.
> The petals of your life unfolded like a flower,
> And gently, with persuasion, you used your childhood power
> Coaxing grandpa for the horse after school was out.

So he put the saddle on, and you galloped about.
Your brothers love to tease you, and as they dish out more,
Loudly you respond like a cat with its tail in the door.
Unconsciously you get even for all they ever do
By keeping the bathroom locked,
While they pace the floor for you.
Days and nights you get twisted, reluctant to go to bed,
But when it's time to get up, you act as though you are dead.
For this I freely forgive you, for those late hours you keep
Are spent chatting with me, while the family is fast asleep.
You're my counselor, my companion, my homemaker too.
It's a lot for your tender years, but always you come through.
You're so sweet and lovely, I'm grateful that you are mine.
When God created daughters he made them a bit divine.
Life stretches out before you. Keep yourself sweet and clean.
May our Father bless you, and every girl almost sixteen.

In response, Shirley expressed her love for me, and hoped that she would be the kind of mother to her daughters that I had been to her.

June 27. DeMar has been to Camp Williams for two weeks with the National Guard. Now he's restlessly waiting for his travel orders from Ft. Douglas for his six month's tour of duty. He is supposed to be at Ft. Ord, California by July 1st. Wayne has postponed "our" vacation for a week already so I could be here with DeMar. We plan to leave at noon tomorrow.

June 28. It is high noon. Shirley and Gordon have gone to Las Vegas to stay with Marilyn. Lolene's, Terry's and my suitcases are packed. Terry is sitting on his in the kitchen door wishing Uncle Wayne would hurry. As I finish the dinner dishes I pray that Wayne will not come until DeMar gets his phone call. DeMar strums sad tunes on his guitar. He has roamed through the house and yard as though seeing them for the last time.

What if his call never comes? What if we leave, and he is here alone for two weeks?

"Uncle Wayne and Grandma are here!" Terry screeches. Suitcase in hand he valuts down the steps.

"Telephone, oh telephone, why don't you ring?" I wail.

The phone jangles. DeMar snatches it up. "DeMar Gubler, you are to be on the 5:00 p.m. train leaving Salt Lake tomorrow," comes the order.

Sounds of rejoicing! DeMar can travel with us. We're off for the open road.

June 29. Stayed with Edith & Gene last night. . . . Cherry orchards near Brigham City impressive. Sour pie cherries, ruby red, thicker than leaves on the trees.

June 30. Boise to Yakima. Little stinker signs along the way furnish chuckles.

"Nude swimming prohibited in this area." (Dry as a desert.)
"Do not feed or disturb nesting coyotes."
"This is not sage brush. You're in Idaho clover." (Oh yeah!)

"Is your nose cold and wet? You're a lucky dog." (We're cooking!)
"Don't just sit there. Nag your husband." (After many weary miles.)
"The sight of the dust bowl game. Farmers vs gophers."
"Grizzly bears' feeding ground. Count your children."
"Lonely hearts club picnic area." (desolation.)
"Skunk bomb fallout area. Close windows."
"Petrified watermelons. Take one home to your mother-in-law."
(Black lava rocks.)

Dozens of dust devils spinning and funneling across the praire near Malta, Idaho fascinated us.

Today we've traveled through mountains, forests, rivers and plains. Past wheat fields of yellow, brown and green, spread before us like a crazy-patch quilt--thousands and thousands of acres--enough to feed the world. The Columbia river is some bigger than the Rio Virgin!

Yakima valley has beautiful grape vineyards, but even more beautiful are the hop fields. The hops grow up a net work of hemp, that forms a trellis over the whole field. It's a thrilling fairy world of green lace.

July 1. We climb Chinook Pass to Mt. Rainier. Clear streams of water tunnel through the snow banks. Flowers bloom in the thawed patches.

Leaving Rainier we come to the town of Enumclaw, a little town as unreal as a dream. Tiny evergreens creep up in their lawns and under the fences like weeds. White Shasta daisies and big purple foxgloves crowd the cabbage patches, and Boston ferns choke the carrot rows. Just imagine having to mow down and destroy such beauty in order to exist!

July 2. Leaving Seattle with its flowering begonias and blue hydrangeas. While here we visited the government locks and rode across the floating bridge.

We traveled all day through dense growth of forest and flowers. At Birch Bay, kids with little pails waded in the shallow water gathering sea creatures. Terry and Lolene gathered starfish and a mean looking crab that walked sideways.

At the port of entry into Canada, a cute Englishman said he had already looked in our trunk, and let us in. Its so wet here that every old stump has flowers and little trees growing out of them.

We rode through miles of jungle to Horseshoe Bay. There we drove our car onto a ferry for Nanamino on Vancouver Island. Seagulls followed the boat. The evening sun shone on the underside of their wings. A door on the car deck opened and a man threw boxes of garbage out into the water. The seagulls churned the water fighting over the scraps.

July 3. Our farthest point north. The people in Victoria say, "Right-o." Baskets of real flowers hang from the lampposts along the streets. We waited an hour-and-a-half for our ferry boat, getting a choice spot right in an open window. We had breakfast on the water as we sailed for Port Angeles. Back on the mainland we stopped at the wettest spot in the U.S.A. The woods were dense and scary. Red and yellow raspberries grew so tall we had to pull them down to pick them. Moss grew inches thick over everything. Slugs and mosquitos were big and plentiful. We took a ferry from Megler pass across the Columbia to Astoria. This is the river's widest point, just before it dumps into the ocean. River water moves faster than going across a bay.

July 4. Slept in Portland, Oregon. Traveled along the coast all day long. The ocean breathes. Spellbound we watched it inhale and exhale. The waves pull back, then roll and race upon the beach. We saw two whales spouting out in the ocean. They were as grey as the world around them.

July 5. We slept in Fortuma, California last night. Tonight we are in San Francisco. Today we stopped in the redwoods and saw Paul Bunyan and the blue ox. We bought redwood burls that are supposed to grow giant redwoods. In 3,000 years we should have a living fossil 315 feet tall. I can hardly wait!

We visited the crookedest street in the world in San Francisco. Isaiah says, "Woe unto those who join house upon house." San Francisco is almost one continuous house! Nice to look at.

Fog trickled and ran through the trees like water ahead of us. We could not see the top of the Golden Gate bridge because of fog. We spent half a day in Golden Gate park, then went to a "Todio" show house where we saw "Around the World in Eighty Days" in 3-D. A real sensation!

At our motel, when we went to get our stuff out of the trunk, a very bad smell assailed us. Starfish! Oh yuck! We asked the motel man what to do with them. He had Terry throw them over the fence to the next motel. Ugh!

July 7. Frisco to Tracy, California. From there to Yosemite, where we finally put our winter coats away. Terry discovered gold in the clear creek in Yosemite. At least it glittered as pretty as. The sequoia trees are as impressive as the redwoods. In Yosemite the road builders didn't move a rock or a tree, but wound around them. It took one hour and 22 minutes to go 21 miles--and that is a state highway. We had to pull off in the rocks every time we met a car.

We had supper in Tonapah, Nevada, where Terry met "the toughest kid in town." We slept in Beatty, Nevada in the first second-rate motel along our route. July 8th took us to LasVegas then home, where a letter from DeMar was waiting.

"Fort Ord, California. July. Dear Mother and family. It is Saturday evening here and we just completed a three hour scrubbing job on our barricks, and it was a filthy job, because I had to get down on my hands and knees with a scrubbing brush and scrub a floor as big as the auditorium of our church house, and when I got done my knees were sorer than ever before doing it around home.

We will be released on the 28th of December. No sooner or later, so just see to it that my possessions, or my valuable articles are kept under good keep, and I will see the family then. Tell Norman I hope he is released by then so we can have a grand Alice I. Gubler family reunion.

Friday the A.C. & E. companies of the 15th battle group went into Salines, Calif. to a 5 hour rodeo. It cost a dollar to go, but we had two choices, go or else stay here and work, so the three companies out of 15 went. Just our three companies represented 3,5000 men, and I mean to tell you it took a large convoy of military vehicles to transport us some 15 miles, but it was well worth it, because that rodeo dwarfs the Dixie roundup. This had all the famous cowboys from all the land, and several Hollywood stars and trained stunt horses that the movies used. It was

really marvelous what those animals are trained to do. The 52 army band was there. They would play a song and the horses would dance in perfect time. They would play all different beats of songs and the horses would pick it right up and follow just as you or I could. They turned a truck load of Brahma bulls loose in the arena and one of them charged the fence where the group was located, and it broke through, and you never seen people scatter so fast in your life. People just darn near flew straight up and every direction.

When you send me a package for any reason, include a roadmap of California for my benifit of choosing a route and then checking with other soldiers to find which is the best route home, because Fort Ord is directly straight west of home and one route goes to the extreme north and the other goes way south and both end up in LasVegas, but I want to find out which one has the most traffic on it so I can make a speedy trip home, because I am worried about my personal property and I would like to get home as fast as possible after my discharge.

I will tell you a little about my train trip down here. We left Salt Lake City about 15 minutes to 7 that Saturday night and traveled 23 hours and was here, but I did not have the chance to see anything until the next morning because we traveled all night across Nevada and I woke up just east of Reno. I saw Reno and I thought to be quite a nice appearing town then we proceeded up the Sierras. I ate breakfast going up the Sierras and it seemed we was in them until about 50 miles NE of Sacramento, then we traveled across the Calif. desert all afternoon, and about 3 p.m. we got here, but I thought it was quite a nice trip, and I thought the Sierras was a beautiful Mt. range, and I think everybody should see them, because right in the top there are dozens of large and small lakes everywhere and it is so green, and the pines so tall and splenderous.

There is nothing going on around here except hard labor, and everybody in the company has to have everything exactly the same, and it gripes me to death, because you cannot hardly breathe without the permission of the Sarg or some officer.

Well, I am out of wind and news so I will tell everybody hello. Tell Jerry Kane I will try to write to him and I hope I can still develop films there when I finally get home. Your son, M. DeMar Gubler.

P.S. Write me a big long letter."

"July 18. Fort Ord, California. Dear Mother and family. How is that good old fashioned civilian life treating you? I have just about forgot what it is like to be a human being because in this hole we are treated like animals. In fact, the sargents tell us we are like robots--they do the thinking and we do the work. . . . I am broke but I will try to get you some sort of birthday gift or keepsake and send to you and hope it gets better mail service than the letters you have sent me, because not one single letter has come from LaVerkin, Utah.

I went to priesthood and sacrament meeting and received a free bible, Book of Mormon and a book for missionaries called, "The Principals of the Gospel", and they are sure nice to see when I look in the bottom of my footlocker and see some civilized books or material. I have started reading the Book of Mormon and will have it completely digested by the time I get home. This military way of life has sure opened my eyes to the

light, and has really and truly humbled me. Last Sunday a BYU student and his good looking wife, and a professor spoke, and it sent chills down my spine at the power behind their speeches, and when the organ began to play, I was really overcome by how much time has passed and I never realized how much I have let slip when I should have grasped hold.

The other night in the barricks, a California boy who had just run out of cigarettes was wondering how come the LDS church did not allow smoking, and he thought us LDS boys were tied down because it was against our religion to smoke, but when he started going from man to man trying to bum a smoke and could not find one, and he about went crazy until he found one, I just thought to myself how free I was to the side of him, and I was really thankful to you for being so strong against smoking and drinking.

I have got guard duty all night tonight, so I have got to press my uniform in a few minutes. Write me a letter with exactly this address: PVT Merwin D. Gubler, NG28914407 4th PLT, Co "C" 15th Battle grp., Fort Ord, Calif."

"Dear Mother - I finally got a letter from you. It was the one you wrote on the 22 of July. . . . If you feel like baking, send me some good old fashioned cookies or cake, because one of the guys just barely gave me a piece of banana cake, and I am eating it right now, and it sure tastes good to the side of army chow. Besides, I am starved for some home cooking. . . . When you write me another letter, send me Norman's address and make the letter a long one, and I would like an issue of the Washington County News, because I don't know what is happening in God's country, and I would like to find out."

"Fort Ord, Aug. 4. Dear Mother, at the close of this sunny Sunday, after a weekend pass into Monteray, Calif. I am writing to tell you about some of the things I saw and did. We left here Sat. at 1:30 p.m. and in town we went to a couple of movies, went out on the ocean while some people deep sea fished, and I thought it looked fun, and then we walked up and down the business district going in pawn shops and looking at and buying things and now that I have bought all the necessary and unnecessary items I have got $20 left out of $73 I got Wednesday. . . .Don't chew your fingernails when I mention this one because the pawn shop man talked fast: It is a 45 caliber pistol which will come home soon. I had them send it. All told it cost $10 because it had been used a little but with the talk of the salesman it looked good to me and you know me when a good buy comes on a gun. Anyway, when it comes home I wish you would not allow no one to open the parcel. Instead I hope you will put it in the top of your closet in the very most hard for a kid to reach spot and forbid anyone to breathe near it."

"Fort Ord, August 7. Dear Mother, I received two things today. One I did not like (a shot in each arm), and the other was a box of cookies and a letter from you, and I have also been getting the Washington County News. The cookies and letter was most welcome, especially the cookies were given a hearty welcome by all the guys in the barricks, about 40 men in all, and they just went zoom when I opened the box, but I managed to grab a fist full first, and that home cooking sure tasted good.

Our address will be changed the 30th of this month because my 8 weeks boot camp will be over and I will be shipping down by Norman about 300

miles. . . .Tell Terry and Gordon when school starts this fall that they ought to be happy to be going to a six hour day sitting on their fanny, that I sure miss sitting down for a spell, because I am on my feet 18 hours a day, and my feet are sure sore, and I also miss my old friends, family, relatives and all my contacts and free ways of life. The roughest part of boot camp comes next when we spend all week out in the field crawling on our backs and bellies with bullets flying overhead."

"Fort Ord, August 10. Dear Mother and family. In three more weeks our 8 weeks of boot camp will be over, and I will get my transfer to Ft. Chaffi, Arkansas where I will attend my artillery schooling for the next four months. . . .I got a letter from Ferrell DeMill yesterday, and he said that there are a lot of spare good looking girls on the loose now, and that he has been having a lot of fun around LaVerkin and it sure made me wish I was back in that little home town I think of so much now that I am so far, and living such a different way of life.

Tomorrow we go out in the field on a whole weeks bivouak training in which we crawl on our backs for 1,000 feet under machine gun fire with barbed wire entanglements about every 100 feet that we have to crawl under with a 60 pound field pack on our back plus all our fighting gear and so forth. . . .I made sharp shooter on the rifle range during our two weeks of firing the rifle, and it sure makes me feel good to think that I am among the best shots there are. . . .Let me know if that pistol came and is in good storage."

(DeMar came home for 10 days after boot training, before leaving for Ft. Chaffie, Ark.)

"Ft. Chaffie, Ark. Sept. 13. Dear Mother and family. I am tired of the dry, boring training they have been giving us. I learned 99% of it at National Guard. . . .I am training on 105 MM howitzers and the crudy training is a waste of time.

Last Saturday I went swimming in a creek pond about 100 feet wide and 200 feet long out in the Ozark mountains, and as you know, these southern streams are infested with poison snakes, and just when I was right in the middle of the thing, a poison water snake attacked me, and if you don't think I was churning water, and I just made it by about 5 seconds, just time enough to grab a stick and kill it.

That night the LDS branch and soldiers of our faith had a get together. It was the most fun I have had since I have been here. We had delicious cakes made with the good old fashioned feminine touch, barbecue and pop. All in all a heck of a lot of fun. We played games."

October 5. We take a break in DeMar's correspondence for a newsflash. On the 3rd, Marilyn's fourth child, Mace, was born.

"Ft. Chaffee, Ark. Oct. 17. Dear Mother and family. Today is a happy day for all LDS I believe because we just got out of a meeting in which Adam S. Benion was the main guest speaker. His talk was most thrilling, and then in closing he played the piano, and I mean to tell you he is terrific. In two weeks I go to Ft. Polk, Lousiana and on the 21st of December I will be on my way home. Tonight I have got 12 hour guard duty and that I dread. Tell Shirley to collect a bunch of pictures from students, preferably girls, and send to me.

I'll consider myself lucky if I get out of the army without going to jail the way they are throwing guys in right and left for no reason at all or merely sassing a sargent. I have seen 11 guys go from this btry, so I really am watching everything I do and say, especially the way I hate taking orders, so I am really busy keeping myself straight.

Next pay day I can send $40.00 home, but this month I have had to buy clothes and a blanket that was stolen from me, totaling $15.00, and that bothers me very fiercely.

We spent Monday night in the field and it rained all night, and everything and body was soaked and then the wind blew and we froze, and one of the veterans said it was just like Korea in the winter. . . . I am happy to think my active duty is 2/3 gone. Well, I have to get ready for guard mount so I will have to close. With my love, DeMar."

"Ft. Carson, Colorado, Nov. 18. Dear Mother and family. Here I am at Ft. Carson. Quite a surprise, huh? I like it here. We are 8 miles south of Colorado Springs, 16 miles from Pike's Peak where it sticks up like a big white alp, and it almost looks as big as the alps, and also we are at the point of the U.S. where the plains join the Rockies. On the west we can see the snow capped mountains, and on the east we can see the plains of Kansas and they are really flat. In fact, I traveled all day in a train (pullman, incidentaly) and it took all night Saturday and all day Sunday. We went up through Missouri and west from Kansas City clear across Kansas. I believe the whole state is as flat as one of these lines on this page. . . .When I saw some high mountains I could have got down and kissed them. . . .As of now I have been in 11 states, as far east as Little Rock, Ark. and as far west as to get wet in the ocean."

"Ft. Carson, Colo. Dec. 6. Dear Mother. My new job here is to drive the captain around in his jeep and operate his radio in the jeep. It is a lot of fun. . . .I have found out my definite date of discharge, Wed. Dec. 18. I will be home no later than midnight Thursday 19 according to the bus schedule. . . .You know that if I had a tape recording of the language used in these army posts and let you listen to it, it would burn your ears right off from your head I'll bet. . . .I was on pass in Colorado Springs Thanksgiving day and I never saw a town so populated with good looking females.

Do you know whether Nump will be home for Christmas? I sure hope so. That brief visit we had in Ark. was hardly enough for us to get acquainted."

Note: This is October 1981. I have sifted through old letters and diary notes to bring my family story thus far. Gaps in the story are the result of being so caught up in the business of living that no thought was given to recording events--and so our pathway behind is erased with the shifting sands as though we had never been there. I deeply regret the loss of Norman's letters so faithfully written each week for the three and one-half years while he was in the Air Force, with the exception of one period which will be mentioned. This was his Air Force story. These letters, tied in bundles, were lost when we moved to the Northwest. During these same three and one-half years, I too was caught up in my life on an Air Force test base, so much that remains, aside from a few gleanings, is mostly retrospect. To my children, I have this to say: If you want to remember it, record it.

CHAPTER 47

Arkie Annie
(1958)

"LasVegas, Nevada, January 21. Dear Mother. I got a letter from Norman telling me he was engaged to a little 'ridge runner' from the Ozarks. Is this supposed to be serious? Marilyn."

"LaVerkin, January 30. Dear Marilyn. Yes, this is supposed to be serious. The little ridge runner could turn out to be one of your favorite sisters. Mother."

"Shreveport, Louisiana, February 28. Dear Mother and all. Ann gave my ring back, and I'm still trying to figure out why. . . .I've been clearing first one thing and another prepatory to getting my discharge. I consulted the Major on the possibilities of getting out earlier than already scheduled. He says since I'm already getting out six months early, it's impossible to cut my time any shorter. . . .I'm in fine health, poor spirits and think I'll join DeMar and become a hermit when I get out of the Air Force. Women!!! Ugh! What a outfit! You know, the only woman in this world that loves me is my mother! I think I'll take a one week leave in a couple of weeks and come home. I can't stand to stay around this place any longer. I'm glad I've only got 35 more days to go. . . .Oh, in case you have any intentions of writing to Ann Miller, her address is 115 Herndin St., Shreveport, La. I don't know any reason why you should want to write to her, but that thought just happened to cross my mind. Bye for now, all my love,Norman."

May 8. The little ridge runner from the Ozarks became Norman's wife yesterday. Bishop Iverson performed the marriage ceremony for them.

Briefly, this is the summary of the time Norman was away.

His first assignment in the Air Force was at Lackland AFB in San Antonio, Texas. Harold Bowman Sr. was the mission president there, and Norman enjoyed several weekends at the San Antonio mission home.

Next, he was shipped by train to a jet school at Chanute AFB, Rantoul, Ill. When he attended the LDS Church at the Champaign Urbana branch, he found that Donald Staheli from Hurricane, was there at the University of Illinois. Norman graduated from the jet school in Sept. He was among the top 50 of 1,200 graduates, and was made Airman 2nd class, and received apprentice rating as a jet mechanic. He received 15 days leave, and orders to report to Lockbourne AFB, Columbus, Ohio in the 91st Bomb Wing Strategic Air Command. While there he met Bill Garven, an LDS boy from Clay Springs, Arizona, and they became close buddies.

Norman had a squadron commander that he couldn't stand. Everytime he asked for a pass, he was told they were too far behind in their work. Still, he let the other fellows get passes. Finally, Norman went over his head to get time off for special church functions. This made the commander hostile.

Late in the summer of 1955, Norman and Bill took off for Arizona without leave, and were gone for 30 days. His letters to home stopped. Our telephone rang with threatening calls from the Air Force. I became all too familiar with the sound of Major Florick's voice which dogged me both day and night.

"Mrs. Gubler," Florick would say, "I suppose you know this is serious. Your son could be courtmartialed for this."

Oh dear! Did he think I was a party to some kind of conspiracy? My suffering was terrible. I saw Norman in my nightmares, before a firing squad.

"Major Florick,," I said, "I am Norman's mother. No one in the world wants to know where he is as much as I do."

I prayed constantly. At nights, after the children were all asleep, I walked and walked out under the stars, crying my heart out to the heavens. I got on the telephone, and with the help of a more than kind operator, I placed person-to-person calls to Norman to everyone in the United States who knew him, especially to the converts in Winferd's mission area in Ohio where Norman had visited.

Then one Saturday I decided to start fasting. I determined to never break my fast until word came from Norman. Sunday afternoon, I drove the car alone over the hill above LaVerkin, parked on a little dirt road, then hiked down into a ravine where I could be all alone. Kneeling among the chaparrals, I pleaded with the Heavenly Father. After awhile, a still sweet peace came over me, and I was prompted to return home. A short time later, the telephone rang.

"Mother, do you want to know where your boy is?" Marilyn asked. "He and Bill Garvin have just arrived here."

Weakly I sat down and wept tears of thanksgiving.

By night, Norman and Bill had caught a ride to LaVerkin. The next day they took to the open road again and hitched back to Columbus, went on base and turned themselves in. They were given 90 days confinement.

"You can't afford to disobey military law," Norman wrote.

There were no facilities for confinement at Lockbourne, so they were transferred to the Barksdale AFB at Shreveport, Louisiana. They spent Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years in confinement, then Norman returned to his regular assignment at Little Rock as assistant crew chief on a B47 six engine jet bomber. During his eight months there, he went on short temporary duty assignments to Thule, Greenland, and Coos Bay, Labrador. Through a chain of events, he was reinstated as Airman First Class and received all of the back pay that had been withheld, and was transferred from Little Rock to Barksdale AFB in Shreveport. He became a first line crew chief in March, 1957.

At this time, the 301st became the No. 1 bomber outfit in the USAF in simulated bombing competition. They had had this distinction for four years in a row. So Norman, along with all of the men of the 301st, received the distinguished unit citation medal, which was awarded by SAC Commander General Curtis LeMay.

About this time, Talmage Miller, an LDS man was assigned to Norman's room in the barricks. During the early spring and summer, Norman went with Talmage several times to his home in Winthrop, Arkansas, where he met Talmage's sister Ann.

After Ann graduated from high school, she got a job in a drugstore in Shreveport. Norman said, "I was fond of Ann by now, but I was fonder still of her mother. Ann and I had an on-agin, off-again and sometimes a stormy courtship."

After Norman's discharge, he took a job in a service station in Shreveport, until he could convince Ann that she should marry him. "Mother," he wrote, "Ann and her girl friend DeLores are coming home with me."

When Norman finally arrived, I took note of the two girls getting out of his car. One of them was orchard run--average good looking, that is. The other one showed spunk the minute her foot touched the ground. "Oh dear," I sighed to myself, "I'll bet Ann is that passive little creature. I wish Norman had chosen the high spirited one."

I flung the screen door wide as Norman and the two girls came up the walk. The cute little feisty one, with her hair tied back in a red bandana, bounded up the steps, and to my delight, Norman said, "Mother, this is Ann."

"Ya all's mighty lucky to meet me," she drawled. "I'm Arkie Annie." At this everyone laughed. "I'm not in love with your son Norman," she said, "and I'm not going to marry him."

But she did, and to the Air Force I'll be forever grateful.

July 14. I was just going to bed when suddenly I realized I hadn't counted the kids. Come to think of it, Gordon was missing. I flew into my clothes, and ran for the car. Ardella's porch light was on, and I found her asleep on the couch.

"Where's Leon?" I asked.

"Gee," she said, "What time is it?"

"11:30," I replied. "Looks like we'd better go on the roundup."

We road past dark houses. The whole town seemed to be sleeping. A pickup was parked in front of the church house. Dimly we could see the outline of three people beside it. Voices came from the sky above us, but they hardly sounded like angels. One definitely was a lad whose voice was changing. Sounded like Gordon.

On impulse I called, "Gordon, where are you?"

"Up here," he squeaked.

On top of the church house, silhouetted against the sky, were three boys.

"Come down this minute," I demanded.

From the belfry below came a menacing voice. "He can't. I'm waiting to beat him up when he does."

"Who's in the belfry?" I demanded.

"Jungle Bunny!" chorused three voices from on high.

"Jerry Bringhurst." answered the guy in the belfry.

"What's the deal?" I asked.

"I'm not going to let any dirty little son-of-a_____ throw pears at me and get away with it," answered J.B.

The boys by the pickup breathed angry threats, and the kids on the roof shouted fighting words back. Our presence made little difference.

Words sizzled like bullets back and forth. We gathered that Gordon, Leon and Eric had been spending a quiet Sunday evening in Uncle Joe Gubler's orchard, bombarding cars with green pears as they passed. But they pelted the wrong car when J. B.'s pickup went by. Jerry and his buddies took after them in hot pursuit, and they scaled the church house to save their hides. From their high lookout, they were the recipients of rocks and more green pears, which gave them ammunition to hurl back at the senders below. Then followed a war of angry words in loyal defense of their mothers, because the boys had been called "dirty sons-of-_____."

"We have to fight, because we're not going to let them call our mothers names like that," Gordon said.

(I pause to shed a crocodile tear.)

Even if the little imps standing on top of the church house polishing their halos before us did deserve to have the "hide beat off them", we knew we couldn't leave them to be mutilated. They were our boys, and it could be our hospital bill, or our funeral. We had to think of something. We drove to Nielson's to see if Corrin might know how to rescue his brother Eric. Waking from a sound sleep, Corrin grumbled that Eric had gotten himself into this mess, and he could get himself out. He turned over and went back to sleep.

"Wait for me, I'm coming," Janice said sticking her head out the window.

We used their phone and called Norman and DeMar, explaining the situation. "We'll sneak up through the pear orchard and see what we can do," they said.

We found a rope that would reach halfway from the top of the building to the ground. The boys could tie it to something on top, slide down to the rope's end, then drop. We tried to attract them to the rear of the building by throwing rocks on top. I felt like a kid again, but I couldn't get a rock on top.

Norman and DeMar materialized. Norman had already scaled the belfry and whispered to Eric how they could come down through the roof, and out into the boy's dressing room. We heard feet thudding against loose boards in the attic. Then J.B. and his buddies thundered around the building and stood panting and waiting for the dressing room window to open. Ardella, Janice and I took up our posts. We weren't aiming to let our kids be torn limb from limb. The boys inside must have seen the enemy outside the window, because they made no attempt to open it.

"Hey," someone yelled, "do you guys want to catch three kids? They're coming out a front window."

Like a blitz, everyone moved to the front, but there were no open windows, and no boys.

A crowd had gathered, and DeVar Gubler sat on the front steps telling about the time he took a whipping for hitting Harris Merrill's horse with a green pear when Harris was riding it. That set the stage, and one yarn followed another of hilarious escapades and narrow escapes. Jerry and his friends caught the spirit and shared accounts of their own misdemeanors, and rollicking laughter rang out.

Then DeMar whispered, "Mother, you can go now."

Gordon, Eric and Leon had slipped out the back, taking cover in a cane field south of the church house, and from there had sneaked home.

"Goodnight everybody," I said, "it has been fun visiting with you."

Not one word was said about losing the fugitives. The crowd dissolved in the dark. J.B. and his friends climbed into their pickup and drove away.

When I got home, Norman and DeMar were telling Gordon that if it had been up to them, he would have stayed on top of the church house all night. I wonder! They were the ones who helped the trio escape.

October 20. Lolene traded pop bottles to Ed at the store for carmels. Then she traded the carmels to Kerry Gubler for a half hour on his bicycle. When she dashed into the house, I asked her to grate carrots for a salad. I was unaware of her deal with Kerry.

As she hurriedly grated the carrots, Terry called through the kitchen door, "Whose bicycle is out here?"

"Kerry Gubler's," Lolene answered.

"I'm taking it," he said.

"Don't you dare! I paid for it," she yelled.

But he was already speeding across the square.

"Oh, Mother," she wailed, "I have to take the bike back in a little while, and I haven't even had a chance to ride it."

I felt so sorry for her. She had worked hard all day, and now she looked forward to a time for play. I had sent DeMar on an errand with the car, so I couldn't go out and catch Terry.

When DeMar returned, Lolene and I went looking for Terry. We found him pitching horseshoes, the bicycle forgotten. Lolene's half-hour was up. While she returned the bicycle, Terry and I had a one-to-one chat.

"Do you realize your sister had bought one-half hour on Kerry's bicycle?" I asked.

"No," he admitted.

"What do you think you should do to repay her?"

"Aw, she can get him to let her take it again," he shrugged.

"Terry, what you did was wrong, and I want you to make it right. Either pay Kerry for another half hour for your sister, or pay her for your ride."

"I can think of hundreds and hundreds of reasons why I don't need to pay Lolene anything," he said rebelliously.

"And I can think of one good reason why you should. I'll give you until supper time to apologize and make things right."

The word "apologize" must be the hardest one in the English language. Lots of suffering goes on because apologizing is such a bitter pill.

At supper time, instead of making restitution and joining the family, Terry announced that he was going to do us all a big favor and leave home.

Putting my arm around him I said, "I want you to be happy, Terry. If this is really what you want, then I wish you the best of luck."

With a pack on his back, he left.

This was the opening day of the deer hunt. Norman brought in his buckskin and hung it from the pecan tree in the back yard. Donworth and Clark and their families were in town, and the place teemed with excitement. I realized that Terry had <u>really</u> taken off. If he had been lurking close by, all of the family doings would have brought him out of hiding.

I decided for once in my life I wasn't going to be sick with worry. I would remain calm. But by midnight I still lay staring into the dark, wondering if Terry had taken enough blankets. I got up and went to his room.

A cheerful voice said, "Hello Mother."

"Terry!" I gasped, "What are you doing here?"

"Well," he said, "I must have walked four miles, and I thought all the way. I decided that there wasn't any place anywhere better than this,so I decided to come back."

I kissed him on the forehead and gratefully went to bed.

The next morning Terry gave Lolene one of his choicest treasures, a Canadian nickel that he had kept ever since our trip to Canada last year. They grinned at each other, and sat down to breakfast together.

President Graff came to see me during the afternoon and said, "Last night when we were coming from Cedar, I saw your littlest boy walking up the highway with a pack on his back. He was all alone by the Toquerville bridge. Where was he going?"

"He was hunting a new home because he hated to apologize," I said, "but he has decided his old home is best."

December 31. This is the last day of the year. Before the sun goes down on 1958 I must take a backward glance at events that need to be written.

It was a day in June. I had just returned from work when I heard the purr of a little motor in the yard. Peering through the bathroom curtain, I saw a tiny little yellow car coming to a stop by the back step. It was scarcely as high as the porch itself. A leathery, brown little woman hopped up the steps. She was dressed in halter and shorts, and her gray hair was tied back with a red bandana.

"Yoo hoo, yoo hoo," she called. "Oh my," she gushed when I came to the door, "I met your son Norman. Isn't he the sweetest boy in all the whole wide world? He told me to come here."

This must be someone Norman knew in Louisiana, I thought. Goodness knows, he gave lots of people the opportunity to feed him and give him a bed while he was there, just like he gives me the chance to do likewise for his assorted acquaintances now. Norman is like his dad in this respect, always bringing home hitchhikers, or buddies from the Air Force, or any stranger who needs a nights lodging. He has kept me pretty well stocked with an assortment of hungry visitors.

"Won't you come in?" I asked, opening the door.

"Mrs. Gubler," she said, "ah'm a widow, just like you are. Ah'm a convert to the church from Florida, and ah'm so tired I could cry. Your son Norman was at the Whistle Stop in Springdale. When ah asked if he knew any Mormon woman who might let me come and have a bath, he said you would take care of me." The pitch of her voice got higher and higher until she was crying. As the tears streamed down her face, she told me how many husbands she had lost, how far she had come, and how little she had eaten.

"I'll tell you what--just get yourself washed up while I fix supper. I have to go to a meeting tonight, so I'll show you your room, then you can bathe as long as you like, and go to bed."

"You're an angel like Norman said," she said drying her tears.

So Fergie (Jaunita Fergerson) had arrived on one of the rare nights when I was home alone. Shirley was working at Vonda's Cafe in Mesquite, Lolene and Gordon were in LasVegas, Terry and DeMar had gone on an overnight hike, and Norman and Ann were living in Sheldon Gifford's tiny rental.

"You can sleep in Shirley's room tonight," I said.

"Ah have to get ma dog Smokey. He always sleeps by ma bed where ah can put my hand on his head," she explained.

During supper Fergie never stopped talking. "Ya know, ah haven't slept a wink since ah left the Coconino forest. Ah set up ma cot there in the pines just about sundown, and stretched out to rest when ah saw two evil looking men tramping through the brush toward me. Poor little Smokie crawled under the cot and growled, and ah leaned up on ma elbows. Ah was scared. The men made for me, and ah said, 'ah'm so glad you came. Ah sure need your help. Ma poor lil' dog has rabies.' Well, you shoulda seen them scramble outa there."

"Visiting with you is interesting," I said, "but I'll have to be excused now. There will be no one here but you. I'll be home about ten."

When I returned I found a touching note on the table telling me she enjoyed her bath,and her supper,and her bed, and that I was a wonderful angel, and she had gone to sleep praying for me.

The next day Norman took the scouts out for a week's fishing trip, so Ann came to stay with me. There was just Fergie, Ann and me. The place was clean and peaceful, and Fergie was so happy she decided she wanted to live with us forever.

"It isn't always like this," I warned her. "One of these days my troops will return and pandemonium will reign."

The day came! When the boys got home they couldn't resist picking up Fergie's little Isetta. Actually, it was a motorcycle with four wheels, and a tiny car body. The steering wheel, anchored to the door, swung out when it opened. And the boys worried Smokie. Smokie was a pampered pet that never needed legs. Fergie kept him draped like a rug over one arm as she went from room to room. The dog was as big as she was, and she wondered why she had so much back trouble.

We phoned stake presidencies, bishops, welfare workers, and cafes trying to find a job for Fergie. Finally we found one at the Dixie Cafe in St. George.

Shirley was constantly making homesick phone calls from Mesquite, so Fergie became anxious to vacate her room. She took Smokie for a ride south of St. George where a Japanese garden caught her eye, so she stopped. Dozens of cats and dogs bounded out, and a woman came to greet her. Fergie introduced Smokie, and the woman introduced Charmaine, Oscar, Fred, Hannah, Spookie and many, many others. Instantly they became friends. Fergie had stumbled onto a home for unwanted pets, people and things. That night she bubbled about the Japanese garden, the creek, the creatures, and the fact that she had found a place to live. The "cat woman" said she could clean out a little lean-to and move in. So the next day Fergie took a jug of bleach, a box of detergent, naptha soap, cleaning rags and scouring powder, and spent the day scrubbing her knuckles raw, but the place still smelled.

Saturday I loaded a chest of drawers I had given her, into my car along with her other stuff. While Fergie was at work, DeMar, Gordon, LuWayne Hardy and I set out for her new (?) apartment (?). We found the Japanese garden with its dozens of tiny shallow pools and cement figurines. I knocked and knocked at the house, but no one answered.

LuWayne plastered his face against the window and said, "Gee Gordon, look! One, two, three--GEE!--four, five, six, seven, eight, nine--oh my SCRUD! Just look at the cats! There's another one, and another. They're on top of <u>everything</u>!"

By now all three boys had their faces against the window, and I was embarrassed.

"Come on. Let's get these things taken care of and get back home."

We found the lean-to Fergie had described.

"Ok guys," I said, "clear this stuff out of here while I bring the suitcases from the car."

When I got back, the boys were standing transfixed. A woman's shrill voice was screeching at them. I followed their gaze. There, in an odd looking peek hole next to the ceiling was the "cat woman's" face. Her eyes were green slits, and her mouth the shape of a meow. She was threatening to throw my ignorant, horrible, cat-killing boys in jail.

"Pardon me," I said, "but aren't you the woman who promised this shelter to Mrs. Fergeson?"

"Yes I am. Who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Fergeson's friend. We came to help her move in."

The woman withdrew her head from the hole, climed down from her perch, and emerged through her battered door. Her poor little husband came too. A mass of fur rolled and tumbled out the door with him. Dogs! Six of them.

"Now that you're here," the woman said, "I'll just have you boys do a little lifting for me. Put that old sofa in the pickup to be hauled to the dump. That old electric stove too."

Obviously she collected unwanted furniture as well as unwanted animals. She had endless junk for the boys to lug. She commanded sharply, and they obeyed. Finally, we were able to unload Fergie's stuff.

The kids asked the woman about the animals. There were 67 cats and 16 dogs, most of them skinny. They all had names and personalities. The man and the woman called them their little folks. In an apple box was one stray kitten that was claimed by two nursing mother cats that had lost their litters with a cat disease.

I itched to get away from there. I can't stand people who insist that animals are superior to people. The "cat woman" and her mousy man claim they can prove it is so by the Bible. In some instances I'll agree it is true. Animals have their place, and that's not on tables and in cupboards.

Well--after all our efforts, poor little Fergie only lived in the cat shelter for two weeks. It was too much for a clean, scrubbing little person like her. And that's as long as the job at Dick's Cafe lasted also. When next I heard from her, she was working at Beaver Dam. That was her undoing, because she was alcoholic, and drank with too many customers, so she was fired. Next, she waited tables in Mesquite. I received many a homesick letter from her. She was crying for help, so she could live the gospel standards. She simply couldn't stop smoking or drinking. Poor, lovable little whirlwind.

Every minute that Fergie lived with us was like a cyclone. She ran up and down the basement steps and through the rooms, chattering like a jay bird. She shadowed me when I came home from work. She had been a cleaning woman in a Miami Beach hotel, and she made our house shine. And she could cook. "Don't throw those celery leaves away," she'd say. "Ah can make mighty fine garbage soup." She could make the most out of the least.

She told me many things about her home, her childhood, her mother and brothers and sisters. She came from a good home. Her folks were fine people. She told of the time she stole her father's new car, and ran away from her husband and tiny baby, and took off down the Atlantic coast. People who are cyclones do things like that, she said. She did such crazy things. I laughed tears listening to her. Once she got lonely, and wanted someone to talk to her, so she drove to a navy base. At the administration office she requested a sailor to go riding with her. They flipped a coin, and a guy named Smith had to go with "the looney dame." Smith took her home to his mother, who phoned Fergie's father. He took a plane and came and retrieved her and his new car.

Her stories ran from one wild experience to another. Her last husband was a lad 22 years younger than she was. He developed a brain tumor and was in an institution. "We sure could dance together," she reminisced.

Where Fergie is tonight I do not know. She is part of our lives, and we'll hear from her again I'm sure.

1958 has enlarged our family to include Tom Teasdale. Don't get me wrong. He isn't a foster child, but simply a fixture around the house. I wasn't alarmed when he danced with Shirley every set at a ward dance, but now he's at our house more than my own children are. And he <u>loves</u> toasted cheese sandwiches.

DeMar has been stocking shelves and working as general errand boy at Graff's Grocery since September.

The Pickett reunion was at Cedar Breaks on the 18th of August. All of my children were there. Since Marilyn was concerned about getting back to LasVegas, she left the mountain early, taking Gordon to help with the children. When we arrived home, Gordon was alone with the three little boys. Marilyn had gone with Dr. McIntire to take Susan to the Iron County Hospital.

Susan had found a bottle of water on the front porch. She was thirsty, so she tipped it up to her mouth and strangled. She could neither cry nor swallow. Blood trickled from her mouth.

"Gordon, find out what was in that bottle and call the doctor. Tell him I'm on my way with Susan," Marilyn said as she rushed Susan into her car.

Dr. McIntire pumped Susan's stomach, and poured vinegar water into her, then rushed her to Cedar. The bottle had contained lye water that was left over from making hydrogen filled balloons.

Marilyn transferred Susan to a hospital in LasVegas. Susan grew thinner and thinner. Her esophagus completely closed. The doctors performed dilatories to open her throat, and worked with her for weeks, but she was losing ground. Finally they told Marilyn there was nothing more they could do. If Susan lived, it would be entirely up to the Lord. Miss Knight told us that if we even had an inkling of what Susan would have to go through, we would all fast and pray for her to die.

In a last desperate effort, Marilyn took Susan to the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake. "Here's my little girl," she said. "Save her if you can."

At last, it seemed that our many prayers were being answered, for Susan became stronger. And then, one evening, just three days before Christmas, the hospital called, saying Susan was critical.

"Mother," Marilyn said over the phone, "I've got to have help. Can Shirley come and stay with my children? They tell me Susan has only a little while to live. I have to be on the train in half an hour."

"I'll put Shirley on the bus for LasVegas tonight, then I'll meet you at the Hospital in Salt Lake in the morning."

The call was timed right to catch busses going both ways through Hurricane. After Shirley was on her way, I had only a few minutes to grab what I needed and tell my children goodbye.

The Greyhound rumbled and grumbled through the night. As we passed through little towns, strings of Christmas lights reminded me that our plans for Christmas were unfinished. I had mail ordered everything in November, thinking to save time and money. Only one or two items had arrived. I received notice that the things I had ordered were temporarily out of stock, but they expected a new supply within five days. Most of my children would get nothing. My money was spent, and I could not shop again. But no one would be in the mood for Christmas anyway if Susan did not live.

When I arrived at Salt Lake the sky was overcast, and the city was cold and drab with dirty snow. Marilyn had arrived at the hospital ahead of me. She was pale and weary. Susan was in an oxygen tent with a tube in her arm, one in the side of her lungs, and one in her stomach, and a needle was strapped to her foot. Her arms and legs were covered with puncture marks. Each breath she took was a cry of pain. When the last dilatory had

been performed, the instruments accidently punctured her lungs, so all of the fluid she had taken went there instead of into her stomach. Things looked pretty grim.

Marilyn called the presiding bishop's office, asking for someone to administer to Susan. Two elders came, and putting their hands on Susan's head promised her that every tissue in her body would be completely restored to normal. A spirit of peace filled the room.

After they left, we sat quietly reading. Something flashed in the sunshine. It was Susan's amber colored comb that she had tossed from her crib.

"Oh, oh," Susan chuckled.

We sprang to our feet. Susan was <u>laughing</u>! I retrieved the comb, and Susan said, "Comb my hair, Grandma."

I was never more happy over a request. Her hair was like soft brown silk as I combed it around my fingers, and she lay smiling up at both of us. A nurse passing by saw us smiling at Susan so she came in.

"How wonderful," she said, "she has never smiled since she came here."

All day we stayed by Susan's bedside. We saw the color return to her cheeks, and we saw her grow stronger. Whenever she wanted our attention, she tossed some small toy out of her bed. But her favorite sport was to have us comb her hair.

Late in the afternoon the doctor came. Checking her thoroughly, he said, "She's going to be all right. She will be well enough to have Christmas with the little ones at the Children's Hospital. You can both go home now, and keep Christmas with your families."

Our hearts almost burst with gladness. Christmas carols echoed down the long corridors of the hospital as groups of school children sang.

When we kissed Susan goodbye, she said, "Susan will get well."

We taxied through the dusk and the falling snow. The city grime was hidden under a blanket of white, and the sky was transformed into a swirling kaleidoscope, as the snowflakes reflected the Christmas lights. The Greyhound Depot, and the Union Pacific Depot were both crowded with holiday travelers.

"Marilyn," I said, "I'm taking the train to LasVegas. We don't need to travel our separate ways alone tonight."

Exhausted, we settled into our seats and slept the whole night through. When daylight came, we climbed up into the vista dome to watch morning come across the desert.

"Look, look," someone gasped, "there's a little donkey just like the one that went into Bethlehem."

Sure enough, outside our window a loveable little burro cocked his ears at us as we clattered by.

The crowd in the vista dome was a happy one, and the joy of being with Marilyn was great. At LasVegas I picked up Shirley and we came home on the Greyhound together. That too was a choice experience.

Home was peaceful and very pretty in its Christmas attire. Norman and Ann had arrived home from school at Cedar with their darling little baby

Kathleen, who was born in the Iron County Hospital on November 30th. This new little sleepy head made our Christmas seem just right. Her coming added to the joy of knowing that Susan would recover. Our mail-order Christmas had arrived, and that was good, but somehow it wasn't nearly as important as we had supposed. *

CHAPTER 48
A Diamond For Graduation
(1959)

March 1. I'm back on the mesa after a six week's leave. Coleman Engineering Company is a fine outfit to work for. During my absence, my pay check has never been interrupted.

I went into the L.D.S. Hospital at Salt Lake for surgery in January. Shirley stayed with me while I was an outpatient. We visited Susan at the Children's Hospital each day, and wheeled her down the hall into the sunny playroom where the toys and storybooks were. We adopted a little boy from Idaho who had no folks to visit him. Little did we dream of the importance of visits from family members to these tiny patients. Some of them sobbed and sobbed because no mommy or daddy came to see them. As the nurses showered extra love upon them, we became acutely aware of the healing power of love.

After visiting hours, Shirley and I explored the city. We saw Rosalind Russell in the movie, "Auntie Mame." Shirley laughed so hard and so continuously that I was afraid she'd collapse. Every line and every gesture of the show brought a fresh burst of laughter from her. The next morning when I went into the hospital for a clinical test, Shirley passed out in the hall. I found her unconscious on a bed in a little room with a couple of doctors bending over her.

"She has no blood sugar," one of the doctors said.

When she roused, she was given a candy bar. We had not yet had our breakfast. The day I was admitted to the hospital, Shirley took the bus for home.

In a letter to the hospital, Bishop Iverson wrote: "One of our ward members is coming in for surgery. She is a widow, and mother of seven children. See that she has the best of care." His letter brought a lady from the Church Welfare office to interview me.

"Why are you on church welfare when you're making the salary you do?" she asked.

"I am <u>not</u> on church welfare," I replied. "I am well employed and well insured."

Nevertheless, she filled out papers on me, and like a welfare patient, I fell into the hands of the interns at the hospital. Since our bishop had requested that I get extra care, I got it. On every test and every examination, I was surrounded by a group of interns. In the pitch black of x-ray rooms, I was introduced to groups of doctors. They surrounded me in tiny white rooms, under the most undignified circumstances, with me blushing red while I was in the oddest positions. They were a witty

* "Mailorder Christmas," December 1981 Friend.

lot, trying to make embarrassing moments more jovial, but I knew I was merely a laboratory rat. The night before surgery a nurse gave me a little pill, and I never awoke until the ordeal was over. Once, I had the impression I was part of the French Revolution, and was being wheeled down a cobblestone street. I felt a yard-long needle puncture my spine, and dimly I saw a circle of white masks viewing me with fascination beneath a greenish-white light. A surgeon removed some polyps from my inside plumbing.

One thing roused my fury. Someone had taken my teeth away. Vaguely I knew they were in a little drawer in the stand by my bed. When I fumbled in the drawer a hand clamped over mine.

"Oh, no you don't," someone said.

Groggily I realized that Marilyn was with me. She had taken the train from LasVegas to be with Susan and me.

When the surgeon came to see me, he said, "You've been a delight."

That wasn't hard. The interns had been as good as a circus. At home, when I told the bishop I had fallen into the hands of the interns because of his letter, he laughed and laughed.

"Alice," he said, "no one else could have carried this off so well."

28 March. The Saturday before Easter. Alas and alack! We can't go picnicking because Terry has the flu, and Gordon is floppy--just wants to lay on the picnic table in the sun. Shirley is in Salt Lake with the speech group from school and DeMar has to work. One little chick from my brood has gone Eastering. Lolene in on Coal Pitts with Wayne, Mom, Clint and Kate and their families.

Norman, Ann and Kathleen are living at Uncle Will Palmer's home in Cedar while Norman goes to school. They came down for the weekend. Kathleen is the cutest, cuddliest little baby in the whole wide world. The kids can't keep their hands off her.

Palmer Asay called to see us today. "I came to get my bride. The one that was promised to me 22 years ago," he said. At my puzzled look he explained, "After my wife Sarah died, I happened to be visiting at your place one afternoon. Marilyn looked up at me with concern and asked, 'Haven't you got a wife?' When I answered no, she said, 'Don't feel bad. When I grow up I'll be your wife.' I'll never forget that. She only wanted to comfort me, and she did."

April 22. Shirley phoned me at work. "Mother, have you heard the news?" she asked.

"Are you married?"

"No, far from it. Tom and I quit! It's all over! And the funny thing about it is that I don't feel bad. I just feel relieved, that's all."

Had I heard the news! Such an earth-shaking event to her should have sent some vibes my way--but docily I had felt nothing.

"Enjoy your freedom while it lasts," I said. "I'll be home in an hour."

"He's got my class ring, and I may never get it back," she fretted.

"I'll see you in just a little while," I said.

At home, Shirley's sad tale unraveled. She had had to go to Kanab, St. George and Enterprise with an exchange assembly. Tom only had to go to Kanab and St. George. Since he wasn't on the Enterprise program, he asked her not to go either. He threatened that if she did he'd never ask her for another date, and besides that, she'd never get her class ring back. So naturally she went. The bus load returned, and when school let out, Tom got in his convertible and roared off without Shirley. So this was the end.

Amazing, but Shirley didn't go pale and wilt and pine. Instead she seemed relieved. Of course Tom was mentioned almost every minute on the minute, but not in a lamenting way. She analyzed him. Thursday she renewed acquaintance with some of the girls at school, suddenly remembering old pals she'd hardly seen all winter. Friday she stayed home with the flu. I hated leaving her alone for fear Tom would miss her and come charging over to our house.

That's exactly what happened. He was so penitent they decided to be friends again, but only date occasionally. Saturday when he dropped by DeMar was having a birthday party, so he stayed. Sunday he came to go to church with Shirley and stayed until 10:30 p.m. Monday he stayed until time to go to National Guard. Tuesday he came after school, stayed for supper, went to MIA with Shirley, then stayed until 10:30. I asked Shirley how often he'd come if they were going steady again.

"But Mother," she exclaimed, "you must remember there was a long time that we didn't see each other after we quit!"

Sure enough--all of Wednesday and Thursday. And he spoke to her once on Thursday at that. He said, "You can call me up and let me know when you want me to come and make an official presentation to you of your class ring."

May 3. So this is mad love--Shirley and Tom, I mean. One or the other is mad all of the time--usually Tom. I'd think Shirley would be scared to go with a mad man.

Tom has departed in a huff never to return (as usual), and Shirley has read her nightly magazine article in the bathroom and gone to bed. Norman, Ann and Kathy are asleep in Gordon's room. Gordon is on the couch. I've got to rouse him and make him take off his shoes. He always goes to sleep in his clothes. Lolene's sleeping on the cot under the honey locust tree. Black rain clouds don't scare her. Terry is in his den, and DeMar, who is blissfully in love, has torn himself away from Helen Stratton's place, and told me goodnight as he passed my door. Ho hum, I'm sleepy too.

May 10. Poor Mr. Bumstead unwittingly fell into our trap. He was first brought to our house by our home teacher. "He's got money," our teacher whispered. "He can help you with your children."

That was the beginning. Mr. Bumstead* has dropped in a number of times since then. Last night when he came, he had something quite serious on his mind, but the setting was not one for encouraging a confidential chat. Our house was a full blown riot, with all of the family at home, including Tom and Helen and even baby Kathleen. (All except Marilyn).

* Not his real name.

Uneasily, Mr. Bumstead said, "I need to talk to you. How about going for a ride?"

"Sure," I replied.

Heading north, he drove all of one mile and parked on the little island at the "Y". A car cruised along behind us, turned east, then south into town. Hmmm! Reminded me of DeMar's car.

Settling his plump little self, Mr. Bumstead reached for my hand. "I'm no good at making speeches," he began, "but I was wondering if you--" He stopped to clear his throat. After a long pause he said, "I wonder why that car is so slow in making the turn. Its lights shine right in on us."

"Someone is probably uncertain which road to take," I answered.

The car in question turned east, then south into town. Suspiciously I watched. It looked strangely like Norman's car.

"I've been thinking," Mr. Bumstead resumed.

Another car flooded us with lights, then followed the first two. I was certain this car belonged to Tom.

With a chuckle I said, "It's a grand night for driving isn't it? Clear sky, cool breeze and all!"

"Yes it is."

Cars kept coming. Some of them headed toward Cedar, and some went up the hill toward Zion, but most of them took the turn at a crawl, shone their lights upon us, then went east, and south into town. Sounds of familiar laughter drifted from their open windows.

"My, what a lot of traffic going into LaVerkin!" Mr. Bumstead exclaimed. "Is there some big doings there tonight?"

"Not that I know of," I replied. I chuckled at the thoughts of how much traffic three carloads of tormentors could make.

Relinquishing my hand, Mr. Bumstead said, "I had wanted to talk to you, but these cars bother me." He backed off the little island and on to the highway. Slowly he cruised back the way we had come. Neither of us spoke.

As we came into our drive there were three cars parked ahead of us. Standing in the glow of the porch light were my children singing a medlely of rearranged songs.

"Will you come in?" I asked.

Regarding my incredible bunch Mr. Bumstead said, "I think I'd better go now. Good night."

As he backed out of the drive, I went up the steps to my self-appointed guardians. (Note: I did not say guardian angels.)

Mr. Bumstead was such a mild little fellow--certainly not up to our brand of humor. If someone should come along who could outwit my lusty clan, then I might be interested--even fascinated. And so I watched Bumstead's lights disappear down the highway. Like a butterfly, this would-be-romance had flitted over the bridge and out of view.

May 16. Lolene is tending Kathleen while Ann and Norman have gone to the Heldorado in LasVegas. Marilyn will be bringing Susan home on the train from Salt Lake today also. I'm anxious for a report.

Shirley was tickled to get a letter from Vonda's Cafe today saying, "Come at once." Last year she was too homesick to enjoy working there. Now she anticipates it.

May 18. The Seminary graduation exercises were last night. Helen Stratton was one of the graduates. DeMar came into my room at midnight, and sat on the foot of my bed.

"Gee," he sighed, "Helen looked so pretty tonight. Her mother made her graduation dress. You should have seen how her hair shone. I guess no one can quite understand how I feel about her."

"I can," I said, "I've been in love."

"There's something I ought to tell you, but I don't know how." He hesitated, then said, "You might not like it."

"Try me and see," I said,

"I gave Helen a diamond tonight."

"DeMar, I think it is lovely. When you've found the girl you want, you should go get her."

"Helen is the girl I want forever and forever," he sighed.

May 25. Tonight Lolene graduated from elementary. Shirley had made her a real cute dress for the exercises.

May 27. I went to the awards assembly with Shirley and Tom tonight. Shirley was called up quite a few times to receive awards. She had three scholarships offered to her. She still has to choose between two of them. One is an $80 art scholarship from the CSU, and the other is an $800 normal scholarship, first year at Dixie and three years at the college of her choice. The CSU is the college of her choice. She wants the art scholarship and the freedom that goes with it, like dating someone new. CSU boys are cute, with crew cuts and neat clothes. Dixie boys are hebes with their hair combed to a peak in the middle of their foreheads, and their shirts unbuttoned half way to their belts, and not a one fit to date, (so she says). Besides, she'd be obligated to go to school four years, and teach two years in Utah, if she accepts the normal scholarship, even if she should meet a boy cute enough to marry. She doesn't want to be a frusterated old maid school teacher, teaching the infants of her contemporaries. She's convinced the $80 scholarship is worth more than the $800 one.

May 29. Last night were the high school graduation exercises. I thought Shirley was the most beautiful graduate of all. (Lots of mothers were there thinking the same thing about their daughters).

Marilyn came to see her sister graduate. She, Lolene and I went together. My three daughters were there! They were all so cute, and so many people commented on them and my heart sang with joy. Shirley, Vanda and Jeanette sang a trio, "May You Always Walk in Sunshine." So pretty! (Incidentally, Shirley accepted the four year scholarship, so she will be at Dixie next winter with the "hebes".)

June 29. Friday, while the boys were on an overnight scouting trip seemed a right time to accept LaPriel's invitation to sleep out at Kanarra. Kate, Lolene and I loaded our bedding into the flivver and drove to LaPriel's. I love the long days when the sun is still high when I get home from work.

At Kanarra, LaPriel put a mattress in the back of Jim's pickup, and Kate, LaPriel and I made our beds on a patch of meadow grass under a clump of willows on the church welfare farm. As twilight faded we watched the stars come out. Later, when the moon arose, a deer emerged from the bushes, and stood regarding us with curiosity. Rabbits sat up on their haunches, their long ears sensitively alert. On a shaggy, overhanging blackwillow a porcupine gnawed, dropping twigs and bark upon us. We spoke in whispers, not wanting to frighten our visitors. The hour grew late and we dozed. Suddenly, a crashing through the brush brought us upright.

"We forgot to say our prayers," Kate whispered.

Heavy clomping gave us to know a huge animal was approaching. Even the pounding of horses' hooves was nothing like this. We listened to the heavy breathing of this creature. It inhaled and exhaled with much wheezing and panting. We were all three on our knees, our spines tingling, and watching wide eyed when bursting through the willows with a roar, a whoop and a gale of giggling came Dale, Lolene and the twins, Lynn and Leslie!

September 5. Oh dear! Why should loneliness and longing stalk me, even in the midst of the tumult and the crowds? I yearn to sit across the table from someone who thinks I'm lovely--who wants to take me dancing, who isn't going to ask me to "take a letter" or "type a memo" or to "get Major Blunk of Wright Pat on the line." I long for the hearty laughter of a plain dirt farmer coming in to supper. Winferd, that is. There's something phony about my life style without him, like useless dates with old men. And people pressuring me to go to the Monday night dances.

I finally broke down and went to one of those dances in St. George with two other loners like myself, Chris and Evelyn. I wonder why I don't have a carefree attitude about doing things like that? Why do the feelings of guilt stalk me? Why does it seem such a sham?

Two days after the dance I received a letter from *Ed, who wrote, "Please meet me at the dance next Monday night, and wear the same red dress."

Good grief! If he wants to go to the dance with me, why doesn't he come after me?

September 12. I didn't go to the dance, so Ed came to see me. He's been alone almost a year now, and he thinks it's tough. He's a scoutmaster, an old eagle, a civic leader, and a stalwart LDS pioneer. He sat on the back steps in the dappled shade of the pecan trees and talked scouting with my boys and they liked him. But the only guys that ever look at me are twenty years older than I am, and that matters. Ed is all business and not even slightly romantic.

September 30. Shirley is enrolled at Dixie College with the "hebes". Already she has taken a liking to them. She says she was wrong about how they left their shirts open and combed their hair. But she should like

*Not his real name.

Dixie College. She is living with the Harrisons. Anybody living with Dixie and Foster Harrison, and going to school with Miriam should be happy. Miriam is Shirley's age and bubbles all of the time.

Ed frequents our place. His money is soundly invested, and he doesn't spend it. If he's going to see me, I'd think he'd want to go to a movie or something instead of sitting around.

"Don't you have a friend who has a TV that we could watch?" he asked one evening.

"Do you have TV?" I inquired.

"Oh my no. A TV is an unnecessary extravagance," he replied.

Still, he was willing to watch someone else's TV! Well, I wasn't.

One day he brought his wife's dresses for me to try on. "I've thought it over, and I know Stella would be happy if you would wear these." he beamed, holding out a paper bag. "I'd like you to try them on."

I was stunned. If he could have known for a split second the feeling that went over me, he'd have been left speechless. Floundering for words I said, "Ok. Sit down." Taking the sack to my room, I sat on the edge of my bed and wept furious tears. Stupid, stupid man!

After getting control of myself, I returned and handed him the sack. "They're pretty," I said, "but I'm too short waisted to wear them." I hadn't even looked inside the sack.

"I was hoping to see them on you," he said with disappointment.

I felt sick.

Last Friday he phoned me while I was at work. "Can I come out for the evening?" he asked.

Oh dear, I wondered desperately, what do you do when you don't want to hurt a lonely old guy's feelings? I wanted to say, "I've too much to do," which was the truth. Instead I said, "Come at your own risk."

Carl Laird, the guy who works at the desk next to mine, was selling tickets for a fund raising movie at Springdale. I bought a couple.

When Ed arrived, I said, "How about a little spin? I'll show you where to go."

Curiosity consumed him. By the time we passed Rockville, he said, "I'll bet you're making me take you to Kanab to dinner!"

What a wild thought! The only dinner he'd ever take anyone to would be a fund raising dinner for a church building.

The show was "How to Marry a Millionaire." Ed sat and clicked his tongue all the way through, saying, "Tsk, tsk, tsk. They shouldn't let young folks see things like this."

It was still early when the show let out, so I urged him to drive up the canyon. We walked in the moonlight along the river's edge and once he held my hand. He sat on a log at the water's edge and I stood upon a big rock. The folds of my filmy white skirt fluttered in the breeze and my shining curls blew in wisps across my dewy cheek. With supple grace and elegance I stood, a thing of beauty, like a bird song, like a Minnehaha beside the laughing water. Anyway, that's how Ed said it was in the letter I got in the mail today. Hmmm! I've misjudged his romantic spark.

October 10. DeMar quit his job at Graff's store and is working in Fredonia at Kiabab Lumber. What he doesn't like about the setup is that he's too far away from Helen.

November 12. A truck driver from Mesquite told Norman that Jaunita Fergeson (Fergie) was killed in a car accident. He saw the accident. Fergie's little Isetta was coming up a hill near Los Angeles when a Pontiac plowed into her. The Isetta was completely demolished, and Fergie and her dog Smokey were killed instantly.

The last time we saw her was just before school started this fall, when the kids and I were on our way to LasVegas. We stopped at a service station at Beaver Dam. Fergie emerged from the station and flew into my arms.

Hugging and kissing me, she cried, "How long before I can come and live with you?"

"As soon as Lolene graduates from high school," I replied.

"Four years?" she asked.

"Yes. You can come and live with me in four more years."

Wetting my cheeks with her tears, she kissed me. Now she is gone. We will miss getting her plaintive notes and postcards. We loved the little cyclone.

CHAPTER 49

Gordon's Mission Call
(1960)

January 1. I'm trying to clear away enough of the past to make room for the New Year. Here's a note from Fergie which says, "I drove up to Kolob all by myself just to watch your brother Clinton do some cat work. He is the sweetest man in the world." Yes, Fergie, I agree that at least he is one of the sweetest.

I remember the day after New Years four years ago when I went with Clinton up on Coal Pitts to brand a calf. He built a fire of cedar boughs by a big boulder to heat his branding iron. The day was as cold as a January day could be, so I climbed upon the boulder above the fire. The wind was gusty. Clinton shouted at me to move just as a gust of wind whipped the fire over the rock. Flames enveloped me. I leaped down on the opposite side and flung my coat over my head, because I could hear my hair and my eyebrows frying. My eyelashes were melted to beaded blobs that locked every time I blinked my eyes, and my eyebrows crumbled and fell off when I rubbed across them. For a few weeks I had to curl my hair different to hide the bareness around my face. My face was tender for a few days too. But I liked going with Clinton so much. He has been a dear brother to me, and a thoughtful, kind, good uncle to all of my children, taking them with him as often as possible.

March 28. Norman and Ann have a brand new little son born this day. Kathleen has a baby brother. (Lloyd).

April 15. Ah such luxury. Here I am lounging in a heap of pillows on the cot under the honey locust tree. The tree, sweet with yellow flowers and tender green leaves, is swarming with bees. The sky, the

clouds, the sun, the breeze, the hum of the bees, the chirp of the robin--this is happiness. My cup runneth over. I am privileged to enjoy this day because of the fine group insurance Coleman Engineering has. I'm home from the Dixie Hospital convalescing after a hysterectomy.

Helen Bleak came in the same time I did for the same thing. We were mighty tickled to be with each other. Charles Pickett, the County Attorney, brought orchids to both of us. Just imagine! Each of us got a big orchid in a vase!

Bill Sanders, Carl Staheli, Wendell Hall and my brother Clinton came to my room and sang one quartet after another as I lay misty-eyed on my pillow.

A nurse came to the door and said, "Would you folks please come into the hall and sing? Patients are standing by their doors the full length of the hospital."

So they did. After they left, that same nurse came to my room. "Those men will never know how much good they did," she said. "There's an old man across the hall who has not responded to a thing for days. When I went into his room just now he smiled and said, 'I heard the most beautiful music.'"

September 17. Terry hasn't missed a day in the past month without saying, "Jay Frazer will sell me a horse for $30, and give me until spring to pay."

He's like Lolene was about a tether ball. Every meal she'd say, "I can hardly eat for thinking about a tether ball." When she'd awake in the mornings she'd say, "I dreamed I had a tether ball." That went on until Christmas, when she got her tether ball. But Terry isn't going to get a horse for Christmas. Horses eat.

Sunday a red pickup drove into our yard.

"Mother," Lolene whispered, "that's Jay Frazer and I think he has a horse in his pickup."

Terry bolted out the door. Peering out, all I could see in the pickup was an oil drum.

"Mother, come and look," Terry shouted.

Jay was poking at something in the pickup bed. Embarrassed he said, "I can't make it stand up."

Pretty soon it did. There before my eyes was the littlest midget that I've ever seen that could be called a horse.

"It's a mustang," Jay said.

It was all ears and nose. It's head was as big as a full grown horse, but it scarcely had a body. It wasn't even leggy. I looked at Terry. Written on his face was adoration and longing. I knew I had but two choices. One was to let Jay unload the critter, and the other was to plan Terry's funeral if I didn't. The horse stayed.

Last night when Richard Beaumont came for Terry to go home teaching, Terry led his little quadruped out for him to see. The family clustered around to pet the little critter. Richard poked him in the ribs.

"Hey, don't," Terry protested.

"How do you make him kick?" Richard asked.

At that moment the little mustang swung a hind leg sidewise and whammed Richard full on the shins. The horse didn't bat an eye or turn his head, but looking straight ahead he had landed the blow accurately. We cracked up laughing.

Grandpa Gubler came to see what we had. Terry had been scrounging rings and leather straps from Grandpa to make a bridle. When Grandpa saw the animal he laughed and laughed. Finally he said, "That horse is stunted. It will never grow. Terry will be an old man before that horse is big enough to ride."

When Ward Wright saw him tied to the pecan tree he shouted, "Alice, it's dangerous to leave that horse tied to that tree!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because if he runs out to the end of the rope he'll uproot the tree."

September 28. Shirley phoned me at the office. "Mother, what shall I do? Two horses are pacing up and down in Ann's garden mashing everything. Ann is going to be sick when she comes home." (Norman and Ann are living on the bottom of the lot in a trailer house).

"Find someone to help you."

The little horse had whinnied until he attracted a couply of strays. They climbed over the boards and tin roofing at the back of the old house, trying to get into the corral. Ovando came to the rescue and let the fence down around the garden so the horses could get out. He said one horse reached over the fence, getting close enough to the mustang to bite him.

This evening Gordon said, "Terry's mustang was caught from a band of wild horses in Hurricane Valley. Grandpa says he wouldn't give 30¢ for him, let alone $30.00."

"Oh well," I said, "Terry isn't really going to buy him. He's smart enough to know the little fellow will never be a riding horse."

Terry gave me a grateful look. "I guess I'd better call Jay and tell him to come and pick up his mustang," he said.

September 29. Shirley loves Perry Houston from Mesquite. Perry went to college at Cedar City while Shirley was at Dixie, so maybe she's right about the CSU boys being the cutest.

Shirley spent her summer earnings from Vonda's Cafe on a Singer sewing machine--$488.00--all paid for. Besides paying $100 rent, she still came off with money for clothes. Not bad at all.

But oh, that sewing machine! It stands in the splendor of its newness in our living room, and we give it a wide berth, neither touching it nor breathing on it. But that's ok. Shirley sews cleverly and creates beautiful things on it. Now she has registered for the fall quarter at Dixie and is living with the Harrisons.

Helen and DeMar were married on the 24th of September. DeMar retired early the night before the wedding. I went to his room at 8:30 and found him sound asleep. When I spoke, I got no response. Shaking him, I got only a grunt. The next morning he was up and ready to go to the temple

by 6:30.

"How in the world did you get to sleep so fast last night?" I asked.

"I got so tired of tossing and thinking last night that I wet a handkerchief with some of the choloroform from my chemistry set and inhaled it," he replied.

The wedding was lovely, temple ceremony, reception and all. Theirs was the traditional wedding dance with a live orchestra and a program. At Helen's request, DeMar strummed his guitar and sang, "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You." Now he's driving truck for Serret at Cedar City, so that's where they're planning to live.

I had the happiest feeling as I folded Lloyd's nightgowns from off the line today. It set me thinking of the little guy who wears them. Norman's and Ann's six month old son is a darling. Kathie loves her little brother, and talks so cute to him. Grandchildren are grand!

Shirley tints photographs at Durante's studio after school. She's doing twenty-five pictures of Val Jennings who corresponds with twenty-five girls, names he got from a magazine. When a picture of a cute little girl, or baby comes in to the studio, Shirley sandwiches it in for a change. Val walks from Hurricane to St. George to pay the studio $1.00 a week on his pictures and reports on his progress with the girls.

October 3. Lolene is sorry she applied for a job at the school lunch room, because she got it. She sprays dishes. They tell her they will let her take turns serving. She will like that.

This evening Lolene was doing the splits on the back porch. One foot was propped up on the bathroom window sill.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm acting like a teenager. I read all about it in a book, and I know how they act. The book says I've a right to a normal adolescense."

We're running out of contracts for tests on the Mesa. Things are so slow that we're urged to do our best to look busy.

October 12. Terry is in the limelight again. I just got to work when Shirley phoned. "Mother, Terry has shot himself."

Shocked, I asked, "Is it bad?"

"Yes," she replied, "can't you hear him?"

I went sick all over at the sounds of his agonized groaning. "I'll be right down." Turning to Dorothy I said, "I've got to go. Terry has had an accident."

She called Steve's office. By the time I got to the front door, Harlan James was out in front with the boss's car. We fairly flew down the hill. I didn't know what to expect. I wondered if Shirley could administer first aid to keep him alive until we got there. And then a calm, peaceful feeling came over me, and I knew Terry would be all right.

We found Terry sitting by the kitchen table, ashen white, his eyes a little glazed. He had one boot off, and there was a purple, swollen toe oozing blood onto the floor. The boot had a hole in the middle of it.

Shirley thought he had shot through the middle of his foot, but the boot was inches too long for Terry's foot, so actually he got it at the base of the second toe on his right foot.

We loaded him in the back seat of the car with pillows under his foot and headed for the hospital.

Terry had been shooting sparrows out of the bamboo with his 22. He rested the muzzle end of the gun on his shoe and cocked it. When he raised it,it blasted birdshot into his foot. The bone of that toe was shattered. By the time we got him to St. George his foot had gone numb, and they didn't have to give him a shot before operating.

The doctor took all kinds of litter out of his foot. There was packing that was in the shell, a bit of leather, a bit of sock and pieces of lead. He opened the hole wide and threaded a strip of rubber through it like you would thread a needle, This was to keep it open so the lead could sluff away. Terry didn't feel a thing. This is his fourth day in the hospital and they still have the rubber in his foot. I don't know whether he will keep his toe or not. So there goes the jitter-bug class he was enthused about starting this week.

October 15. Terry is home from the hospital. Shirley says she's going to shoot his other toe so he'll have to go back. Home was peaceful while he was gone.

He has captured a couple of blue jays already since he came home. Yet he is supposed to keep off his foot. He's going to build a cage for them and raise tame ones. Trouble is, both of his birds are flashy males.

Gordon has one special thing that is different from his brothers. He likes school. Especially chemistry, seminary and chorus. Mr. Larsen, the new music teacher, is impressed with Gordon's voice, so he is giving him free voice lessons.

Walter Segler has started up his molasses mill. Last fall, every time I wondered where Gordon was, I found him at the mill. This year he is working there on Saturdays and after school.

The only girls Gordon is interested in are the ones that Terry discovers first. When Ann's sister Irene went to school in Hurricane, Terry and Gordon constantly competed for her attention. When the family went swimming, Gordon kept dragging Mary Tally's niece into the deep water, leaving her stranded on an inner tube, just to see Terry be the big hero and rescue her. When Terry walks a girl home from MIA, Gordon walks the same girl home the following week.

November 1. Grief is our companion once more. Gordon has been taken from us. He spent his last day at home with me. It was Saturday, and Terry had gone to LasVegas with Marilyn. Gordon and I spent the day cleaning the yards.

"There's something strange about this day," he said. "I can't decide what it is."

Often he gazed across the fields, or sat on a bench looking at the ground pensively.

"Oh come on, snap out of it," I said.

"But mother, I have the strangest feeling about today," he said.

He had been testing the sights of a pistol.

"I wish you'd put that thing away," I remonstrated.

"There's something wrong with it," he replied. "The sights aren't true."

Just before sundown, DeMar drove up. "Gordon, let's go over in the foothills for a little while and look around."

Gordon brightened. "I guess that's what's different about today. Everyone is deer hunting but me." Running for the car, he called back, "I'll see you in a little while, Mother."

A little while? How long, oh how long is a little while? Within half an hour my telephone rang.

"There has been an accident," Lucille Fish said. She told me where to find my boys, and offered me her help.

Who was hurt, or how badly, I did not know. "Oh, Heavenly Father," I prayed, "Please don't let DeMar or Gordon be maimed or crippled for life!"

I phoned Helen's parents, Isabel and Ermal Stratton, then ran to the highway to meet them.

A crowd had gathered by the side of the highway beyond Pintura, and I was told that the younger of my two boys was up in the foothills dead. He had been testing the sights of a pistol. When he looked down the barrel, the gun went off, hitting him between the eyes. A numbness went over me.

"The older boy is crying hysterically by the side of his brother," someone said.

My mind took wings through the dark cedars to my sons, but my feet slowly turned to the car. Alone I sat in the back seat, my head in my hands. Why didn't I climb the hill to DeMar and Gordon? Something restrained me.

Darkness was filling the ravines, still I was aware of a strange burst of light. How can such intense grief and pain be associated with light? A sweet something whispered peace. Peace? Oh my weeping heart! Through the fragments of broken thoughts, one thing came to me clearly. For eleven years I had had our seven youngsters to myself, and now Winferd needed one of them. This thought took the despair out of my grief. Grief can be borne when there is the light of hope at the other end of the road.

Gordon's accident was on the evening of October 22. Isabel was by my side through all of the final arrangements. She became especially dear to me. My family and Winferd's family, our neighbors and friends surrounded us, and our home was filled with love. And Gordon! Gordon, dressed in his beautiful white suit--Gordon, so handsome and tall--six-foot, two! Oh, Gordon, Gordon--goodbye my son. I shall not lose sight of the light of hope.

My week at home writing thank-you cards is over. I am back on the job on the mesa.

Mark Johnson from Holden wrote: "Victory over bereavement comes easier if you will deliberately reenter the field of activity. . . . by quiet acquiescence, and by deep and undying faith in God. . . .your good and handsome son tonight is with his own father, and I am most sure that their happiness far surpasses any that you have ever known."

From Bloomington, Indiana, Donworth wrote: "And now it is Winferd's turn to revise his image of his son who was so small when they parted -- I say he will revise his because I find it difficult to believe that our loved ones see us any more than we see them. If they were able to see us in our daily activity, they would become so absorbed in what we were doing. . . .so filled with concern for our mistakes. . . .that they would not be constructive, productive members of God's heaven. So now, in my imagination I see Winferd showing Gordon about his new surroundings, proudly introducing him to all of his friends and saying, 'Do you see! What I have been telling you about my fine family is true. This one is taller and straighter and finer than even I had imagined.' And he'll feast his eyes on his son with whom he was permitted so little time before, and will say to himself, 'I hope Alice and the other children won't mind too much losing their son and brother. It is so good to have him here--to not be alone anymore.' In no time at all he'll have him enrolled in a heavenly school with others of his age so that he can be developed with all speed in his understanding and love of the Gospel that he may go about the urgent duty of proclaiming the Gospel to the millions who daily die without having heard it.

Make no mistake, Gordon, young and unexperienced as he is, is far ahead of the great multitudes of his fellows who daily make the transition from earthly to heavenly existence. He will rapidly adjust to the new existence and be grateful to finally make the acquaintence of his wonderful dad. Won't they make a wonderful missionary pair?"

LaRett Stratton wrote: "Be glad that God trusts you with some problem. Thank Him for the compliment. He believes you have what it takes to handle them."

November 10. When I talked to President Snow at the temple, he said, "Come and get your son's endowment work done immediately. He needs the Melchizedek Priesthood so he can go with his father to preach the gospel."

Last night, DeMar did Gordon's temple work, and I did Jaunita Fergerson's (Fergie).

It was only a month ago when Gordon presented me with the seminary text,"The Restored Church" by William E. Barrett. "I didn't have to buy this book," he said. "The seminary would let me use one of theirs, but I thought you would like to read this."

Then he talked about preparing to go on a mission. "How will we be able to finance my mission?" he asked.

"Don't worry about that," I replied. "We've got two years to prepare. We'll finance it all right."

Two years? His call came early. He has the Melchizedek Priesthood now. He can go full speed ahead. And little Fergie! When I think how happy she is to have her temple work done I can still feel her arms around me and her wet tears on my cheek.

December 8. Last weekend, when Shirley was home from school, she used dry-cleaning fluid to wash her slacks. She got the bright idea of pressing them dry.

"Look at this pretty white cloud," she said to me as she ran the hot iron back and forth.

Like an explosion, flames burst forth. She grabbed a blanket to smother the fire. Black smoke filled the room, banking thick against the ceiling, almost suffocating us. Shirley's slacks, the ironing board cover and pad drizzled puddles of fire onto the floor, burning patches through the floor covering. Soot blackened the walls and curtains, which resembled the pile of velvet. We moved my bed out onto the back porch, where I've been sleeping all week.

Sleeping outside in December isn't bad. I had layers of paper under the matress, and in between the blankets over me. Getting in and out of bed was the cold part. We've spent all of our evenings re-papering and painting the walls and woodwork, and have put down a new floor covering.

CHAPTER 50
(1961)

Perry Joins the Clan

January 20. Shirley went with me to Clifton's Market today. She detoured from the grocery shelves and thumbed through the phonograph records.

"Oh Mother," she exclaimed, "just look at this record. I know it is the most gorgeous thing in the world. Shall we get it?"

"If we do, we'll have to go without groceries," I replied.

"Let's don't buy food. It would be more fun to listen to music than to eat," she said.

Arnold Lemmon happened to overhear us. Observing Shirley's round face and general plumpness, he said, "Hmmmm. It doesn't look like she pushed herself away from the motorola soon enough."

March 25. Last Tuesday Terry made a pudding for supper, but it was MIA time, so he said, "Come on, Mother, let's go to MIA. We'll eat after we get home."

He stayed for the activity period, and danced the last dance, but I visited too long after the dance, so he started home without me. But he never arrived. I phoned Boyd Hepworth, and he said Terry was with June Sanders, James Hardy and a Peshell boy. He still was not home by midnight, so I phoned the other parents. Their boys were missing too. At 1:00 a.m. I phoned Smitty, the Hurricane cop. He had just made his rounds and reported that there were no boys on the streets in Hurricane.

Leona Hardy appeared. Her long, dark hair was as frowzy as though she had run all the way through a cocklebur patch. She wore a robe over her nightgown. Mrs. Peshell came, with her husband trailing behind. Her hair resembled a chicken in the wind. She had dish towels pinned to the hem of her coat to keep her ankes warm. Mr. Peshell's eyes looked like florescent half moons, (the worried look, perhaps), and his hair was like wads of steel

wool on each side of his bald dome. I looked like a clown in my feed sack pajamas, with one leg printed, and the other plain. A ruffled granny cap covered my hair which was done up in bobby pins thick as porcupine quills.

Mr. Peshell paced up and down, telling me who to phone. First we called the highway patrol. They took the boys' names, and radioed the police in Cedar and St. George. Next we called Bill Moyes, who came at once to join our colorful crew, and tried to help us guess where the boys might be. I tried to get Peshell to sit, but he preferred to pace.

Belva burst in, mopping her frantic tears. Their car was gone. She joined Peshell in pacing up and down.

At 3:00 a.m. Darwin Gifford awoke and remembered he was to call and tell us that June was taking the boys to Mexico. We phoned, and the highway patrol threw up roadblocks. My phone rang every few minutes. It was just getting light when everyone finally went home. Instead of going to work, I went to bed. Ann came to answer the phone while I slept.

Marilyn called in the afternoon saying Terry was there. June had let him out on Nellis Boulevard. James and the Peshell boy were hiking home, and June had gone on alone.

School was out for the spring vacation, so Terry stayed an extra day with Marilyn. June ended up on Kolob stuck in the snow and had to walk home. It took him two days longer to get home than the other boys.

When Terry got home he explained that the boys had picked him up after MIA. He had not planned on going with them, but it seemed ok, especially since it was ok with the rest. June had been yearning to go to Mexico for months. He was tired of trying to be as perfect as his brother Larry. Larry was the one who got to go to Wyoming with their dad to buy a cattle ranch when June was aching to go. The Peshell boy was sick of being called a plig. James was tired of never being able to do anything right.

"And what's your reason?" I asked.

"I didn't have any reason. I just went," Terry answered. "Sleeping under the stars is the most fun I've had in a long time, and I want to do it again when I have your permission."

Terry has been a gentle lamb since the episode. He still has to work to pay his share of the gas and food. He only had 50¢ on him.

April 24. We drive up the hill every morning just to fill in our time slips. We've practically nothing to do. I'm still on the switchboard and pick up a few calls, and send a few messages on the teletype, but sometimes I go for an hour without an interruption, and with nothing to do. I've written letters to everyone that might like to hear from me. I've written so much I don't remember who all I've written to.

During World War II my brother Bill was stationed in California for about six months without anything to do, because Uncle Sam had trained too many officers. In one of his letters he said that his idea of eternal punishment would be to give a guy nothing to do. I'm sure he's right.

May 10. When DeMar comes home on weekends he heads for the river or the hills. Last week he tied a bamboo cane behind his motor scooter

and went putt-putting down the highway, the bamboo sticking out behind like a stinger. He returned later with two little redtail hawks. He had baited the bamboo, and let it down over the ledge to the nest. When the babies grabbed the bait he pulled them up, one at a time. They are as large as a laying hen. He put them in the rabbit pen, and once more our yard is the gathering place for neighborhood youngsters. Only the week before, Terry captured a little gopher that was flooded out of his hole. The gopher played in the sand pile and burrowed through the tunnels Terry had made for him, ending up each time in a glass jar.

Kids brought the gopher roots and greens, and he stayed for about three days before scuttling off to the fields. Now the little boys come with BB guns and innocent little birds for the hawks. Jay Frazier brought them a cute little squirrel.

Later, Jay brought a baby eagle and traded for a hawk. The eagle is the size of a turkey hen, with a much larger wing spread, but he's still a helpless awkward baby. Terry has turned the birds loose, but they're too young to leave. They hop about the yard and wait to be fed.

I do not like carnivorous birds in captivity. I cringe at the little creatures boys capture to satisfy them. I respect herbivorous creatures. Still--eagles soar, and gophers grovel!

May 15. I took inventory of my fruit room to see how many apricots I should put up. I couldn't believe what I saw. My shelves are almost full. I sat on the flour can and cried. I don't need to bottle one single quart of apricots. Most of my children are gone!

August. Shirley, Terry, Lolene and I went with Mama and Wayne on a tour of the parks. From Bryce Canyon we traveled over Boulder Mountain and slept by Posey Lake, a tiny jewel on top of the earth. We slept under the open sky on air mattresses in the meadow. During the night a thunder storm rolled in. We were protected with heavy, clear plastic sheets propped over our beds. What a sensation! Through the clear plastic we watched the ripping lightning and the pelting rain. The deafening claps of thunder amid the blinding flashes of lightning was tingling excitement.

Two other events on this trip were equally as dramatic. One was when we came back down over a sandstone mountain to Escalante. Our car was the highest thing on the skyline when another cloudburst came. The rain coursed down the brilliant mountain. Since there was no soil to seep into, the only thing for the water to do was run. We sat on top of the world and watched. The windshield wiper couldn't work fast enough for Wayne to drive.

The other incident was at Grand Canyon. Again it was the storm. As we stood on the North Rim we saw nothing but mist below. We longed for just one sight of the canyon. And then, opening like drapes, the clouds parted, and the setting sun burst through in a scarlet flame. On the rim, rain-spangled ponderosas glistened, picking up color in the sunlight. Fog broke into swirling wisps and disintegrated. The rain-washed canyon shimmered in scarlet splendor.

August 11. When Terry came in grinning about the grotesque Mohawk haircut Neil Hardy had given him, I almost came unglued. I simply did not have the vocabulary to express my fury. Terry was a mess! Baldheaded,

except for the ridge of feather-like hair making a narrow strip from his forehead to the back of his head. I was going to have to send him back to Neil to finish the job. I'd never be able to sit to the table and eat with this--this transition from Mohawk to Yul Brynner.

Before my wrath totally disabled me, Coleen came to the door with a beautiful angel food cake! I accepted the peace offering, and promised to spare Neil's life. The song is ended, but the bald head lingers on.

September 20. Sunday a raging flood swept down the Virgin River. Twenty-six boy scouts and their leaders from northern Utah were hiking through the Zion Narrows in three different groups when the flood caught them. The first two groups made it out. At the Zion Lodge they reported that five of the third group was missing, four boys and one scoutmaster. County Sheriff Renouf and his party searched all day Monday and Tuesday, 40 miles along the river. One boy was washed up in the debris behind the Driftwood Lodge in Springdale. Later two others were found. The flood level had reached so high that a steer was found lodged in the top of a cottonwood tree. Our entire area is stunned with the tragic effects of this flood.

September 30. NEWS FLASH!

Shirley Gubler, daughter of Alice Gubler and the late Winferd Gubler of LaVerkin, became the bride of Mr. Perry Houston on 22 September 1961. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Houston, of Mesquite, Nevada. The ceremony was performed in the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Chance Hardy in LasVegas by Bishop Byron Thornton.

A reception was given in their honor in the LaVerkin Ward recreation hall. The bride was lovely in a gown of white lace over satin, and a veil with a crown of pearls. Marilyn Hardy was the matron of honor, and also accompanying the bride were bridesmaids, Lolene Gubler (sister), Miriam Harrison, Jeannie Leavitt, Geneal Covington and Sharon Campbell.

The groom was accompanied by James Pulsipher and Orson Thurston. The evening was spent with a program and dancing. Ardella Duncan was mistress of ceremonies with the program as follows: Vocal solos by Clinton Isom and DeMar Gubler, trio by Edna Gubler, Van Dyne Wilson and Gerald Gifford, solos by Mildred Ashworth and LaRee Radmall, male quartett, William Sanders, Clinton Isom, Richard Larson and George Clove, solo by Janice Nielson. Accompanists were Irene Allen, Quinta Beatty and Dixie Harrison. Dance music was furnished by Gerald Gifford, Geraldine Iverson and Perry Asay. A large crowd was in attendance. The couple received many lovely gifts.

December 1. Wowee! What have I gotten myself in for? My letter writing is beginning to yield fruit--of what sort, remains to be seen. I met Ray Sabin of Ellensburg, Washington at conference in Salt Lake last June. Andrew and Merle McArthur of St. George were responsible for our meeting. Ray Sabin was president of the Ellensburg branch when Andrew was on a mission in the Northwest, and now, these many years later, Merle did her part in playing cupid.

I was impressed with Ray. Oh, such gracious manners. A man of polish, and much talent--sings beautifully, and his years of being drama director and choir director has given him finesse.

Ray was openly impressed with me too. His eyes lit up at our first meeting and he said, "You're much more than I ever expected!"

Well, well. From the lovely letters I had written when he first became my pen pal, he should have expected a living doll. (I refused all along to send him a picture). He returned to Ellensburg and I to LaVerkin after conference and our letters continued. And now! Now? What have I done? (Worse still, what shall I do?) Ray is coming to Southern Utah for Christmas!

December 30. Norman and Ann have a new baby girl born today.(Marie). Ray is here, but we'll talk about that later.

Chapter 51

Crossroads
(1962)

January 15. Ray Sabin stayed at the Reeve Hotel in Hurricane one month. Now he's gone back to Ellensburg, and I am wearing his diamond. Is this insanity? I wonder!

During Ray's stay, he conducted the stake choir for Bill Sanders who is ill. The choir is preparing a concert to be presented this month. Bill pleaded with him to stay until the concert was over, and I think he was tempted, still he'd been away from the ranch so long that he felt the need to go.

Since I had to go to work every day, the sightseeing tours Ray and I took together were short.

Ray gave me a beautiful necklace and earring set for Christmas--gold-filled chain and mounting, ruby stones.

March 9. This is our last day on the mesa. The test base is closing today. When I first came here to work, Claude Brosterhouse said, "I think we can reasonably guarantee you seven year's work." It is almost seven years since I left the courthouse. Since I still try to look busy, the last typing I shall do on this machine will be to take a backward glance at these seven years.

The mesa personnel and their families were the first influx of non-Mormons into our area. They were a shock to us and we were to them. As oldtimers rushed to convert them, they threw up their hands. "You're welcome as a friend and neighbor, but don't talk about religion," was their response.

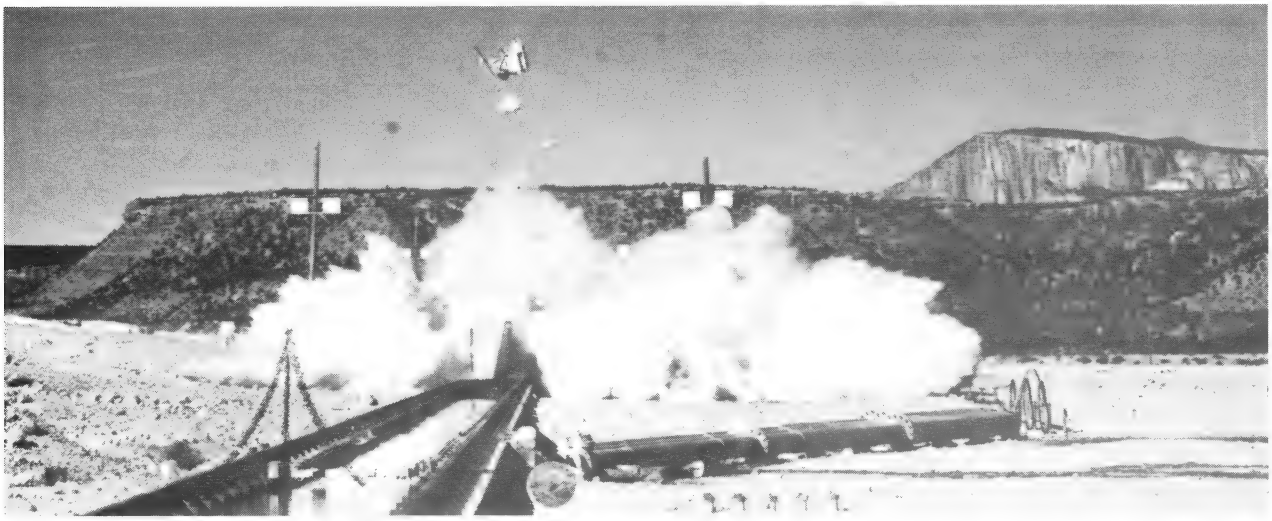
Some of the Mormons didn't measure up so good. For instance, when the construction crew tried to buy old cream cans from the farmers to use for water cans, they were over-charged--taken advantage of. Some of our people became greedy. Coleman people were both aggrevated and amused at our quaint little markets and our one telephone line. Through their efforts, four new trunk lines were brought into our area, and Clifton's Market became a supermarket, and Hurricane High became an accredited school.

Housing was a sore problem. Our "narrow-minded" Mormons didn't want their apartments stunk up with tobacco, so refused to rent to smokers. Antagonism festered. My ears were blasted with condemning remarks about our "stupid morons." Hotly I defended our principles. "I wouldn't want my drapes, rugs and upholstery to smell like a rotten ashtray for years after the tenants had moved out," I said. Too well did I remember Grandma's house after she had rented it one winter to a cigar smoking man.

The LaVerkin City Fathers in front of their shiny new water tank. Left to right: Perry Asay, Elwin Slack, Mayor Moroni Sanders, City Clerk Alice Gubler, Lyman Gubler

The 1953 polygamist raid. Standing in front of the government tent where court was held are three Washington County deputy sheriffs. Left to right: Helen Bleak, Israel Wade and Alice Gubler. Note the badges.

A rocket sled test on the Hurricane Mesa



Misfire

Me in my small corner on the Mesa

My Decoto Aircraft days

The soft wood that lined her dresser drawers never did get over him.

Some of the new people were non-smokers, and easily housed. Part of the men bought homes. Eventually everyone was housed.

The smoking problem was distressing to me. I worked in such a cloud of tobacco smoke that my lungs felt like they were lined with slivers, and I hurt. I had an old green coat that I wore to work. It was so tobacco steeped that I hung it outside when I came home at nights. My hair needed shampooing daily. Although Winferd had said our home was sacred, and that smoking would never be permitted in it, it still happened. Some of my mesa friends took the liberty of going to my cupboard and getting out a mush dish for an ashtray when they came to visit. Because they were such jolly good friends, I did not want to offend them by speaking up. After they left, the doors and windows were opened wide, and I tried flushing the cigarette butts down the toilet. They kept bobbing back up, like evil spirits, because of the cork tips.

Because he knew how much I detested tobacco, one of the fellows lit a cigar and crawling on his hands and knees behind my desk, blew a cloud of smoke up through my typewriter as I sat typing.

One day, the boss of the photo lab came briskly into the front office. "Gubler," he said, "hold this for a minute please," and shoved an unlighted cigarette in my hand.

With my elbow on the desk, I sat regarding the thing. Why am I holding this stupid thing, I wondered. With a shudder, I exclaimed, "Ugh," and flung it into the waste basket. A chorus of wails went up around me. Looking up, I saw a grinning audience watching. The photographer had set his camera ready to snap my picture.

Often, when I took dictation from a cigar-smoking engineer, I'd say, "Do you mind if we just set this outside until we're through?" Usually this brought a chuckle, for most of the engineers were very nice and cooperative. I'd set the tray on the step outside and we'd proceed.

Coffee was another thing that puzzled me. If the coffee wasn't perking by the time the crew arrived on the hill each morning, there could be no work done. The men would flock around the canteen like chickens around a feed trough. Finally, when the brew was ready, they'd fill their cups, and gingerly walk down the hall to their offices, drizzling a trail behind them. Sipping, they'd pull a face and complain, "Ugh! Battery acid. Why can't anyone around here make a decent cup of coffee?" Never once did I hear anyone say, "This is good." They drank it like it was bitter medicine. Why, I could never figure out.

Some of our good Mormons drank coffee with the others, with the flimsy excuse of fellowshipping.

One morning as I walked past the canteen, Harlan James plunked a dime on the counter. "Here, Chris," he said, "give Alice a cup of coffee."

Chris had just poured a glass of milk, so I took it from her. "Thanks for the drink, Harlan," I said.

One morning when Dorothy Spendlove opened our restroom door, she quickly slammed it shut with a scream. "Alice, come and look," she said. Cautiously she opened the door just wide enough for me to peek. Inside

one of the booths sat a man wearing hip boots. Neither one of us dared go in. Looking up, I saw too many amused faces watching us. After all, why would anyone be wearing hip boots on the desert top of the mesa? This was no doubt one of Arnold's practical jokes. I bolted in and flung the booth door open. The boots were empty.

Another time when Dorothy came screaming from the rest room I went to check out the problem. Arnold had planted a dead tarantula as big as his hand over the toilet paper, its legs wrapped around the roll.

My children anticipated the annual company party that Coleman gave to the employees and their families. These were in beautiful places, such as Cedar Breaks. The company had a big, warm heart and we sincerely loved the workers.

When wild flowers bloomed on the mesa, some of the men often gathered boquets, and arranging them in pop bottles, they would set them on our desks.

One Christmas, the men in electronics made a little man for me. His head was of beeswax, and he had a blinking light-bulb nose. In his chest was a tiny, two-year battery. He was dressed in a tuxedo made of shiny black electronic tape--tail coat and all. On his head he wore a top hat, and dark rimmed glasses. For two years he served as a night light, blinking from the mantle above the fireplace.

Once, just at quitting time, one of the fellows dropped a slithery blow snake in my petty cash drawer, locked it in, and handed me the key. Snakes terrify me. I realize that my fear magnifies them in my eyes. This snake looked as big as a cobra. All night long I dreaded having to open my desk come morning. The usual audience gathered around. I couldn't coax one of them to do it for me. When I finally opened the drawer, everyone looked in. The snake had escaped through a half-inch clearance at the back. I was certain he was coiled in some unexpected place in my desk, so kneeling, with flashlight in hand, I examined every possible corner. He was gone. But all day long I felt jittery. Fellows took advantage of this, by sneaking up behind me to dangle nylon cords around my neck. I tried not to satisfy them, still I'd jump.

One morning as I unlocked the cash drawer, a mouse jumped out. During the night she had built a nest in the drawer, and had given birth to seven babies. She had gathered packing material from the photo lab, had climbed the stairs for green IBM cards from data reduction, and had chewed up blue carbon from my bank pad. I honestly had to admire her artistic ability in decorating her well shaped nest with these bits of color. One thing she should have considered. If her babies had been born in the cedars, they would not have been carried out in the waste basket.

The mesa was inhabitated with bushy-tailed, striped cats, with shiny eyes and inquisitive noses. They snooped through the wastebaskets at nights for food scraps. One morning when Harlan James dumped the caps from the pop machine into the garbage can, a startled civet cat polluted the building so bad we had to evacuate.

When the chimpanzees came to the base, things livened up. The chimps were used on live ejection tests. The air force bought the dangerous ones from zoos. Chimps are flirty. When Dorothy or I went into their shelter, they'd pucker their lips for a kiss, or stick their hands through the bars for a hand shake. Claude Brosterhouse warned us never to let a chimp take

hold of our hands, because an eighty pound chimp has a twelve-hundred pound pull. By hanging onto the cage with one hand, a chimp could pull a person's arm out. We took the chimp by the back of the wrist to shake his hand. Sometimes the chimps coaxed us to scratch their backs by backing up against the bars. We obliged by scratching with the end of a broom handle. One night, one of the chimps worked a 2x4 board loose from under the cage. When the men came the next morning, the chimp had his chest against the cage and his arms through the bars, gripping on to the plank with his hands. He swung it back and forth so no one could get near him, knocking the oil heater over and creating a lot of commotion before he was brought under control.

Jerry was the spitting chimp. He hated people, and spit on them if they came too near. But after he'd been in the squeeze cage and had been given a shot, he became docile. He'd blink his big sleepy eyes as they laced him up in his flying suit. On one test Jerry zipped down the track at a supersonic speed, was ejected, and his parachute deployed, letting him down over the end of the mesa. Instruments strapped to him relayed his feelings back to the firing pad. Jerry was mad. He scolded violently, then his helmeted face slammed into the dust.

"I'll bet Jerry won't feel like spitting now," someone said.

The jeep with the retrievement crew was already racing down the little dirt road beneath the hill. Captain George Smith was the first one to reach Jerry. Tenderly he turned the little fellow over, removed his helmet and wiped Jerry's face with his big white handkerchief. Then he cut a grapefruit in half and said, "Here old fellow. Have a drink."

Jerry stuck out his long bottom lip to catch the juice as Captain Smith squeezed it in. Gratefully he drank, and then, with his mouth moistened again, he hit the captain with a wad of spit.

Although we were told Jerry wouldn't feel much like having company after his flight, I walked outside an hour later. Jerry was busy with a broom, sweeping his cage like a little old woman.

Once during our lunch hour, the men agreed to help me with my MIA lesson by exchanging their ideas about the personality of God. They were from all different faiths, but talked freely. Some of them believed that man was created in the image of God. Some believed that God was simply a feeling within a person's heart.

One man said, "It seems sacrilege to compare God to man. I find the idea almost vulgar. God is a great force like the wind or lightning. I would never lower myself to kneel and pray to something in the form of man."

"And I could never pray to the lightning or the wind," I said.

One very gentle and beautiful young man struggled to formulate any opinion at all about his creator. His church taught that all intelligence, upon leaving this existence, would be dissolved into one great mass, and that each person lost his identity. He brooded over this. He said he'd give the world if only he could believe as the Mormons do.

The Jerry Kane family bought the Morris Wilson home in LaVerkin. They belonged to the Congregational Church, but since they lived in our town, they wanted to be a part of it. Jerry, Ruby, and their children, Susan

Jeff and Barbara endeared themselves to everyone in LaVerkin. They were some of the best neighbors we've ever had.

During the past seven years we've watched rocket tests from camera towers, and from the water tank near the upper mesa. The liquid rocket tests were the most colorful with their red-tinged cloud. Some tests were great, some were failures, and some blew up, spewing rocket cases everywhere, sending the men scurrying for the cedars. Over the intercom on my desk came the count down, which never lost its excitement for me. And I've chuckled at other things that came over the intercom accidently. I've cut endless yards of teletype tape, sending reports simultaneously to Canada, Ohio, Texas, California and New York on conference hookups. I loved the teletype because of its smooth, sweet speed. I enjoyed the switchboard too, because behind every red light was a personality.

I have mixed feelings of happiness and regret at the closing of the test base. The last two years have been slow as the base was being phased out. The work force has dwindled daily. The last rocket was fired December 6, 1961.

Tonight the gates will close behind us for the last time, and we will make our final descent down the winding Coleman road.

March 10. Hello house. Remember me? I'm the one who has been running out on you every morning for twelve years. Remember how I dashed down the stairs flinging bedroom doors open and calling, "Come and get up. It's late and I've got to go. I won't be able to call you again, so come now." Remember the muffled moans that came from the motionless heaps under the bedcovers?

Look, house, I'm back again to stay. I'm going to live here and do the things I've longed to do for years.

March 16. Last Sunday night I started to put up my hair and pack a lunch. For twelve years these nightly chores have proceeded each work day. Suddenly I realized that I am not going to work. What a queer feeling came over me--a strange mixture of sadness and gladness. Now it is the Friday of my first week of unemployment, and I review the events of my leisure.

Last Friday, Wayne and I celebrated by taking Terry and Lolene with us to a show in St. George--Bob Hope in, "A Bachelor in Paradise."

Monday Terry, Lolene and I had family prayer and breakfast together for the first time ever on a school morning. We even had time to visit at the table, and the dishes were done before the bus left. I whisked through the house, singing like a bird, cleaning and dusting. (I make no apology to the birds for the comparison. Even a sparrow sounds good when it's happy). I repaired a thick old Farm Bureau comforter, getting it ready for a new cover. Little Kathy pulled her chair up to the table at noon and ate lunch with me. When Lolene and Terry came home from school, dinner was on. Laughing, Terry leaped in the air and clicked his heels.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "the house is so shining and warm, and the food smells so good. And you're here. Mother, this is how I've always wished it could be. I hope it can be like this forever and ever."

We were all three steeped in happiness. In the evening we cleaned the basement together.

Tuesday, Horatio was making a quick trip to Provo. I went with him to see my sister Edith. Her daughter Merlene has had heart surgery.

Wednesday, Mildred, Nephi and Mama called for me. (I fixed a pot of vegetables and a cherry upside-down cake for Terry and Lolene before leaving). We picked up LaPriel in Kanarra, and Annie at Cedar, and went to visit Aunt Emma Crawford at the rest home in Parowan. When we got back to Kanarra, Jim had dinner waiting for us--mutton steak and sour cream biscuits.

Thursday I resolved not to budge from home. Housecleaning was fun. So was washing and hanging sheets and towels on the line, and cooking. I even ran over to Church's with a dish of pudding, and visited for a minute. Imagine! Actually going to visit a neighbor!

Friday, (which is today) Terry said, "Make lots of pies and cakes and cookies today," and so I did. Dorothy Spendlove and Areta Church came visiting.

Last night Ann had club at her house, so Kathy, Lloyd and baby Marie were with me. When Marie began to fuss I said, "I'm going to take the baby home so your mother can feed her."

"Well, why don't <u>you</u> feed her? Can't you?" Kathy asked.

"No," I replied.

"Well, why can't you? Aren't you old enough?" she asked.

Today Lloyd wandered into the basement and was far too quiet.

"Kathy, will you please go get him?" I asked.

Going to the hall door, she looked down the steps, then came to me. "You go down with me," she said.

"Oh go on," I urged.

She looked down again, then coaxed, "<u>Please</u> come with me. Please, Grandma, please." Then she smiled. "You can hold one of his hands and I will hold the other."

How could I resist? We found Lloyd upon the table in Terry's room playing in DeMar's reloading equipment. He was pulling bullet shells out of little boxes.

I've walked to the post office each day, and saw the scattered blossoms bursting on the apple trees, and heard the meadowlarks sing, and said hello to the town folks. When it rained this afternoon, I took Kathy up in the attic, where we curled up on the bed to listen to the patter on the roof. Lulled by the music, I dozed.

Seeing an old belt hanging from the rafters, Kathy asked, "Grandma, is that your belt?"

"Shhh, I'm asleep," I whispered.

"Grandma, is that your belt?" she asked softly.

"Shhh, don't talk. I'm asleep."

"But Grandma, I'm not talking out loud," she whispered, her lips against my ear.

March 20. The MIA gave a going away party for Terry, Lolene and me tonight. They gave me a train case to match the new luggage that Shirley had given me, in appreciation of my years as YWMIA president. In the two different stretches that I have served in this capacity, I have exhausted seven different YMMIA presidencies. The men presidents I have served with are: Max Woodbury, Eugene Halterman, Carl Stratton, Louis Beatty, Reed Wilson, Gerald Gifford and Lester Cox. I had about decided to make it my hobby, and see if I could go through every man in town. Each time we broke in a new superintendent, he'd get a job out of town. I flatter myself by thinking they really had to go away to support their families, and not to get out of MIA.

In the program tonight so many words of praise were said about the three of us, that I think it best that we go away. If we remained here we would have to live up to them.

Everyone asks, "When are you leaving?" "Sometime in June," is the answer. Ray is shopping for a house in Yakima. The house I live in gets prettier each day. To leave it seems idiotic.

March 22. LaPriel came down from Kanarra, and we spent the day at Mom's washing walls, ceilings, and curtains. Mom prepared dinner for us. I was hungry as a wolf. After the curtains were hung, I came home and put a meat loaf in the oven, then LaPriel, Lolene and I went to the swimming pool. Lolene played in the water like a porpoise. LaPriel and I slept in the basement. We visited until Ray phoned at midnight.

March 23. Sister Church came with a gift, and her wishes for our happiness. My heart swelled with the sweetness of her visit.

As I walked through the basement, I prayed that the spirit of our Heavenly Father would always be with whoever lived in this house. Tears flowed unchecked down my cheeks.

March 25. Leon Guymon, Betty Segler's husband, went to LasVegas with Helen and DeMar. I had turned out the lights and was just crawling into bed when Betty came thumping in through the laundry room door with her sleeping bag. She announced that she was going to sleep in our attic.

March 26. My article, "The Lamplighters," came out in this month's issue of the Relief Society Magazine. Last fall, Relief Society President Maurine Wilson, asked me to write a tribute to the original pioneers of LaVerkin who are still living in our ward. I sat on the front porch mulling over what I might say, when Dennis Church came down the lane swinging his milk bucket. Thoughts came to my mind of the changes in our town since Susanna Gubler first trimmed the wick and lit her lamp in this valley. My pen took wings and I wrote. I got time off from work the following Tuesday so I could go to the opening social and give my tribute. The sisters asked for copies. VanDyne Wilson said, "I'll give you a dollar for a copy." Something clicked in my brain. If the sisters liked it, perhaps an editor would too.

I submitted it to the Relief Society Magazine, and received a $25 check for it. Better than the money was the letter from Sister Crawford. She said, "We're always getting articles about little towns. When the staff said I should read yours, I told them I was not interested. 'But it's different,' they insisted, until I finally broke down and read it. It charmed me."

If being published once is so exciting, being published twice would be that much better. I feel inspired to put extra effort into the story I have written for the Laurel class, entitled, "Mama and the Heavenly Father." I think I will submit it to the magazine too.

March 27. My story is in the mail.

Sister Church gave a good homemaking lesson in Relief Society today. I am so happy to be home with Lolene and Terry that I would never change it if I had employment here.

When word came that the mesa was closing, I applied for a job in the church offices in Hawaii. I reasoned that we might as well have adventure, since a change had to come anyway. A man from Hawaii came upon the mesa to interview me, since he was on his way to Salt Lake City. The interview went just great until he asked about my children.

"My daughter Lolene will turn fourteen this fall, and my son Terry is sixteen," I replied.

Sadly he shook his head. "The church encourages all white families with teenage children to return to the mainland. The Hawiians are very attractive to them. It is better that your children date young people from their own race."

How disappointing. I had already written to Ray, telling him I was going to Hawaii.

"If you'll only give me a chance," he replied, "I'll prove to you that the Northwest is as beautiful as the islands. Please think it over."

Lolene sang in the "Dear to My Heart" program tonight. People clustered around her to express their appreciation. After we got home she sang and danced about the house exclaiming, "I feel so good." Then she stopped. "Some different than I felt today at noon."

She came home at noon with big tears in her eyes. "I feel just awful," she said.

How happy I was to be home for once when I was needed.

Her white pleated skirt had fallen in a puddle in the dressing room when she showered after P. E. She had looked so crisp and shiny when she left for school. Then one of the girls had appropriated her handbag with her comb and makeup, and that irritated her. She isn't easily irritated, but today was different.

Tonight she bubbled again. Sitting in my room she analysed life until midnight, trying to live it all in one gulp. She was happy that she could sing, and shocked at her conceit, and yet she'd say, "But I know my voice is good. Isn't that terrible?"

"No," I replied. "You didn't create your voice. It was given to you. It's something to be thankful for."

"I know," she said.

The kids at school have been telling her how cute her haircut is. "How do I keep people admiring me instead of getting tired of me?" she asked.

"Just be natural. Keep sweet and clean and then forget all about yourself, and concentrate on others," I replied.

"I see. If I appreciate other people, then I won't get selfcentered," she said thoughtfully.

Each morning Terry and Lolene sing as they get ready for school, and I enjoy watching their arms and legs fly as they race for the bus. Just think what I have missed all these years.

April 4. Betty is still sleeping in our attic. She says she's going to as long as Leon is away. She likes it there close to the rafters, listening to the sounds of the night and the breaking of day. Perched up there she has written pages of verse. Today she and Ann helped me tie off a quilt.

April 5. A phone call from LasVegas tells me that Shirley and Perry have a little baby boy. (John).

May 28. Bill Sanders died on the 17th. I went with Bishop Iverson before fast and testimony meeting and recorded Bill's testimony. Sunday Bishop Iverson asked me to read it to the congregation. Bill made every effort to square all accounts with his fellowmen. I've spent a number of afternoons by his bedside taking dictation and mailing thank-you letters for him. I spoke at his funeral.

In the thirty-two years that we've been in LaVerkin, Bill played a major role in our lives. I recall the wiener and marshmallow roasts when Bill led the campfire singing. Every campfire party needs a Bill Sanders for music, and a Winferd Gubler for fun.

Bill sang in Winferd's funeral and in both Marilyn's and Norman's wedding receptions, and his male chorus sang at DeMar's wedding. The Zion Park Stake Choir, under his direction, furnished the music for Gordon's funeral. At Shirley's wedding reception Bill brought his male quartet, and his daughter LaRee sang a solo. He has been with us for the saddest and the happiest events of our life. Being a member of the stake choir has furnished a happy hour for me each Sunday afternoon for years. And so one more chapter closes.

And with its closing I am working away at a thirty-two year's accumulation within the walls of our home, and preparing my heart to say goodbye to LaVerkin. I am at the crossroads. Ray phones often. He sounds as dubious as I. So now, I will take a look at the pros and cons.

The pros about Ray look like this:

1. Personality, refined, talented, witty--a gentleman.
2. We mutually respect each other. We are happy together.
3. He says he can easily support a wife and provide a home.
4. We like the same kind of music, entertainment, the out-of-doors, and the same kind of food.
5. He loves the beautiful Northwest, and hopes I'll love it too.
6. He was Ellensburg's branch president for years. He should be a good LDS.

But--now for the cons.

1. He is not a temple recommend holder. Too much hassle to clear himself after two divorces. Also he drinks coffee. Doctor's orders. (Do divorces become a habit, like drinking coffee?)
2. He is fourteen years older than I am. I could be left alone again. Perhaps one year of companionship would be better than that extra time of loneliness I cannot always cling to Terry and Lolene.

3. He divorced his other wives because of money squabbles. He could be a terrible tightwad.
4. He has migraine headaches. The ones he has endured could be but a dress rehearsal for the ones he's going to get. Marriage could be quite a shock to a man who has been alone for twenty-five years.

My stars! I'm going to marry the man. The faint-hearted never taste of adventure.

June 28. I am Mrs. Ray Sabin. Leaving the old home was hard--especially to leave my mother, sisters, brothers, neighbors, and most of my children. I can still feel little Kathy clinging to me and saying, "Come back, Grandma," and Ann's face buried on my shoulder, sobbing. And see my teenage son standing back sadly refusing to come. A second marriage is in no way similar to the bursting joy of youth, no more than November is like May. A second marriage is two worlds colliding.

We were married in the St. George tabernacle by Andrew McArthur on the 14th of June. After two day's honeymoon at Grand Canyon we started for Yakima. I think Ray's first terrible shock was that he couldn't just get up in the morning and blast off from our motel. Instead of one man to shower, there were three of us. Sweet as I was, he got a headache.

Before we were married we went to the Church Offices to be counseled by a general authority. Ray had promised his children that he would. Franklin Richards interviewed each of us separately. Ray wanted to know whether he should marry a woman who was sealed to someone else or not. Brother Richards said, "If you treat her right, her husband will meet you beyond the veil and thank you for taking care of his wife." My counsel was that I was going to need much understanding and strength. I resolved to do all within my power to make Ray the happiest man on earth.

As we approached Yakima, Ray said, "The house I bought is very small. I could put it in one end of your living room in LaVerkin. It only has six inches of grass around it and no trees."

He drove down a back street and stopped at first one little shack and then another, trying to make believe we were home. I was beginning to feel queer. Finally, he stopped in front of 1324 on Swan Avenue. A charming little yellow house seemed to say, "Come in. This is home." Roses, poppies and white daisies bordered the lawn. In front were small blue spruce trees, and on the fence were climbing grape vines and tall evergreens.

Breathlessly I waited as Ray unlocked the door. "Oh Ray, it is beautiful!" I exclaimed, hugging him. And he just grinned.

Now the front room is piled with things from the furniture stores and Lolene and I are left to arrange them. Ray has gone to his Ellensburg ranch and won't be back until tomorrow. He will be bringing a load of his stuff from there.

June 29. I went through real agony deciding what to leave behind and what to take to Yakima. Our big things, like couch, chair, chest of drawers, sewing machine, etc. were shipped by rail. All of the rest, a summary of the past thirty-two years, was simmered down to the smallest U Haul.

"Keep it to a minimum," Ray had cautioned.

And so what does he do? He goes to his Ellensburg ranch to gather up his stuff. Man alive, did I ever marry a pack rat! Luckily our new house has a wide open, unfinished basement, because load after load of anonymous cardboard boxes are piling up there. If they were mine, I'd sit right down and bawl at the very thoughts of sorting through them. Thank goodness they're his.

"Want to see my trosseau?" he grinned. "I bought this lunch set in Mexico and this one in Seattle. I picked up this bedspread and this silver set at an auction, and I got this--" and on and on.

Amazing what a lone man can collect. Part of his treasures are nice, but mostly they're interesting. Lolene's witty appraisal of the display has the same sparkling sarcasm that Lynn and Leslie, the twins, are so gifted with. When Ray unrolled the used Belgium rug in her room, she got a lump in her throat It's maroon color with a paisley design.

"Might as well call my room Joseph because of its many colors," she lamented.

Ray got the message and stored the rug in the basement. She's happier with the bare, polished wood floor.

July 9. Ray's quest has begun to prove that the Northwest is as beautiful as Hawaii. He took us to see the Grand Coulee Dam. He would liked to have waited until Terry joined us, but he said we should see it now while the water is high.

On the way we saw orchards covering low rolling hills, also the Natches, the Yakima and the Columbia rivers. This is a land of much water. Lakes shimmer in volcano craters. At Soap Lake Ray said, "People come from all over to lather in this lake." I thought he was kidding, then he showed us a white shoreline of foamy suds, and an island in the lake white with soap. Fish do not live there. On the opposite side of the highway is another lake with blue water. Fishermen were camped along its shore.

The falls over the Coulee Dam are twice as high as Niagara. Ray drove his car to every vantage point where we could get different views of the falls. One especially I loved was through the lacy branches of the trees on a hillside street that was lined with flowers. The water glides over the dam in a shiny, transparent emerald sheet, like a thick, curved lens, then suddenly it breaks into a froth of billions of bubbles, pounding itself into a mist above the river.

Yakima has as many different religious denominations as Palmyra. Terry's, Lolene's and my membership records were here in the Yakima Second Ward by the time we arrived.

Unpacking is easier than packing, because we aren't deciding what to keep, but only where to put it.

Bill and Molly Lambkins and their five kids under four, live in our back yard. Our houses are back-to-back, theirs facing the other street. They're Catholics. Charlie and Amel Duncan, who are Methodists, live ten feet east of us. Their house is exactly like ours, only the pattern was flipped over, like when you cut one side of a dress and lay the pattern over the other way for the other side. They helped us unload our furniture, and put a pot of coffee on. Ray drank the coffee, and Lolene and I had orange juice.

Ray has returned to the ranch and won't be back until tomorrow night. Our love should stay young, because he will be away a lot.

When I walk with Lolene we get second glances. She grins and says hello to everybody. One little man tipped his hat to her, and teetered like a bird on a telephone wire. She giggled and said, "Isn't he cute. I've never had a man tip his hat to me before."

July 26. Dear little grandson John, I want to chat with you for a few minutes, so roll over in your crib and make room for me. How good it was for your mommy Shirley to bring you to LaVerkin for a visit before I moved away. I loved, and loved you. You're a darling roly-poly kid. I couldn't get enough of your mommy either. I got sort of all twisted up inside when I thought of leaving. I knew I was going to grieve for LaVerkin, but I don't. I like Yakima, and our cute little house. And another nice thing, we have little children who come to play. Johnny Lambkin, who is four, Billy--three, and Brian--two, climb the back fence everyday, and come across the lawn to our house.

I've learned that folks shouldn't be afraid to venture. Leaving LaVerkin seemed scary, just like leaving England must have seemed to my great-grandmother. But I didn't have to ride a boat across the ocean, or push a handcart across the plains. I didn't have to move into a dugout either. All was comfort and ease.

So here we are sending down roots and learning about city life. Yakima has about 50,000 people who are very common folks. The clothes they wear are the same kind we wore when we picked strawberries. Lots of faded blue jeans go up and down our street with people in them. Even the sales clerks in the stores wear housedresses. They aren't nearly so stylish as the clerks in Provo or St. George. Lolene already has lots of friends, so no matter where you go you can adapt. I'll never be afraid to move again.

I love to go to church and have people say, "We're happy to see you this morning, Brother and Sister Sabin." Ray looks so smart in his black suit, and his shoes shine like a mirror. And you ought to hear him sing! It's worth sitting by him in church just to hear him sing. Last Sunday he sang the lead in a male quartet. It was so beautiful that I found myself blinking back the tears.

On the 24th of July our ward had a potluck dinner in a park where part of the river runs through. The kids were all in bathing suits. They ganged up on the YMMIA superintendent and threw him in the river, clothes and all. I think he enjoyed eating his dinner in his cool, dripping duds.

I put up four quarts of raspberries from our vines along the fence. Besides that, we're eating fresh berries to our heart's content. We buy raw milk and pour off the good sweet cream to go on our berries.

One of the reasons I wrote to you instead of your mom or dad is that I figure you'll answer about as soon as they will. Do me a favor, please. Find out where your Uncle Terry is. He doesn't write, and nobody ever mentions him. I'm hungry for news from home. Get someone on the ball, will you? Bye bye, and heaps of love, Grandma.

July 30. Saturday we went to the Sea Fair parade in Seattle. Ray and I went, but we had to leave Lolene behind because she was in the road-

show. She stayed with Karen McPhie. The parade lasted three hours. There were entries from many countries. Probably more so, because this year Seattle hosts the World's Fair. From China a mighty dragon writhed back and forth across the road, preceded by Chinamen beating gongs and kettle drums. From Japan came a lily pond float covered with water lilies and Japanese girls coming up out of the water, under a wisteria tree. The Buddhists had a fat old Buddha, and the Assembly of God had a block-long cross dragging along in a bed of flowers, and a big ugly statue supposed to be God. Sinister. At the tail end of the parade Neptune came like a monster up out of the sea. After the parade we watched fishing boats being raised and lowered through the locks.

August 5. What a Sunday afternoon! Ray hired a guy to combine his grain and they're doing it now. Lolene is here writing a letter to Joy Miller and I'm thinking what it would be like if I were in LaVerkin. I can almost hear my back door slam, and Kathy say, "Oh Grandma, oh Alice, oh Mother, are you here?" And the door slams again and Lloyd patters in and lands like an avalanche upon me, laughing. I'd rock the kids about two turns each before they'd slide off my lap. Norman, Ann and baby Marie would come to visit, and Helen and DeMar would drop in to say good-bye before returning to LasVegas. Terry and Lolene would be off with friends, but I'd know they'd come home to supper. . . .

I've been alone most of the past week. Ray has stayed at his Ellensburg ranch, and Lolene has been to girl's camp. At camp she taught her group to act out and sing, "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun." Four prizes were awarded at camp, two of them to Lolene. She was given a prize for being the friendliest girl in the stake, and one for being the most talented.

I have been set apart as first counselor in Relief Society to Pres. Reita Johnson. Leona Wood is second counselor. Since Ray is always gone, and the church house is three miles away, it is a bit of a problem.

While I'm alone, I'm not alone. Amel Dunkin and Molly Lamkin and I have cooked our meals together, ate together, and gone after canning peaches together. Their husbands, Charlie and Bill have helped. Those men can make the best stuffed, baked potatoes seasoned with grated onions, cheese and sage.

Bill, Molly and the children ate with us one evening on our back lawn. After Bill left, Molly asked me how people ever reconcile themselves with death. She wished she wasn't a Catholic, because she has to have as many children as possible, and something is bound to happen to one of them. I told her a little about life after death, and she said, "It is a beautiful idea, but we do not believe any such thing."

"What are you going to do after you die?" I asked.

"I will just sit in a semiconscious state and behold the beautific vision," she replied. "That's why we're created--to sit and behold Him. We are his tools to help create others to adore Him. That is the purpose of our existence. After I die I will never know Bill or any of our children again. Now what are <u>you</u> going to do?""

Briefly I explained our eternal family ties and the degrees of glory.

"Well, we believe in heaven and hell. You either go to heaven, or hell. You can be a good person all your life, but never confess your sins,

and when you die you go to hell. Or you can be a bad person all your life, and in a split second, just like that--" she snapped her fingers, "you can tell the priest you're sorry, and you'll go to Heaven."

"For goodness sake, is that just?" I asked.

"Yes. Because we believe that a person who did not confess he is sorry just missed his chance."

"You mean that's all you have to do to go to heaven? Now Molly, you know that isn't reasonable. It's just like saying Bill decided to be an engineer. He goes to college for four years and just horses around. He never opens a book or studies. On graduation day he goes to the professor and says, 'I'm sorry I didn't study. I really do want to be an engineer.' The professor says, 'That's quite all right, Billy. If you're sorry, that's good enough. Her is your diploma and your engineer's degree.'"

Molly wrinkled her nose and thought a minute. "I'll ask Bill about that."

For the next two days she darted in and out asking questions. I told her we didn't believe that people would be continually burning and never be consumed.

She said, "Bill's smart. I'll ask him about that." She came back to report. "Bill doesn't believe it either. I wish we weren't Catholics, so we could be Mormons."

I asked the lady missionaries to come and visit Molly at our house. When they came, Molly chattered incessantly. They couldn't get a word in.

August 25. Terry hitched a ride to Yakima. How good, oh how very good it was to see him. The neighbors, the ward members, and the young folks all loved him during his brief stay. He went on a father's and son's outing with Bishop Wendell Snow and Stake President Edgar Johnson, "roughing it" in Pres. Johnson's luxurious camper. Bishop Snow said, "Sister Sabin, if your son ever needs a home, we have one for him. We would be happy to have him for our son."

Terry endeared himself to our entire neighborhood by mowing continuously from our lawn and on to theirs. Amel and Charlie Duncan adopted him the same as they had Lolene. Amel is always doing thoughtful things for her.

The Northwest has exotic things, and I wanted Terry to enjoy them all. At Safeway's Market we can buy baskets of clear ruby red clusters of English currents, and plump, juicy blueberries, and Columbia River salmon steaks and roasts.

Last night as I was preparing salmon steaks for supper, Terry burst in. "I just found a ride to Utah," he announced. Kissing me a quick goodbye, he grabbed his suitcase and was gone. What emptiness! I need my own private crying place. I had hoped Terry would go to school in Yakima.

Terry didn't even get to see the Toonerville Trolly with its clanging bell that chugs along Sixth Avenue. Little boys and girls run along behind it as it hauls fruit to the miles of warehouses. Yakima is second only in the world to Chicago for cold storage space.

August 26. As I cleaned our bedroom, I gathered up Ray's alarm clock, his box of Sen-Sens, and his flashlight from the side of his bed. I got to thinking. These three things are Ray. The alarm goes off at 6:00 every

morning, although Ray has no notion of getting up until 7:30. It's a ritual. Not at any time of the day is sleep so enticing as at 6:00 a.m. But alas, Ray's alarm blasts us both out of our wits. Ray leaps, pawing the air in a frenzy, until his hand finally clamps down on the clock and clicks off the alarm. The ritual over, he slumbers on for the next hour-and-a-half. I say nothing about it, because I realize how good the exercise is for him.

He carries the flashlight to bed after he switches off the light. The other night he came thumping in from the bathroom in his pajamas, shining his flashlight on his way to bed. After he had climbed in and pulled up the covers, I got up and turned out the lights. The Sen-Sens are his social security. He keeps a package in every shirt pocket. Whisps of Sen-Sen sented air wafting ahead of him always announce his approach.

September 11. The Davis High music teacher had fifty students trying out for the Aeolians. According to her, either you have it, or you don't. And if you don't, you don't become a member of the Aeolians. She asked each student to sing, "God Bless America", one at a time. As each frightened voice began to sing, she called out, "next." The students were turned down almost as fast as they made a sound. Lolene anxiously waited for her turn, because she knew she could belt it out, but when she was called on, she was paralyzed. Getting a grip on herself, she sang one line, and the teacher stopped her.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"Hurricane High in Southern Utah," she answered.

The teacher asked more questions and learned that Lolene was taking French during the period the Aeolians practiced. "I'll see that your schedule is changed," she said.

One of the Aoleans later said, "Our music teacher says there is an alto from Hurricane, Utah that we will have to watch out for."

September 19. Ray still has this, "I'll prove to you that the Northwest is as pretty as Hawaii" bit in his craw. On August 29 we took the river road, Seattle bound. With us was Lolene, and Pearl and John Wassecha. (Pearl is Ray's sister). By the time we reached Cle Elum, with its sawmills billowing white clouds of steam, the morning fog was dissipating. In the pale, watery sunlight, little wisps oozed from under the bushes and trees, drifting over the grass like fairies. And so it was all the way--sun and rain alternately drenching the forest road.

At the dry dock at Bremerton we went aboard the Missouri. On the deck is a brass plaque that marks the spot where General Douglas MacArthur, who was the Supreme Commander for the allied powers, received the instrument of surrender from the Japanese, which terminated the Second World War. The Missouri was the steamer where the Japanese did so many suicide dives, crashing their planes on the deck, killing twenty-eight of our boys in a single dive. Lolene felt so deeply that she walked silently with tears in her eyes.

A troop of Canadian Boy Scouts came aboard. They spoke like jolly Englishmen and wore kilts. They hopped like crickets up and down the ladders on the ship, their skirts fluttering. I tried to imagine Norman, DeMar and Terry in kilts. I'd love to see Ray in them.

At sundown we motored along the shore to West Seattle where we watched the waters of Puget Sound inhale the evening shadows. The lights of Seattle glittered like sapphires, rubies and diamonds tinting the sky and splashing streamers of color across the water.

The morning of the 30th was sunny and clear. The loading zone for the monorail was a short jaunt from our hotel, so we squeezed our eager little selves onto the first train to the fair grounds. It was a silent, less than two minute ride, where we were whisked in front of a ticket stall. A line of grim faced people were waiting. Then the gong of a gigantic clock tolled nine solemn strokes, and the fair grounds suddenly came alive. Ticket takers began to dispense tickets, elevators started to scoot up and down the space needle, sky cars and ferris wheels began to turn on the "gay way." The World's Fair said, "Good morning."

We were lifted to the top of the 500 foot space needle where we looked across Seattle and saw the ships and boats of Puget Sound on one side and Lake Washington on the other. We ate at the Food Circus where I had my first crab. It was good, but I don't want anymore. Things with too many legs bother me. We visited shops from all over the world. I was glad to lay down on the deep rug under the dome in the science building where we traveled through space, past the moon, the sun and the stars, gliding on a soft carpeted escalator through a tunnel of voices, pictures and spotlights. By evening, our surfeited minds were turning in different directions. Whoever took the bull by the horns at this point wasn't going to be liked by the other four. We were too stubborn to call it a day, and too weary to know what we wanted.

"Let's go to the Spanish show," I suggested. "We can eat while we're being entertained."

Ray was still craning his neck in the direction of the Berlin show, and Pearl was sidling toward the Polynesian show, and John and Lolene were milling around. Resolutely I headed for the Hacienda, and the others followed.

We sat at a little table and the waitress brought the menu. Hurrumph! Nothing but liquor! And at what a price! What HAD I done? I looked at Ray and he glowered at me. I shriveled up and started to slide under the table when my eye caught, "bread and cheese."

"We can eat bread and cheese," I said.

"And what to drink?" the waitress asked.

"Water," I replied.

The others ordered 7up.

The waitress brought three round, hard loaves of bread, each with a sharp knife plunged in its middle, and three strips of cheese, and no butter. We carved and munched on our dry bread and Lolene started to giggle. Pearl and John joined in. I wanted to, but didn't dare. The show began and everyone got lost in the rhythm of the dancing and singing of the Spanish senoritas and senors. John insisted the guitar playing was the best he'd ever heard, and Ray, the rhythm fiend, said their clapping was excellent. We ate the bread and cheese to the last crumb, and had a most satisfied and wholesome feeling. Lolene and Pearl thought the atmosphere was worth the price. Ray got his money's worth teasing me about the bread and cheese.

On August 31,we went to the Berlin Circus where the tight-rope performers gave me heart failure. I don't deny the skill and beauty of trapeze performers or any part of the show, but people don't have to risk their lives to entertain me. We entered the Bubbelator (a glass bubble) and stepped to the rear of the sphere, and took a trip into tomorrow--visited shops

of faraway places, wandered into Alaska and saw the logging and fishing industries, and the world's largest bear, standing eleven feet high. So much, oh so much to ponder. At sundown we left Seattle's splendor.

By noon, on September the third, we found ourselves in huckleberry country--thousands of acres of huckleberries, the leaves flaunting the scarlet tinge of early frost. As a child I liked to imagine myself gathering berries in the woods and finding bears among the bushes. Now I was actually carrying my shiny tin pail (made from a shortening can and a piece of wire), and picking berries in the woods. Ray said there were bears there too.

We picked until time to pitch camp. We made our beds on a pile of meadow grass that had been left by a previous camper, and slept under the stars, the most silent stars I've ever listened to. There was no chirping, or buzzing, or rustling. I wondered how quietly bears walked.

Come morning, our beds were white with frost. The only spots free from "stiff dew", as Ray called it, was under our heads.

We picked berries until noon, then came home, where Pearl and I bottled fifty-six pints of them.

On September the fifth, Pearl and John, Ray and I left for America's most beautiful waterway. School had started, so Lolene stayed behind. On our way we came to Carnation where Carnation milk is produced. We saw "contented" cows eating flowers and ferns in belly-deep meadows. If the cows wanted to, they could eat blackberries all day too, because they grew in wild abundance.

At Mukilteo we took the ferry to Whidby Island where we gathered blackberries for supper. At a little store we bought milk and cream. We pitched our tent in a state park on the shore of a fresh water lake that was covered with water lilies. Astonishing--a fresh water lake jutting out into the ocean!

The next day we drove the length of Whidby Island, past plywood mills and oil refineries to Anacortes, where we took a boat for the San Juan Islands. It was still early morning as our boat shoved out into the water. I stood breathless on the pointed end of the bow. Ray looked down at me and said, "Welcome to your second honeymoon, Mrs. Sabin."

Ah! The San Juan Islands! There are 172 of them in all, wooded and green as emeralds, and owned by people who build palaces on them, and who have their own docks, who sometimes wear pretty pink dresses, and wave at the passing boats from their picture windows. Our boat made stops at Lopes Island, Shaw Island, Orcas Island and Friday Harbor. We ate dinner on the boat in King Neptune's dining room. Four hours on the water brought us to Sidney on Vancouver Island, where the little rambler took its place in line with 105 other cars from our boat at the port of entry.

Vancouver Island is larger than all of the San Juan Islands put together. At Victoria, I rediscovered the old charm that thrilled me when Wayne took Mama, Terry, Lolene and I there. Victoria still has baskets of real flowers hanging from the lampposts. They have put them out every spring since 1935 when Queen Elizabeth visited the island. Each night a man drives up and down the streets and waters the baskets from a long spout.

We rode in a fringe-topped surrey behind four horses. When the driver said, "This is the most touching part of the trip," Ray and John got out their

wallets and paid our fare. We came to a cathedral, and the driver said, "There is an old cemetary behind this cathedral. They've built a new one over there. Lots of folks are just dying to get in it."

Relaxed, we poked along, listening to his English brogue, and to the clopping of the horses. The limbs of the chestnut trees along the street scraped across the buggy top as we went by.

From Victoria we took the ferry to Port Townsend, Washington. The evening tide rocked the boat. When I tried walking to the dressing room, I reeled, grabbing for chair backs and rails. Then I got the giggles. Returning to the lounge room, I was pitched by the heaving boat into my chair. Ray thought I was clowning.

"I couldn't help it," I said.

"Aw, come on now," he chided.

"Ok. You try walking without staggering," I challenged.

"Me? There's nothing to it."

So he arose, all six feet of him, but instead of walking, he wobbled down the aisle. When he returned, he was pitched from side to side, and got to laughing as hard as I. The other passengers became hilarious. By the time Ray lurched into his chair, tears ran down our cheeks.

After the boat docked, ours was the first car through the port of entry into the U. S. Driving down the penninsula, we crossed a floating bridge to Bainbridge Island and slept at Winslow. The next morning we took the ferry to Seattle.

Now we're back in Yakima, and Pearl and John have returned to Salt Lake. Ray is absorbed with teaching a class for the Senior Aaronic Priesthood, and I'm tied up with Relief Society business. Lolene goes often as a companion to the lady missionaries, and is involved in MIA and school activities.

But busy as she is, she finds time to be homesick for LaVerkin. Far too often we've galavanted, leaving her behind, because she had commitments.

This has been a summer of Ray flaunting the Great Northwest, to prove it beats Hawaii. We've meandered through forests, along lakes or the waterfront where we've watched boats coming in, screaming gulls following in their wake. At Tacoma we saw tugboats hauling barges of sawdust across the sound to be made into pressed wood. Logs are floated to a sawmill out in the water. Timber is lashed together and pulled by tugboats. Even barges of gravel are pulled by tugboats across the bay.

All of this is exciting to me, but still I am torn, thinking of my little girl left alone in our house in Yakima. Amel Dunkin is more of a mother to her than I am. My world is being split asunder. I cannot please my husband and still be a mother to my children. My pendulum swings high, then low. Lolene is begging to go back to Utah. She is constantly writing homesick letters to her sisters and brothers. How vainly had I imagined that we would be a happy family--that now, my son and my daughter would have a dad! What we really have done is shatter Ray's twenty-five years of bachelorhood. He has always done his own thing without interference, which has made him brittle. And my children have always been my major love and concern. Innocently I had supposed I could be a perfect wife, because I resolved to do everything right. Demands on the opposite poles tear me apart.

October 1. Today a letter came from Terry as follows:

Dear Mother, I have received four letters from you since I wrote you last. I guess that alone calls for an answer, so here goes.

I have been doing good in school until last night. I got a chain project from the Vo-Ag. It was a pig, and when it has a litter I was to give two little ones back. Well, the pig died, cause unknown, but I still might have to buy it even if I did only have it eight hours.

Then today I went to school and got about 60% on my chemistry test, and 85% in English. I usually get 100% in both, so you can see today was horrible. If I had to take a spelling test today I'd fail it too.

I received both $10 money orders and they were welcomed but only the last was really needed. It is only needed for security. I won't cash it for awhile yet if I can help it. Thanks just the same.

We went to Vegas last week and Marilyn said they were going to come up here deer hunting this year so I guess you will have to worry about all of your kids except Shirley and Lolene until it's over, but don't hold your breath all the time, or your worrying days will be over.

Lolene, I wouldn't come and be Aunt Ardella's girl if I were you, cause it's not the same here with Mother and you gone. I have had plenty of time to do a lot of thinking since school started and I just don't know what's missing. I think of friends. They aren't even as interesting. I guess they just expected me to go and were disappointed when I stayed. My family is definitely missing a couple of links. I go to Sunday School and don't see the warm smile of that wonderful Mother and good looking sister of mine. They make a world of difference, and I assure you it is different getting myself up.

Lolene, it may seem funny to hear me say this, but I feel like a lost sheep down here making all of my own decisions, but I wouldn't trade this experience for the world. Everyone has to learn to forge for himself, but it is best to do it with the protection of the one the Lord put in charge of us. Always do what she says. She will never hurt you. Bye, and remember I love all of you, even the unmentioned fellow, Ray. Sincerely,

Terry Gubler

This is my ninth day at the American Oil Company bulk plant on 704 So. First Street. A guy named George has been running the plant for eight years. When he came here he was worth about 65¢, but he was a go-getter. He made money for the company, and for himself. As a sideline he set up his own distributing company, using the American Oil Office where he was employed while he laid the ground work for the great separation. At the planned time, George pulled out, taking with him all of the clientele he had built up. He left the American Oil desks and file cabinets empty. He not only took away the business, but was clever enough to take away the telephone number too. He transferred the American Oil number to his new office with Humble Oil. When customers tried to reach American, George answered, and took the orders for oil. He left American Oil empty-handed. Stripped.

This was the day Wendell Snow (our bishop, and district representative for American) called, and asked me to help. Salesmen, auditors, credit men and truck drivers have been rushed to the scene from American's Boise, Spokane and Salt Lake offices. The American salesman made house to house calls to build up a customer list for fuel oil. George followed behind with his oil truck and filled their tanks, convincing them that they were buying

from the same old company. But he filled one too many tanks.

One woman phoned our new number. "George filled my oil tank. I told him to come and drain it, but he won't. What shall I do?"

The auditor replied, "Use the oil, but don't pay for it. You didn't order it from him."

Pressure has been brought to bear, and now George is delivering oil to us to replace what he had put in our customer's tanks.

October 21. The bulk plant is so far out of town, I take my lunch at noon and eat in a little park across the highway. I meet some interesting people there.

American has hired a new truck driver. Today, after he had delivered fuil oil to the Assembly of God Church, he sat down thoughtfully in the office. "I ain't proud of it, but I ain't been to church in fifteen years only to a funeral," he said. "My mother-in-law is high up in the church, and I don't like religious people. My wife's folks are religious, and they fight and swear all of the time. My mother-in-law cusses and swears all week and takes charge at church on Sunday, and all of her kids profane, even the girls. They get up on Sunday morning and all start cussing each other, and their mother says, 'You blankety-blank kids, if you don't stop that blankety-blank swearing on Sunday I'll blankety-blank you.

"When I was a little kid, I sneaked into a church to see what they did, and I saw people's fannys oozing through the slats in the seats. I went out and got my buddies, and we put pins in the toes of our shoes. We went to church and sat on a back bench, and when the people all started praying, we jabbed them where they stuck through the benches, and they started hollering and the minister chased us out.

"We broke up more than one church session. We found a church where the people all got down on the floor and hollered. In this church they kneeled and stooped with their head on the floor and their rear sticking up in the air. One big fat woman got down and whooped it up, and I couldn't stand not to jab her with the pin in the toe of my shoe. Each time I did it she raised up and swore like a sailor, and then she'd go down on the floor and pray again, and I'd jab her again. My dad found it out and tanned me so hard I ain't been back to church no more."

November 16. I'm still on with American Oil. I was only hired for one week. At last, they have replaced George. Eugene Condie from Richfield, Utah (a Mormon) is the new distributor. He wants me to come back Monday. I've been coming back for just one more day for quite awhile.

Lolene has a lead part in the school play. She gets up at 5:30 every morning to go to seminary, and she doesn't get home until six at night.

LaVerkin, Utah, November 27. Hi Maw, I'm back in school and going at it. You won't think too much of the grade I pulled in chemistry and art, but the rest are almost good enough. In art I visit with the opposite sex too much. I guess I have to stit on the gick!

You know, I sure wish I were there. It couldn't be much worse than being here without wheels. I sure miss having someone to walk with me when I am on shank ponies, and someone to talk to when I get lonely. When I get too lonely, I get out my guitar and play.

Mother, will you check and see if you can take me home with you at Christmas time? See if the school will give me a makeup course for Wash.

state history. Have them send for my transcript of credits and see if I can graduate and all that jazz, then write back and see if I still feel rotten. If I do, you'll have another baby to care for.

You know, when I get home, I about go crazy because it's too cold to go outside and too warm to sit around, so I go in and out, then down to the trailer to see Ann. I guess she is the only one who keeps me from flipping my lid. Well, I leave Ann's and go back to the house. Helen is still over to Hurricane, so I go outside again. Ann would think I was crazy if I came back so soon, so I go up and visit Aunt Ardella and talk with Leon. Well, I am restless, so I go back home and go mad like a darn old shut-in grouch.

All of the Gubler family was here for Thanksgiving except you. Uncle Willy was here on the Isom side, along with all of the others except Uncle Clinton, who went to Enterprise.

DeMar and Helen are home arguing about taxes, and if I played my guitar I couldn't concentrate--what the heck. I have to cut out and go do something, and since it is too cold out, bawl, howl, waaa, I want to come home to Mama. I guess I have proven that I flipped. See you at Provo your next trip through the nut house. Lots of love, Terry Gubler.

I was home alone when the mailman left this blue letter in our box. I wept. What stupid thing have I done? I have abdicated! I've run out on the most important things in my life--my children and home. For what? A man who thinks Ellensburg is too far away for him to come home at nights. Ellensburg is all of forty miles away. So he stays there and enjoys the evenings with his family, and I am here, my heart aching for mine.

Ray and his boys, Paul and Ron are digging up the pipeline at the ranch, and the snow and heavy fog has detained them. And I'm playing Pollyana, being the bright gleam of sunshine when my husband comes home. I crow and chortle with glee over this "great experience, not confessing to a soul how homesick I am.

When Lolene came home, she read Terry's letter and cried. Then she said, "It will be wonderful to have Terry with us. I know just how he feels."

Terry's report card was good. No absent marks at all, and his grades showing honest effort.

November 30. Tonight when the phone rang, I answered, and the operator said, "This is long distance for Alice Sabin."

"This is Alice," I replied.

The operator said, "She's on the line. Go ahead."

A little voice, far away, said, "Hello Grandma, this is Darwin."

Astonished, I said, "Darwin, how are you?" (Long distance calls scare me into asking this, first of all).

"I'm all right. You know Grandma, you wrote us a letter and told us to paint you some pictures, and we don't have any crayons."

That tickled me all over. "Does your Mama and Daddy know you called me?"

"No, but we'll tell them. They have gone down town. Do you want to talk to Edwin and Mace?"

"You bet."

Mace said, "Hello, Grandma."

"Hello, Mace, how did you kids know how to call me?"

"Oh, that's easy," he said, "We've got your number."

Then Edwin came on the line. He was so cute, telling me about what he was doing in school. "Susan can't talk, because she's asleep in bed," he added.

The phone suddenly clicked, and we were cut off.

Ray, Lolene and I sat and laughed, because the whole thing was so cute. Tomorrow, I'll send them some crayons.

I'm making a blue wool dress for Lolene. She is being initiated into the Thespian club tonight to honor her for her performance in the school play.

Lolene is being admitted to the Honor English group. Her teacher says this is something which rarely happens to a sophomore. Out of 1,500 students in Davis High, about 50 of them make it. It is the same with the Madrigal Choir. They don't take sophomores in that group, but Lolene was put in it immediately. The Madrigal Choir sang to a packed house at the Assembly of Christian Churches Thanksgiving morning.

Kathy writes to us each time Norman and Ann writes. She takes lots of pains drawing little curlicues. Whatever she's trying to say, I like it. Ann and Helen have been wonderful to keep me posted on family news.

CHAPTER 52

Y A K I M A
(1963)

We covered 2,500 miles, and visited many people in a swift flying Christmas vacation. We left Yakima on the 22nd of December, for LaVerkin, and now, all too soon we're back. I needed lazy days to rock my grandchildren. I longed to sit on the couch by my mother, and be silent or talk as we pleased, and to visit my sisters and brothers without confusion. Instead, we grabbed our visiting in big gobs and herds. Hectic, but worth all the fuss.

Leaving LaVerkin this time was not so hard as it was before. This time I had a serene, peaceful feeling, because both Lolene and Terry were returning to Yakima with us. I feel so happy. We've needed Terry all along. He and Lolene are in her room right now visiting. Yakima is going to be beautiful to Lolene, now that she isn't the only child.

We sang on our return trip, and played the game, "who am I". We were happy, and the miles sped. Last night the four of us went to the New Year's Eve dance. The orchestra played wild, teenage music, and the kids were out on the floor going through some sort of epilepsy.

Ray said, "Good heavens!" (Only "Heavens" isn't the word he <u>really</u> used) "If you can't fight 'em, join 'em." He was wearing a rakish New Year's hat, which set the mood. Crossing his eyes, and picking up the beat, he put on a floor show. I married a party boy, and didn't know it! Lolene and Terry were swinging it with the rest of them.

After the dance, some of the girls kidnapped Terry, and they went to

"drag" the avenue. Lolene went to a slumber party with girl friends, who played phonograph records until daylight, then she slept until noon.

January 3. I'm so tickled to have Terry with us. I'm 100% happy, and more content than I've been for a good many years. Terry and Lolene spice up our lives, and Ray sings a lot.

Today is Terry's first day at Davis High. The boys took him last night to play basketball. He loved it, and says he's going to play all of the time.

January 18. I thought I had boy problems when Lolene was the new girl in town. But now I find that I have girl problems, with Terry being the new boy. Even the older women tell me what a sweetheart my boy is. At fireside last week, Sister Dumford put Terry in the favorite lounge chair, and put a pillow under his head. "What a darling he is," one of the women said to me. Girls call for him to go to church affairs, like last night to decorate. They ended up going ice skating. He ran out of fingers and toes so couldn't count the times he fell. Bishop Snow says he hopes Terry never leaves Yakima. It's probably like a honeymoon for DeMar and Helen without him.

January 22. I just got word that Norman's and Ann's number four child arrived yesterday--a little boy. That makes two of each for them now. (Gordon Wayne Gubler). I need to run home and see the little tykes.

February 14. Ray's niece, Beth Rowe is staying with us while her boy Jay is in the hospital. While tobogganing, he rammed head-on into a post, and suffers double concussion. Beth is a joy to our family.

Betty Guymon gave Ray and I a gospel game for a wedding gift. It has a game board, and if a player is smart enough, it is possible to get into the Celestial Kingdom. The lady missionaries borrow it and use it at some of their cottage meetings. Bishop Snow and his family came to dinner and played until late the other night, but no one got to heaven.

Last week Terry played basketball at Spokane, and our team won. This coming week they will play in Portland.

March 10. I've had romantic illusions about my husband being the big strong hero, the provider, who adored his little wife, me. Back home, when folks heard that I was going to get married, the usual reaction was, "Alice, we're so happy for you. You've worked so many years it's going to be great to have someone to provide for you."

Well, that's the image I've played up. But it isn't the real one. How near we are to the poorhouse I've never known. Ray has never told me. If I need money, I must earn it. He earned his, and he's the only one who will spend it. We have no household allowance. I make out the grocery list, and Ray does all of the shopping. Sometimes I write on the list, "bring me a surprise," and he does. He buys groceries handsomely, and we set a good table.

"I have enough for groceries, utilities and to provide a house," he says. And that's it. If I need nylons, lotion, shoes, or a new dress, that's my worry. Lolene and Terry are welcome in our home and at our table, but we must each meet our own personal needs. So I've drawn what unemployment was coming from Coleman Engineering to help my kids in school. Consequently, I've had to report to the unemployment office each Monday morning and fill out forms showing my search for work. And I've searched.

Ray chauffeurs me about in his little green rambler. He sits in the shade of a tree or a building listening to the radio while I fill out application forms. I've applied for work in every business house in Yakima. I've submitted so many copies of my resume that it begins to look like a best seller. What a blow to my pride it would be if the folks back home could see me being driven from place to place begging for work, while my husband languishes in the shade. I could teach a course on taking examinations, I've taken so many. I've passed them all, except the ones where I had to put pegs in holes and washers on rivets. I knocked the board over and spilled the rivets. I've taken county, state and federal tests. In the blank showing "salary last received" I've filled in $390. "Sorry," I am told. "We only pay our girls $225." The only government opening that requires my FS rating is in an IRS office in Seattle.

I have substituted a day here and there at the McClure Elementary and the Washington Junior High, and now, I finally get a call from a private employment agency. There's an opening with insurance brokers at $220 a month. 10% of the first month's salary goes to the agency for finding the job for me. Tomorrow I go into captivity. I'd rather be a butterfly than a grub. In Seattle the rhododendrons have buds two and three inches long. The pink Japanese cherry trees around Lake Washington are in bloom, and the ferns in the woods are sending up tender green fronds, and the catkins on the pussy willow are fat and silky.

Lolene is in her second school play, which keeps her at school until 6:00 every night, and Terry goes out with the missionaries. Last night he baptized President Stolp's little girl. The missionaries had thirty baptisms.

April 11. Lolene and Terry are begging to go back to LaVerkin.

My job at Yohoma Insurance is detestable. If happiness is an attitude, I'd have to be chloroformed to be happy here. I work for three people; (1) the boss man, a plumpish, strutting cock, (2) his brother, a little banty rooster who has papered his office with certificates of achievement, which is as impressive as though he had plastered the walls with his brains, (3) a beady eyed, beaked nosed, tight lipped, fidgety woman who reminds me of a speckled hen. The employment office had warned me that this outfit could never keep a girl--that there was constant turn over, the work heavy, and the pay low. This was my challenge.

Well, on my first day at work, the dear hen explained the sacredness of my duties. "We are custodians of people's security. We make it possible for folks to sleep nights, even if their house should burn, (a neat trick, I should say) or the hail knock down their apple crop. This is a technical business, and only the intellectual and the most dedicated are worthy of this opportunity," she clucked. "We demand the greatest efficiency. We do not allow any degree of error." (Sakes alive! They should only hire immortal souls)!

And so I went into captivity on the 4th floor of the Liberty Building. My soul has not been my own from the moment I walked into the tobacco stench of the chicken coop. I am bookkeeper under the banty and file clerk and typist for the hen. Each day's entries must be made in the books by the time the mail arrives. The rest of the day the hen ruffles her feathers and pecks at me. Because I have such a great business background, I must comprehend all things instantly. "However, no one can really understand

insurance until they have worked around it for at least two years," the cock clucked. "You can't imagine what a time I had with the hen for the first three years. I made her what she is today." (He ought to be ashamed of himself for this poor pitiful accomplishment). "She has been with us for seventeen years," he continued. "She loves her desk. (Nest). She wouldn't know what to do if she couldn't sit at this desk each morning." (I can believe that. She has no idea of what life is like except on the top of her desk).

"This is a busy desk," she often cackles. She thinks the whole world is stacked in the manila folders on her desk. I fancy I can see little feathers fluttering out of the straw as she squirms and settles down to her desk. Come to think of it, I believe her eyelids shut up from the bottom, the same as other chickens. (Well, almost).

The first day I walked into the office she created quite a spectacle, as she flitted from file to file, to show me the vast realm I had just entered.

"This is the active file, these are the expos, this is the regular file, this is the dead file. These are the company copies and these are the invoice files, these are the receipts, these are the ledger card files, both current and closed." Her arms are waving all the while, as she opens and bangs shut file drawers. "If you cannot find an account, look first here, then here, then here, then on my desk, then on the cock's desk then on the banty's desk. If it isn't in either of these places, look in their brief cases. If you cannot find it there, tell me. There are exactly thirteen possible places for every insurance account."

Whee! Usually all thirteen places have to be searched. Only fowl birds could create such a masterpiece of complexity, such a time killing system. (Honestly, they don't call each other chicken names. In my mind I do it, because it creates a bit of a merry feeling within me and believe me, when I'm around them, I need it).

For each insurance payment received, I have to first pull out the customer's ledger card. Second, get their manila folder from one of the thirteen places. The yellow invoice copy of their account has to be pulled from the current file. Now I can make the receipt. Next, the yellow invoice is clipped to the ledger card and put in the banty's folder for tomorrow's entry in the ledger. Tomorrow, the receipt number, invoice number, customer's number, amount paid, date due, date paid are all entered in the ledger. Also, on the ledger card. Also, on the invoice. The agent's commission and the company's commission is broken down and entered in the ledger and on the invoice, which shows date billed, date due, expiration date, date paid, effective date--which is logical enough, except each entry indicates a possible filing place. Eow! And so on and on goes the wonderful system of the little flock. They're brokers for twenty-eight different insurance companies with as many different kinds of policies.

A constant barrage of detail is fired at me. Never am I left alone to complete the task at hand. Constantly I am interrupted with, "Alice, as soon as you finish that policy, make out an expo notice to Mr. Green. This account is different from any of the others. If you will listen just a minute, I'll explain it to you." So the problem at hand cools off in my typewriter while a new detail is explained. Before Mr. Green's expo is finished I am interrupted. "Alice, here are three more things you can

handle. Give me your attention and I will explain them. Now here, take a look at this folder--yak, yak, yak." I am rapidly taking notes. Folder upon folder piles in my basket, each one different "from anything you've ever had before." Interruptions, interruptions.

I welcome the times when the hen says, "Now Alice, I have a mighty complex policy to figure out. This will take me an hour or so, and I cannot be interrupted. Do not talk to me or ask questions until I am through." Ah! These are my greatest moments of production.

The hen settles in, fluttering pages back and forth, her wattle going up and down as she whispers to herself. If anyone in the office cheeps, then the hen clucks out loud to herself. The more noise she has to compete with, the louder she clucks.

"Ah," crows the cock, "that hen is very dedicated. This is her life."

May 5. There's a silly discussion going on. Terry is reading the index of a song book.

"Alice, Where Art Thou!" He reads, then, "Here's one called Sweet Alice."

"I can't stand that song," I say.

Terry reads the words over then says, "The only thing I can see wrong with her is that she's dead. She has a gray slab over her."

"She was icky sweet," I explain. "She wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown. Imagine weeping every time someone smiled at you, or going into spasms when someone frowned."

Now Ray is delivering a discourse about the beauty of those tears of joy spilling from sweet Alice's eyes.

When Ray is in town he takes me to work at 7:50, and picks me up at 5:00 p.m. He spends the day shooting the breeze with Sid Lambert. Ray and Sid are in the Real Estate business. Occasionally Ray shows a piece of property, but since I've known him, he's never sold a shovel full of earth. Most of the time, he's at the ranch in Ellensburg, and I have to catch the city bus, or walk. The bus that goes past Swan Avenue leaves at 5:05. Usually, the hen finds one more thing for me to do so I miss it. Rather than wait a half hour for the next bus, I walk the two miles for home.

Sometimes I resent Ray thinking he can't come back from the ranch until Saturday night, then I remind myself that I'm here by my own choice, so I might as well do my best to get something out of it.

Friday afternoon I studied the 5:00 o'clock throngs, milling about, sweltering and weary. A man in a wheelchair came toward me calling, "Pencils, shoe laces, pins," etc. Sweat trickled down his cheeks. He had no legs. The people passed, unheeding. On impulse, I stepped inside a snack bar and ordered their tallest orange drink, and returning to the sidewalk, I placed it on the tray of the wheelchair.

"I thought you'd enjoy something cool," I smiled.

With a surprised, grateful smile, the man said, "Oh bless you. You are an angel."

The look on his face made me feel wonderfully decent. Walking home was fun. I enjoyed the tall spikes of blue delphiniums in a little old lady's garden. At home I threw open the drapes, and put on some good music.

May 12. Lolene begged to go to Mesquite to wait tables this summer.

"Why, it would be like tossing a tender morsel to the wolves," I remonstrated.

"But Mother, you let Shirley go," she argued.

"But Shirley was closer to me," I replied.

For three days Lolene has been silent and sad. Today she asked, "Mother, why is Shirley closer to you than I am?"

Thunderstruck, I exclaimed, "Oh Lolene, no one is closer to me than you are."

"But you said Shirley was."

"Goodness! I only meant that when Shirley worked in Mesquite, I lived in LaVerkin, and we could go see each other."

"Oh," Lolene sighed with relief.

May 13. I missed the bus again. The hen clucked contentedly when she realized she had kept me ten minutes too long. She likes that.

To make the walk interesting, I tried to catch the eye of each person I met, and then I'd smile. About one-third of the people smiled back.

One woman took my hand. "I've been watching you for a whole block. Yours is the only smile I've seen since I left my home in Port Angeles."

"I'm a long way from home too, and I know just how you feel," I replied.

"Tell me where I can buy an apple," she said. "Yakima is supposed to be the biggest apple producing area in the world, but I haven't seen a single one."

I pointed out the big warehouses along the railroad tracks. "Those are full of apples. Women sort them the year around. And you can buy an apple at that little market just two blocks from here."

"Oh, thank you. You have the face of an angel," she said.

The wings of an angel would be more useful.

June 7. Terry and Lolene left today. They returned to LasVegas with Marilyn and Chance and family. When I got home from work, I took Lolene's music off the piano, and walked into her room. On her bed was a note which read: "Mother, I'm awfully sorry I couldn't get my room all nice and clean and my things all taken care of. They are in such a hurry. I'm sitting here crying. I'll write and tell you the news as soon as possible. Just wanted to tell you how much I'll miss you and Ray. I love you both. Bye. Love, Lolene."

Marilyn's family came to Terry's graduation exercises at Davis High. The exercises were ghastly. They consisted of ministers of different denominations making sign language and speaking in tongues, then piano music as the graduates marched to receive their diplomas. That's all.

Before the kids left, Marilyn said, "Ray, I'd like to see the Ellensburg ranch." I was flabbergasted! I've never dared ask him to take me

there. Ellensburg is the Mr. Hyde part of Ray's Dr. Jekyll existance. But Ray seemed pleased that Marilyn asked. He took us all to the ranch and showed us where each of his children lives, and where their mother, Velma lives, and I felt very sad that he was not living there with her where he belongs.

This morning, when my children were ready to leave, I went into Lolene's room and put my arm around her, and she burst out crying.

"I don't want to go Mother," she said.

Trying to hide my own tears, I said, "You go, Lolene, and get it out of your system, and come back next month. I won't tell you to come back, but I'll expect you back."

I had agreed not to hold her if she thought she would be happier in Utah.

As I looked at Terry I knew he was walking out of my life. "Terry," I said, "before you go on your mission, come back, and we will show you the Northwest." We've never shown him around, because either he was tied up on weekends, or Ray was.

"Don't feel bad Mother," he said, "I may be sent to the Northwest on my mission," and he kissed me goodbye.

To the room full of people, I said, "I'm saying goodbye firmly. I'm leaving for the office now," and I walked out the door.

Susan and Mace followed and gave me a hug. Ray is the one who had to see them drive away. I couldn't have taken it. When I walked into the office I could hardly speak.

Tonight the house is empty. I walked into the basement by Terry's bed. He didn't leave one thing of his. He had very little in the first place--his guitar, little trinket chest, a few clothes and books.

June 10. Smiling at people on the street can be as dangerous as petting a rattlesnake. From now on, I'll only smile at women and children. After I smiled at a man today he turned around and followed me. I ran through a red light, and ran all the way home.

June 11. Seems that I rarely catch the bus. A bum approached me today and said, "Dear kind lady, would you please give a gentleman a quarter for a bite to eat?""

"A gentleman wouldn't be begging from a lady," I replied, rushing past.

A little girl about fourteen, clutched my arm. "Please, can I cross the street with you?" she asked, "I'm scared."

I held her hand and we went like kangaroos over the railroad tracks. Skid row is along the tracks. That's where the winoes, bums and panhandlers hang out. I'm always relieved to get past there.

June 13. My days with the cock, the banty and the hen are over and done. Finished. Washed up. I'm free!!! The morning my children left, I walked into the office with a quivering chin, and made two unforgivable mistakes. Two policy holders had the same name, except one was a Sr. and the other a Jr. I credited Jr. with Sr.'s payment. On that fateful day I also filed a U.S.F. invoice under U.S.F. & G. Those errors slumbered peacefully until today. The hen wanted the U.S.F. invoice, and it wasn't in any of the thirteen places. She ruffled her feathers and squawked and

screeched. "Find it, find it," she screamed. I was so miserable I wanted the floor to swallow me. The banty looked under U.S.F. & G. and produced it. But immediately he had need to look up the ledger entry I had erred on. Both mistakes came to light at the same time.

The hen was so darkly angry that she immediately went into a molt. Sullenly she plugged away at her desk, and uninterrupted, I worked. One hour before quitting time I was called into conference with the cock and the banty. They told me these errors were intolerable, and they were making out my check.

"Have you informed me of every error I've ever made with you?" I asked.

"Yes we have," the cock assured me. And I believed him.

"For that I am thankful," I replied.

I knew that with the mountains of work I had put out, I had done a good job. For $220 a month I had worked harder, put forth a more conscientious effort, and prayed more prayers than any job I had ever had. For one thing, I was the only Mormon they had ever known, and I wanted to measure up. They had gotten their money's worth.

"I have no regrets," I said.

Suddenly I felt bold and wanted to offer the cock and the banty a little advice that might cut down the turnover in their office. I said, "In your business you might--". They leaned their ears forward. I sank back in my chair. "No. This is your business. You have the liberty to run it the way you please."

They said they let the last girl go because she became rigid, afraid she might make a mistake. No wonder. They had created an error setup. As I had miserably plodded through my stack of work, if ever I didn't catch on instantly to the clucking of the hen, she would say, "This just KILLS me," and the cock would come out of his office and say, "We cannot tolerate an error because blah, blah, blah," on and on while I patiently listened, instead of getting things done. The banty would emerge from his cubicle with a bloodshot smile and say, "You realize how important it is for everything to be accurate because blah, blah, blah," on and on. For everything that went amiss, I got three lectures from three people. The hen always started it by saying, "This just KILLS me."

Very often, the mistake was theirs. The hen would say, "Let me see that, let me see." Everyone had to initial every entry or every bit of typing, so catching the culprit was easy. "Oh, this was our little Jeanie who did this." Jeanie had married and gone to Alaska. She couldn't care less what the hen was saying about the error she had made. I was glad Jeanie was out of her clutches. The cock would say, "You see, it is possible to carry an error on our records for years before being discovered. That is the seriousness of it all."

And a discussion would follow of this terrible thing that some of my predecessors had done. Words, words! Every night I left the office with an unhealthy resentment building up within me.

Each morning, before going to work, I shut myself in the bathroom and prayed for wisdom and strength for this day, that I might have a cheerful countenance, and that my work would be good. Each day I worked hard for a

maximum output. I seldom looked up, but worked relentlessly through the stacks piled in my basket, speaking only when spoken to. The hen was terribly bossy, snapping at me, and demanding things of me as though I were a child. She had no respect for anyone else's interests or abilities outside her own, and that of the cock and the banty. She called all of the clerks at the home offices of the twenty-eight insurance companies, stupid and dumb, and the mistakes they made simply KILLED her. She said all school teachers were narrow minded and dumb. The other girls in the offices in the Liberty Building were dumb. The people in the state offices across the hall were a burden to the taxpayers. None of them earned their salt. They were all lazy. Everyone was someone to avoid.

To demonstrate her own self worth, she occasionally sat on the laps of the cock or the banty. She was easy fifteen years older than either of them, and certainly no doll. Her attempt at coyness was as ridiculous as an old turkey buzzard masquerading as a baby chicken.

With a foolish grin, the cock would say to me, "You can see our great love for each other. If you would consent to become a permanent part of our little office family, within three years we'd have you trained to be exactly like the hen."

Horrors! What a brainwashed, terrible fate! They were all afraid of each other--afraid that their own errors would surface. Like the morning I picked up a call from the telephone company. "Is the cock there?" they asked. "No, he is out. Can I take a message?" "Yes. Tell him that he paid his telephone bill with his check to the power company. Ask him to please come over and pick up his check. The power company called to tell us they had a check made out to us by the cock." "I'll give him the message," I said, stifling a giggle.

I thought it was just lovely, and grinned while I typed the message and put it on the cock's desk. When he came in and read the note he did not grin. He crumpled it in a tight wad and stood up stiffly. His face reddened to the roots of his hair, and like a mechanical soldier, he marched out of the office, looking neither to the left nor the right. The rest of the day he could not look me in the eye.

The banty suffered intensely whenever he was caught in an error, and the hen would go into a seizure when anyone found a mistake of hers.

The banty tried to soften the blow of my mistakes by saying, "Well Alice, you might as well admit it. When we become older, we tend to become senile. Our small mistakes are evidence of it."

"What rubbish," I retorted. "A person's intellect increases with age. Some of the keenest folks I know are in their nineties."

Sadly the banty said, "You may argue if you please, but I know we are beginning to be senile."

Poor little banty. He couldn't be a day over forty. I kind of liked him too.

So now, these three birds, who are admittedly bordering on senility, were vainly trying to ease the hurt of having to can me by saying, "We have never loved anyone more than we have you. Your personality is great."

As the banty handed me my check, they fluttered around me to bid me goodbye. "We love you Alice, we really do," the cock said. The hen said,

"See what you have gained for coming here. You have made three new friends." The banty said, "Promise us you will come and see us often." "Sure thing. Adios," I said and went out the door.

Ray was waiting in the Rambler down on the street. I got in the car and said, "Ray, I'm through. I'm fired."

He drove slowly down the street, and I opened up the flood gates and let the tears splash.

Sometimes I wish it wasn't against my principles to write Ray's colorful speech. He doesn't profane. He just knows some high sounding cuss words. "Those ¢&*%, #!%#&, #&#&#!*, blanks! I never did like you being with that outfit," he growled. "Let's throw in our bedroll and grub box and go fishing."

Yippee! We're off for a week fishing along Sheep Creek!

August 5. What a brother Wayne is. Although he is the youngest of our family of eleven, he has pampered the whole batch of us, taking us on many a scenic tour. In July he made advanced motel reservations and chauffered for a Northwest tour, bringing Mildred, Clinton and Lillian to Yakima. I returned to Utah with them. Our tour included Mt. Ranier, Seattle, Vancouver Island, Butchart's Gardens, the redwoods, Golden Gate Park, and the Sequoia National forest. Best of all he brought me back to the family--Mom, brothers and sisters, children and grandchildren. I spent two joyous family-packed weeks before returning to Yakima.

When Lloyd saw me he said, "I've got a husband."

"You have? Who is it?" I asked.

"You," he answered. For two days I was his husband, and then he informed me that Grandma Isom was his new husband. "Want to see my lion?" he asked.

I followed him outside to a broken down chair. The rounds were the bars to the lion's cage.

"He's inside of there," he pointed.

I poked my finger inside the cage, then jerked back quickly.

"Aw, he don't bite," Lloyd said holding his finger in the cage. "See, he just licks. He didn't even bite me when I brought him down off the hill. He likes me to rub his head (going through the motions). He's black all over, and he eats pickles out of our pickle garden. He eats on the table in the pickle garden and he doesn't step on the plants."

Lolene returned to Yakima with me. Yesterday my cousin Iantha Mellon, and her husband Fred, and her daughter Ranada came to see us and persuaded me to let Lolene go back to Portland with them. When Ray has finished harvesting his grain we will bring her back.

August 29. Yesterday, Lolene took the bus for Utah, but not until she had talked it over with Bishop Snow. Ray and I were in the hall when she came out of the bishop's office. She grabbed Ray by the arm and went skipping down the hall.

"He understood, he understood," she bubbled. "He said I should go back."

I had no choice but to let her go. After she left, I bawled. Poor

Ray. He gave me his big shoulder to blubber on, then he took me to see Doris Day in "The Big Thrill."

September 8. I stepped lightly to the information window at the employment office. "Good morning, Mrs. McKhleer," I greeted.

Smiling broadly she said, "Mrs. Sabin, I was just examining your card. I was about to call you, but then I decided not to, when I looked at the salary you used to get in Utah."

"Oh that. Just rub it out. Who wants money anyway?" I shrugged.

"Decoto Brothers wants someone at the airport, and you're the only teletype operator we have on file. Would you be interested in an interview?"

I nodded. She got Decoto on the line, and the boss talked to me. I turned the job down because I'd have to work a year before I could get a day off. I couldn't even go back to Utah. I'd be buried alive. The man said I had personality. They all say that, but then everyone has a personality of some kind. The man said they had already interviewed eight girls, and that Boeing was sending a couple of girls from Seattle who were experienced in aircraft. I dismissed the matter entirely and returned home to my typewriter.

The phone rang. It was Decoto Aircraft. "Mrs. Sabin, we're in a real quandry," the man said. "We can't make up our mind between you three girls. (I always have a tender feeling for people who call me a girl). What would you say if I told you you could get time off? Would that help?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Would you feel badly if we take one of the other girls?"

"Of course not. I never feel badly over things like that. I'd just do something else."

"What would you do?"

"Do you want to know what I was doing when you called? I was writing a story about how it feels to be fired."

"What! Do you write stories?"

"Well--" I was beginning to feel timid. "Sometimes. I've sold three short stories."

"You've SOLD THREE! Mrs. Sabin, how soon can you get out here to look at this job?"

"My husband is out of town and I'm without transportation."

"I'll come right now and get you. I'll give you half an hour. Ok?"

"Ok."

What selling three little stories to the Relief Society Magazine had to do with me being receptionist for Decoto Brothers beats me, but it landed me the job in preference to the young chicks from Seattle.

"I'm sick of composing my own letters," the boss said. "Now <u>you</u> can do it."

So I am employed.

September 19. I've been working for twelve days now, and I could sing

and dance and shout for joy. I LOVE IT! What a far cry this is from the ugly little office on the fourth floor of the Liberty building, where I was but a chimp in a squeeze cage. Its only window looked down on the tops of service stations and stores, and the distance was blotted out by smoke from the lumber mills.

In my prayers I used to ask, "Is there just one happy office in Yakima? Is there a place where I fit?" I have had my bitterest training in Yakima. I had done everything to make The Big Three happy, without considering my own happiness. Now I realized that I had to be happy. I did not want a job of misery. I prayed, "Is there anyone in all of Yakima that I can make happy, and at the same time be happy too?" And then comes this joyous experience. So different! So completely different!

I love this beautiful place. It takes me out of the city to the peaceful, open country. We are at the airport where we see the planes, like silver birds, coming in and taking off. Each morning as I come to work there is a West Coast flight getting ready to take off. I sit in my car (an old Buick which I have acquired), and watch the plane taxi down the run, and turn around, its propellers spinning to invisibility, its motors thundering, and then the wheels leave the ground and the plane skyrockets into the sun. Around me, green fields and orchards stretch to the line of hills. I can see the snow capped peaks of Mt. Ranier and Mt. Adams. I AM HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY.

Sunday was Ray's birthday. We had dinner at Beth's and Paul's at Pasco, staying overnight and going to conference Sunday morning. Sterling Sill was there. In the evening I took Ray to Harmon's. He was tickled with everything.

Ever since I started with Decoto, Ray has prepared breakfast, and he dries the dishes. He has a talent for popping me with the corners of the dish towel.

I'm the Laurel teacher in MIA, and the literary teacher in Relief Society. I read books, and books. Ray is a book hound himself, so we both get lost to each other, although we're reading side by side.

October 1. I am grandma again. Shirley and Perry had a little boy born to them yesterday. John has a little brother. That makes ten little Indians (grandchildren) for me. (Ricky LaVon Houston).

October 4. The Decoto job is a constant joy. I'm the receptionist, and have the telephones and two teletype machines, incoming and outgoing. My boss, Don Diessner, was tickled that I knew about DD250's and that sort of junk. We make actuator assemblies for Boeing, both Seattle and Wichita. Don doesn't have ulcers, and he doesn't smoke. He is hearty and laughs a lot. He digested all of my Coleman scrap book, and today he took me out to watch the men assemble a gadget for an airplane. The pilot can turn a valve and incapacitate every passenger on the plane, to put down riots or to prevent hijacking. The pilot has to wear a special suit and helmet, because the valves let off a sneezing powder.

To test it, the men filled it with talcum powder and put it in a jeep. A government inspector was with us. I got in a jeep with the boss and the Decoto inspector, and we rode alongside the other jeep as they opened the valves and spewed a white cloud along the runway. I've never seen so much

talcum powder. It was a funny test. It seemed good to get in a jeep again. I thought of the times Dorothy Spendlove and I used to go with Jim Auck out on the test base.

I have the big front office all to myself. In one end is a round table and chairs. The other girls come in at coffee break time. The break is the big thing, and since I am the hostess, I realized I had to do something, so I brought a bottle of instant Postum. The first time I went to the coffee urn for hot water, one of the men asked what made me tick.

"I'm a queer Mormon," I replied. "I don't drink coffee."

He laughed and said, "Don't feel bad. I'm a Holy Roller."

When the gang clustered around the table, I stirred my Postum.

"What's that?" Lily Fox asked.

"Postum. It's a caffeinefree drink made from grain."

"Why don't you drink coffee?"

"The Mormon church has a health code called The Word of Wisdom, and we don't drink tea, coffee, liquor, or use tobacco. We're peculiar," I grinned.

"I want to be peculiar too," Lily said. "Can I taste your postum?"

"Sure."

Dumping her coffee she fixed her cup of Postum. "I like it. I'm going to get me a bottle," she announced.

The next day I noticed a bottle of instant Postum on the boss's desk also.

"Alice," Marlene Clayton said one day, "do you knit?"

"I've never knitted a stitch in my life," I replied.

"Will you let us teach you?" Carol Marshal asked.

"Please," Marlene coaxed.

"Actually, I've never wanted to learn," I confessed. "Why do you want me to?"

"We're getting tired of Doris William's recital about her operations at break time," Marlene confessed. "We've coaxed her to take up knitting, but she says she's too old to learn. You're two years older than she is. If you'd learn to knit in front of her, we know she'd try to prove she could learn faster than you can."

"Good enough," I said. "Where do I start?"

"Bring a pair of No. 9 needles, and a skein of four ply yarn tomorrow, and we'll get you started on a pair of slippers."

So the next day, during both the morning and the afternoon breaks, Marlene taught me to cast on, and to take the stitches off my needle. I was very awkward. Doris watched intently. The next day she appeared with needles and yarn and started casting on without instructions. She must have practiced all night. In the days that followed, she turned out four times more knitting than I. She's past the slipper stage already, and is doing sweaters.

"Alice," Marlene chuckled, "you should sneak in Doris's office. She's knitting under her desk. When she hears footsteps, she chucks it in her bag and goes back to her books."

November 3. One of the special things about Yakima is Bishop Wendell Snow, his wife Elma and their little girl Pamela. When Lolene and I first found ourselves alone in Yakima, I called the bishop and he was at our house within ten minutes. What fun it was to learn that he was a St. George Snow. We've been family ever since, sharing Thanksgiving, birthdays and all special occasions. We have dinner at their house, or they at ours, and often we play the gospel game that Betty gave us.

On Saturdays, Ray and I take a one day vacation, like going to White Pass and cooking dinner on the shore of a little lake. It's fun watching the ducks on the water and tossing lemon snaps and marshmallows to the squirrels and bluejays. Last Saturday we went ranch shopping up the Nachese river. The snow lay white among the spruce and firs. I gathered mountain holly and snow berries. The shiny red and white berries and the glossy leaves make a pretty arrangement for our living room.

Saturday night we went to a ward dinner of wild game. Emerson Ransier was the cook. The Indians donated a buffalo, and we had wild duck, wild pig, chuckers and salmon. The Gospel Notes, seven colored boys wearing white shirts, furnished the entertainment.

LaVerkin, Utah, November 19. Dear Mother, just ten more shopping days until Lolene's birthday. (So the letter from Lolene begins).

Mother, you've got it all wrong. Distance <u>does not</u> lend enchantment. At least, not where LaVerkin is concerned. The longer I live here, the more enchanted I become. Each evening as I survey the valley, I wish I could send pictures to you through some sort of brain photo-telepathy. Take my word for it, it's beautiful here.

Yesterday afternoon just before sundown I climbed the hill behind my new home. I sat on a high rock and meditated and talked to myself as I always do on these solitary walks. I find that a brisk walk is a wonderful release for mental tension. Usually, when I strike out on a hike, I am worried, or heartsick, or have some problem weighing on my mind. When I come back I always feel great! It never fails. Yesterday I was wondering if it would be better to come back to Yakima and live with you, than to worry Norman and Ann and upset their lives. Very much of the time I feel like a person with no mother or father. I feel so alone.

Don't get me wrong. I am not utterly miserable here, as I was in Yakima. I have something here I never felt up there, and that is peace and serenity. It's wonderful, Mother.

I have so much locked up inside me that I want to tell you, and yet it's so hard for me to express myself on paper. I only wish I could see you and talk to you. Each time I take a walk I wish you were with me to share the wonder and beauty of nature. I compose songs, and poems as I walk, and some of them wax quite eloquent. But lo--when I get home and try to remember my sonnets, all ideas flee.

Sometimes I feel like a teenage neurotic. I get to actually feeling sorry for myself and for Terry, because we're both going through the same thing. It's quite emotionally upsetting to feel like an orphan, and to know that your relatives don't really want you, that they all think we belong with our mother. What they don't realize is the extent of our

hatred for Yakima. That sounds like a rather harsh word, "hatred" but that is what it actually boils down to. I only wish you'd come back here to live. At times I think it's terrible--it's hateful for three members of the same family to be so miserable about one thing, and that's separation. It's like you'd died, Mother, but at least I have letters from you. And money. Dead people can't give you that.

My word! Don't I sound morbid! My thoughts run in these channels quite frequently, and then I know it's time for a walk.

Mother, one good thing about being separated from you is that now I realize how much I love you. I always knew I loved you, but not to such a great extent. I think you're the most wonderful living thing, and that's a fact. I love you so much.

I've got to tell you this. I think about my dad quite a lot lately. I don't know if this is good or bad. Mother, I want to see him so bad! I feel like I really have known him, and I can't stand being away from him. I envy Gordon so much sometimes. I want to be with them both so much.

I was down to Howard's a couple of Sundays ago, and I was up in Ann's bedroom studying while they were down stairs eating Sunday dinner. They had the Tabernacle Choir playing and Mr. Howard was singing in his beautiful voice. I could hear the clatter of dishes and the scraping of furniture. There was the cheerful babble of voices. "That," I thought, "is a united and loving family." I keptthinking, "Why? Why? Why can't that be our Gubler family" Why did my dad have to die and leave my mother to so much heart break? Why can't he be alive? If he was, we'd be living together in our house, and we'd have warm, happy Sunday dinners together."

Mother, I just don't understand. I guess I must be patient and wait for the wonderful reunion that I know will someday take place. Sometimes I feel that Daddy is close to me, and watching over me. I do so want to live a clean life so that I may someday be worthy of the Celestial Kingdom, where we can be completely happy together with our loved ones. Do you find it as hard as I do to wait sometimes?

Mother, I didn't mean to write this way, but I've just got to tell someone my innermost thoughts.

I do love LaVerkin so. I think I will climb to my rock with this notebook and describe it to you.

Ok. Here I am on top of the world, and the gloomy mood of an hour ago has departed.

Mother, I can't describe it to you. All I can do is sit and stare. I can't embrace it enough.

Sounds I hear: The gurgle of the headhouse overflow as it merrily tumbles down the hill--a honking horn--laughter and many children's voices--a mooing cow--a crowing cock--a hammering sound as someone mends a fence--the chirping of many birds.

A feeling of serenity and love enfolds me. The sunlight lays peaceful and calm over the beautiful valley.

George Hardy just saw me perched way up here on this rock. He waved as he ambled up to his barn.

The trees still havn't lost their leaves. The valley is a blaze of color. I breathe deeply of the fresh, crisp air. I can smell a faint

aroma of burning logs. Yum! The breeze is softly fluttering my shirt. A fly keeps buzzing by my head. Aha--I just thought of the word mellow! The sunlight is mellow and sort of hazy across the town.

Pinevalley Mountain is very blue and very majestic looking. The hills around here are so colorful and picturesque. The trees and the sky are what makes this time of year beautiful. The walnut trees are brilliant gold and the sky so clear and blue. The smoke from chimneys curl lazily upward and drifts off into eternity.

I hear the tinkling of a cowbell. Some horses are racing in Reed Wilson's field. From this vantage point I can see endless horizons but they do not beckon. Have I lost the spirit of adventure? No. I am content for now. Purrrrr--I feel wonderful. LaVerkin is a state of mind, or a dream. It's a feeling--it's beauty. There is not the strain and the hustle-bustle of the city here. I can just see myself taking walks and climbing hills in Yakima. Big joke!

I can see Toquerville snugly nestled in its little valley, and Hurricane looks like a grove of trees.

The pastures and fields look so green, the orderly rows of pear trees in Grandpa's field are casting long shadows. Everything looks so warm and friendly. There's one thing missing from the picture. . . you. I know I could beg and beg and you'd never come back. I guess you feel like the impossible. If you only knew how I need you.

Oh fun! Someone is herding cattle down on the highway, and the cars have to inch their way around.

This view is prettier than anything in Washington--even the Columbia and Mt. Ranier. I guess love makes it so. Maybe if I find a man who loves me as I do this valley, he'll think I'm the most beautiful girl in the world. Pleasant thought.

I went to Cedar with Darwin Gifford and Terry and Ann Howard Saturday, and saw the play, "Our Town". It was fabulous. I think it was the best play I've ever seen--truly a great American classic. I bawled and bawled at the end. I couldn't stop. It was so symbolic and so realistic. I just loved it. Terry was in it too. I was proud of him, even though he was just the milkman. Afterwards the boys took us to a cafe and ordered a steak dinner. That is one date I won't forget.

I must have been here an hour. The sun is slowly sinking behind the black volcano knoll. Mother, has beauty ever been so beautiful to you that it hurt?

I know I've got to end this letter, but I don't want to, because it seems that I'm actually talking to you.

Oh--guess what! I need more money. Can you believe it? I don't know where it goes so fast. I need $10 for Tigerette fees, $5 for school pictures (I can't get them till I pay--isn't that rotten?) $3 for music clinic up to Cedar Friday and Saturday.

The breeze is getting chilly now. Guess I'd better put on my coat and amble down to civilization.

I made it. Here I am on the front porch of my erstwhile home. (I just said that because I've always wanted to say "erstwhile". What does it mean anyway?)

One sad thing about living with Norman and Ann, my music is gone to pot. I never get a chance to practice the piano. I also want to learn the guitar, saxophone and drums. And I will, by cracky, someday!

Guess I better shut up and get something done before MIA.

Loads of love,
Your daughter, Lolene

P.S. Write quick!

A letter from Terry arrived, dated December 5.

Dear Mother, I just got home from Norman's and saw your letter to me on the table.

I started this quarter of school at Cedar with about $35 in my pocket. I have worked and earned about that much more. In October I borrowed $125, so I have done all right until now. I have two hungry mouths, mine and my car. I have a job lined up as soon as school is out this quarter, so I will be all right in February if all goes well.

I really enjoyed putting on the play at school. My part was minor, but I still had to attend every practice. I am including a paper that was printed for the play.

As for Lolene singing my praises, I have none, but she sure laid herself open for some. She has been in every activity at school, and is doing well.

I guess you have decided that this is a night letter. It is. It's an 11:30 type. I got home and decided to reply immediately. Thank you for the money until I can return the favor. Tell Ray I miss him, and also tell Charley and Amel hello.

I'll see you in March, if not sooner. Yours with love, Terry

December 7. Tonight when I got home, I didn't have my house key. I've always had a horror of forgetting it. And to think! Ray would not be home for two more days. The only wire I could find was on the mop stick. It was so heavy and unpliable, that it took me half-an-hour, and practically ruined my hands and feet breaking it off and shaping it so I could poke it through the hole in the basement door. After another half-hour of probing, I finally got the latch undone. At last, I was inside. I trudged up the basement steps and just got to the kitchen door when I heard Ray's key slip into the lock from the outside. He had come home unexpectedly. All my struggle for nothing.

Last week we had a two-day ice storm--not hail, nor snow, but a freezing rain. Ice piled on fences, pavement, cars and trees. Power lines snapped. Icicles even hung from the leaves on our rose bush. When the sun broke through,the world dazzled trecherously. The hospital had a rush of patients with broken arms and legs. Ray chauffered me to work, creeping cautiously past cars that had spun off the road.

December 29. I've spent fifty-three Christmases on this earth, and fifty-two of them have been in the family fold. This year there were no roving masses of folks coming and going. Ray and I went to church for an hour this morning and listened to Christmas music. Ray sang a solo. Then we came home to our TV, our Christmas gift to each other, and I phoned my children to say, "Merry Christmas."

John Decoto gave each of his employees a turkey. Ours was a twelve pounder, and I roasted it Christmas day. I've had turkey sandwiches every day since. Don gave me a loaf of fruit bread that his wife Ruth made, and $10. The office girls drew names, and Marlene gave me a necklace.

I am a stranger in a foreign land.

CHAPTER 53
Deer Park
(1964)

January 10. Ray made a down payment on a ranch near Deer Park, twenty-five miles north of Spokane. Just imagine, living in a forest!! My one regret will be to leave Decoto Aircraft. When I accepted this job, Don said, "We will grow old together. Since you won't be quitting to have a baby or to get married, you can figure this is your life's work," and within two months they gave me a raise. Aside from Bishop Snow and his family, who are our first love in all of Yakima, the Decoto people are the next dearest to me. They have made my life happy.

But breathtaking thoughts of living on a ranch lures me. We're told that the snow plows keep the roads open all winter and that the school bus will pick Lolene up at our gate.

The Deer Park Branch has church upstairs above a beer joint, but they are building a chapel in a church owned wood lot from timber that is milled there.

A year ago, when Ray first showed me the ranch, he said, "How would you like to live here?"

I thought he was kidding, but all at once I thought, "How would I?" Overcome, I dropped my face in my hands while memories of Kolob swept over me. "Oh Ray, don't!" I exclaimed. "You've no idea what you're doing to me! To live here would be heaven."

And now it's going to be a reality. Ray becomes the ranch owner in March, but we won't move until summer.

January 23. Monday night the Laurel leader gave a sukiyaki supper at leadership meeting. She slipped a Japanese kimona on each of us as we entered the room. Mine was silky black with shiny embroidery. We sat on cushions on the floor, and ate with chopsticks from fine china placed on mats. The room was lighted with Japanese lanterns, and decorated with driftwood and peach blossoms.

Tuesday I reviewed a dull book, "Annie Kilburn" by Dean Howell in Relief Society. I got down on my knees before going to class, and begged Heavenly Father to help me make it interesting. Then the humor of it hit me, and the class heartily responded. The president said, "Sister Sabin, you are priceless." I felt like a feather in the breeze, and thanked Heavenly Father for answering my prayers.

January 25. Ray has just come in from Cle Elum. He says there's 28 inches of new snow there. There are 11 feet of snow on the level at Snowqualime, and fog lays in the lowlands. When I drive to work in the mornings the sun is an orange ball that I can look at, and there's a flame in the sky around it. Each night the sun sinks into the white peak of Mr. Adams sending up orange flames to lick the clouds.

February 28. We met a seventeen year old girl at church in Deer Park, Susan Lindholm. I hope Terry and Lolene will get to meet her. She is something special.

March 8. Last night Ray said, "Will you look just above my ears please, and see what that spot is?"

I turned his head under the kitchen light. All I could see was one little freckle. "I can't tell, but this little spot might be something."

He had reached for a glass of lemon juice and was sipping on it while I examined him. "I had to do something to make you notice my haircut. You never did see the last one."

I gave him a punch, and in trying to stifle a laugh, he gulped lemon juice down his windpipe. Then he began to cough and wheeze. "Oh, that hurts, that hurts," he gasped.

It was minutes before he could breathe normal. Setting on the couch, he scrunched his eyes tight, and tears trickled down his face. When he could speak, he said, "What a man won't do to make a woman notice him!"

March 30. Following is a letter from Lolene.

Hi, my very dearest, wonderful mother! Guess what? I just got back from the most fabulous trip to Los Angeles!! Yes, I did go with the Howards and it was a wonderful experience.

But wait!! I guess I'd better spill the bad news first. Mrs. Howard paid for my prom dress and shoes. The dress cost $35.00 and the shoes $9. She paid cash for these, so you can send the money to her. I just can't begin to tell you what a wonderful person she is. (Norman rode as far as Vegas with us, thank goodness. We had a flat tire on Utah hill, and he was the only available male. Not only that, but he kept us entertained all the way). . . Hunting a formal was so much fun. We couldn't find a thing under $40.00 (floor length). It was so much fun trying them on. We had such a choice. I just about decided on a pale pink with a flounce in the back. You would have loved it--it was so stylish, yet so fun and feminine! Then I saw a pink satin one and it was love at first sight.

Ann got a mint green satin one at the very same shop. Then there was the problem of shoes, which we got the same night.

Underneath all the thrill of shopping for my first Junior Prom outfit, with me as a princess candidate, was an ache. I missed you, and I wanted your advice and counsel. Most of all, I wanted to talk over the prices and the money problem. Mrs. Howard was so wonderful, words can't describe her. I feel like she's my mother-away-from-mother.

After the shopping was over, guess what we did? Went bowling at 12:00 a.m. Boy it was fun. I was shocked that an older woman would take us at the weird hour. She had as much fun as we did.

Los Angeles was big, impressive, partly beautiful and smoggy. I didn't see the clear blue sky once. Nevertheless, I was thrilled.

Saturday morning we went to Disneyland, and Mama Howard footed the bill. Disneyland is fantastically wonderful. It lived up to my highest expectations. We went roller skating that night. This was another breathtaking experience. The skates were the professional type with wooden rollers and a wooden floor. I felt clumsy and awkward at first, but gradually got the hang of it. Talk about good exercise! Especially the times I fell.

After going to church Sunday, we went up into Beverly Hills and gandered at the luxurious mansions. From that height we could see the lights of the city glittering far away, and melting into the horizon. . . We rode down to the Los Angeles Temple. . . . Mother, I'm sorry I just can't describe it. It frusterates me, because I do so want to share this trip with you. . . . There was a feeling of peace and calm on those temple grounds, and it made me realize how great our gospel is.

From the temple we went to the beach. I was glad it was night and the beach was deserted. I wanted to be alone to contemplate this wonder. The tide was coming in, and crashing waves swept upon the shore. Behind the sandy beach were cliffs lined with tall swaying palms. A round, yellow moon rose from behind the palms, shining on the water. I was so thrilled that I started to cry. The Howards were happy that I was so appreciative of everything, and I was grateful to have been included in the trip. We got home in one piece, and now we've got some wonderful memories stashed away.

Last night in MIA was, "Dear to my Heart" night, and I sure missed you. I sat there and bawled.

I'd like to tell you all my troubles, cause I've got some, but I've got to get this mailed.

Much love, yer kid Lolene.

March 25. From the desk of M. Norman Gubler.

Dear Mother, this is quite the deal. Lolene in the hallway talking to you, and me here at the kitchen table trying to write. You sounded like you were just across the street. It was good to hear your voice.

I've worried a little about my teenage daughter-sister. I don't like her going steady. And I don't like her to be out as much as she is. But I don't quite know how to cope with the problem. When I get hard-boiled she looks and acts real hurt. She's really a good kid, and we love her. But we want her to have the chance to go on in her education and have a chance to meet the right kind of a boy who will take her to temple. . . .

April 2. A letter came today from the Clark County, Nevada school district, congratulating me on my daughter Marilyn Hardy's graduation from Western High School, and an invitation to her graduation exercises on June 2, at the Convention Center.

April 15. A fire broke out early this morning at Decoto Aircraft. I didn't know until a cop stopped me when I tried to go to work. I went back home and got into jeans and tennis sneakers, then returned to help clean up the mess. Fortunately, our paper work was saved. I've scrubbed black from my desk and files, and tonight we are set up in the plush lounge room of Decoto Flying Service, which is close to the building that burned. They want me to stay on until they get the mess straightened out. I would not get home for Marilyn's graduation if I did. I have served notice that we're moving to Deer Park. How I can train a new office girl while we're climbing over our desks in this building beats me. Thank goodness, I have finished writing the Decoto Office Procedure Manual--loose leaf edition that pertains to receptionist duty only. If the new girl is smart, she can take it from there.

I'm tired of living alone. Ray is everlastingly gone. He is in Deer Park right now. Funny. I married him, because I thought I was living alone, right while I had all of my kids around me. Sometimes, I tucked

as high as fifteen youngsters in bed at night, and I thought I was alone. I had to marry a second time to discover what solitude is. Amel and Charley Duncan have moved to Winatche, and Molly Lambkin to California.

April 22. How nice! Ray took me to the coast for a couple of days. On the way home we bought daffodils from a little boy who was standing in the rain by the roadside. His chin was quivering so he could hardly tell us they were two dozen for 25¢. I wanted to buy them all so he could go home.

"His folks would just send him out with another bucket full," Ray said. "You can keep your tender feelings for me."

Ray phoned from Deer Park tonight. "The snow is gone, and tulips are blooming in the garden," he said.

"What color are they?" I asked.

"There are lots of red ones, and some white ones, and I think the others are blue."

"Silly. There aren't any blue tulips," I said.

"Well, it was worth a try," he replied.

May 1. From LaVerkin comes this note from Ann: "Norman is at the V.A. hospital. I feel lonely. He'll have been there a week tomorrow. They want to take a piece of muscle from his shoulder to examine the tissue and see how bad they are. He is impatient to get back to work.

We're fine, and looking forward to seeing you. Please do come. The kids are planning a picnic for you, so get your gritters ready. Love you."

Marilyn writes that Darwin has learned some pieces on the accordian to play to me when I come home.

May 6. My boss hired a mannequin to replace me. She applies every artificial lure to recapture her vanishing youth. Marlene and Carol, staunch little puritans that they are, are quite rebellious about it. Don doesn't even know whether the new girl can type or not. He says she is experienced. The others chuckle that she is experienced in many things, no doubt. What a start she's off to.

Ray is plowing at the Deer Park ranch. He comes home Saturday nights, and leaves Monday morning. The ward members have come to my rescue. They come to visit me, and take me out to dinner. I slept one night at the Commercial Hotel with Lee Warren. She's Ray's pianoist. Last night I had dinner at Snows, and went to the school music festival with them.

Ray says if I go to Marilyn's graduation, I'll go alone. Bishop Snow asked if Ray was buying my bus ticket.

"Heavens, no," I replied. "I wouldn't think of asking him."

"You'd better think about it," he said.

May 11. A letter from Helen Howard reads as follows:

Dear Mrs. Sabin, we have enjoyed Lolene more than you will ever know. I just wish I could claim her. She is such a darling girl, and so talented. I don't know how we will ever get along around here without her. Ann will miss her especially. Have you ever heard their trio sing? Their voices blend as well as any I have ever heard. . . . I hope you didn't mind having us take her to California. When we arrived in LasVegas, and stopped at

Shirley's, she felt that she should stay there and let Shirley make her a prom dress, but our girls just couldn't go on without her, so we practically forced her to go, while all the time she was feeling that she shouldn't. I really felt responsible. I had so much fun with the girls, and it's something we will remember for a long time. . . . The girls looked so lovely at the dance. Too bad you couldn't have been there to see them. . . . I hope this letter finds you well and planning another visit to LaVerkin so we can meet you once again. Love and best wishes.

May 18. Bishop Snow and his family had dinner with us last night. Ray's a fine host. He throws off sparks for company.

During the course of the fun, Bishop Snow turned to Ray. "You are buying Alice's bus ticket back to Utah, aren't you?"

Surprised, Ray said, "I'll buy one way."

A hot flash crept through the roots of my hair. "Then I'll use just one way," I replied.

This morning before he left for the ranch, he bought me a round trip ticket to Utah.

May 22. To the hiss of the air brakes, the Greyhound rolls south, and Yakima is miles behind. I sit in the seclusion of my thoughts. The Decoto Aircraft personel gave me a farewell party, with gifts of teflon and corning ware utinsels. Marlene and Carol hugged me, and we got misty eyed. I left them gifts of "The Mormon Story," "The Book of Mormon," and for Carol, who is getting married, the LDS book on home management.

Bishop Snow took me out to dinner at noon. "Alice," he said, "you're wrong to try to make it on your own, while you're Ray's wife. You should not buy your own clothes and pay for all of your personal things. He's your husband, and it's his duty to do this for you. I've checked, and I know for a fact that the man has money--plenty of it!"

I've heard rumors of this all along, but have seen no evidence of it. Like stupid Sweet Alice Ben Bolt, I've trembled with fear at his frown.

"It's ridiculous that Ray hasn't been coming home from the Ellensburg ranch every night. Forty miles isn't too far for any man to drive. He should be here right this minute having dinner with you instead of me. He should be the one to see you off on the bus."

Dear Bishop Snow. He tried so hard to put starch in my spine. The penalty I have to pay when I assert myself to Ray Sabin has left me like salt that has lost its savor. The one beautiful moment when my anger at him exploded, I shouted at him, and jumped up and down in the middle of our flimsy living room floor. The figurines on the what-not-shelves rattled. I delivered a firy torrent to Ray. All I ever got in return was a week of silence, with him around home all the while--passing like a phantom. Silence, cold, dark silence is Ray's cruel weapon. Still, he swears he loves me dearly. I believe he does. He loves me the only way he knows how to love. Dear old Utah, here I come.

May 25. LAVERKIN! BEAUTIFUL LAVERKIN! The bus let me off at the foot of our lane at 4:00 p.m. yesterday. Vernon and Areta Church were just returning from quarterly conference, and they picked me up and delivered me to Norman's house. Shirley and Perry were there. I almost didn't know Shirley, she's so much thinner, and her hair is darker, longer and not so curly.

June 16. Back in Yakima. The trip to Utah was crowded with many things. Marilyn looked neat at her graduation in her cap and gown. On this trip I was lucky enough to see and enjoy my mother, all of my children, my ten grandchildren, and all of my brothers and sisters. Wayne, and Edith and Gene had cooked up a trip to Riverside. They picked me up at LasVegas, and we went to see Bill and Joyce, spending four days in California, then I stopped off in LasVegas again. Marilyn, Shirley, and the children came to LaVerkin with me. Shirley and her little ones stayed the entire time I was there. Norman, DeMar and Shirley and their families, and Lolene, Terry and I ate our evening meals together each day, usually on DeMar's front lawn. The sweet conclusion of the trip was that Lolene returned to Yakima with me.

June 24. Following are notes from Shirley in LasVegas.

Dear Mother and all-- Terry went to work today. They trained him yesterday and put him on the payroll today. . . . Perry was looking at a magazine, and turned to the pinup girl of the month. John slammed his hands down on the picture and said, "Lolie, Lolie," (Lolene). He was delighted.

Later: I've really enjoyed Terry. Since he's been here, he's made three batches of bread. He also washed and waxed the car and cleaned the yard. He's been to all of his church meetings. I hope he inspires our household.

John's standing here bawling because I won't let him write, so I just drew a turkey on his bare belly and that suited him fine.

Oh, by the way, Terry's driving a delivery truck for his bread 'n butter. It's an awfully hot job, but the hours are good.

July 4. Deer Park. A dream come true. Ever since Kolob days, I've cherished the thought of once more living on a ranch, and here we are.

We left our little house on Swan Avenue in Yakima on June the 25th. It was June 29, just two years ago when Ray turned the key to let us in for the first time. There was Ray, Lolene and I. This little house has been a test base for our marriage, and Yakima itself has been my boot camp. In Yakima I suffered my most miserly business experience, also my happiest one--and now it's all over. I leave, with no twinge of regret.

Lolene and I took turns driving my old black Buick which was loaded with household belongings. Ray was our guide. He drove the Rambler, with a U-Haul hooked on behind. I kept my eyes glued on the orange rear of that U-Haul all the way down the Ellensburg canyon. Lolene went to sleep, and I was becoming hypnotized. We had only been in bed three hours the night before.

After we crossed the Columbia river, Ray stopped. Lolene had awakened, so I gave her the wheel from there to Martha. (Martha, Washington is right next to George, Washington). I settled down to sleep. When we came to the timber country I took the wheel again. When we came over the hill and looked down on the city of Spokane nestled in the wooded valley below, Lolene exclaimed, "Oh Mother, I love it!"

It was early evening when we arrived at the ranch. The sun was a fireball settling down into the grove, sending shafts of red light through the trees. Dew was already gathering in the meadow where the cattle were grazing. I stood transfixed! Were we actually going to live here? It seemed more like a vacation spot.

Bill Murray and his family pulled in with a load of our furniture. They stayed until Saturday. Ray said, "We can't be bothered putting the house to rights. We've got to go funning." Everyone fished in our creek, and we gathered rhubarb and strawberries from our garden, and we spent a day searching for a paradise for the Murrays comparable to our own. We want them for our neighbors.

The trees on the ranch are lodge pine and ponderosa. Flowers dot the meadow like stars. The hay field is completely bordered with flowers.

"Look, Ray, just look," I said as I rode on the tractor behind him. "You're mowing hay in the Garden of Eden."

He grinned. "Why don't you scoot to the house and bring out the drinks and my other straw hat?"

I brought cookies, too, and we sat near the fence and had a picnic. I wore one of Ray's old slouch hats, and his plaid shirt. Ranchers driving by grinned and waved.

There's a birdhouse on one of the pines outside our kitchen window. As we sit at the table at mealtime, we watch the papa and mama birds feeding their babies. They're small, slim, black and white birds. The black feathers are blue-green and gold in the sun.

In the back yard is a swing on a cross pole between two pines. When I swing high I can see our neighbor's house.

In the flower garden is a well. An electric pump in the basement clicks on when we turn the tap. The water is cold, soft and good. The soil on the ranch is so fluffy that weeds can be pulled up without resistance. Pansy faced johnny-jump-ups bloom in the back yard, spilling down the slope through the meadow. Pink peonies, blue delphiniums, white lilies, moss roses, columbines, tiger lilies, snowballs and painted daisies bloom in masses. The Clines, who owned this ranch, were flower lovers and we're reaping the benefit. Mysterious bushes, with buds two inches long intrigue me. Little surprises are hiding all about the yard. Along the garden fence red raspberries and black caps are loaded with green fruit. Strawberries are plump and red. Our neighbors, Bruce and Jaunita Marshall, sell thick sweet cream for 70¢ a quart. *

July 5. Ray picked up our mail at Yakima, on one of his many trips back to the Ellensburg ranch. Among the letters, was one from LaPriel. Lolene and I eagerly read it together. It was full of philosophy, such as: "There was a few summer days when I was a kid that I sat under the pear tree and dug in the sandy ditch barefooted, and was happy. Then I went to Sunday School and found other kids had patent slippers for church instead of going barefoot, and my troubles began, and to this day I'm trying to adjust to the facts of life."

Ray sat and watched us with a grin. He apologized about the letter already being opened. Said he didn't do it. Didn't know who did. Then I happened to notice the postmark, August, 1963. It was a letter I had answered a year ago. Ray had extracted it from the stuff we were moving, and added it to the mail that was in our box. The news sounded current, and I was as tickled as if LaPriel had just written to us.

July 20. Ray's loyal companion, the alarm clock awoke us at 4:00 a.m. It's now 4:45 and he's on his way to Yakima. The sky is a blaze of gold

* "Don't Feel Sorry for Me," Published in the July, 1965 Relief Society Mag.

behind the pines along the eastern slope. If I were a robin I'd run outside and chirp.

Every day I tramp through the woods, along the creek and through the meadows. Our lodge pole pines grow so close together in the grove that they get tall and skinny trying to reach the sun. If the cattle didn't graze among them it would be a jungle of wild roses and snowberries.

The cows in the meadow munch on daisies, bluebells, and red, pink and white clover, and they are sleek, friendly, but shy. When I wade through the meadow they come to meet me, craning their necks to sniff my outstretched hand, but they won't let me touch them.

The cats on the place are wild. They come to the porch for scraps, but vanish like a streak when the door opens.

Ranchers are friendlier than town folks. We've had more company already than we ever had in Yakima.

July 28. Elaine McPhie phoned from Yakima last night. They'll be here tomorrow on their way to Canada. They're leaving baby Mike with us for a couple of days. Lolene's looking forward to having him here. She's homesick. Here she is in one of the coolest, prettiest spots in the world and she wants to go back and swelter in LaVerkin.

"Oh Mother," she says, "I have the cutest brothers in the world. That NORMAN! Mother, you can't imagine how much fun it is to live at his place. And when DeMar and Terry come, we all act crazy together! Mother, there aren't any other folks like my brothers and sisters."

Our garden is a whooping and a growing. Green beans are starting to bloom, lettuce almost ready to eat, turnips, carrots, chard, summer squash and potatoes all making a big showing. When I pulled the first big red radish, I was astonished at its size. It was positively inspiring. On the spot I burst into a rhapsody of song, and my great ODE TO A RADISH was born. "Seed in sand and sun, what miracle have you wrought? In four weeks you have grown into a radish, big and hot." Actually, it was a very nice sweet radish, but hot rhymes with wrought.

Potatoes are amazing. The people before us left a pile of them in our dirt cellar, and they sprouted and bloomed. When I went to clean them out, I harvested a pan full of little new potatoes from underneath.

More ranch ravings. I go to the garden in the cool of the morning. The wind in the pines has a full, rich sound like the deep notes of a violin. The meadow grass has a transparent shimmer when the sun first hits the dew. The breeze blows my hair back from my face as I inhale the scent of the pines and watch the cattle grazing along the creek.

Now I want to tell the world how to find our ranch. Go north through the town of Deer Park to the street running east and west. It is called "Short Road." Go east and north on this road for about two miles to Montgomery road. Turn west for one mile. Our place is the first one on the right. The house and barns are set back from the road in a grove of trees.

August 7. Grandpa Gubler died on August 1. When the call came, Ray said, "He is <u>not</u> your grandpa. You're a Sabin now."

"Ray," I exclaimed, "he's Lolene's grandpa. He's my father-in-law."

"You're <u>my</u> wife," he said.

"Oh Ray, please try to understand. Through all of the years that I was on my own, Grandpa watched over us. He's the one who fed our milk cow, and supplied us with garden stuff, and came to our rescue at every crisis, of which there were a plenty. He's the one who loved us, and strengthened and encouraged us, and dug our ditches. Ray, the love we have for him is too deeply rooted to be denied. I've got to go to his funeral."

"Then you'll have to figure out how to get there. It's all foolishness, and I'll have nothing to do with it."

I couldn't believe my ears. Checking my passbook, I had just enough money left in the bank in Yakima to buy round trip tickets to Utah for Lolene and me, so I made a phone call and drew it out.

"Ray, you will at least take us to the bus stop in Spokane, won't you?" I asked.

He consented, and I packed a lunch to take on the bus.

At the depot, Ray held out a $5.00 bill. "You might need a little money," he said.

I wouldn't touch it. That little amount for two people on a 2,000 mile journey (round trip) was scarcely better than nothing. I could do without. Then his heart softened and he begged me to take it. Shaking my head, I shut my fists tight, so he put his arm around me, gave me a goodbye kiss, and stuffed the bill in my pocket as I boarded the bus.

Wayne and Amelia Wilson had written, saying they would be at the ranch on the 8th or 9th, so I had no choice but to turn right around after the funeral and take the bus to Spokane.

"Oh Mother," Lolene lamented, "do I have to go now?"

The longing within my own heart was expressed in her voice. "No, Lolene, you don't have to go back now. Keep your ticket, but be in Deer Park in time to start school." So I returned to Deer Park alone.

In the mailbox at the ranch I found a card from Wayne and Amelia saying their plans had changed and they would not be coming to see us. I let myself into the silent house, plopped on the bed and howled. No one was around to hear me, so I whooped it up as hard as I could, until I fell asleep.

An hour later the telephone awoke me. It was Ray. He said he loved me. They're harvesting the grain at the Ellensburg ranch, and he won't be home for a week.

$%&*#@%&%!!! Words are inadequate! I should have stayed in Utah!

I took pans and buckets to the raspberry row. The vines were bending with ripe berries. The cows came marching two by two across the creek and up the slope through the meadow to the fence below the bank where I stood. All thirty-eight of them breathed heavy and mooed softly as they stood gazing up at me. They had come to welcome me home, and I realized they were all I had right now. And I knew the meadow was prettier than ever, because of the fresh rain and the new flowers. The cows were very touching, but I just said, "Go on. I don't like you." And I got mad at the raspberries because there were so many of them. And I felt like kicking the lettuce row because it had grown so tall. I was miserable. Then I said,

"Channel your thoughts, Sabin," and I did. Then I heard the wind in the pines, and I enjoyed filling my pans with berries. I had to make three trips to carry them in. I saw the mushrooms in the lawn, and became excited because there were so many of them. I gathered some and sat down to the table to draw pictures of them. The gray cat peered from behind the milk house at me. I'm sorry I told the cows I didn't like them. I hope they'll come to see me in the morning when I finish picking berries.

August 9. Dear Lolene - When I went to church today I sat by Craig Lindholm. He said to tell you that the only reason he went to church was to see you. He said for you to hurry back so he could keep going to church.

Sister Perrins invited me to go home with her, but I had letters to write. "I'll come and see you this afternoon," she promised.

After lunch I put on my boots, jeans and car coat and took my pillow, and sprawled on the carpet of needles in the grove for an hour. You'll never know about lodge pines until you lay in the heart of the grove and look up. No matter where you lay, the tree tops form a circle above you. The circle narrows and widens with the breeze. Because the trees grow so close together, each tree clamors for the sun, reaching up and up, very spindly and tall. Because of the slenderness of the trees, the wind can sway an entire grove, rocking it to the very base of the trees. Some trees are sturdy and rock slowly. Others are like saplings and swing free. This means they do not all rock together, but instead they clank into each other. When you see a whole forest rocking, and hear the small dead twigs snap to the clanking of the trees, accompanied by the wind song in the needles, a wild fascination holds you.

I lay watching the sunlight sift in columns through the trees. Stalks of mullin picked up the wind motion, like swaying candles tipped with yellow flame of bloom. Purple thistles nodded their heads beside the lavender meadow bells. A spider web hung like a spun glass curtain between two trees. A crow mingled his raucous call with the twittering of small birds.

When I heard Sister Perrins' car coming up our drive I met her and asked her to walk into the grove with me and to look up and listen. She covered her eyes, because she said it made her dizzy. She has lived here half of her life, but has never looked up through lodge pole pines before.

When Ray comes home I'll take him down into the swale where the trees are the thickest, the tallest and the skinniest, and you'll have to come too.

While Sister Perrins and I walked back through the grove she told me that Glen raved about your singing voice.

I cold packed 18 quarts of raspberries yesterday. The Clines came to show me how to use the sterilizer in the milk house. Mr. Cline fired it for me and they stayed to help me lift the hot bottles of fruit out when they were done.

I went to singing mothers practice with Sister Perrins. Glen said to tell you to hurry home because he was needing you to kick around with right this afternoon. He said he wanted a date with you before he went off to school. He said he was going to marry you in a few years. Anyway, he was feeling pretty lost today. Keep well. I'll be happy when you're back.

August 16. The Murray family have been with us for a couple of days. I wished Lolene was here to enjoy Doug and Susan. We took them to Loon Lake and Horseshoe Lake. Before they left, I insisted they go in the grove with me. The whole family lay down and waited for a breeze to rock the spindly trees. They loved it. As they were leaving, Sister Murray said, "Some people don't know how to live. They think they are not having a good time unless they're spending money, and yet the best things in life are this kind of enjoyment."

This place holds so much fascination for me that I can hardly wait to get outdoors, when I awake in the mornings. When I first get up, I go out on the little porch east of the house to brush my hair, and watch the slanting sun cast long shadows across the meadow.

LaVerkin, August 17. Dear Mother, I'm so happy I could burst. Life is worth living once more. It is so good to be here among my rootin', tootin' relatives and friends. I've been on the go constantly and I'm savoring every minute of it. I've been working harder too, and it actually seems good. I even wore a blister on my hands hoeing weeds and mowing the lawns.

Mother, I just don't understand why I have to go back up there and be miserable when I am so engrossed in life here. Down here I feel so much more alive and sparkly. My personality seems to do a complete change about.

Every time I think of going back up there I feel something akin to terror. I feel suffocated just thinking about returning. I cannot force affection where I feel none. In fact, I downright resent Ray a lot of the time. Even when he makes overtures to be nice to me. I feel he does it out of obligation. I'm sorry to have to say this, but it's something I've kept locked up inside me for a long time. I guess it had to come out sometime. Sometimes I think Ray is just plain mean about so many things.

Don't blame yourself for my attitude. Nothing you ever told me about Ray's stubbornness made me dislike him. I more or less formed my own opinions. I get the feeling that you are not completely happy, and it makes me mad. You, above most others, deserves to be happy. That is the only reason I'd ever come back there is for you. . . . I do not want to submit myself to anymore mental anguish. I didn't want to tell you this, because I knew it would cut deep. Forgive me. . . . I only wish you'd come back. . . . Mother, I'm throwing myself at your mercy. If you still feel I'm better off up there, I guess I can't go against your wishes. Afterall, Mother knows best. I do love you very much.

Write quickly, please! Love, Lolene.

August 18. Dear Lolene, your letter did exactly what you knew it would do to me. I walked through the meadow and wept. I came to the gate you climbed over when I took your picture against the sky. I saw you again on top of that gate. I looked back toward the grove and the house. The sun had burst through onto the rain washed green about me. "How can there be such beauty in such cruelty," I wept.

I reviewed my life as I walked. Your dad's passing. The hectic years trying to civilize my brood, Gordon's passing, my reckless pulling away from my people, the turmoil of the past fifteen years. What does it add up to? If knowing the answer would bring comfort, then I would like to know.

I am not going to say that you must come back. With all my heart I want you. Ray says he wants you to come back, and he means it I know. This is no pretense. You're very presence is like a sparkling jewel, more precious than anything in all the world.

It seemed so natural that you would be happy here. Already the kids in the branch are asking when you're coming back, and looking forward to seeing you again. It seemed like you would love this school, and make a real mark for yourself, and that we might have some home life here together.

You resent certain situations, but I believe there is as much harmony here as in the average home. Sure! There are plenty of times when I get hopping mad because Ray really doesn't want me to have ideas of my own. Instinctively most women are homemakers, not just housekeepers. I'd like to do the extras for the ranch house, but Ray won't hear of it.

He needs a clever wife who can cause her ideas to sprout in his head. When I first surveyed the interior of the ranch house, I should have lovingly caressed the old ugly doors and said, "Oh, such mellow wood. You wouldn't like to ever see it covered with creamy satin paint, would you? What a silly thought. Of course you wouldn't."

He would mull that one over, and sure enough, one day he would walk in with a bucket of paint and say, "I've been thinking how nice this woodwork would look covered with a coat of satin paint."

Instead, I bluntly said, "What depressing woodwork. It badly needs painting."

"It does not," Ray hotly defended. "It is mellow and natural, just the way I like it."

Now I'll never get a quart of paint. The idea was mine instead of his.

When the Murrays phoned that they were coming to see us, I was a little more clever. "Verena was excited to see what we'd do with this big kitchen window," I said.

"She was?" Ray asked in surprise. "I have an idea. Let's go to Spokane and you pick out what you think would impress her. Let's do it today before they come."

So we did. It cost him $24 for one window. Ah ha! That's the first step. Oh yes, before his purse shut too tight, I asked, "Do you think you could afford a permanent for your wife?" He grinned and said he guessed so. I get my hair done tomorrow, and he knows it will cost him $10. Things are looking up.

He almost blew it with his attitude toward Grandpa's funeral. If it had not have been for Wayne and Amelia, I would have stayed and looked for work in Utah. Those guys saved our marriage thus far. I wrote Ray a note explaining how happy Grandma and Grandpa were when he came into the family. I remember how they hugged him, and how they looked up into his face with pride, and Grandma said, "I wish Ardella could get someone so fine as you." And how all of the Isom side received him with gladness too. I reminded him how Grandma and Grandpa sent him $5.00 for Christmas the same as they did to me. I told him I put his name on the flowers I bought. I never delivered him the letter. He has been fine with me ever since I got back.

The school administration office in Spokane called Don Diessner to ask about me. He told them they regretted losing me, and wanted me back, so they called me in for an interview. They wanted me, but the opening is for 6½ hours a day, which would cut my salary way down. I did not take the job.

I have a check of $32 from the last story of mine that was published, and I still have $50 from Grandpa Gubler, that I have saved for your school. You will need a coat immediately if you are here. Perhaps we can open up a credit account somewhere in Spokane. I would trust in the Lord that I would be employed when the payments came due. That is all of the school money I have for you until I do get work. If you were here, and I got up against it, I would simply have to tell my husband that I needed help. In the meantime I would do the best I could for myself.

If you can achieve peace of mind about coming back, then we would be most happy. If you cannot, then find out what it will cost you for board, and I'll send you what I can. In the meantime, there will be a constant prayer in my heart, not that you'll come back, but that you'll make the decision that will be for your best good. Your happiness means much more to me than my own.

You will never know, until you have a daughter of your own, how much I love you and want you. Above all else, keep yourself sweet and clean. Live for eternities. May our Father in Heaven bless you with wisdom and strength to know and to do what is right. I will love you forever, Mother. P.S. This morning when I was picking raspberries, a skunk came shuffling down the path toward me. "Well, hi kitty," I said in surprise, then I began to softly call, "kitty, kitty," so he would esteem me as a friend. He just went on sniffing at the ground and shuffled on past me down the raspberry row. This afternoon Ray asked me to walk to the creek with him. We came to a pond and there was a lone duck swimming on it. Also, we saw a red squirrel running along the fence by the barn.

August 25. I, Alice Sabin, being of sound mind and body, with hair curled, and being properly groomed in best dress and shoes, did go forth with my beloved husband to Spokane to convince the business world they needed my talents. Now this was not my first trip there, and probably not my last, because as soon as we moved to Deer Park I presented my resume to the State Employment Office, took tests and filled out forms. The Employment Office has seen me many times since.

Ray parked the Rambler in the shade and patiently listened to his radio, while I passed out my resume like handbills. For three days the job hunt continued.

I discovered that to be 54 is a disaster. The front doors to the business world are open mainly to the young. The back doors are where they totter out, dull and hollow chested after winning a gold watch for serving for 50 years. Briefly the search went like this:
The Red Cross: "Mrs. Sabin, you don't want this job. Your supervisor is a man years younger than you. You couldn't work under him I know, because I couldn't." School Board: "Excellent background. We don't have anything good enough to offer you." Sawmill: "We haven't had a turnover in personel for years." Forest Service: The same. Veterinary, the same. Local Newspaper: "We are privately owned, and don't have an office force." ACME: "Will you take an examination please?" "Happy to." Hopes rise. Examination over. "Wonderful skill! Excellent! We're so sorry. Because

of our insurance and retirement plan we cannot hire anyone your age. The jobs listed are for younger women." Farm Magazine: "The Home Section is run by one woman. She's been here for years." Deer Park School: "We need your help but have no funds to hire." Montgomery: "We have a part time job, but you would need to move to Spokane." Sears: "We have no opening." Grants: The same. Kaiser Aluminum: "We are not accepting applications. We receive 2,000 a month. There is a roving herd of unemployed. These are tight times for Spokane." Manpower: "Your experience is exactly what we need. However, you would have to move to Spokane, because Manpower supplies emmergency help and vacation help for businesses all over the city. When we want you, we'd have to be able to reach you instantly." Goodyear: "A woman your age should stay where you come from. You cannot break into a new area at your age. No one will hire you. I'm sorry, but I can do nothing for you." The woman who spoke to me thus was fat and rude.

"Ho, hum," Ray yawned. He was getting fed up with three days sitting in the shade listening to the radio. "Why don't I just drop you off at the State Employment Office. I'll drive on up to the railroad depot and plug in my electric razor. I need a shave. You'll find me there."

Spokane was hot as St. George. My hair was wilted, and I'd worn out a dozen Kleenex tissues wiping my forehead.

At the state office, the head woman offered me a chair opposite hers at her desk. "Mrs. Sabin," she said, "only once in five years does anyone pass a perfect type test in this office. Yours was perfect. You also passed a perfect spelling test. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all."

"Why are you searching so hard for employment at your age?"

"Because I have two children who need to be helped through school."

Leaning across her desk she firmly said, "Mrs. Sabin, I know for a fact that your husband is well enough off to provide for you. Don't you know that in the State of Washington there is a law, that any man who marries a woman with minor children must provide for them?"

"No, I was not aware of it," I said. That knowledge didn't make any difference to me. She didn't know Ray. There'd be the devil to pay if he even had to put out tuition money. I knew how miserable he'd make me if he was compelled to loosen up. I sat with my eyes down.

Very kindly the woman said, "Mrs. Sabin, why don't you go back and enjoy your beautiful ranch like you're entitled to, and let your husband be the provider?"

I got control enough to thank her, then stepped out into the blazing sun. The pavement shimmered under my feet. The depot was a long way up the hill.

Only yesterday I got a group letter from the dear sisters in the La Verkin Relief Society expressing their joy that I had found someone so fine and good to take care of me. It's a good thing they couldn't see me now. I felt like a shriveled little old, old woman of 54, disheartened, unloved, and unwanted. My marvelous and kind husband was sitting in cool comfort at the depot, probably reading the newspaper, while I trudged up the long, hot hill. Anger welled up within me. Like the fat

woman at Goodyear had said, I should have stayed where I came from, then I wouldn't be suffering this humiliation.

I ducked into a dusty, fly-bespeckled, cobwebby alcove to a vacant store front, and there I cried, letting the tears fall unchecked. With the crying over, and my energy spent, I plodded on.

Ray came out the glass door when I almost got to it, and ushered me to the car. Silently he drove through the traffic. Finally he said, "Well, what did you find out?"

"I found out that there is a law in the State of Washington that a man who marries a woman with minor children is responsible to provide for them," I simply replied.

We had just come to an underpass. He slammed on the brakes, and we sat in the shade of the concrete overhead. His eyes shot daggers at me. "Do you mean to imply that I haven't done my duty by you?" he asked angrily.

"I'm only telling you what they told me at the employment office."

He gunned the motor, and we shot out onto the highway, and for the past three days he has never spoken a word.

LaVerkin, August 27. Dear Mother, I wish I could conquer my feelings and return to Deer Park, but I can't. I keep the house clean and I always do the dishes for Helen. This makes her very happy and she lets me know how much she appreciates me. DeMar and Helen seem very lovey-dovey. They don't expect me to pay for living here. I would just have to behave myself and do my share to lighten their burden.

Somehow I feel it is right I stay here for at least half of the year. I am a changed person down here. It's so much better to feel happy inside. May I please stay at least until Christmas? Mr. Pearce, the principal, told me to tell you that he wants me down here and if you want to fight anyone, you can fight him. Isn't that neat?

Our trio has sung at four social functions. It sure is neat to sing again. I guess I kind of get all tangled up in life down here and my roots seem to find their old niche.

Our money situation is ridiculous--yours and mine. I picked peaches one day and only earned $2.00. Big deal. It seems like need always exceeds the supply. I've been thinking of applying for a part time job at one of the cafes in Hurricane. (There are two now).

There is a deep hurt in me whenever I think of you. I still think life is cruel. Terry and I are too bitter for our age. The sad thing to me is the trials you have to bear through no fault of your own.

One happier note: Anne's star quilt is done and it's beautiful.

Much, much love, Lolene

September 2. Dear Lolene, I do not feel that you have made the wrong decision. If you could have found it in your heart to return here, we would have loved it so. Everyone wanted you. The branch president, the neighbors, and especially the seminary teacher. He had hoped you would be a decoy to lure the boys in, because you went over in such a big way the little while you were here. You could have been the life of

my Laurel class. There are songs to learn that you could have helped me with. And you could have been Ray's accompanist, which he is going to sorely need. On the other hand, you can do wonders where you are. The decision has to be yours.

We took a little run to Yakima and brought back fruit to bottle. While there, I said, "I wish I could send Lolene just one new thing for school. Every school kid likes something new." Ray said, "Let's send her one then." I suggested a sweater and skirt, but when we went into Lee Warren's store, she said, "Don't ever try to send anyone a skirt. You can't fit them by imagination." So she showed me the two sweaters the Yakima girls are the most crazy about and Ray paid for them. The store is mailing them to you. Ray wanted to do it for you, because he says he really loves you and would be happy if you were with us.

I sent you the R.S. check from my last story. Ovando sent me some money from the Gubler Estate, which takes the pressure off from me, since I didn't make out so good on my job hunt. Although Grandpa is no longer with us, he's still in here pitching! Like always, whenever a crisis arose, he always came to the rescue!

It has been raining off and on ever since I came back from Utah. I put on my coat and boots and went into the woods today to gather firewood. The wind was rocking the trees, so I sat on a stump and listened. If I go outside every day, regardless of the weather, I will become a seasoned northerner.

As I write I hear the rain pattering on the roof and the crackling of the fire. Tell Ann and Helen I will write them soon. Any good word from my boys will be appreciated. My prayers for my children never cease. Call Grandma Isom and give her my love. Bye, and love, Mother.

September 7. Ray is plowing up the alfalfa field to put in to winter wheat. He has 40 acres of wheat ready to harvest, but there's just enough rain to prohibit it.

The little growing things in the woods are turning to a yellow carpet. The Oregon grapes along the fences are heavy with purple fruit, and their leaves have turned scarlet. I picked service berries down by the creek and made a jar of jelly while the biscuits baked for supper. Ray loved it so much that I shall gather more berries. Yesterday I baked an elderberry pie for dinner. The gleam in Ray's eyes tell me that when he can leave his plowing and planting we will be off for Horseshoe Lake where there are acres of elderberries.

September 10. Gooderness! Ray asked me to help him move the cattle to the far pasture across the creek. He had gone over the bridge and up the little hill to open the gate. I was to gently urge the cattle across the bridge without them realizing they were being driven. I packed a big long stick.

Twenty-eight white faces looked inquisitively at me. Two of them came forward, then turned and ran. A frisky steer kicked up his heels and frolicked down the slope to the creek and the others stampeded.

Ray yelled, "Not so fast! I told you not to crowd them dammit!"

What did I do? I was still standing on my little hill clutching my stick. I hadn't moved.

In this country, all of the women are farm hands. Even the baby-doll type, like Marie Braun, play midwife to pigs, help deliver baby calves, and operate all kinds of farm equipment. I can see Marie now, fingernails polished, hair freshly styled, in pretty white slacks and jacket, baling our hay because it looks like rain. She came without our asking.

So when Ray said, "Come on, I need you to drive the tractor for me," what could I say? My first impulse was to say, "Great Scott! I've never even so much as touched a tractor wheel!" But I didn't. If Marie could bale the hay, I could drive the tractor while Ray threw the bales on the trailer.

I didn't have a white jacket. I looked like an immigrant, bundled up against the fine mist that was falling.

"Drive closer to the bails," Ray shouted. I was driving as close as I dared. All of the time I fancied I could see the front corner of the trailer whacking the top of his bald dome as he stooped over a bail. "Come on," he bellowed. "I don't want to lug these bales half way across the field." He was puffing and panting, because the soggy bales were heavy. "Turn closer in there." I did. "Holy mackerel, not so close," he yelled.

I looked back and almost fainted. The trailer was jacknifing. I spun the wheels to square it away. Ray looked so fagged I wondered if he'd hold out, but he kept going. Finally, jumping on the tractor behind me he said, "Put 'er in third. We'll go in now." I put 'er in third. "Give 'er more gas."

"How?" I asked. He had regulated the feed before I got on, and I had no idea what to do.

"Give 'er more gas," his voice raised.

"Which way?" I asked.

"Come on, give it more gas dammit, you're going to kill it. GIVE IT MORE GAS!" He was yelling like a mule skinner.

I took a wild chance and gave the gas lever a shove, fortunately in the right direction, and he shut up. Oh dear, dear, I wonder if that's how Elmer trained Marie!

September 13. Be still my heart--what is this happy thumping? Lolene phoned this morning to ask if she could come back! Later, Mr. Pearce called to inform us that she was checking out of school.

Yesterday Ray was sustained as activity counselor in MIA. How nice! It's a nine mile drive to the church house, and now I won't have to go alone on Tuesday nights. There'll be Ray and Lolene! Ray is also priesthood advisor to the teachers. Good, good.

September 19. Ovando called to tell us that Grandma Gubler has passed away. I'm glad she and Grandpa are together again. But I can't go to the funeral this time. Lolene arrived just before noon. I'm happy through and through. She said getting the surprise package of the two sweaters made her homesick for us. "Then there's that delightful, loveable Darwin Gifford. I'm afraid we are getting too serious."

Possibly so. Already, when I've come upon her unawares I find her wiping tears from her eyes.

September 24. Moss grows like velvet in the ravine in the grove. Attached to pithy pieces of old rotten chips are mushrooms of many varities. The most startling are thick, meaty watermelon red ones. After sunset tonight, I saw a white glow, where the meadow dips the lowest. I shinnied over the corral fence and flew down the slope. There they were, luminous and beautiful--white mushrooms, plump and perfect--hundreds of them, making a fairy ring in the grass.

"Lolene," I called, "come and see!"

With running feet she came. When she saw the fairy ring, immediately she was in the middle of it, dancing free as a butterfly, and merrily singing. Ah! She was the finest fairy in all of the meadow.

September 25. A strong night wind has laid a golden carpet in the grove. I never knew before that pine needles turned gold.

September 26. In Norman's letter he writes, "I have just come from the funeral of a truly great lady, my dear grandmother. It was beautiful. As Sister Hazel Walker read the tribute you wrote to Grandma, I could see you and hear your voice, and my being was touched with the truth and sincerity of your words. I know Grandma Gubler was special to all who knew her, but especially to her grandchildren. It would be impossible for me to forget the many letters I have received from her. . . . All of the children were here but you and Clark."

October 10. Ray took his cattle to the auction a week ago. Gulping his breakfast, he pushed back his chair. "Dell's coming to haul the feeders to the auction this morning," he announced.

"On Sunday!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it's like this. The auction is going to be swamped for the next two weeks, because everyone's grass is getting low, and Dell's truck is idle today."

"It should be."

"Besides, if I get my cattle in on Sunday, they'll be first in line on Monday. That's when bidding is the best. I'm just using the old head." So he put his hat on it and stalked out the door.

There was nothing to do but go to church without him. When I waved goodbye from the car, he yelled, "Hey, where are you going?"

"To Sunday School," I replied.

"You can't leave me now. I need you. You guys get into your jeans and help drive these cattle."

Ray's Sabbath breaking was no game of solitaire. We were all included. Glumly we changed, and the cattle truck rumbled up to the corral gate. Lolene and I sat on the pole fence, while Dell Marr maneuvered the truck through the pasture to the loading chute. The cattle watched with curiosity.

"Ok," Ray called, "stand over there Lolene, and keep them from bolting toward the creek. Alice, you head them out of the grove, while Dell and I drive them into the chute."

Jostling and bellering, the cattle marched up the ramp into the truck, and Dell closed the gate on the first load. Looking at my watch,

I remarked, "We can still make Sunday School if we hurry."

"Forget it," Ray snapped. "You'll have to put dinner on for us when we come for the next load."

By all means! The law of the jungle, I thought.

At noon, dinner waited, but no one came. Long after sacrament meeting was over, they showed up for their second load. They had eaten in town.

Monday morning, Ray bustled to the auction to hear the sweet music of the early bidders, and to harvest a fat pay check. Dejectedly he returned home in the afternoon.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"Rotten," he growled. "Bidding was lousy."

With pencil and pad he sat figuring. Finally he muttered, "We've fed those critters all summer for nothing. After I pay for the hauling, I'll be exactly $60 in the hole!"

"But think of the fun we had driving them from pasture to pasture."

Just then, a pickup rattled into the yard, and Ray went out to meet whoever it was. Two men got out, and one of them said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Sabin. We came to see you Saturday but no one was home. We took the liberty of looking your cattle over. It's a fine herd you have."

Sauntering toward the pasture I saw them gesturing as they talked. Finally, after they left, Ray came into the house more dejected than ever. I happened to be baking an apple pie. When I set it, hot and sugary crusted, on the table, Ray almost perked up, but then he bent over his scratch pad and did some more figuring.

"I lost $700 by hauling my cattle yesterday," he grumbled. "And those men would have done their own hauling besides."

Then dolefully, his dirge began about the cost of meat vs the down-trodden farmer, so to cheer him, I reached for his scratch pad and scribbled Ray's Lament:

Indian summer with its burnished leaves
Means harvest time and gathering of sheaves.
The cattle are sleek, and the pasture thin.
It is time for the farmer to gather in
His bawling herd to the market place
Where they sell for a pittance. Pure disgrace.
Meat in the showcase rockets sky high,
But at the auction it's a different cry.
The bidding is low. The farmer is hurt.
He has worked all summer, and lost his shirt.

I pushed the pad back to him. He read, then said, "Not bad, honey, not bad." And for the first time, he grinned. Then he asked, "What is that pie for?"

"Let's find out," I said, cutting it and serving him a piece.

October 12. I dreamed that Ray was insisting that I pack up and move. When I awoke, I told him, and he said, "I've been lying here awake for two hours thinking we had better move. This place is too much for me."

He was almost too weary to move. After all, he is sixty-eight, and has been plowing, planting and putting in as long hours as when he was young. I didn't know until now that he has leakage of the heart, and that the doctor told him to take it easy.

October 18.

Yesterday, Lolene and I spent the day with Joyce, one of my laurel girls. She is the sort of girl one would expect to find in a novel, but never to actually meet. We drove past the little town of Elk, and took a dirt road over the hill into the back woods. Joyce's home is built under a bank, and a foot bridge goes from the bank to the house top. We entered through the roof, going down steep steps into a single large room, partitioned off by furniture arrangements.

"My mother ran away from an orphanage when she was a girl," Joyce said. "She claims she always lost everything she ever loved, so she refused to become attached to me. She and my father disappear sometimes for weeks, and I have no idea where they are, so I've grown up mostly alone, just me and old Shep, my dog."

To fill the lonely hours, she has become a part of the woods, nursing wounded animals and birds, and getting acquainted with the creatures around her. She has fenced a garden of wild flowers with peeled poles. In it she has a cement bird bath and feeding station. A pole ladder leads to a tree house. In the tree house is a rocking chair that she has fashioned from willows. Reverently she led us to a flower covered mound in one corner of her garden. The words, "Old Shep" were printed on a headboard.

"Old Shep was my one friend who really loved me. He was eighteen years old when a camper ran over him. Follow me, and I'll show you where Shep and I used to roam."

Along a mossy trail through deep shadows we walked, stopping often at little clearings. "Most of these flats were built up by the spring runoff," she explained. "This little flat is flooded every spring. You should see how different it is here in the summer and the winter. Come, see this grove." She led us on. "There are masses of flowers here in the spring. Now, stand still. Don't even whisper. Just watch and listen."

We listened to the quaking aspen leaves patter to the ground. It almost seemed wrong to breathe. There was no breeze--only golden sun in golden trees. The leaves fluttered like yellow butterflies, and we could hear each one fall. The carpet under our feet was thick and gold.

The woods became denser, and often the trails were almost obliterated by moss and fern. Lolene constantly exclaimed over the big mushrooms. "They remind me of fairies. Remember the little elf that sat under a toadstool that found a door mouse asleep?"

For two miles we climbed over fallen trees and crawled under bushes. A good share of the way was uphill. Lolene and I were both puffing, but Joyce was fleet as a deer. She bounded up the last steep pitch to a pinnacle at the top of a mountain. I practically crawled, collapsing at the top. What a delightful place to collapse. Joyce had brought us out on this point so we could see the canyon that cradled three deep blue lakes. Across the canyon, a train crawled through a tunnel. We saw it sticking out of both ends.

"I get nervous in that tunnel," Joyce said, "Because the trains

come along real often. When I'm caught inside, I have to lay down by the tunnel wall."

"I'd die of heart failure if all of that long thing had to rumble over me while I lay in a dark tunnel," Lolene said.

"See the mountain above us?" Joyce pointed. "That's my meditation mountains. Through the years I've had but two things, old Shep and the bible. We had no other books in the house. When I felt lonely I sat upon that mountain and memorized the bible." With a sweep of her arm, she said, "I've traveled over all of these mountains."

"But the trees are so thick. How could you find your way home?" I asked.

"I never worried. I'd always say, 'go home, Shep,' and then I'd follow him. Once I took him too far. He was old and full of rheumatism, and his legs hurt. He cried and cried, and tears ran down his face. To cut off distance, I made him swim the lake. I had to lift him from one shelf to another up the face of a ledge on this side of the lake. When we got to the top, he collapsed, so I sat by his side and let him sleep in the sun. When the sun went down we had to start through the woods. I carried Shep over the hardest places. It was 2:00 in the morning when we got home."

The missionaries found Joyce, and she was baptized a year ago.

We got back home just before sundown, and I discovered that our own woods had become even more enchanting because of our day with Joyce. A touch of frost has done fantastic things to the leaves of the Oregon grape. So many colors are on a single leaf--green, orange, crimson, maroon, and scarlet red. I gathered some and spread them on the kitchen table, and spent the evening trying to capture them on paper with my water colors. The pretty things danced in my dreams last night, and I awoke this morning with these thoughts running through my head:

> Autumn leaves are gypsy fairies, dancing in the trees,
> Flaunting gold and scarlet skirts at every fickle breeze.
> Fluttering through the air, and nestling in the grass,
> They make a gala carpet for creatures as they pass.
> Their color is dissolved by late October showers,
> And stored beneath the snow to bloom as springtime's flowers.

October 24. Every day Lolene tells me how much fun some girl or other is at school. She is in the senior play and they have rehearsals during MIA, and on Sunday. Things are quite different outside of Mormon communities.

Ray's arms hurt him so much he moans half the night. He says this climate is too damp for him, and he's ready to move on. I wonder where we'll be a year from today.

November 2. Darwin Gifford joined the National Guard after Lolene returned to Deer Park. He's in Missouri now, using up his pay checks on long distance calls to here.

November 14. Our first heavy snowstorm came a couple of days ago. Sunshine made the snow trickle from the tree branches, and crisp air turned it to icicles. A gusty wind has shattered the ice coated needles like a shower of glass to the ground. When we walk on our shoveled path, we crunch on marble like hunks of ice.

Lolene and I sit on cooky sheets and scoot over the snow down the meadow slopes. Ray says we might scoot into the creek, but ne need not fear. Our weight pegs us into the snow before we get that far.

The school play was Friday night. Lolene was the best actor on stage. Every old crow thinks her babe's as white as snow, but I can still tell a good actor when I see one.

November 25. The only farm work left for Ray now is to feed his beef calf. He grains it every day. The rest of the time he watches TV. I'll admit it makes him easy to fix meals for. If there's an extra wild shoot-em-up show, I can scrape up all of the leftovers and put in front of him. With an immovable stare he keeps his eyes fixed on TV, and his hands and mouth move automatically, and without thought he tucks whatever I've fixed into his mouth, never knowing what it was. The hungry cats stitting expectantly on the back porch wonder what happened to their grub. (I give them the second-rate scraps).

December 3. On Thanksgiving day, Lolene and I went sledding in the meadow, she on an inner tube, and I on a cooky sheet. The next day Ray went into town and bought us a little sled, and then it started raining. It has been raining ever since. Our bridge across the creek is under water, and the logs that I crossed the creek on last summer are out of sight. The bog in the meadow that I've always imagined was formed by a metorite, is an ice covered pond. Lolene and I take long walks in the softly falling mist, and love it.

December 16. (Wednesday). The snow fell all day Monday. At night the wind swept the clouds away, and in the bright moonlight we could make out every hump of a post along the road. The temperature dropped to thirty-six below. Tuesday morning the sun shone through snow blowing from roof tops and trees, swirling and eddying in whirlpools across the wheat land, filling the air with stinging, biting snow. Clouds moved in with the roaring wind. Snow drifted in mounds and gullies across our yard. School busses cannot run.

Curious to see what the grove looked like, I bundled up and climbed the pole fence, but before I got half way into the grove, my nose hurt and my face ached so much that I came back. Later, when I walked to the mailbox, cold air froze my lungs. I gasped, taking the air in gulps, and that was worse. My nose dripped ice, and my ears froze. Holding the mail in one hand, I put my free hand over one aching ear--then the wind caught my coat and blew it open. I wasn't even breathing anymore. I was just a mummy coming through the drifts. When I got to the house my glasses were caked with ice. My lungs ached hard, and my ears burned like fire. I felt giddy. I wouldn't have survived a mile.

Lolene tended the neighbor kids last night, and tears froze on her cheeks when she walked up our driveway. When she came into the house she couldn't hear or breathe.

December 31. It has been three weeks since the school bus has passed our gate. Lolene suffers from cabin fever. All nature behaves strangely in this kind of weather. Two trees in the grove snapped off like icicles. Ray kept an electric heater blowing on the Rambler in the garage for two days before he could get it started, so we could go to Northtown to do Christmas shopping. Cars were buried in the parking lot there that hadn't moved since the storm.

When the temperature finally rose to ten above, we gloried in the heat wave. Then it went up to thirty-eight above, and snow avalanched from trees and roof tops, and long icicles grew from the eves to the ground. Ray said the icicles were dangerous, so taking the rake, he flattened himself between them and our house, gently snapping them so they wouldn't peg into the ground, and fall back against the windows. Ice makes shingles buckle too. One house in Deer Park has a long front porch strung with Christmas lights that are reflected in a solid row of icicles hanging from the eves to the ground. It's the sharpest decorating idea I've ever seen.

The big Chinook came just before Christmas. Up here they don't have a thaw. They have a Chinook. (Indian word meaning the same thing). Snow was dissolving into trickling streams, then the temperature dropped. Christmas day was ten above, and sunny. Ice crystals hung in the air. Every twig and pine needle was encased in ice. We drove fifteen miles past glittering trees and fences to spend Christmas day at Elk with the Murray family. They had spent Thanksgiving day with us.

Lolene and Susan went horseback riding. Lolene's horse galloped under all of the low hanging branches. She lay flat, and did all she could to hang on. Finally, the horse scrubbed her off.

The Murray family got a new toboggan for Christmas. Their hill is steeper than ours. I sat in the middle with Doug on the lead, and Susan in the rear for my first ride. One place the hill makes a sharp drop, and the toboggan leaped over it and hit the snow below. I thought my back was broken, but I recovered. Then Doug made a trail from the barn to the creek, that was long and smooth. Each speedy flight down the trail brought the toboggan nearer the creek. Once I stuck out my feet when I saw the creek coming at me.

"Chicken," Doug said, "if you let us go, we would leap the creek."

The trail got slicker with use, and the toboggan gained speed. It went like a streak when Lolene, Doug and Susan went down the last time. Doug tried to break, but his foot caught the rope. He leaped free before they hit the creek. Susan rolled off, but Lolene trustingly hung on. She landed in the middle of the creek, ice water up to her waist.

"Come and help us," Susan called as we stood watching from the top of the hill.

"You need the exercise," her mother called back.

Laughing, we went into the house. How dumb we were!

Those poor kids had to pull the toboggan up the hill, plus the drenched pillows they had been sitting on, plus the wet load of their clothes from fishing their gear out of the water. Lolene was wearing her fake fur coat, and it was black with creek bottom mud, and weighed half a ton. Their clothing froze to ice. Susan lost her boots in the creek, so she was barefooted. As they neared the house I heard Lolene say, "I can't move." I opened the kitchen door, and there she was, even her mittens turned to ice. Then we got alarmed. When we peeled off their clothing, their flesh was scarlet. Lolene wore Bill Murray's slippers and long johns the rest of the day. The kids spent the rest of the afternoon trying to out-cheat each other in cards.

CHAPTER 54

Back To Utah

(1965)

January 4. With December's forty-two inches of snowfall, and fifteen inches already this year, we have twenty-seven inches of hard-packed snow on the level. Our barn beam groaned, then snapped. For three days Ray has been shoveling snow from roof tops, and now he's dead beat and his side hurts. He did much of the big barn, and all of the long coops. I did the wood shed and milk house. Finally, he has hired the Hughes boys. They finished the big barn and are working on the calf shed and the machine shed.

Their dog Ajax whined until they helped him upon the barn. He had fun wallowing in the deep snow along the ridge, then he cavorted down the side and hit the shallow snow and shot like a comet into a drift below. He was so startled, no amount of coaxing could get him back upon the barn. Dennis Hughes says he thinks he'll call the dog Comet from now on instead of Ajax.

The snow is so hard crusted I can almost walk on top. When one foot breaks through the crust, that leg goes down and the other one stays cocked in the air. I try to push up with my hands, and the crust gives way, and down plunge my arms and I land face down in the snow.

Lolene and I crawl on our bellies through the drifts and burrow beneath the haw bushes along the creek. Last summer the cattle ate hollow hideouts there, and now they are turned into igloos. It is so pretty to lay inside on our backs and look up through the snow wrought curlicues.

Tree fatalities are high. One swing tree snapped off, and a big tree by the milk house broke in two. From the gate I can see ten broekn trees in the grove.

Lolene dug herself a pit in the snow and put a bed on the ground, and lay reading a book through sunglasses.

We keep the calf's grain covered, but pheasants eat when the calf does. It's either that or starve. Pheasants roam like domesticated chickens in our yard.

January 8. Still snowing. Ray has ruptured himself from shoveling. He feels lousy, and is ready to sell out.

January 10. Our calf seemed to know he was under my care instead of Ray's. He disappeared yesterday. Ray said not to worry, because there was no where for it to go--it would be back.

January 11. The calf did not come back. This evening I wallowed hip deep along the fence lines and found him on a little ridge under a ponderosa tree on the remotest part of the ranch. He was scratching his hide against the board fence of the neighbor's corral and enjoying the lowing of cattle. It took me an hour and a half to drive him back to the barn. A scrap of a moon lighted our way. Ray was frantic when I came in, because he was unable to come looking for me.

January 21. Sharply etched in the snow are Lolene's footprints where

she has walked down our drive to meet the bus, perhaps for the last time. She phoned from school. "Mother, can I check out today?"

"Lolene," I gasped, "you don't know what you're asking!"

"Oh Mother, pleease! Listen to me Mother. I love you. And I think this is beautiful country. I like the kids at school, and it is a good school, but I want to go back home. Mother, you can have your deep snow and the woods. It is fine for you to be stuck out here on the ranch all by yourself. It is driving me crazy. It would help if only we lived in town where I could walk home from school, and walk past people's houses. I want to go back to the desert and the sunshine, and to be with my cute brothers and sisters. I need the noise of the family around me. Oh Mother, I can't be content here. When I have kids I'm going to have 12 of them, and the last ones are going to be triplets so there won't be one kid left alone. Mother, please let me go back. All of the kids at Hurricane want me--you can tell by their letters. Please, Mother, please. The semester ends here today."

"Lolene, let me call you back," I said.

Ray and I were just finishing breakfast.

"Lolene wants to check out of school today. She got letters yesterday from Irene Allen, the Hurricane High secretary, and three of the kids, begging her to come back and graduate with her classmates." I dropped my face in my hands.

"This is an isolated place for a young girl like Lolene," Ray said. "The only reason you're keeping her here is to be with you."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but I guess it was true. Because of the snow, the schools here have been closed for a month. We couldn't even get out to church. I knew that the times Lolene bounced and bubbled about the place, dancing and singing, and passing Ray warm cookies, she was only play acting.

"Let her go," Ray urged.

I phoned the school and told her to check out.

January 24. Lolene got out just in time. Wind roars through the trees, and snow rushes by horizontally, drifting in peaks and gullies. We put Lolene on the bus at Spokane yesterday, and then all nature broke loose. Getting back to the ranch was difficult. As soon as the garage door was closed, snow drifted against it. We had to dig the snow away from the kitchen door with our hands because the snow shovel was buried somewhere.

I longed to be by myself, so I put on my snow suit (thermals) and went in search of the snow shovel. The fury of the storm felt good to me. It matched my mood. I had been calm enough when I kissed Lolene goodbye, but now I let the real me loose. Bending my head toward the wind and the blinding snow I howled. Groping my way past the grainery, I perched upon the mowing machine seat in the grove and let the snow bury me completely. I was nothing but a blob.

"Oh, dear Father in Heaven," I cried, "forgive me, and rescue me from my own foolish errors. Why was I so blind as to not see where my real treasures lie? Why was I so easily lured away. Give me the strength to do right by Ray. Take the pain from my heart, please, Heavenly Father."

Suddenly the pain ceased and a sweet calm engulfed me. Wiping the snow from my face, I put my glasses in my pocket so I could see. I watched the wind swirling among the pines, and I listened. There was peace in the roar and the hush. All of my hurt left on the white wind. A gladness filled my heart. I was glad Lolene had gotten away before this new blizzard shut her in. The sun will be shining in LaVerkin, and violets will be blooming in Grandma Gubler's lawn. I am content. I found the snow shovel inside the woodshed.

The Deer Park senior class gave Lolene a farewell party Friday night. They went sledding on Smith's hill after the ballgame, then went to one of the homes for a surprise party. A sheet cake decorated with fresh fuchsias had written on it in pink icing, "Goodbye, Lolene." She received a bracelet for a parting gift.

February 4. Ray was operated on Tuesday morning for his hernia. His operation has brought about a couple of miracles.

First: He deposited $2,400 in a joint checking account. I was thunderstruck. Prior to this he had not put at my disposal even so much as the price of a quart of milk. If it hadn't been for Grandpa Gubler, I would have had to go on church welfare should anything happen to Ray. Then he did this decent thing just before going into surgery.

Second: His son Paul and wife Helen came to the ranch to see me while Ray was still in the hospital. His children have never done this before. Paul is handsome and very nice. Helen is cute, warm and friendly. She scolded me for being so submissive. She said his kids would respect me more if I showed more spunk, if I "stood on my hind legs and fought." Well, well!

A letter from Lolene reads as follows:

Dear Mother, as you know, I arrived her safe Sunday night. I went to MIA last night and it was wonderful just to walk to the church house. The sky was bursting with stars, the ground was dry, and the breeze just cool. Boy how I pity you.

DeMar took charge of MIA. It looked so nice to see him officiating. Everyone drools over Helen because she's finally pregnant after four years. I think it pleases her.

Nump is going to San Francisco next week with the big-wig from the Teamster's Union, and he's on cloud nine. He's already planning how to spend the money he'll make when he's the president of the Teamster's Union. He says everyone will love James Hoffa when Norman Gubler takes over. Oh boy! That's your son for you!. . . . The kids sure are cute. Gordon and Marie seem like twins. They are almost nip and tuck, except that Gordon is fat and she's skinny. . . .I don't even wear a coat to school and the trees look like they might bloom any day. . . . I'm sitting in the living room listening to the sound of the soft rain on the roof and the distant thunder. It's a spring thunderstorm. I'm thoroughly enjoying every facet of my life--school--my friends--the family--the weather--the countryside and the peace and security I feel. . . . I am a different person, and I wish you could be here to enjoy the change. A lot of it is because I'm constantly on the go. Yesterday was a case in point. After school, Joy and I went over to Hurricane and played basketball, then we went to the Conoco and helped "Monk" (LaMar) wash his car, then I went down to DeMar's

and practiced the guitar and sang, then I ran all the way up to Normans and ironed some pants, then I went to the show with Artie Reeves, then she came over to sleep with me, and we walked down to DeMar's in our pajamas, hiding from all the cars. We walked all over town in the dark, then came home about 11:00 p.m. and made a pizza and laughed and talked about boys, and giggled and listened to the radio, then finally we went to bed and talked for a few more hours. Doesn't it sound fun?

I am absolutely wild about playing the guitar. I've been going down to DeMar's and playing his till I have blisters on my fingers. . . . I'm back in the swing of things as far as singing is concerned. I sang in seminary last Thursday, and I'm supposed to sing in an assembly two weeks from now. Ann Howard, Phyllis Clove and I are going to have a trio, too. Ah Joy!!!. . . . Really, Mother mine, there is nothing I like better than standing in front of an audience and singing my heart out. . . .

February 6. Night sounds are louder when I'm alone. I lay in bed and listen. I fancy I can hear ice cubes forming under the shingles on the roof, prying them off. The roof groans. I sit up. What if the house should collapse! It's so dark, and I'm so alone! Runaway thoughts could throw me into a frenzy. I'll think of something else. Snuggling onto my pillow I recall when Lolene was a little tyke--when she stayed with Grandma Isom one day while I was at work. The ding-a-ling came along and Grandma bought just one big orange for Lolene. Wide eyed she held that orange all day long, waiting for me to come. When she saw me, she tucked it under the bib of her little corduroy overalls.

"Guess what that lump is, Mother," she smiled. After a few guesses she pulled the orange out and said, "I saved it for your lunch."

The orange was so special, I had to display it a day or two, then I shared it with Lolene, Terry and Gordon. My! What a scrumptious orange!

My reverie was broken by a wind blast that hit the house. I bolted upright. Nothing but blackness came through the windows. Whistling and howling the wind gained momentum. The house trembled. I was scared! Splintering and crashing, the tree outside our bedroom came down on the roof, and my prayers ascended mightily to heaven. The wind whipped on by as suddenly as it had come. The house was intact. Total quiet followed, and I slept.

February 8. Ray is home, and miracle No. 3 has happened. His daughter Phyllis and her husband Ron came to see us. They are very delightful people. This is the first time they've been in our home.

February 26. Ray is feeling so good he even volunteered to prepare breakfast. He rooted around in the cupboard for quite some time.

"Can I help you?" I asked.

"I want to make hotcakes, but I can't find anything to make them in."

I pointed to the set of stainless steel bowls with the Mixmaster. "Would one of these do?"

He shook his head. "Those are no good. You can't make hotcakes in them." The rooting continued, then finally he said, "For heaven's sake! Don't you keep any tin cans?"

"What do I want tin cans for?"

"To mix hotcakes in, of course."

I've heard his lectures before about using the right tools. Once he was almost insistent that I ice a cake with a cement trowl. To head off another discourse, I opened a can of plums, emptied the fruit in a bowl, then washed and dried the can. "Here," I said, "is this what you need?"

A smile lit his face. "That's more like it. Now I can make hot-cakes."

Before Lolene left, Mr. Clark had taken her to the TV station in Spokane to audition, and today she got a call to perform on the March of Dimes show with Gomer Pyle!!!

February 27. It rained all night. This morning Ray called me out onto the porch to see the creek. Never before have we been able to see it from the house, but now it is shining in a big, twisting river through the meadow. Lazily it meanders, making hairpin turns, swelling beyond its banks, and spreading into the snow. The sun came out, and a hard crust froze over the snow, which is still ten inches deep. The bridge across the creek is gone. And a funny thing I don't understand, Lolene's boot tracks, where she walked to the bus for the last time, have appeared again.

I chipped the ice cap off the walk north of the house. It was four inches thick, but had thawed underneath. All I had to do was lift it off. Snow piles in the yard are still over my head, but there is bare ground between.

Yesterday I saw a robin. And when we went to Spokane I saw a bunch of kids in a convertable with the top rolled back. Tulips are pushing up south of the house. The man at the Minit Market said, "We might have hard winters, but we certainly know the magic of spring."

The alders are covered with blossoms, and the robins and crows are back in the grove. I heard the happy "chit, chit" of a squirrel today. The sun is shining.

March 16. I stayed outside all afternoon pruning lilac bushes. We've lots of crocus in bloom, and the tulips are coming in masses. The fields are still white, but the snow is melting fast.

From the porch east of the house I can look down the slope to where the creek has formed a pond. The mallards and Canadian honkers are there every morning. I've tried to sneak close enough to get a picture, but they keep a sentinel on duty. At the slightest movement he honks loudly and they all fly.

I called the forest service to find out what the noise was in our trees. A man came and listened. He said we had "ips", or bark beetles. They chomp loud, and work all day and all night. He advised harvesting our grove. Ray simply hasn't any pep left. Sometimes he sits and watches TV for eight hours at one sitting. I stay outside.

Snow and mud make farm work impossible. The people who live along our creek have formed a "Dragoon Creek" club. (Dragoon means dragon). Once a week the women get together after dinner, to have dessert at someone's house, and the men collect at another house, where they try out recipies, play cards or checkers, or just plain "chin" with each other. The art of neighboring is richly alive in these parts, and Ray and I have finally succumbed.

Among the women, there aren't two of us who belong to the same church. We sing together, pray together, and exchange handicraft ideas. We have adopted a patient in the State Mental Hospital, and take turns sending her gifts so she hears from one of us each month. Our men have a rousing good time together. I'm glad we came to the woods just to see how it is.

March 24. Now, I have seen the glory and the wonder of the birds--thousands upon thousands of them. Little did I dream that such a great migration took place. I have remained outside for days, watching the greatest, most magnificent things I've ever witnessed. Every tree in the grove was filled with migatory song birds. Our world was filled with music from dawn till dusk. Then, when a blustering snow squall came along on Saturday, the birds disappeared. They have not returned. I go outside and listen. I hear only the mallards and crows and an occasional meadowlark.

March 30. Low spots in the pasture have become ponds where wild ducks swim. The neighbor's barking dog races from pond to pond. Quacking, the ducks lift from the water, flying low ahead of the dog, and lighting on the next pond just long enough for him to catch up. Then they rise with a commotion, to lead him on again. The dog and the ducks are having lots of fun.

Today as I sat on a stump by the creek, a pair of ducks parachuted from the sky, hitting the water with a swoosh below me. I held my breath, afraid to even bat an eyelash. To actually be this close to the mallards is a thing I've tried so hard for, inching my way along snowy banks and through soggy meadow grass, morning after morning. And now, all unawares, a pair came down from the sky to land at my feet! Statue-like I sat. The ducks glided bill to bill, very softly quacking. As they glided, they spun, sending shining ripples on the water. Then the female perceived I was not part of the stump. With a squawk, she catapulted into the air, and the drake followed.

April 9. Hamstead Arms Hotel, Seattle. We've emerged from the woods for a day in the city. Ray and I went our separate ways today, he to look at cars, and I to do as I pleased. I found a re-sale shop. It sells women's mistakes. If a woman buys a piece of apparel that she regrets, she takes it to this shop. Everything looks like new, but sells below cost. I bought a skirt, jacket, shoes and hat to match.

Night: We went to the show, "Father Goose," and "Don't Send me Flowers." Ray slept and I laughed and laughed at those funny shows.

April 10. We drove along beautiful Queen Anne Street, then went to Ballard where we parked on a hill overlooking Puget Sound and watched the tugs, barges, little sail boats and ferry boats. Slowly we cruised along Magnolia Street admiring rock gardens and the shoreline.

I love the Farmer's Market, and the people of all nationalities who set up their booths of vegetables, flowers and fish. A wizened little man, who smiles all of the time has a candy booth with brittle, yellowed cellophane bags of unattractive candy. In his rocking chair he babbles to a doll that is half ape and half human, and waves the doll's hand at passing children. If they draw near, he gives each child a peanut. Nobody buys his wares. He babbles, smiles, and rocks his doll.

April 22. I hosted the Dragoon Creek ladies today.

Ray said, "You'll have to make coffee for those ladies."

"I don't know why. I've never made coffee, not even for you," I replied.

"But you know everyone of them are coffee drinkers. It would be rude not to make it for them."

"Today they're going to have the choice of their lives. I'm fixing fruit punch, milk, cocoa and Postum."

"Postum! You're not going to pawn that off onto them," Ray said in dismay.

"Why not? It's good."

The women thought so too. They all came back for seconds. They'd never heard of Postum before. They each copied the label of the bottle, saying, "This is going to be on our next shopping list."

Sunday morning, April 25. When I got up this morning, there was a shiny new car parked outside our kitchen window. Ray was nonchalantly having his shave. I looked across the pasture, and around the yards, but not a soul was in sight.

"Ray," I said, "whose car is that?"

Putting down his razor, he sauntered to the window. "Now that's odd, isn't it! Our garage doors are open, and the green Rambler is gone. What do you suppose has happened?" He tried to keep a poker face, but a mischevious smile crinkled it.

"Ray Sabin! When did you buy that car?"

"I did it the other day when you were fixing the house up for club."

"But that was days ago. How could you keep a secret so long?"

"It wasn't easy. I shut the garage doors, hoping you'd want me to take you some place. If Sunday hadn't come, I guess you'd never discover the new car."

I take my hat off to him, to think he grounded himself for so long, just to surprise me!

April 26. Winter has taken its toll. Fences are down and our bridge has collapsed. Mud has been too deep to get onto the land. Now, everything needs to be done at once. Meadow grass is coming faster than Ray can make the place cattle tight. He has rented the pasture, and a man is bringing his cattle in.

I went with Ray today for a load of rock to use for a bridge foundation. When he said he needed rock slabs, I said, "You'll kill yourself if you try to load them."

Grinning, he said, "Come with me and see."

He backed the dump truck hard against a hillside. He climbed the steep slope, selected the slabs he wanted, and lassoed them, one at a time, with a bailing wire, and dragged them down onto the truck bed. At home, he dumped them where they were to be used. A fine demonstration of brain over brawn.

April 27. Today I went with Ray to watch him fell trees in Mark

Jones's grove. He needed four tall tamaracks. Real tamaracks (at least Ray says these are the real ones) are the tall, tall hardwood trees in the forest that put out fresh, lacy foilage every spring, and not the scrubby bushes that grow along the Virgin River.

Before Ray started to saw the trees, he figured exactly where they should fall, and with the skill of axe, wedges and saw, they landed exactly as planned. It was something to behold.

"How will you ever load them?" I asked.

"After I lop off the tops, you'll see."

I can't really explain what I saw, but by laying out his log chains, and manuvering his tractor, he literally rolled the logs onto the trailer. All of the material needed to build a bridge was assembled.

April 28. This morning, Bruce Marshall, Elmer Braun and Del Marr pounded on our kitchen door.

"Get a hustle on you," Del said. "Let's get that bridge built."

Ray had no idea the neighbors were coming. With a happy grin, he hustled. By mid-afternoon the creek gurgled merrily under a new bridge that was strong enough for heavy farm equipment, and high enough to accommodate the spring runoff. Our neighbors have been our guardians ever since we came. Their snowplows have kept our driveway open during all of last winter's blizzards.

April 30. Ray is dog tired every night. He groans and tosses in his sleep. I beg him to slow down, but he says farm work is pushing him.

May 5. Ray stubbornly refuses to hire help, even though he has miles of fence to repair. I feel strangely uneasy about him. I am constantly peering along the fence lines to see that he is ok.

May 10. Today Ray announced, "You'll have to go to Lolene's graduation without me. I've too much to do. You can take the Greyhound."

"No, Ray, I can't go without you," I said. He worries me.

May 16. "Look honey, I really want to go to Lolene's graduation, but it looks like I'm not going to make it."

"Ray, please let the Hughes boys help you. I can't leave you here alone," I pleaded.

"We'll see how things shape up today," he grinned, giving me the first bit of encouragement.

I wonder what special thing is going to happen while we're in Utah! Is Ray going to look for a home in St. George? He has hinted at such a thing a time or two. One thing is certain--he doesn't intend to spend another winter in Deer Park.

May 23. Happy day! We're leaving for LaVerkin in the morning--both of us. The ranch is cattle-tight at last, and Ray's mind is at ease. In fact he's full of nonsense--teasing me like he always does when he feels good.

June 4. Oh Utah, lovely Utah! We visited all of Ray's folks on our way to LaVerkin. After Lolene's graduation, we went to LasVegas to visit my kids. While there, we went to see "My Fair Lady" on the world's largest screen. We've been to Jacob's lake to see Mildred and Nephi, and we

took a 5 o'clock morning hike up the north cinder knoll yesterday morning with Clinton to see the larkspurs and poppies. Then Ray went to St. George to look at property. "I think I'd better bring you back where you can be with your children," he said. Today, Perry took us for a bouncing jeep ride up LaVerkin Creek to get Norman's jeep, which was stuck in the mud.

June 26. I'm back in Deer Park without Ray. I'm forever thankful that I didn't go to Utah without him. I would not have found him alive when I returned.

Saturday morning, June 5, Ray let me out at the east gate at the temple grounds at 7:00 a.m. Shirley and Perry had telephoned late the night before for us to meet them there. They had come to get their endowments. Ray didn't have a temple recommend, so he planned on waiting outside for us.

As I sat in the chapel with Shirley and Perry wishing Norman and DeMar had known about this soon enough to get recommends, I looked up to see them come smiling in with their wives. What bursting joy!! Tears flooded my eyes.

"Terry and Lolene are outside with Ray," Norman whispered.

"Oh, I'm so glad," I said.

As we came out of the chapel, President Atkin took my arm. "Sister Sabin," he said, "there seems to be some problem. Let's go see what it is."

Terry stood just inside the door, tears streaking down his cheeks. "Mother, it's Ray," he said.

Putting his arm around me, he led me outside, where Lolene stood crying. They rushed me across the street to the hospital. Ray lay on a bed in a little room. He was still breathing.

"Ray invited Lolene and me to go to breakfast with him," Terry said. "As we started for the car he said, 'there seems to be an obstruction in my throat,' then he grabbed his chest. I asked him if that wouldn't be dangerous if he was behind the wheel, and he said, 'it sure would be,' then he doubled up on the lawn by the car, unconscious. I lifted him by the shoulders, and Lolene got hold of him under his knees, and we slid him into the back seat of the car and brought him around to the emmergency entrance of the hospital. A nurse gave us a chair and we had to wheel him in."

I telephoned the temple, and they sent two men to administer to Ray. As soon as they took their hands off his head, he sighed, and was gone. He had brought me home, and to the temple where my children were, and all in an instant was gone.

Through the tears, still streaming down his face, Terry said, "Mother! Daddy is here!"

Winferd? Was he the one who had come to guide Ray into the spirit world? Oh, how thin the veil!

"Mother, I'm ready to go on a mission now," Terry announced. He had finally jumped a hurdle he had been battling since his 19th birthday.

LeGrand Spilsbury took Ray to the mortuary. I phoned Ray's children,

then returned to the temple. I sat in the waiting room with Terry and Lolene until Sister Atkin brought my white dress and shoes. After I changed, she took me into the east sealing room--the same room where Winferd and I were married. Norman, DeMar and Perry and their wives came in.

"How is Ray?" Shirley asked.

"He's ok," I whispered, and she squeezed my hand. What a moment!

Radiant and beautiful, Perry and Shirley kneeled at the altar, and they brought little John and Ricky in. Ah, how cute they were in their white suits. After the ceremony, Shirley flew into my arms and wept mascara tears on my shoulder.

"Shirley," I said hugging her, "Ray brought me here to you, and now he has gone. He just died."

What a climax to so sacred affair. Quietly we dressed, and then went to the dining room for a wedding dinner. During the dinner Helen started having labor pains, and the due date for her baby was still three weeks away!

Two days later, her little girl Ivy was born, weighing not quite five pounds--almost a pound for each year since Helen and DeMar had been married. Both sunshine and shadow had dappled my days. In one short weekend we experienced <u>all</u> of the vital statistics, birth, marriage and death. Lolene's graduation was really all that we had come for.

Ray's children met us at Salem, Utah on the 9th. There the funeral was held, and he was laid in the family plot beside his father and mother.

Terry and Lolene returned to Deer Park with me. When we climbed over the Continental Divide at the Idaho-Montana border, and Terry saw this land of lakes and forests, it did to him what it does for all of us. It was early evening. The sun was just setting, when we turned in at the ranch. Terry took a quick survey of the ranch and grinned, "I like it."

Sunday afternoon Terry and Lolene were wafted away by a flock of friends, and I found myself alone for the first time since Ray's passing. I walked among the flowers and through the garden trying to sort out my emotions--the sadness of being in Ray's country without him, the joy of having Terry and Lolene with me, the breathlessness of new horizons, grief, joy, intrigue, lonliness, happiness, wonder. Remembering, I saw again the grin on Ray's face the first time he showed me the ranch. I felt his arm around me as we stood among the peonies and delphiniums, looking down the slope through the meadow. So now, I walked pensively into the heart of the grove and perched upon a tree stump.

The plumed circle of spindly lodgepoles broadened and narrowed above me with the sighing wind. I recalled the day Ray and I sprawled on the carpet of needles to watch the drama of trees and breeze. Now it was all over.

For the first time, I wept uncontrollable floods of tears. Shaking with sobs, I sat with my face in my hands. Then I heard the crackling of dry twigs, and heavy breathing around me. Looking up, I was startled to find myself surrounded by white-faced cattle. Breathlessly I watched

them close in, softly sniffing and regarding me with kind, tender eyes. "Oh," I whispered, "I love you--everyone of you." They had come to offer their condolences. A baby calf timidly drew near enough for me to pat him between the ears, and his concerned mother mooed him back. Silently as they had come, they gradually drifted away. They had paid their respects.

The crying over, I returned to the house, which immediately filled with friends from the Deer Park Branch.

Monday, June 21, I met with Ray's children and their lawyer, at Ellensburg. I went into the bank with Phyllis and Paul while Terry and Lolene waited in the car, reading books.

The lawyer escorted us into the vault. A chill went through me. I half expected to see urns of ashes. The walls were lined, from ceiling to floor with small steel doors. Ray's strong box was next to the ceiling, and a girl had to stand on a stool to insert the key. We declined the invitation to sit. Standing was more tense. There was dead silence as the girl opened the little door and pulled out a long, slim, gray metal box. In it was an old, brown paper sack with a rubber band around it. So typical of Ray. I had seen hundreds of such packages in pasteboard boxes, collecting dust in the cellar, the chicken coops, and the barn.

The only sound in the room was the hum of the florescent lights, and the crackle of the sack as the lawyer flipped off the elastic. Pulling out a sheaf of yellowed, brittle papers, he said, "Gold certificates. 2,000 shares in one gold mine, and 1,500 shares in another. And here are oil certificates, and silver certificates."

"It makes me want to laugh," Paul said.

"He was certainly no slouch," the lawyer remarked, "when he invested, he done it big."

"Dream material," I said. "If he had papered his bedroom with them he could have slept rich every night."

Then came the will, which stated Ray's intention of marrying Alice Gubler, and in the event that he did, he would leave her $7,500 cash, and sole interest in their community property--which meant the things we had acquired together, like the TV and the piano. Ray's children gave me the Rambler, which was new, and I was glad for that.

Phyllis took us to her home where a dinner was prepared, and Paul and his family came. I'd never been to their place before. Terry and Lolene enjoyed their children. They invited us to stay overnight, but Terry had hay to haul the next morning. Paul and Phyllis explained, that out of loyalty to their mother, who had no one but them, they had not fellowshipped me. If it had been my mother, I probably would have felt the same way.

Back at the ranch--Terry comes home each night dog tired, sunburned, and with hands swollen from grasping hay hooks all day.

"Boy, you should have seen the dinner we had tonight," he says. (The Deer Park farmers feed their hay hands at noon, and then again at night before they send them home). "We had beef steak, salad, vegetables, hot rolls, homemade ice cream, three kinds of pie, and cake and pudding besides."

Terry lifted 1,700 bales of hay Thursday. It runs around that each

day. His muscles ache, but he takes a pride in his work.

"Mrs. Sabin," the women say, "you should be proud of your son. He is the most appreciative hay hauler we have ever fed. He's enthused about everything, and always helps pick up the dishes while the other men rest."

July 14. The girl I wanted Lolene and Terry to meet has come home from school, and have they ever met! Terry and Lolene have been double dating with Susan and Craig Lindholm, and I am the one who keeps the light in the window!

Terry has received his greetings from Uncle Sam. He goes to Spokane for his preinduction examination on the 28th of July.

LaVerkin, Utah, August 18. My Northwest venture is over and done. I have come back to my own.

Before we left the ranch, Wanye brought Annie and Kate to spend a few days at Deer Park with us. Then Norman and DeMar brought their wives to help move my belongings home. That old ranch really came alive.

With my children, we took a trip into Canada, and cruised across Lake Kootney on a schooner. Encased in a blue-green world of sky, wooded hills and water, I stood on deck watching the lapping waves chase each other to shore. This was the Great Northwest, and I was leaving it, perhaps forever. How could I leave this paradise to return to the barren desert? The answer rippled in laughter around me. My children! I was rocking and rolling across the water with the livliest, wittiest, dearest people on earth--my children!

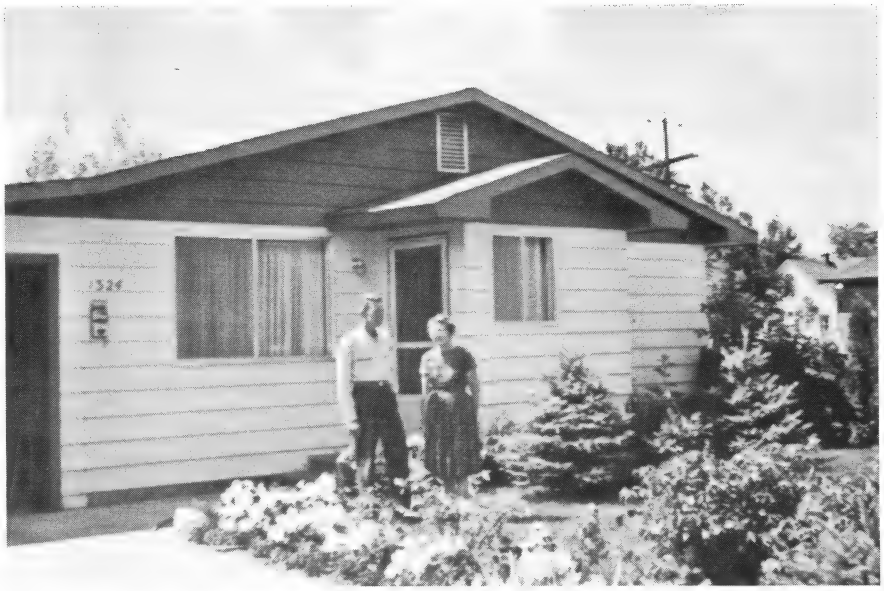
As tough as the business of moving was, it was not without humor. Deciding what was worth taking, and what to leave behind was quite a game. Joyce, our girl of the woods, and her new husband Sonny Anderson were glad to get a few things we could not take. Ray's children donated the old Dodge dump truck. In it was loaded the piano, dining set, kitchen range, and all of the big things. For want of a canvas, the boys dug out a colorful Persian rug from Ray's trousseau, securing it with a rope. The #3 wash tub that DeMar fastened on the rear appeared to button the load down. Boldly painted on the door was, "Not for hire." The truck led our convoy. Next came my 1946 Buick, puffing smoke rings, followed by the shiny new Rambler. DeMar brought up the rear with his loaded pickup. On August 7th, we ceremoniously lined up in the long driveway, bid the ranch goodbye and drove away. Later, I learned that Sister Perrins had come to say goodbye, arriving just in time to see the convoy leave. She sat in her car and wept.

My fears of going from the cool Northwest into the burning desert were unnecessary. From Twin Falls we took the road to Ely, Nevada. Thunder showers cooled our way. I did not mourn the absence of trees. Nothing can surpass the beauty of an electric storm on the desert. Colors intensified until we came to the blaze of glory that is Southern Utah. Home. We were weary enough to cry, yet tickled enough to whoop and shout. Grandchildren submerged us, and my mother, brothers and sisters surrounded us. So <u>this</u> was coming home.

September 4. Uncle Sam rejected Terry. "Did not pass his physical," the report said. It threw no light on the reason why. So Terry filled out papers to go on a mission, took another physical, and passed in top shape. His call came today. Lolene, Shirley and I waited in the car while he picked up the mail.

MY NORTHWEST EXPERIENCE

Ray and me



Clinton and Mildred in front of our Yakima home

Spruce trees in our front yard

Lolene and Sharon LeBeau

Ray

Our Deer Park home

BACK TO UTAH

John and Luella Maxwell's rental in Toquerville where I lived when I first returned to Utah

My grandchildren come to see me in Toquerville. Front: John Houston, Darwin Hardy, and standing, Lloyd Gubler and Edwin Hardy. Second row: Ricky Houston, Gordon Gubler, Marie Gubler. Third: Susan Hardy, Kathy Gubler, Mace Hardy. Baby Ivy Gubler is in my arms.

Norman and DeMar build me a home in LaVerkin. Norman is standing on top and Lolene, holding Ivy is in front of the house.

Whooping out the door of Ed's postoffice and store, Terry leaped in the air, clicking his heels. "I got it, I got my call," he shouted, waving a white envelope. "Open it, Mother," he said, sliding under the wheel.

Opening it, I exclaimed, "Australia!"

We had never dreamed of Australia, but we instantly knew it was the best place on earth. Terry drove on to Hurricane, and stopped in every store, dancing around the clerks as he told them he was being called to Australia. At home we got out the Atlas and the encyclopedia and transported ourselves to Australia.

Home, by the way, is Toquerville for the time being. There were no houses for rent in LaVerkin or Hurricane. We're renting from John and Luella Maxwell in a pioneer home that still has the original cottage windows with little panes of wavy glass.

Lloyd had said, "Grandma, I know a house up by the canal you can live in so you can live by me."

"But people live in it," I answered.

"We will tell the people to move out," he said.

"How is this house in Toquerville?" I asked Lloyd after we moved in.

He sat on the edge of a chair swinging his legs. Shaking his head, he said, "No, this isn't a gooder enough house. It is in too far away country. Grandmas should live in a house I can walk to."

We have been on a tour of model homes in LasVegas, and Norman and I are poring over house plans. Norman is drawing the blueprints for my new home.

President Leo Reeve and his counselors came to report that the Lord had my work mapped out for me. I have been asked to be activity counselor in the Stake MIA.

September 22. Today I took Lolene to St. George with her flabbergasting load of "absolute necessities," and helped her move into the Dixiana. Five other girls share her apartment. She's going to love Dixie College.

September 23. Lolene is back already saying she's starved. I can see she's going to have to learn to shop for groceries.

I had to sign papers with the Social Security saying I would have no control over the money they pay her. Ray used to insist that he couldn't help Lolene with her school. What he didn't realize is that he could have drawn $40 a month each for my two minor children. The SS paid $800 back payments to Lolene, and she will get $83 a month for her entire four years of college. Terry is no longer a minor, so they made no payments to him, but with the settlement they made with me, plus that from Ray's estate, makes it possible for Terry to go on a mission. Ray always said that he could not send him, but he's doing it. And he's sending Lolene to college.

September 27. Terry got his temple endowments today. What a thrilling Saturday morning.

October 6. I have read about color in motion between canyon walls, and now I have actually seen it. The day was September 29, the hour, 4:00 p.m., the place, the Clear Creek Narrows where the deep gorge is walled by vermillion cliffs that almost come together. Slanting sun illuminating the north side was reflected onto the south walls. A rosy glow filled the canyon which seemed to vibrate back and forth from wall to wall.

Clinton, LaPriel, Helen and I hiked into the narrows. This is the canyon where some prophetess from California led her followers to wait for the earth to come to an end. Their tents, rugs, bedding, food and utensils were brought part way by jeep, and the rest of the way by pack horses. The world didn't come to an end on the appointed day, and disgusted husbands demanded that their wives and children come home. The disillusioned ones could not carry all of their stuff out, so they covered it with canvas, or stored much of it in caves until they could return. Thieves broke in, looting and scattering their belongings. It was a pitiful sight. The torn and broken remnants showed what high quality and expensive supplies these people had brought with them.

Norman, DeMar and Terry are putting up the stem walls of my new house. In two more weeks Terry will leave for the mission home.

Lolene is taking the part of Mrs. Hopkins in the college musical, "My Fair Lady."

November 12. Terry's farewell testimonial was on September 24. His brothers and sisters sang for him. Marilyn sings soprano, Lolene and Shirley second and alto, and Norman and DeMar, base and tenor. Terry sings both base and tenor. I lose my ability to judge, when I hear them sing, because they sound wonderful to me.

I stayed in Salt Lake, working at the Genealogical Library the week Terry was in the mission home. Theodore Burton set Terry apart. He said Terry was a great man, and that he was chosen before he was born to go to Australia, that great responsibilities would be given him because of his strength in the gospel. Happiness surged through me.

Norman and Ann, and DeMar and Helen came to see him off on the plane on the second of November. Terry was radiant. My heart almost burst as he stooped and kissed me goodbye. We watched through glass doors as he walked to his plane, then we went upon a balcony to see it take off. The airliner circled the terminal, growing smaller in the sky as it passed behind the American flag that rippled in the sun. I watched the plane until it became a little speck against a bank of clouds in the west. My eyes smarted and my chin quivered. A sadness tugged at my happy heart.

Terry's uncles, Clark and Tell Gubler, who had come to see him off, said, "What will you do now, Alice?"

"I will go to work as soon as I get home," I answered.

"Do you have a job?" they asked.

"No, but the Lord knows that I need one. There will be a job waiting for me ."

When I got back to Toquerville, Luella Maxwell said I was to call Dixie College. I had been interviewed for a job when I first moved home, but they hired someone else. The girl they hired held down the job

until my son was in the mission field, and then she moved away. I went immediately to work. I am so happy. I love the Lord, he is so good to me.

At the college I do the payroll, travel reports, assign the college cars, and do other general office work. The atmosphere is clean. There are no ash trays or coffee cups, not even coffee breaks. But we can walk to the book store for a carton of milk or juice. There is no rough language. Everyone is refined. The campus is new and beautiful. So here I am, after spending a year in the woods climbing over, crawling under, burrowing through, and in general wallowing in the out-of-doors. I had begun to feel that I was not born to live in a house--that a house was only for protection. But suddenly I feel like a lady. Only today the dean told me how good they felt about my being here.

I stayed in the little house in Toquerville exactly three months. Now that Lolene is in the dorm, and Terry in the field, the little house was suddenly too big. I have moved home with Mama and Wayne. I have the big east bedroom upstairs.

I have received my first letter from Terry. He said, "Last night Elder Murphy took me to a member's house and let me give the first discussion. It was the most humiliating evening I have ever had. They really gave me the works." He is in Clovelly N.S.W., Australia.

November 23. I love being at college where Lolene is. She comes into the office and slips up behind my chair where I sit typing, smacks me on the cheek and says, "Good morning Mother." Today I was ticket-taker for the matinee at school. There were lines of little folks at my window, where I took their money and handed out tickets like a vending machine. When someone knocked on the glass, I looked up, and there was Lolene, alias Mrs. Hopkins, costumed in a funny hat with flowers on it, olive colored skin, and long, flapping skirts.

"Ello Mrs. Opkins," I said.

"Ow air ye?" she asked.

She came into my office while I counted out the money and put it away. She had an hour before going back on stage, and she sat there in her costume being thoroughly winsome. She's bringing two of her college chums home for Thanksgiving.

I'm so happy I just want to whirl and dance and yodel. The drive to work each morning is spectacular--gold trees--red and blue hills--a moody sky with bright spots, and threatening spots--hunks of fog in low patches--pretty.

December 6. Dear Terry, Your address changes faster than I can keep the family informed. I sent two different addresses to Marilyn and Shirley last week, and tonight when Perry came, I gave him still another one.

It's distressing to have you say you still do not get letters from home. I've been writing every week. I will write to you every Wednesday. It is Monday now, so to be on schedule, I will write again in a couple of days. . . . You asked about the Conoco gang. It is thriving. Norman and DeMar went to Lund today and bought a rock cutter (guillotine). They have the south and west wall of the house framed up. . . . Norman, Ann and I went to the Messiah Sunday night. Lolene sang beautifully in it.

The other night as I came out of the office, Lolene called, "Hello Alice, would you like to give three deserving girls a ride?" She and Phyllis and Ann were coming out of the music room with their guitars and mandolins. They sang to me there on the patio. I'm thrilled to be at the college.

December 10. Toowoomba, Qld, Aust. Dear Mother, I really came through the other day. I received a letter from two brothers, one sister and one from you. I have been transferred, so I am in a different address. This has become a habit. I've been in a new one each week. I am in the north part of the mission, about 90 miles west of Brisbane in the city of Toowoomba. Elder Larson is my companion, and he is a worker, so different from the lazy companion I had who only wanted to watch TV at the home of the members. . . . At the motivation and development meeting we had a testimony meeting at the close of the day. I stood up to bear my testimony, but did not say the things I had intended to say. The Lord put the words in my mouth, and I told of the things that he has done, and not the things I did. . . . My new address is 274 Home Street, Toowoomba, Queensland. It is a city in the top of a mountain. They grow dates and oranges and all that neat stuff.

Dec. 10. Family home evening at Norman's and Ann's. Norman played the piano while everyone sang Jingle Bells. It was easier to laugh than to sing. He kept the melody going with the right hand, striking hilariously mis-matched chords with his left. Jolly to say the least. Then he read, "Jest 'Fore Christmas." Kathy conducted the program and Lloyd served warm sugar cookies and ice cream.

December 31. Toowoomba. Dear Folks, I really did like all of the cards and letters I received for Christmas. All I have got since is one little box with sour dough. I received a lot of joy in that little box. I even laughed and giggled as if I were a little boy on Christmas morning. The funny thing about it was that it broke open. The lid was off. Anyhow, I will need the recipies over again, since they were covered with dough. (Terry had asked me to send him a starter. I sent it airmail in a plastic catsup dispenser. Guess it got to working too good).

On Christmas I was really surprised. I got handkerchiefs and candy from the members. One of the members (a boy) came about 2:30 a.m. and tucked me in bed. The sad part of it was that I had just got to sleep. We had been caroling Christmas eve, and then I wrote letters after I got home. The moral is: Don't leave your door open, even if it is hot. Someone might come in and mess up your bed while you're in it.

We've been real busy the past week. We have been stuffed with goodies. Almost every member we call on for referrals givesus cake, cookies and watermelon. We've had melon ever since we got here. Winter never comes here. . . . We have been tracting a lot, because we don't get enough referrals. I'll bet we walked fifteen miles yesterday. Were my feet ever tired! But the day disappeared. I don't know where the time goes. It just disappears like a handful of quicksilver.

By the way, enclosed is my thank you list. Please call the folks back home who sent cards and money. I cannot write to them all. . . . Sam Segler wrote that he caught a mudduck with a kernel of corn on a fish hook. . . .

So ends the year on a busy happy note.

CHAPTER 55

Home, Sweet Home

(1966)

January 5. Dear Terry, We have been registering students for the winter quarter of school. The lines have remained unbroken from 7:30 a.m. until 5:30 p.m. All I did all day was write receipts while Dean Fullerton took the money. I nearly starved.

Remember my entry in the Writer's Digest contest--the one about the stork's thriving business and our over-informed children? Well--I won 185th place. A little better than 200th place. I would have felt lucky to have gotten honorable mention. They're sending me a book.

The house looks exciting. Your brothers are closing in the walls. Bruce Hepworth is helping with the wiring. Don Hutchings will put in the radiant heating units this week.

A letter from your mission president says parents are not to send paraphernalia to their missionaries--only the exact amount of money they are supposed to have, and letters. He reminded us that our sons are in the service of our Father in Heaven, and all of the extras we send are a distraction, and hinder the Lord's work. However, the Levis and work shirts will be ok, because you do need them for your days off, so you can do other work. (No more Sen-Sen's or chewing gum--etc.)

January 8. Toowoomba. Dear Mother - I have had a glorious week. We had a big motivation & development to start with. Met all of the Queensland missionaries. One of them a relative--Elder Segmiller. His mother is a sister to Linden Bradshaw. A lot of the missionaries know the same people I do. Sister McAllister knows Shirley. . . . We gave the first discussion to an active investigator. We asked him to offer the prayer. You should have been there. It was really an experience to hear a grown man offer his first prayer of his life. . . .Thank you for sending me here, and for seeing that I am able to stay here. . . .

January 12. Dear Terry, Last Saturday morning when I made my usual run to LaVerkin I was overwhelmed by what I saw. There, working on our new home were 18 Melchezidek priesthood holders. They finished putting on all of the tar paper and wire on the outside of the house, and the insulation inside, and put all of the sheeting on the roof ready for shingles, and the trim on the eaves. I burst into Helen's living room and sat on the couch, trying not to cry. My blessings are greater than I can enumerate.

Mr. Nuttall asked me to come to Hurricane High as an assistant teacher. I told him I was so happy at the college that I had planned to stay at least five years. I explained how the job had waited for me until you were in the mission field.

"Yes," he said, "your job is a sacred trust. The Lord provided it because he knew you needed something while you were waiting for this other opening. Now we need you to help the students with their creative writing. Anyone can do secretarial work, but just anyone cannot write."

"I won't tell Mr. Van Slooten I want to quit now that they have trained me for two months."

"Mr. Van Slooten is my next door neighbor. I will talk to him."

The next morning my boss called me in and congratulated me on the wonderful opportunity that had come to me. They released me from my job at the college with their blessings. The new girl will come in tomorrow, and I will help her for a couple of days, and next Monday I will start at the high school. My salary, spread over the entire year, will amount to exactly the same. What I am gaining is free time. I will only work six hours a day at the high school, and my summers will be entirely free. Plus I will not have the expense of driving to St. George every day. Again I say how very blessed am I!

The boys at college are fixing my car at no expense to me. They are taking out the dent Lolene put in it at Spokane. They took it in the auto shop when they learned that I was leaving.

January 17. My first day at Hurricane High. Miss Stevenson is teaching journalism. She has two students who cry every time she talks to them. They are now my students--belonging to my own private class. Bonnie Christy and LuWanna Maloney are both from Virgin. We had fun visiting together for our first class. Bonnie likes to sing, and play the piano and enjoys wax carving. They're both going to write a news story for the school paper.

Second period I listen to Mr. Langston's students give their orations. Third period I am in Mr. Houston's English class in the library basement. In the afternoon I have the 7th grade English class all to myself, followed by the 8th grade English.

February 2. Shirley writes, "Johnny has a new imaginary friend named George. George has to be consulted before John can do anything. He's rich too--there isn't a thing he doesn't have. And I just found out a few days ago that the Munsters occupy my bedroom, and it's really quite a scarey place."

The priesthood holders came again and shingled the roof of my house. Every day I count my blessings. Foster Harrison sends a check each month to help Terry on his mission. With my son in the mission field, good things keep coming my way. I think I shall always want to help keep a missionary out.

In every letter, Terry says, "Tell the Burro to write." The Burro is Darwin Gifford, who seems to be Terry's and Lolene's first love. Lolene has been dating the curly-headed class president, who has an aura of glamour about him, but the Burro has a salt-of-the-earth steadfastness, a goodness "where the weary heart can rest."

February 23. Ann and Norman stopped to visit at Grandma Isom's. When Ann called home to check on the children, Kathy said, "I'll bet the Heavenly Father has tears in His eyes."

"Why?" Ann asked.

"Because Gordon walked while Lloyd was saying his prayers, and Lloyd didn't want to say them all over again."

After Mace ate dinner with Ann's children, he said, "This place bugs me."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because everybody says 'please,' and 'thank you.'"

Perry Asay stopped in to see the progress of my building. We got to talking about clutter. Perry said, "You should have seen that one place I went in to. The house was so dirty I had to stomp my feet before I could go outside."

March 1. Dear Terry - Our family has increased by two since my last report to you. Kelly Bruce Houston arrived on the 17th of February, but it was not discovered by us until five days later when Norman happened to see Perry down town. As yet we've received no official word. Do you suppose Shirley hasn't notified us because Kelly isn't a girl?

On the evening of the 23rd of February, Norman invited me to sleep at their house, as Ann was having "twinges." He took her to the hospital. He awoke me at 1:00 a.m. saying they had a 7 pound boy.

When the children awoke, Norman said, "Did you know you have a little baby brother?"

"Mama doesn't either have a baby. It takes longer than that. Babies come from a people seed that grows into a people instead of a lot of blooms. Mama's baby is still a spirit in Heaven," Lloyd said.

"Well, it's sure a noisy spirit. He was sure howling when I left the hospital." (Jerald Paul).

Saturday I was very much Grandma. Chance drove in with his three boys just at breakfast time, and he and Norman took off for the Arizona strip to look at some old wreckage that might yield parts for a car Chance is building. They were gone all day, and guess who had the kids!

When the phone rang, Kathy answered it. "Grandma," she said as she hung up, "I have to go help Collette. Her mother has left her alone to tend the kids and clean the house. I told her I'd bring Mace and Edwin to help her."

Shades of the past! How well I remembered the trampling herds that came to help my kids when I was away!!!#$@

"Oh, no you don't. Don't you ever, ever, ever go to the neighbors to play when their mother is away!" (Lecture, lecture).

Soooo--Collette came in lugging her baby sister. Allen came too. Where once there were four children, now there were ten, milling and whooping around in the living room, which couldn't long contain them. As I worked, either Marie or Gordon followed me, pushing their chairs after me. Either that, or wrapping themselves around my legs as I tried to walk, saying, "Grandma, I love you."

It is the end of the day and I ache all over. I've climbed the hill twice to gather my scattered flock. I've cold-packed bruises, and put one little arm in a sling, and hushed the wounded-to-death-screams, and scrambled with haste to turn off the jeep that Mace tinkered with and got started, all this in between trying to cook, clean and put out the family wash. Now I've finally bathed the remaining four and put them to bed, and behold with dismay the red sand, and children's clutter in the living room. Chance and his three are chugging off towards LasVegas and Norman has gone to see Ann.

March 4. Toowoomba. Dear Mother, I had a real surprise this week. . . . I went to the Lord and asked him to help me understand my calling. I promised the Lord that I would give him all of my talents. Four days later

I was made the senior companion, and I have a new missionary, Elder Nelson, to train. He is going to be a fine missionary. . . .

March 7. I drive to LaVerkin every day after school to look at my house. They're rocking up the outside flue with beautiful white rock. The rock, along with the shake roof, makes the house exciting. I will run out of money before the house is finished. I'll do the essentials first, and then if I have to move in on bare floors I'm not going to let it trouble me. These things can be added with time (and money).

Seven ex-bishops talked in our church a week ago. (Six exes and Reed Wilson, who is our present bishop). Morris Wilson is the only bishop who is not still living.

March 10. As I watched the final performance of our Stake MIA youth play, "It Begins with Balloons," I was completely charmed with the girl who played the lead part. Smiling, I recalled the day I went to her home. At the stake board planning meeting, assignments were made to each of our seven wards. President Wayne Edwards asked me to deliver the two lead parts to Mike and Jennie (not their real names) in a certain small ward.

When I stopped to see Mike, he was not home. I explained my errand to his mother, and she said, "Oh, he will be tickled to take the part. Who is going to be the girl?"

"Jennie," I answered.

"Good Heavens! Don't get her," Mike's mother said, throwing up her hands, "She has <u>never</u> taken a part in a play. In the three years that she has lived here she had never done a thing in the ward. She's too shallow-minded and giggly. Any girl in the ward can do better than she can. Why don'e you get June or Mary? They're always giving talks, and singing or being in plays."

"I'm sorry, but I don't have the right to give the part to anyone else. The stake members asked me to give it to Jennie."

"Well, you're making a bad mistake. Jennie will let you down, mark my words," she said shaking her head.

Jennie wasn't at home either, so I explained to her mother why I had come. Meekly her mother took the script, and her eyes moistened as she said, "You will never know how much this assignment will mean to Jennie and to our whole family. Since moving here she has never been asked to do a thing--not even to give a two-and-one-half-minute talk. Jennie has pretended not to care, but I've seen the hurt in her eyes, as the others in her class have been called on time and again."

I knew then that Jennie had been called by inspiration, but I knew it more fully as I watched the final performance. She was the shining star.

March 28. Lolene brought Ann, Angie and three college boys to LaVerkin to church yesterday. She had hoped I could prepare dinner for them, but we were all having a special fast for the missionaries. Lolene hadn't eaten, so she joined us, and Helen Howard fed the guests. Wayne, Mama and Kate fasted along with Norman's and DeMar's families, and Marilyn. All came to Mom's in the afternoon and DeMar led in family prayer. Lolene and her boyfriend Jerry joined us for prayer.

After school today I took Lloyd to the store to get a birthday gift. He was interested in toys, but I got him a new shirt instead. I did give in and get him a coloring book and crayons, then we went to Sandbergs for gym shoes. He protested. "I never, never, never have had leather shoes like Daddy's." So we found him some just like Daddy's.

In MIA leadership tonight we danced our newest version of the Samba and the Waltz to the music of the Tijuana Brass. Hopefully, this type of music and dancing will narrow the gap with the youth. It was fun.

After leadership I walked home to Mom's. The pear tree in the front yard is a pyramid of bloom, and a quarter moon above the porch blots out the tiny stars, so only the brightest ones remain. I hurried in to get Mama to come and see. I put her shawl around her, and slowly she came, leaning on her cane. Wayne picked up his walking stick and came too. The three of us stood on the path absorbing. Mama said, "I can't help but think what a great artist the Heavenly Father is."

Toowoomba, 1 April. Dear folks, I was real disappointed Monday to get no mail. That's the day it usually comes. . . . Elder Nelson is really learning the discussions good. . I think it helps to learn them by giving them. I never got to do that until I came to Toowoomba. . . . We are doing a lot of tracting. The thing that makes me so happy is that the members really help out. I hope they will leave me in Toowoomba for the rest of my mission. . . . I just about don't know how to contain my emotions, everything is going so well. . . . Your know what, I am really full of the spirit of the work. We have been working for the Lord real effectivly about 9 hours a day. That takes your mind off your own worries. We have golden contacts, and give many discussions, with baptisms lined up for the 12th and 17th. . . .The people here are real sweet. I received birthday cards from almost everyone I know in Australia. . . . Terry. (Four letters came from home on Tuesday).

April 5, Dear Terry . . . . Lolene, Ann and Angie dropped in at Grandma's Monday and ate cheese sandwiches and drank gingerale and played my stereo. They were all barefooted and were wearing fringed cutoffs and funny hats and had their hair in pigtails. . . . Sister Curkelly (from Australia) sent little Susan a toy Koala Bear made from Kangaroo fur. . .

DeMar, Helen and I went to Vegas to see little Kelly Bruce. He's wonderful--only six weeks old, yet laughs and makes cute little noises when you talk to him. . . . Last night when I went to Norman's, Kathy was feeding Jerald Paul cereal and he ate it like an old-timer. He drinks out of a cup too, and he's only five weeks old! Kathy is a real little mother.

While at Vegas Chance took me for a ride in his sand buggy. There was a full moon, and the desert was beautiful. It was the buggy's maiden voyage--it's first time out. He built it from seven old cars, and it's a dandy. He drove straight ahead, through washes, and over hills, whatever was in the way. It could take them all. (And so did I).

Bonnie and LuWanna said to tell you happy birthday. We three celebrated it together. I promised them if they'd get their term papers in we'd celebrate. I took them to Louie's for dinner, then to the Stake MIA play, "Harvey" then took them to Virgin. We enjoyed your birthday. . . . Love, Mother.

April 16. Toowoomba. Dear folks. . . . the other day we went to Greenmount to invite an investigator to church. She said she was going fishing Sunday. I told her if she'd go to church with us, she'd catch a fish on Monday. Tuesday we went to see her. She said, "Remember that fish you said I'd catch on Monday? Well, it weighed 3 pounds." She was happy that I was right, and I was happy to know that Elder Nelson and I have a real, down to earth third companion who takes care of the spiritual side of life. I have had the knowledge that there were three of us working together all along, but it sure helps to have things like that fish to keep me in tune with the Lord.

April 23. Thursday I took a freezer of ice cream to the dorm for Lolene and her room mates. I sat in the big easy chair, and Angie curled up in my lap and cried and told me how much she loved Calvin. The other girls sat on the couch and on the floor, and told me how much they loved Calvin too. And Calvin loves Angie, and she was crying tears of joy because he had just been out on the porch telling her so. Then Laura read us her love letter from Warren who is in Scotland on a mission, and everyone cried again. The girls wanted to talk about love, and temple marriage and spiritual things.

Lolene followed me to the car, and we drove to the temple and walked across the lawn to the arbor. Sitting under the roses, she told me about breaking up with Jerry. The temple shone white and tall through the bower of leaves. I felt transported. With our arms around each other, we walked back across the grass and stood under the palm trees.

Lolene buried her face against my neck and said, "Oh Mother, I love you. I'm glad I found out how much I love you while you're still here."

My darling daughter! "I'm so glad we've got us," I said.

April 27. Last night Rosemary Lee, Muriel Church and I attended MIA at Virgin. It was their drama night. One of the plays was about Judas Iscariot. In the play the Savior knocked on a door. He was cold and hungry, but the people would not let him in. Just then a twister hit the Virgin church house. The background noise was perfect for the play. I was sitting by Jack Severson, who said, "We always do this at Virgin. If the MIA needs a wind we get 'em one."

May 11. "To the clip-clopping of hooves, Jean DeHaven and his 20 mule team train arrived in Hurricane." So begins the news account I wrote of DeHaven's visit to Hurricane High. It all began in March when I saw the little item in the Grit of DeHaven's plan to see America at a mule's pace, to commemorate the 50th year of National Park Service. According to his schedule they would be passing through Zion Park.

"Here's an interesting news clipping," I said to my eighth graders. After discussing the possibility of the mules coming through Hurricane, I said, "Your assignment today will be to write letters to Mr. DeHaven, asking him the questions that have come up in our discussion."

In the letters, Kevin Mansor asked, "How are you going to get water and feed for the mules? Will you camp out at nights? If you do, how will you find a place to bathe? Will it be in rivers and creeks? Will the big cities along the way stop traffic when you come through?" Richard Body asked, "Do your wagons have iron tires? How many wagons do

you have? Are any women going to go along? How are you going to store food? Do you know when you will be in Hurricane?" Jean Higley asked for a map of their route, and Jeff Covington wanted to know what they would do if a wheel broke.

Mr. DeHaven promptly replied to our letters, answering every question, and sending us a copy of their route, which would begin at Trona, California, going through Death Valley, and ending at Pierre, South Dakota. Excitedly, our class estimated the time it would take for them to reach Hurricane, and they made a banner to string across the highway at Ken's Service Station, which said, "Welcome, Mule Team Travelers." For ten days the banner fluttered, waiting, and nothing happened. People constantly quizzed us, asking, "Where are your Mules?" My face burned, and we took the sign down.

Then Marilyn called from LasVegas. "Mother, I've just spent the evening visiting with Mr. DeHaven." She had seen the mules on TV as they came in to LasVegas, so she and the children went out to find them.

Again, trying to guess the speed of mules, our class made another welcome banner. The mules arrived as the noon whistle blew at a roped-off section reserved for them in front of the school. The elementary and high school buildings emptied of the students who swarmed around the white mules and the men. Kevin Mansor gave Mr. DeHaven a horse shoe and Jean Higley presented him with a Book of Mormon, both of them autographed by our class. The travelers were escorted to the Hurricane rodeo grounds where they stopped to shoe the mules and make camp. In the evening, local people gathered around DeHaven's camfire, and Gerald Gifford entertained them, strumming his guitar, and yodeling and singing western songs. Mr. DeHaven has booked Gerald for an all-expense paid trip to Cowboy Campground in Wessington, South Dakota for their grand opening, where he will entertain the crowds at the climax to the "Search for Adventure" trip. (I hope Gerald gets more than expenses for this). My little eighth graders were excited about the hearty response to their letters.

I turn my thoughts from the excitement of adventure to peace and quiet of home--my home. The plastering is all finished inside. The outside has only a scratch coat on it, and I've run out of money. It's such a lovely house. Norman and DeMar have done an excellent job. I am proud of it. It's a humble home--not like those on mortgage row. It is going to be the sweetest home in all the world. Only the finest of living shall be done there--good music--good literature--pretty plants--and--the gospel shall be lived there.

May 15. Dear Terry. . . . We have only two more weeks of school. Your sisters and brothers have agreed to keep you in the mission field until I am back on the payroll next fall. They have made substantial contributions already. Shirley and Perry came up this weekend. She brought me a new dress that she had made, and a twin bed for our new home, and a lovely sunburst clock to go above the fireplace. Also she brought a yummy oatmeal cake with toasted coconut and brown sugar on top in a glass baking dish for Mother's Day. Your sisters and brothers all do special things for me. I love them.

DeMar and I teach Sunday School together. He gave his first lesson today. He tickled me no end. He launched right in to the lesson and got all of the kids participating.

Lolene played "the woman" in "Death of a Salesman," at the University of Utah. Yesterday someone phoned and said, "Turn on KSL-TV and listen to your daughter." She came on and sang the lead song from "Oliver."

Shirley's three boys are awfully cute, and little Ivy is a doll. She runs all over by herself now, and her hair is so pretty. Helen curls it and always keeps her dressed so pretty. Darwin is much more gentle, and Mace likes being nice. Susan and Edwin are a joy. Susan is so much better after all of her operations.

May 22. Dear Terry - Lolene is sprawled on my bed with a pile of school papers around her, "her slender form etched against the sheets. Her beauty never ceases to amaze me. Can she <u>really</u> be mine?" (Quotes are hers). She said to tell you she has decided she is too young to ever get married, that when you get home you can go into business with her and you will have a construction company to rival the Gubler Brothers, and you can do the work and she will supervise. She loves you, and is proud of you, but the way to her heart is through her stomach and she is going to go down stairs and get a piece of mince pie. She is getting too skinny, and she needs some pie. So there goes the chubby kid in her well rounded-out Bermudas (pink ones) after her pie.

You asked how much it cost you to call home on your birthday. Brace yourself. It was $32.00. The call came when the rates were highest for a collect call at this end. Even after 8:00 p.m. it costs $15.00 just to initiate the call.

The chokos came the day your letter did saying you were sending them. They have long sprouts on them and are anxious to be planted.

I want to get moved into my house in another week. I'll have to finish the place around me. Alvin has done a beautiful job on the kitchen cabinets. They are birch. Somehow I cannot feel too concerned that I have fallen far short of being able to finish the house. I have the strangest feeling that everything is going to work out just beautifully. I know it is. What it is, I do not know, but I feel very happy and content. I feel so very lifted up. All of the important things, those that really matter, will be taken care of, just you wait and see.

May 25. Dear Terry - I've been mulling over a million things since 4:00 a.m. May as well jot down a note to you. My mind's a jumble of schools ending, girl's camp, rose prom, June conference, the ward's birthday calendar, which I must lay out, my Sunday School class, Republican mass meetings (they willed me the office of precinct chairman--also state delegate--of which I am going to flatly refuse), Crawford reunion, my house--my house--my house--my furniture that got ruined in Lyman's waste water--15" of water standing on my piano and bedroom set that was stored in DeMar's little house---daylight streaming in the window banishes the jumble, and I'll get going--one step at a time.

I wrote Kate Thompson's life story, and was one of the speakers at her funeral. Walter and Elva gave me Kate's big Boston fern for my planter. I'm glad to have a keepsake from Sister Thompson

Cyrus is helping me sand and paint. Ann and Helen said they would help me today, and Don Hutchings is putting in the lights. Chance said he would come up this week and put in the toilets and wash basins. I am so preoccupied, I even forgot to stop at Grandma's when I came from school. I had to turn around and go back and get into my work clothes.

June 15. Dear Terry, I have just been for the mail, and there was a letter from you. Lolene got a letter from Calvin P. Jones and one from Jerry Bybee. Although Lolene has quit Jerry for the last time a number of times, someone keeps fanning the spark. Speaking of Calvin, do you remember him? He's Angie's darling.

Lolene, Angie and I sat together at the Dixie College graduating exercises so we could see Jerry and Calvin march in their caps and gowns. A dignified "D" mounted on the platform, served as an open doorway through which each graduate marched. As his name was called out, he paused momentarily in the "D" while colored lights played on him, then descended majestically down the steps to receive his diploma.

Over the mike, the speaker boomed, "Calvin P. Jones," and tall in his cap and gown, Calvin stepped through the "D". Then there was a strange thud, and no Calvin. He simply vanished. He was wearing new, slick-soled shoes, and he skidded through the "D", and down the steps, where he landed flat on the floor. Angie said, "That's just like Calvin. I'll bet he did that on purpose."

Sydney, June 25. (Terry has been transferred from Toowoomba). Dear folks - Here it is Friday again, and another week has gone by and we don't have any baptisms. We have been going from ten to twelve hours a day, tracting most of the time because the member referral plan isn't going like it should. We go knocking on doors and meet some real nice people, then there is a real abusive one that makes you feel like saying it isn't worth it. Well, I really know that it is worth it, and the mind is ready, but sometimes the body is weak. You can probably tell I am a little bit discouraged. One of the members in Toowoomba wrote and told me that Beverly (Terry's last baptism before being transferred) hasn't been back to church since I left.

I don't know what it is going to take to get me back to normal. I fasted for 36 hours and I don't feel that I am getting any closer to the Lord. I would really appreciate it if the whole family would have a special fast for my sake this Sunday. I feel that I need the help of everyone. Will you get in touch with Marilyn and tell her to contact the rest of the clan in LasVegas? I really do need help. . . . Terry

LaVerkin, June 27. Dear Shirley, Marilyn and families-

Today a sad and discouraged letter came from your brother in Australia. He was still fasting, and had been for 36 hours trying to clear communications between himself and our Heavenly Father. His letter was pleading for help from the family.

I too have been discouraged. There are situations in our family that I can't take any longer. Now I'm going to talk plain. You kids are contributing your finances to help your brother do missionary work clear on the other side of the world. Until we do a little missionary work right in our own family, you may as well throw your money down the drain. How do you expect your brother to do the Lord's work when there is disunity, misunderstandings and even hatred in our own family?

I shall not listen to any of you at all when you try to tell me whose fault this cold silence is. The fault lies at the door of anyone who permits it. There's no reason for anyone to rehash bygones--to dig up slights or grieviences of the past. Let the dead past be buried.

Today--this day--is a new day, as tomorrow will be. Let's take each new day and make it the joyous thing it is intended to be.

Terry's failures are caused by our own family. He has asked that all of us unite in fasting and prayer this coming Sunday for him. If there are those in our family who cannot be decent, or speak to each other, our prayers will go no higher than our roof. I'm pleading with all of you to put your arms around each other, sincerely and humbly. Let's don't be held accountable for hindering the Lord's work.

Chance and Marilyn, I'm planning on you and your family staying with me this weekend. Come prepared for every one of you to go to church--to testimony meeting as well as Sunday School.

Shirley has been with me during the past week, digging cement off windows and doors and sewing curtains. Perry's vacation starts next Friday. He is coming to level his ground in LaVerkin. They will stay with Norman and Ann. My whole family will be here but Terry. This will be a perfect time for us to unite in a single cause. Just think how much strength we can give to the missionary cause by pulling together!

I'm planning on a Winferd Gubler family reunion next Saturday. Let's not be a house divided against itself. How good it will be for all of you to be laughing together again, and enjoying each other. I know a spot where there is plenty of shade, and where stacks of horse shoes are. How about the women challenging the men for a game. If I can have a peg closer in than yours, I might even pitch a ringer. I've a singing in my heart just thinking of the fun we'll have. All of you be here, and we'll put Terry on top I KNOW! I'm banking on you. A world of love, Mother.

Dear Terry - Your letter of discouragement came today. It's true that discouragement is the devil's tool, but the Lord outwits him by turning evil to good purposes. Like great scientific and medical advancement that comes out of the evil of war. Your letter is the thing this family needed. Out of your trouble is going to come a united family. . . . Our family will all fast together Sunday, and then come to my house for prayer. You will feel a great outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord I know. His work will go forward. Pray always, and do not give up. He will hear you. . . . Mother.

July 8. Dear Terry - The family had fits when they read about your 201 pounds. If you had been here for the 4th, you could have run in the race with Perry Houston for all men over 200#. Four of them ran. Durell

DeMille came in first, Perry second, DeVar Gubler third, and Laron Wilson last. They looked like big bears lumbering down the race track.

The Winferd Gubler reunion was most successful. We went to the Red Cliffs Saturday. Norman led out in a game of pig in the poke. Shirley was so cute and tricky, and Norman his usual funny self. Perry is worth endless laughs always. Chance and Marilyn got into the game wholeheartedly, and everyone played and laughed hard.

The entire family went to fast meeting Sunday. As soon as the bishop turned the time over to the people, Perry marched to the pulpit and bore his testimony. He urged the people to give the missionaries more spiritual support, and expressed his love for the gospel and for the family, especially for his brothers and sisters in our household. I loved him for leading out. The meeting was a lively one. People had to jump up quick to get to speak. About five testimonies later Norman made it to the stand. As well as expressing his love for the gospel, he also made it clear that his heart was filled with a special love for his brothers-in-law.. People got up so fast that I was afraid DeMar would never make it, but at the last he made it to the front and said the things that should set any sensitive hearts right, and the bishop got up and closed the meeting. Perry is the one who led out in family prayer before we ate. Grandma and Uncle Wayne were with us. Your discouraged letter has done a world of good on the home front. . . . Mother.

Sydney, July 9. Dear Folks, I have really had a good time this week. We have been going like crazy. We had 59 hours of proselyting last week. We have missed a lot of meals to keep the hours and proselyting going. We have really had a good time.

On our diversion day we played basketball with a class B team, and beat them 46 to 25. The elders in our district are all old ball players.

Mother, I want to thank you for your great concern about my disposition. I really do have a great testimony of the power of fasting and prayer. I fasted for a day and a half, and then again on fast Sunday. We are teaching five people now. They are all people we couldn't seem to get before. I know it is because the Lord saw fit to answer my prayers. . . I know that if the family will get closer to the Lord that his work can come through us all. I want to thank you all for your support.

July 13. Lolene is rooming with two other girls, Chuck Gibson and Leslie Cornelius, in Dewey Excell's basement in Springdale. They're all working in the cafe there. I got a call from Utah Parks, offering me a housekeeper job in Grand Canyon until school starts--$170 a month. This would hardly pay for my leaving home.

July 20. DeMar started working as garbage truck mechanic for the city of LasVegas last Friday.

Darwin Gifford came to see my new house, and Lolene happened to be here. He is so handsome that it's almost a shame. I don't think he's carrying the torch for Lolene anymore. He tells me he couldn't be happier. Lolene still gets little twinges thinking of him, but she's pretty far gone on Jerry--except that Jerry is pushing the marriage issue a little too hard.

I'm working on the Hurricane Canal story for the newspaper.

July 26. Since Pioneer Day came on Sunday, the ward celebrated it yesterday. Town folks camped on the square last night. The Haltermans, Churches and Woodburys came with covered wagons, tents, and work horses. Lolene, Eric and Leon all sang at the campfire program. Leon can yodle as good as Gerald Gifford! Everyone whistled, clapped and stomped for more. Eric sang a cute little love bug itch thing. I slept on the grass next to Norman's family. When the Indian raid came at dawn, Kathy shot out of her sleeping bag, and scooted down between her parents.

Jerry was down for the weekend, still carrying his diamonds, and Lolene still hesitates to take them.

Granville, N.S.W. Australia, 30 July. Dear Mother . . . . On D day we went ice skating, then Nick took us to his milk bar and gave us a thick milk shake. Then he gave us about 3 pounds of ground beef. It really makes me humble the way these people are always giving us stuff. Sometimes I wonder if the Lord isn't just keeping me in debt to him so I will work harder. . . . Terry

August 8. Lolene quit her job in Springdale to get ready for school. She wrote a dear John letter to Jerry, and he replied with a sad, brave note signed, "love always." It made her want to hop a plane and rush to his arms, but the girls at the apartment restrained her. So she has been batting her grief stricken eyes at Darwin ever since, and having a blast. The color of sorrow is not blue, but rosy pink.

August 28. Where did the summer go? I knocked it out for Merlin Brown and his paper. That's where it went. For weeks he pressured me to do a story on the Hurricane Canal for the Advertiser. Ever since I wrote Aunt Mina Hinton's life sketch, he decided I could do a story on the canal. I didn't tell him I <u>would</u> . I only said I'd think about it. One day the phone rang. "Alice," Merlin said, "where's that first installment? We're running it on the front page today. We need it right now!"

I couldn't believe him. I hadn't written one word, and I told him so. "Get to your typewriter right now," he said, "I'll be over to pick it up, page at a time, so we can get the type set." Click!

"Oh, Heavenly Father, help me," I groaned, uncovering my typewriter. So, I started typing, "This is a story of water--water that dictates where life will be, and of the men who diverted a small trickle that life might be more abundant." And I kept typing.

The phone rang. Mildred said, "Alice, come on over. Mom's house is full of folks you'll want to see."

"I can't," I wailed, "I'm typing." I couldn't even explain, lest my train of thought be broken.

I rattled off six pages, double space, and my brain turned to sawdust. Merlin pounded on the door, scanned it over and said, "We'll expect something equally as good next week."

I had no idea what I'd write, but I knew I would get the canal built.

What a summer. Sacrificing family fun with my sisters and brothers, even when my brother Bill came up from California. And I've learned the stark truth, that if a person is going to write, they've got to have some-

thing to say. Next, a fellow should know what he's talking about. This means research, experience, then sacrifice. I visited every old timer that I thought could help me. There were very few of them still living. I pored over Karl Larson's, "I Was Called To Dixie," and got permission to quote from it. (Karl's story is so factual, and tirelessly researched, why didn't Merlin just get permission to run it?)

In Powell Stratton's pickup, I rode with him to the river, where he parked opposite to the hot springs, then we hiked. He sat on a boulder to take off his shoes at the river crossing. "You can't walk barefooted on those slick rocks," I said, wading out into the water in my shoes.

Laughing heartily, Powell said, "If you can wade in your shoes, I can too. Here, let me hold your arm so you won't fall."

Powell was so shaky that he clung tightly to my arm, laughing uproariously all the way.

Up the old, rutted road we hiked toward Robber's Roost. Before reaching there, we sat under the cottonwoods at the water's edge and ate our lunch. "What would folks think if they saw me here peeling hard boiled eggs with you?" he chuckled.

At Robber's Roost we kicked our toes in the dust, uncovering mementos of the past--a brittle, curled up leather shoe, rusty cookstove door, etc. Sitting under the cave like shelter of the leaning boulder, ghosts of the past sang and danced before us. Powell's eyes shone as he talked unceasingly, remembering the days of building the canal.

Merrill Hall took me over the top of the hill in his pickup, to the head of the canal. As we walked, looking down into the river canyon, he shared his memories. The very existence of that canal, clinging to the hillside, speaks such eloquence. The story of each canal break is told by the countless boulder-strewn scars, where water has ripped and gullied down the slopes, undermining the canal. Each break had to be repaired by hand while field crops burned.

Writing local history is dangerous--as hazardous as setting off a fuse. Because time would not permit interviewing every living soul I knew, I settled for those I could reach in my small capsule of time. Consequently I was bombarded with a hail of criticism and outcries. Men even ran out in the street, stopping my car, and shaking their fists at me. One man shouted, "My father worked on that canal from start to finish and you never mentioned his name once." After the whole thing was over, people began knocking on my door, bringing little family incidents. But the story was already published! Done. Oh dear, oh dear! I realize how naive I was to have so blithely undertaken this task. I am penitent. To the critics I can only say, "Don't sit in the grandstand and yell. Get out on the floor and play. I have written my version. Now you write yours."

On the credit side of the ledger were expressions of enjoyment from many readers. Merlin said, "Alice, the story is worth $500 but we don't have that kind of money. We can give you $50 now, and perhaps a little more later on." A summer's experience cannot be measured in a monetary way. I'm glad Merlin pushed me.

And now the summer is over and gone, and I am returning to the class room, not as a teacher's aid, but as an English teacher. The certified teacher they hired cannot come for some reason. Until they find someone to

take his place, I am to fill in. That means attending teacher's institute and faculty meetings. When a certified teacher comes along, then I'll be a teacher's aid again.

September 3. All day Monday was spent at teacher's institute in St. George. In the evening they had a steak dinner for all school employees--teachers, bus drivers, lunch room cooks, etc. Lolene sang the Spanish number Garth Hansen taught her. Tuesday I spent the entire day in faculty meetings. Wednesday I enrolled my new students and handed out books. I had six large groups, and no time to prepare for them. By the last period I was fagged and my brain in tatters. And then in walked a tall, beautiful angel in the person of Beverly Herrick. She is a certified teacher and came to replace me. Her maiden name used to be Armstrong. Fits perfect! When she walked into the room, the students were restlessly milling as if ready to stampede. She held her head high, raised a sun-tanned arm and pointed a long finger at them and said, "I'll not have one word out of you!" A couple of students cuddled up to me and whispered, "When are we going to get rid of her?" "Never," I said joyously.

October 7. Otto Fife came to our house and made a tape recording of the hike through Zion narrows last September--a year ago. His group was trapped there a couple of days by floods. The story is a thrilling one. He is in the narrows tonight with 100 explorer boys. He said he would take an adult group if there are enough who want to go. I started training for the hike as soon as he left.

DeMar came in and said, "Do you want to hike to the lookoff with me? I want to toughen up for deer season."

Lolene and I went with him. DeMar made a beeline from his house to the top of the hill. He is lithe as a deer and long legged. As he bounded ahead, Lolene and I panted after him. Like a soldier ant he went, not turning out for gully or ledge. I wasn't going to be outdone, so I too climbed little ledges instead of going around. Lolene was outstripping me. The last little ledge was too much for me. From on top, DeMar said, "Just put your foot in the little notches and climb up."

I put my foot in the notches, and pulled and pulled, but there was too much ledge. My arms were tired. It was too steep to go back down. I was just hanging there ready to expire. With long strides DeMar came to my rescue. Reaching down he grabbed my hands and pulled me on top. It took us just 20 minutes from his gate to the top. Helen met us there with the car.

October 22. Darwin Stratton came this week and scooped all the topsoil, including the tall weeds, off from our lot. Vernon Church came along and said, "I've a sink hole in my field as big as Alice's house. Could I have this dirt?" How glad I was to have him want it. Darwin hauled in 15 loads of blow sand and 3 loads of manure, and made me a new lot.

At school, Mr. Pierce gave me the rejects from the other classrooms for the sixth period. He said I was to babysit them in the faculty room. They are all boys, most of them bigger than I am. One of them is 6'4" tall, and very good looking. Actually this was to be a study period for them, but most of them weren't too interested in that. We needed something specific, so we started working on skits. One of the boys was good on the piano that was in the room. Yesterday we put on an assembly that was a real surprise to the faculty and the student body. The boys were cute, and I was proud of them. We were stormed with congratulations.

December 3. I have been scanning through my notes taken at the mission home when I went to see Terry off. "Prayer is not a substitute for work." "Counting time is not so important as making time count." "The difference between a geyser and a mud puddle is enthusiasm." "Two people can do anything if one of them is the Lord and the other has a willing heart."

December 10. It started to rain a week ago. For four days the rain never stopped. There was no wind, and it wasn't cold--nothing but rain, lots of it, coming straight down. After everything became saturated, the floods came. The school bus could not get out of Springdale on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. The river changed its course, taking the highway out in two places between Springdale and Rockville. It cut through Vern Dickman's farm, and now he owns a lot of river bottom. Chickens and turkeys rode the waves on top of baled hay, boards or little out-buildings. The flood took some horses and cows and tractors.

Tuesday, after MIA, the roar of the river was so loud, DeMar took his spotlight, and I went flood-watching with him. At Berry Springs the river filled the canyon from ledge to ledge. At the hot springs, flood spray dashed over the bridge. "I don't believe we'd better cross the bridge," I said. So we did. Men love to do things scared women don't think they should. We tried to drive to the power plant, but the road was under water from the Gibraltar Rock on. Merlin Holt was there. He said the highway patrol had called, telling him a new flood would crest here at about 11:00 p.m. Now that the flood has subsided, viewing the ruins is a popular sport.

December 19. Jimmy Stratton was the speaker in sacrament meeting yesterday. A mission has changed him. He calls Helen down every time she says a word that doesn't sound right. He says the thing that jarred him most when he got home was the language our young people use.

One of LaPriel's twins, Lynn, and Bud Williams eloped last Tuesday with LaPriel's consent. They didn't want the fuss of a wedding.

December 27. The challenge of making Christmas gifts for everyone, without spending a dollar has been very absorbing. Fact is, it has been fun. Since all of my finances were mission-bound, or house-bound, this has been an honest cause. I knitted a pink sweater for Marie, slippers for Chance, and for Susan's doll, and sewed doll dresses from my scrap bag. From my two year's supply, I found groceries to give, but the most fun of all was the scrapbook project. I brought home a stack of hard bound books from the school library that had been discarded. Most of them hardly looked used. What fun I had planning, cutting and pasting to make scrapbooks for my little people. What a litter I was creating. Then, Ovando knocked on the door. He handed me $100 from the Gubler estate! I had money! I didn't have to make all of those books! What a letdown! Since I didn't have to do it, suddenly I didn't want to do it. All of the kick I was getting out of the project was gone. I swooped up the litter and burned it. I'll admit I had a twinge of disappointment, but I gulped it down, and went out and bought stockings and panties for the grandchildren.

Among the treasures that Christmas brought me, was a letter from Sister Lemming in Australia. She said, "Your son and his companions have

brought the greatest joy into my life. I thank God with every breath for sending him into my home. I love him more than if he were my own. He is one of the finest men it has ever been my privilege to know."

Often in the evening, I hear the glass door to my kitchen slide open, and pushing the curtain aside, little Ivy appears. She toddles in with a grin, and then DeMar materializes with a broad smile on his face. I swoop the darling little girl up in my arms, and DeMar brings an armful of wood in and lights a fire in the fireplace, then sits on the hearth watching the dancing flames. There is a speaker from the stereo on each side of the hearth. It is a perfect place to be surrounded by magnificent music. DeMar lives deeply. I wouldn't miss the joy of living close to him for anything.

And then there's Norman's precious family. Ann said Gordon gave her no end of trouble, because he wanted to bring a hot rod to Grandma. He brought it down the last day of school. It is a scrap of shingle that is broken off to look like a hot rod to him. Lloyd drops in sometimes after Primary and says, "I haven't visited you for a long time." When I give him bread and peanut butter he says, "I mustn't come too much because I'm a bother." "Oh no you're not," I say. "Grandmas are here so boys can have bread and peanut butter." Then he looks pleased.

What satisfaction is mine. How dear are my children, both those who are near and those who send their love across the miles in letters and by telephone. Surely, my cup runneth over!

LOOK TO THE STARS

VOLUME II

The Stratton Years

By

Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

INTRODUCTION

The Robin

Last week I was watching a robin,
As busy as a bee,
Gathering grass and flowers,
Building her nest in a tree.
Her task was nearly completed,
When a windstorm came that way
And destroyed in only a moment
Her labor of many a day.

But I do admire the robin,
Though misfortune she has met.
She does not droop in sorrow,
Or brood in vain regret.
But she is working harder than ever
In sunshine and in rain,
And the nest that was ruined a week ago
Is almost built again.

I think she looks to the future.
That's why her song is sweet.
She will not be discouraged,
Or own she has met defeat.
She sings as sweetly as ever
Tho' her loss must have cost her pain,
And the nest that was ruined a week ago
Is almost built again.

I wonder if we as humans
Who brag on how much we know
Can do as well as the robin
And sing as we suffer a blow.
Or don't we much more often
Just kick and growl and whine
And make our loss just double
By wasting precious time?

I hope I have learned my lesson
From the robin and her nest,
And that I may meet discouragement
With new hope in my breast.
For I have come to this conclusion,
Tho' we may be six feet tall,
We often haven't as much backbone
As the robin, after all.

Author unknown.

This poem is a favorite of Ermal's, and expresses his life's philosophy, as is shown in the following account.

CHAPTER 56

Ermal Stratton
(1967)

January 19. Saturday, Lolene and I hiked down the power plant road to the river. Lolene bubbled and hallelujahed all the way. She rolled on the new sand deposited by December's flood, and bounced flat pebbles across the shining water. She taught me how to bounce pebbles on the water too.

We walked, sat, crawled and absorbed. The river has made new channels and islands, and dug fresh banks. Flood waters have laid the willows and bamboo grass flat, burying them with debris. Fish are trapped in isolated puddles. Lolene watched them in the murky water. "Oh, for sad," she said.

We climbed up the old trail Fred Brooks had built for his children when they ran the power plant. Parts of the trail are obliterated.

January 30. The seventh period with my overgrown boys in the faculty room has never been the same since we put on the assembly program. Our relationship with each other has been more spontaneous and happy. Miss Crawford has given us the kitchen for that period each Friday, and the boys cook. They do their own planning on what they will make, and decide who will bring what. The first time they baked cookies, George Maloney took a tray of them to the principal's office to share with the faculty. Mr. Pierce was touched. "That George!" he said. "He's all wool, and a yard wide."

February 4. Lolene is flying to Lander, Wyoming. Poor little will-o'-the-wisp. Her wedding day was set for February 18. Her wedding dress was

partly cut out, but now the material is stored away, along with 900 wedding invitations. She has returned Darwin's diamond. There has been no quarrel. Lolene is simply not ready to get married, so she has accepted Les and Aunt LaPriel's invitation to come to Wyoming.

Our little Susan had plastic surgery last week, both on the inside and outside of her throat. This is supposed to be her final operation.

Februray 18. A dirty gusty wind blew a piece of tin roofing from Church's dairy onto the high tension wires, which promptly burned it in two. This set the power running wild--450 volts of it into our house, and Church's, Pansy's and DeMar's. What a weird noise our refrigerator made. Quickly I pulled the plug, then turned off all of our electric heat. Out of curiosity, I turned on the kitchen light. There was a flash, and a pouf and the light was gone. I tried in my study and it did the same. I tried the hall light with the same result. I ran outside the same time Vernon Church did. Vernon shouted, "My light globes are all popping, and my new refrigerator is smoking." France Spendlove was climbing a power pole. He shouted, "We've some power getting away from us." Damage was done to DeMar's furnace motor, and things went wrong in Pansy's house. The Power Company's insurance said they did not pay for an "act of God."

February 21. Well, well! Helen's and DeMar's little son was born Sunday evening, just a few hours after Helen's grandpa, Frank Stratton died. It's possible these two fellows stopped to chat as they passed each other on their way. DeMar can't stop grinning.

March 4. Lolene and Les arrived from Lander this morning. This afternoon we went to Cedar and got a student apartment for them. They will register for the spring quarter at the CSU.

When Lolene auditioned on Talent Showcase they liked her. She is to appear on TV in Salt Lake in another week. If she goes over good it will mean an European tour.

March 15. Helen's mother, Isabel, passed away this morning. What a shock! Only yesterday she and Ermal came to see me. She gave me some things to add to Grandpa Stratton's life story, and told me how anxious she was to get a copy. And now I find myself tearfully writing her own life sketch to give in her funeral. What an assignment. Ever since Helen married DeMar, Isabel has been like a sister to me.

March 17. Bonnie Christy, one of my special students, was married to Pete Atkin in the St. George Temple this morning. I stood in for her mother, who could not be there. Also, I stood in the receiving line at her reception at Virgin tonight. Cyrus Gifford was the M.C., and Lolene and I were both on the program. Bonnie looked like a China doll.

March 18. Isabel's funeral was today. It was hard to stand at the pulpit and talk, as I looked down at her weeping family. I did not go to the cemetary. Instead, I hurried home, got into my jeans, and went into the garden and hoed furiously to try to overcome the emotions I felt.

March 21. LaPriel writes from Lander to remind me to go to New Harmony at apple blossom time. She says the orchards there at the base of Pinevalley Mountain's rolling green meadows are Heaven. I think I'll boil an egg, take some bread and butter sandwiches and go.

March 26. All of my children but Marilyn's family and Terry went to the sand dunes Eastering yesterday. What a lot of little children we have! Jerrold Paul and Kelly Bruce toddle about together feeling very grown. Johnny says Marie is his honey, and Rick is in love with Ivy. They danced around together holding hands, chanting, "We're getting married." They think getting married is to hold hands and whirl.

Marilyn telephoned. Finally, at long last, Susan is released from the hospital. The doctor says she is normal and sound. No more train trips to Salt Lake. No more dilatories. When the doctor told Marilyn that was it, she just sat and laughed and cried. Now, after nine years of surgery, shots, wheelchairs, oxygen tents, tubes, administrations, and years of praying, she is declared well and whole. How thankful I am!

April 1. Terry's birthday. What a start I got off to for April Fools' Day! When I kneeled to pray I asked to be able to see more clearly the way. Well, I got up off my knees and sat on my glasses that I had left on the bed and broke them!!! I couldn't even see the numbers on the telephone to dial for help. I counted the holes in the dial and called DeMar. He phoned Dr. Johnson, then he took me to St. George to get my glasses fixed. What a blessing it was Saturday.

May 3. What a shining bubble my happiness has been. Every day I'm tickled to come home to my little house, and to work in the yard. When Kathy and Lloyd come to see me, I open a bottle of Deer Park raspberries, and we eat a quart at a setting and chatter like blackbirds. My kitchen is big, where we can fix and fuss, and I can enjoy the comings and goings of my children with no need to account to anyone but myself, for we belong to no one but us. Ah, sweet freedom. And I planned to keep it this way. Never since Winferd left had I been so happy.

And then, Isabel Stratton took off without warning, and left Ermal all alone.

"Mother, what are we going to do about Daddy?" Helen wailed.

"Don't worry about Daddy. I've never seen a man mope around alone very long. He'll take care of himself," I replied.

So, when I answered a knock on my door one evening, there stood Ermal. "I've got to have a friend I can talk to," he said.

"Come in," I said. I've been his friend ever since he outgrew the title of being the meanest kid in Hurricane. And especially since I had bought a Singer sewing machine from him. That alone entitled me to the celestial kingdom. According to Ermal, people who bought Singers would go to the celestial kingdom. People who bought Berninas would go to the terrestial, and those who bought Japanese machines would go to the telestial.

Then, of course, with Helen being in our family for the past seven years, Ermal and Isabel became family too, so having him come to talk was no big deal. At least it wasn't until he said, "I need a friend who will pal with me, and who will someday be my wife. Will you be that pal?"

Shocked, I said, "Why, I'm old enough to be your mother! I'm four years older than you."

"That don't make no matter," he said, shoving a box of chocolates at me. "I brought you these. I ain't never courted a girl, and I really don't know how."

He looked like a wounded little boy. His grin was phony and I knew he could cry as easy as not, so I didn't laugh.

It's a fact that he had never courted a girl. He didn't have to. His pa had married Isabel's ma, when Isabel was only twelve. Ermal was eighteen. Although there were two older sisters, Bertha and Kate, who came to live in the Stratton home, it was always Isabel who was the cutest one in Ermal's sight. When she went on a date with John Stocks, Ermal threatened to beat the tar out of him if he ever showed up again, and he never did. Pa and Ma had gone to St. George the night Isabel went out with a CCC boy. Ermal put a lamp in the window for her to see as soon as she neared the house. She thought exactly what he wanted her to think--that Pa and Ma were home, so she came directly in. She married Ermal just one month before she turned sixteen, and they went to the hot springs for their honeymoon.

And now, after thirty-one years, his sunshiny little darling had left him alone, with four children, three sons-in-law, and eleven grandchildren. How desperately he needed someone to talk to. "Will you be my pal?" he repeated.

I sensed his suffering. I wouldn't have hurt him for the world. "Of course I will," I said.

That was a month ago. From the attention that is showered on that boy, anyone would think he was the only guy in the world who had been left alone. Helen is trying hard to take her mother's place. DeMar feels like the forgotten man. In desperation he says, "Helen has got to choose between her dad and me." On Sundays I find DeMar and Helen ushering Ermal to sacrament meeting to sit beside me. He drops in every evening after work. (He's cashier at Graff's Furniture and Hardware store). He released me from his first proposal that I become his wife, because he decided he had asked too soon. So he waited until the next day and asked me again.

"Of course you'll have to come and live in my house," he said.

"And leave this new little unfinished house? Never. I'm happier right here than I've been for years. My whole heart is right here."

Ermal is a salesman. He won the distinction of being the Singer Company's number one salesman for the eight western states. His powers of persuasion were magnificent to hear. He wasn't the one who was crying anymore. I was. He was tearing my heart out. Every night I plumped up and pounded my pillow, and burrowed into it with my tears. Time after time, I'd get out and kneel by my bed and weep, "Why me? Why not someone else?"

With all of his persuasive powers he could not budge me one inch toward his house in Hurricane. No way was I going to try to step into Isabel's shoes. How could I stand in the same spot where she always stood to fry his egg, or squeeze out his orange juice? How could I stand to have his children coming in to see how differently I ran the house than their mother had? They would almost die with the agony of it, and I'd be thoroughly wretched.

I knew there wasn't a better man alive than Ermal, and I knew he'd be as good as gold. I was honored at his attention. The goals he set, and the plans he laid were the most attractive I'd ever heard.

"Alice, keep your eyes on the celestial kingdom. Together we can do

a great work for our Father in Heaven. Alice, I have saved for my retiring years. We can do things together that we've never been able to do before. The picture is so clear. With you by my side I can see years of perfect happiness. I want to take care of you, to make you my queen, to love you dearly. I want to do everything for you that Winferd would have done if he was here, and Isabel wants you to keep me on the right track. Can't you see it Alice?"

Heavens, there was no one on earth I liked better than Ermal, and I knew he'd be true to his word. Still, I replied, "No, I can't see it the way you do. I've worked hard on my new house. You've got me shedding tears over every flower I plant at its foundation. To walk out on this place would be a sacrifice I simply cannot make."

"But I can't come and live in your house. It wouldn't look right. People would say I was living off you. I just can't do it," he said.

"That's just fine with me. I can't be bothered with what people think. I'll just live my own life the way I will be happiest, and you can live yours."

When he left I knew he'd be back. He has determination.

DeMar was home alone, so I went to his place and vented my feelings about the problem at hand, and about men in general. He laughed and laughed. "Mother, you're so funny. I've told Ermal you're getting weird and that you sure do need him."

"Thanks a lot," I fumed, heading back to my house.

I dialed Bishop Reed Wilson on the phone. "Bishop, something terrible has happened. Do you have a minute?"

"I'm on my way to Hurricane. I'll stop by," he said.

When he came I stormed, pouring out my whole tale of miseries. "Look, bishop, this shouldn't happen to me. I like my life. I'm happy. I'm my own boss, and can do as I please, and this is the way I want it to be."

The bishop sat with half closed eyes. Finally, he said, "You know Alice, the more you talk, the more I am convinced that this is the right thing. I have been prayerful about this, and I'm sure it is right. I can see nothing but years of happiness ahead for you and Ermal."

Well!

After he left, Ermal pounded on my door. "I've been thinking. You've got a lot of work to do to finish this house. I guess I'd better come and help you do it."

Good guy! He had swallowed his pride. All at once I knew how much fun it would be to have him around. Even more fun than being my own boss.

May 5. Maxine and Corinne called on me yesterday. In a kidding mood they demanded that I marry their dad within forty-eight hours. When they left they said, "a half hour has already gone." Ermal and I went to Cedar for the evening. I came back wearing a gold wedding band. Ermal told his girls we had been to Caliente, that we had gotten married within their forty-eight hour limit. The girls stormed. Didn't daddy know they were only kidding? He had no business getting married so soon, especially out of the temple. Ermal enjoyed their fury.

May 9. I'm wearing the gold band. Ermal says it's safer on my finger than anywhere else. When my students asked about it, I told them I was going to get married. This morning, one of the girls said, "Teacher, my mom and dad said they talked about you all night, because they are so shocked."

"They shouldn't have missed a nights sleep over me," I replied.

I didn't laugh when Ermal first confessed he didn't know how to court a girl, but now I can let it ripple. He knows how all right, in a very unique way. His expressions have class. He says, "You know that little yellow love vine that twines around on the tops of carrots? I think they call it dodder. Well, to me you're like a pretty green carrot top, and I am the dodder." Another time he said he was like a pan of water with the tap turned on full force, and joy pouring into him and spilling all over.

And yet I see the homesick longing in his eyes. Right now he is fiercely determined to make it to the celestial kingdom where Isabel will be waiting.

"When I went to Singer salesman classes," he said, "the instructor told us the best way to reach the top was to ask ourselves, 'If I do this will it get me where I want to go?' If the answer is yes, then do it. If the answer is no, then don't do it. He said we should not do one thing that would not advance us. And it will work the same way with getting into the celestial kingdom. If we keep this goal in mind and don't do one thing that will not advance us toward that goal, we can't help but make it."

He frankly lets me know I'm the trooper who is to keep him on track. Since we both look forward to being with our own special someone again, we will be traveling the same road. He'll liven up the journey with hunks of humor and with his strong shoulders, remove obstacles. My part is to be sort of a guide.

June 6. I'm Mrs. Ermal Stratton now. We were married for time in the St. George Temple on the 27th of May. All of our children and their companions were there, except Terry of course, who is still in Australia. Those who could, went through the temple with us. The others were on the temple grounds waiting to see us off on our honeymoon.

Every morning Ermal says, "I want to thank you for marrying up with me. Wives is the sweetest things what they is." Generally speaking, he understands proper English, but as he explains, the language that flows out of him is <u>not</u> English. He talks United States. It fits his tongue the best.

When I promised to marry Ermal, I had supposed it would be sometime next year. After all, there should be a respectable lapse of time.

"It's silly to wait when you know what you want," he said. "You said yourself you couldn't be bothered with what people think. I ain't going to live alone just for the looks of things. I ain't never been alone, and I don't aim to be. If you're going to marry me at all, you'll do it the day school lets out."

We took a brief honeymoon to California, spending our time along highway 101 watching the ocean. We slept one night on the beach, with the car windows rolled down so we could hear the roar and splash of the

waves. The next morning the station wagon and ourselves were salt-crusted. Salt goes well with rice. Our children did a thorough job of sprinkling rice through all of our luggage and bedding.

The pink cloud of our honeymoon turned to one of purple frenzy when we returned home the first of June and faced the task of consolidating households. My pretty, spacious house is a shambles now. I had thought it would be a snap to just sit tight and let Ermal do the moving. Afterall, I was the one who was staying home, and he was the one who was moving. With the very first, "Where shall we put these?" my complacency vanished. I have been dumping shelves and closets into the middle of the floor to make room. Treasures that I've hoarded for years have suddenly become junk. WE HAVE TO DISCARD. We're giving away stuff and stuff, so we'll only have what we can use. For the rest of my life my motto shall be, "Acquire only what you need, and no more!" Life can become burdened with things.

Norman and Ann had a little daughter born to them on June 3. (Laura).

Long before Ermal appeared on our horizon, I had planned a weeks vacation in Salt Lake City with my three daughters, beginning June 8. We are going to keep this date.

June 15. Home again. I wonder, will there ever be a time in my life again when I can enjoy such a carefree week with Marilyn, Shirley and Lolene? Lolene was on the USO program given in the Crystal Height Ward at a banquet for the Sons of the Utah Pioneers. Leslie Cornelius flew in from Lander, Wyoming to be with us. The program was televised on Gene Jeleznick's Talent Show Case. Judges were there from New York. The winners would go on a USO tour of Europe in September. Lolene was not among the winners. Funny. Winning is such fun--but then--losing means that Lolene's school will not be interrupted, and that is good.

When we got home, Ermal was sitting in the corner on the flour can in our big kitchen. He was displaced, disoriented, and suffering. I did my best to comfort him. He was wrung out with homesickness for the things he knew he could never again have in this life.

Finally, I became exhausted from trying to be his anchor, his bulwark, his pillar of strength. "If you want to go back home, I'll help you pack," I said.

He rallied and put on a cheerful countenance.

June 20. Jim (Ermal's son) moved in with us yesterday. Lolene and Leslie went to work at the Pioneer Lodge in Springdale. They came with two cars loaded with their stuff and asked if we could store it for them--after me giving away half of my belongings to make way for Ermal's stuff! Our closets are packed tight, as well as things stacked in corners and stuffed under the beds. Housecleaning is tough. Ermal's beginning to give me a rough time about moving into his house. He goes back to his house everyday with the pretext of watering the lawn or doing some other little chore. He sits in a lawn chair under the shade of the elm trees and writes notes of fatherly advice to his children, formulating his will, and telling them what their mother would say if she were here.

But in the depths of his grief, he battles to the surface. Every word, and every act of his is an expression of appreciation. "Listen, galley," he'll say to either Lolene or me. "Galley" is a tender term for "gal". Every day he makes some little offering, such as a candy bar,

a red apple, or a rose. He's struggling to be polished and genteel, when naturally he's boisterous and rowdy. This morning he grinned and said, "Honey, do you mind if I just act natural today?"

July 10. The LaVerkin Ward sponsored a Hollywood show in the Zion Bowl. For publicity's sake, Lolene's picture was run in the paper, saying that she was hostess of the show. She was told that she would not have a spot on the show. However, the Hollywood troop sought her out the day ahead, and she opened the show. The place was packed. The spectators faced the east, where the mountains were a brilliant red in the setting sun, and Lolene came on stage with her guitar and sang, "The Red Hills of Utah." The audience applauded and whistled for more, but she launched into the business of emceeing the show which started with posting the colors, and then prayer. The Master Singers from Cedar gave four numbers, and then came the Hollywood show. Ermal enjoyed it all. He kept saying, "Now that's good music." The ward cleared $400 on the show.

July 20. To keep the blow sand out of the house, Ermal has put down a cement patio, and Jim put in lawns for my birthday. I have a new spiral clothesline in the back yard too. I'd forgotten the luxury of living with someone who cared.

August 8. Thursday, Perry took Corinne, Helen, Ann, Lolene, Shirley and me upon Kolob in his jeep. We went beyond Potato Hollow to the West Rim trail of Zion Canyon. It was a scary climb, and Shirley screamed half of the way. I think Perry enjoyed her screaming, for he stepped on the gas, and the jeep leaped and bounced even more enthusiastically over the rocks. Perry left us where we could look down on the top of all of the isolated "islands in the sky" that are the mountains of Zion Canyon. These mountains are all topped with tall timber, and drop down with perpendicular walls on all sides deep into the canyon. Not even a deer or squirrel could get a toe hold to climb on top of one of them to browse. We hiked nine miles down the trail and came out at the swinging bridge at the grotto campground in Zion. Norman, DeMar and Perry were there waiting for us. We were on the trail five hours. I had to walk the last mile backwards, because my kneecaps felt like they had spikes under them. Going down Walter's Wiggles backwards is very tricky.

August 20. Jim married Dana Koenig on the fifth of August, so we're living mostly by ourselves now.

September 10. I'm back in school, much to Ermal's chagrin. "No wife of mine is going to work," he protested. "I can support her myself. Besides, I ain't never lived with a school teacher, and I ain't sure I'd like it. Since you promised, we'll try it for awhile. If I don't like it, you'll quit." What sweet music!!!

Already we've hit a snag. Our lunch hours don't jibe. I meet him coming home as I return to school.

September 16. (Saturday). Ermal stopped at Mom's where I was cleaning. "Hey, hon," he said, "come home quick as you can. I gotta surprise for you."

Hurriedly I finished, and Ermal met me at our kitchen door. Leading me inside, he clamped his big hands on my shoulders, nailing me to the floor. "Stand here, and don't move."

Ermal's surprises are always very surprising surprises. I didn't move. He bustled off to the bedroom, and returned with a shoe box. Thrusting it into my hands, he said, "Open it."

Lifting the lid, I beheld a used pair of clippers, scissors, brush, and a crumpled hair cutting cloth.

"You're going to cut my hair from now on," he announced.

"What!" I shrieked. "I don't know a thing about cutting hair."

"You kin learn. I wuz on my way to Keith's barber shop when I stopt an' sez, 'no sir. Alice kin learn to cut my hair, startin' today.'"

"You'll look a mess," I warned.

"You kin start this minit."

Apprehensively I did. It took me an hour, and he looks like a bald eagle.

October 20. Oh how beautiful our study and living room looks!! Ermal had Graff's men lay carpet in the two rooms. Luxurious! And we went shopping at Wilkinson's in St. George for light fixtures. Shirley and Perry had already given me the central fixture in the front room for Christmas, and now we've completed the picture. There are no more bare light bulbs hanging from pig tail wires from the ceilings. Our home is blossoming petal at a time. And Ermal <u>sings</u> in the mornings. Just imagine what the world would be like if everyone woke up singing!

November 5. We drove to LasVegas to meet Terry's plane as he returned from Australia. My heart pounded with excitement as the big silver bird roared through the sky, then set down. Breathlessly I watched the passengers come down the ramp. My heart sank as the last passenger emerged, and Terry was not there. In disappointment I turned, and there, coming down the long corridor in the opposite direction, was my son. His plane had landed on the other side of the building. In his hand he carried a thick, hardwood part of a beer keg. Setting it down, he took me in his arms and kissed me, then said, "I carried this all the way from Australia to you. I had my weight limit of luggage, so I had to keep this on my lap. It's a gift to you from one of the members in Australia. He cut the keg so you could use it for a planter." Stamped on the bottom is, "Queensland Brewery Ltd., Brisbane, Australia." It weighs sixteen pounds.

November 20. My story, "The Golden Bowl" by Alice Sabin, was in the Relief Society Magazine that came in the mail today. I read it as I ate my sandwich at noon, then spread it open by Ermal's plate where he could read it when he came to dinner. When I got home this evening, the magazine still lay spread open to the same page, only this time it was covered with crumbs. He had eaten on it.

"Didn't you see my story?" I asked.

"No. I didn't know you wrote one," Ermal replied.

"You ate on it," I complained.

"Oh, I didn't know it was there." And that was the end of that. He isn't interested in any such thing. How exasperating!

December 27. My family has gained twenty-three new members during 1967, what with the arrival of babies Leon and Laura, and then consolidating

with Ermal's family, then Jim's marriage to Dana. We only got a brief look at Terry after he returned home, for he was off to Deer Park, Washington, bringing Susan Lindholm home with him. They were married two days before Christmas, and have moved into their apartment in Cedar where Terry will go to school. Lolene was also at the CSU but came home for Christmas.

Christmas with Ermal was unique. "I don't want no gifts," he said, "but I want to know how much you wuz going to spend on me." After he wrung the proposed amount out of each of the children, he said, "Now I want you to go to Graff's Grocery and charge that exact amount to me, and buy food or clothing for someone in need." Then he filled some boxes of his own.

At one home where we left groceries, the man broke down and cried. At another home a little boy was so tickled to get a new pair of pants he hugged me tight.

Ermal gave Helen some money and said, "Go out and buy the most beautiful material there is to be had and make Alice a dress." The dress is a dusty pink, glittery with gold thread. It's so pretty I wonder where to wear it.

Since their cancelled wedding plans last spring, Lolene and Darwin have dated other young people, but never quite quit looking over their shoulders at each other. They both parked their bulky gifts to each other under our Christmas tree. The one from her to him was big as an electric range. It was wrapped in gold paper trimmed with red hearts. One of the hearts was inscribed, "Don't touch!" Darwin touched and said there was no bottom in the gaudy thing, and she scolded.

Ermal kept Darwin in the kitchen Christmas morning, and Lolene crawled inside the gold box, breaking the wrapping where holes were left for her head and arms. With a gold ribbon in her hair she danced about the room.

"I am your Christmas gift, honey," she said kissing Darwin. He exploded with laughter and she stooped and said, "See, there is too a bottom in the box."

The queer package from him to her was locomotive shaped, with cab, body and engine. She tore away the holly paper and waded through a conglomeration of dummy packages until she came to a juice can with a note inside that said, "I give you myself for Christmas." Two people with the same thought. And more laughter. Then she brought out a sports coat for him that had taken all of her school check, and he brought out the solitaire diamond that puts him in hock. Fat tears plopped from Lolene's eyes, and Ermal and I took off to visit relatives.

CHAPTER 57

Occupation: Housewife

(1968)

February 15. Ermal and I were set apart as ordinance workers in the St. George Temple last evening. We've been doing endowment work ever since we were married.

Tenaciously I'm hanging on to my job at Hurricane High, although Ermal and I still go opposite directions at noon. He doesn't like it, but is being patient until spring. At school, I correct English papers, but my husband says folks in the United States shouldn't concern themselves about good English. He persists in talking "United States".

An "Ermal" dictionary might be quite appealing. A bumblebee is a beetlebum. When Ermal's busy, he's "bisky". He eats karicks instead of carrots. If something is good, it is "goot". Onions are "young-uns", and when my egg is done, he says, "Yore aig is dooed." He's poetic too. To tell me he loves me, he says, "You kinda twang a soft chord with me." Whatever he says, he says it different. The grandkids giggle as they sit down to "browse" with Grandpa.

March 1. I've a sweet group of seventh graders this year, who somehow scuttled through elementary without learning to read. Every day I work with them, and I've learned to love them dearly. I've combined this group with some of my other students, and we're working on a skit parade for assembly. Every student will have a part.

March 15. I've worked so hard on this assembly that my students are on my mind twenty-four hours a day. Last night, I had a distressing dream about everything going wrong when they were on stage, so I began to weep. Ermal shook me, and I cried and cried.

"Ok! This is it," he said. "You're getting out of school right now."

"Oh, please, please," I begged, "let me stay until school is out."

"We'll have no more waking up in the night crying," he said sternly.

March 20. The assembly is over. Bonnie Lloyd, one of our talented seniors, helped me. She wrote the words, and set them to music, to tie in the different acts. She also made the flip charts to introduce each act. She has been a great strength to me. The students were frightened, thrilled, and above all, precious. Their parents came to see them perform, and I'm happy we did it. Now I can sleep at nights.

March 3. Yesterday, Ermal's daughter Maxine Limb had a baby girl. (Alice).

June 5. Lolene and Darwin Gifford were married in the St. George Temple on the first of June. Even my frail little mother came to the sealing room to be with us. Incidentally, Lolene couldn't use the nine-hundred announcements she had made over a year ago. Even her mother's name was changed. But she did finish the wedding dress that was started.

I feel like we've had nothing but weddings, beginning with the day I became DeMar's mother-in-law a year ago. Then came Jim's wedding in August, and Terry's in December, and now Lolene's. Now we've run out of children,

and money for weddings. It's a good thing some things have to come to an end.

A little boy (Brett Ashley) was born to Terry and Susan on May 23rd.

June 17. Clinton gave Lolene some cherries for a wedding gift if she would pick them. We went to the field and she sang all the while she was in the cherry tree. As she put the cherries in the bottles, she kept exclaiming, "Mother, they're beautiful like jewels! I never knew putting up fruit was fun before." She has helped put up fruit by the hundreds of quarts every year, but this year it is different. There's something more personal about each bottle.

Terry and Susan are in Council, Idaho where he is working as an engineer's assistant. He is going out in engineering in college and it is through the college that he got his summer's work. He's a fire spotter and helps survey roads through the woods. He plans to go to the "Y" this fall.

July 10. Shirley has been with us for a few days. Perry woke up one morning and said, "Shirley, I want you to go to LaVerkin and buy Jeanne Smith's house today. I want to get my family out of LasVegas."

For seven years Jeanne has refused to sell to anyone, but now she has decided to sell to Shirley and Perry. I'm glad they're moving here.

July 18. Our kids gave a birthday party for me in the Hurricane City park. We had fried chicken, home made ice cream, and a water fight. Everyone got ducked, including little kids.

July 26. I walk in the garden with Ermal in the mornings before breakfast, while he looks for tomato worms and squash bugs. This morning, as he was tussling with a fat, three inch worm that was backlashing him, trying to break his hold on its neck, Ermal caught a gleam in the bushes. "Come and look," he said, so I came. Wound through a tomato bush, like a piece of plastic lace, was the transparent hide of a blow snake. The old fellow had crawled out of his skin through the open mouth. The eye sockets each held a drop of glistening dew.

I'd never been to Moccasin, Arizona since I fell in the reservoir when I was a kid, so Ermal took me there on the 24th. Moccasin is just the right size for a one-family spread, and sets in a pocket among the wooded hills. A peacock, with a long blue neck and a frilly topknot on his head,was sitting on a lumber pile where we turned into town. He squawked a welcome, then arose, spreading his tail to a fan, and strutted. I gasped in awe at his brilliance.

From Moccasin, we took a back road to Johnston, riding into a hail storm. We saw wild west buildings with false fronts, created by Hollywood for filming a movie. Cattle humped their backs against the pelting hail. We followed a back road to Alton. A flash flood roared down a wash we had to cross. The bridge was good. The lakes past Alton were full, and glassy clear. A mother duck skimmed over the water through the lily pads, followed by ten little ducklings.

What a sight greeted us when we got home! The Rambler was decorated with fresh stalks of sunflowers, and the garden hose was twined in and out through the doors and wheels. The patio chairs were stacked against the kitchen door, weighted down with limbs. "Jimmy Stratton is in town," I exclaimed.

I saw Lolene run into Helen's house, to phone, I presume, for promptly Maxine, Russel, Jim and Dana appeared.

When we stepped inside, I grabbed my hair with both hands and exclaimed, "No! Oh no!"

The house was a shambles. Every door and drawer throughout was open, with stuff spilling out. The flour can was on the stove, with my typewriter on top of it. The TV, desk and couch were turned to the wall. Ermal's pigeon shooting trophy, the little gold man with a gun, was hung from a rope in the coat closet. The piano alone was not misplaced. A robot made out of a chair sat on the piano bench wearing a leather coat, my thick rubber gloves, and the world globe for a head. He wore a foam pillow for a hat. His legs stretched out with the ironing board. He looked terribly strong. A crossbar in the hall was the gallows from which a doll hung, and a corpse lay in the spare room bed. It was made from Lolene's old foundation garment and looked real. Ermal's shoes were the feet. Lolene's white teddy bear lay in our bed sucking on Ermal's souvenir bottle of champagne, and wearing Ermal's red hunting cap, Lolene's bra and my new petticoat. Snuggled up to him was my big doll, wearing my honeymoon gown and red slippers. Pictures on the wall, and the wall clock, hung upside down. Toilet paper fluttered from the light fixtures. A poster in the kitchen announced, "The Haranger has been here." Innocent I-don't-know-anything-about-it Jimmy followed us around the house, saying, "did you see this? And this?" etc. For a guy who didn't know anything about it, he was certainly informed. Such a big operation had to take the combined efforts of our tribes.

September 1. I don't go back to school. "I tried living with a school teacher, and I don't like it," Ermal announced. Being home all summer has been joy unspeakable. And to think, classrooms are filling with noisy, whooping kids, and I don't have to be there! For eighteen years I've had to provide, and now, with the coming of Ermal, I'm free from that worry at last! What gratitude is mine. I AM A HOUSEWIFE. I need no medal to pin on my bosom. Housewife and Mother is the highest degree of all honors.

Since Ermal works long hours at the store, six days a week, I am the gardener. The kids think my garden is strange, because it has no furrows. I don't irrigate with a garden stream, but I sprinkle instead. Vegetables don't care whether they're lined up or not. Weed 'em and water 'em, and they grow.

Ermal relented, after I coaxed for his permission to plant morning-glories. They looked so pretty on the seed package. They're called Tinkerbell's Petticoats, and are ruffled and fancy. He even stretched a wire from the pear tree to the power pole on the ditch bank for them to climb. And they've climbed, and bloomed, pink and beautiful. The vines have sagged the wire into a heavy hedge. I also have fluffy-ruffled petunias, and grandmother's nightcaps. When I wanted to plant salpliglossis, Ermal said, "You ought to have your mouth washed out with soap, just for saying such a word."

Ermal says we're share-cropping this year. I do the gardening, and he shares by picking. I've planted vegetables in all of the odd corners for ornaments. Tom Thumb tomatoes border the patio. Egg plants and bell peppers grow willynilly. The fruits are shiny and beautiful. Ermal loves to run around the neighborhood to share them. I use them for table ornaments too.

September 11. My mother fell in her tomato patch today. Evelyn Hasting saw the little heap in the garden and ran to her. Mom's strength was gone from her struggle to get up. Evelyn and Sister Postma got her into the house, then called me and Wayne. Mom's left arm was out of the socket and the pain was so intense that she passed out. Dr. Last came to the house and checked her over. We put hot packs on her shoulder. I followed the doctor outside and he told me Mama's heart was completely worn out, but he added, "You must not sleep at her house at nights. The minute you start that, she will give up. She's got to make every struggle to do for herself, because that is the only thing that keeps her blood circulating. If you move in, she will be bedfast for the rest of her life."

He doesn't know our mother. She's full of spunk. She says she's going to do as she pleases, and we're going to let her. "There's nothing wrong with my heart," she said, "and I'm not going to die."

Every day she does her own dishes and dusting. If she wants to weed her flowers, she sits on a little stool among them and does it. She keeps up on world events and politics. She cast her ballot yesterday. She has dried a lot of fruit this summer, a cup full at a time.

September 27. Ermal's oldest daughter Corinne Stout had a baby girl yesterday. (Marsha).

October 17. A rain shower got me up at daylight to gather clothes. It felt so warm and good, with exactly the right kind of breeze. I watched the pecan trees blowing against the sky, and I was glad I could enjoy the outside in the early morning, instead of hustling to get ready for the office or for school. Shirley and I spent the afternoon yesterday making green tomato mincemeat. It's good to have her living in LaVerkin.

A little boy was born to Norman and Ann on the 14th. (Vaughn Lewis).

November 1. This is the month of Thanksgiving Day plans. Ermal is oppressed with memories of Thanksgivings past. He says Isabel slaved for days, then everyone came and made gluttons of themselves, and then it took her days to clean up after it was all over. So he says I am not ever going to throw a big Thanksgiving dinner. "I'll take you to a cafe, and then we'll go to Lehman's Cave, or something like that."

"You can't mean it," I protested.

The happy confusion of family Thanksgivings is the greatest of family traditions to me. When the boys and I worked on this house together, that's exactly what I visualized. Lots of kids coming home.

"Well," Ermal says by way of compromise, "I would consent to going to one of the kid's places for Thanksgiving, and then we could just get up and leave!" Crowds get under his skin.

December 1. Thanksgiving dinner was held on Perry's and Shirley's lawn under the big old trees--a revival of the happy days on Grandma and Grandpa Gubler's lawn--sunshine, falling leaves and the whooping of children.

CHAPTER 58

The 50-50 Farmer

(1969)

January 8. A baby boy was born to Perry and Shirley today. (Clayton).

February 10. This morning as we sat at the breakfast table watching the rain drizzle, a robin chirruped.

"Honey, it's coming spring," Ermal said. "I think I'd like to help you with the garden this spring."

He startled me so that I rammed my spoon into my grapefruit, splattering juice all over my glasses. Like a prism the juice reflected the light and Ermal shimmered before me, a halo around his head. "Honey, those are the sweetest words I've ever heard," I exclaimed.

"I mean it," he said, looking very pleased with himself. "I don't like to think of my little wife slaving out in the garden all season for nothing. I've decided to go 50-50 with you. I'll pick out the seeds, and you'll grow 'em."

Kissing the top of his head I said, "That's why I love you. You'd do anything for me."

March 22. The old, old, old almond trees down our lane, that Thomas Judd planted before the turn of the century are a pink cloud today. The trunks are gnarled, grizzly and black, but the trees are heavier with bloom, and far pinker than any of the younger almond trees. I think I'll take an armful of blossoms to the temple.

April 16. Monday I did an exciting thing. I took off for the day to Zion Canyon all by myself. Setting up my folding table, chair and typewriter in an isolated nook underneath cable mountain, I settled down to read, write, and to listen, letting the feel of the canyon ooze inside of me. Crystal water tinkled and trickled over polished rocks.

How good that would have sounded to Dave Flannigan eighty-one years ago when he, John Hepworth, John Winder and Gotfried Ruesch were lost above the Zion ledges.

In the hush and whisper of the canyon, I pored over Dave's diaries. Looking up the perpendicular mountain, climbing it inch by inch with my eyes, peering through the binoculars, I saw the weather-beaten scaffold of the Zion Cable perched against the sky. In fancy I caught the vision that had flashed into fifteen year old Dave's mind as he stood on top of that 2,700 foot wall.

Dave had heard his father's account of President Brigham Young's visit to the "up river settlements." The settlers' cabins had only earth floors, because of the lack of lumber. President Young promised them that the day would come when hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber would be brought down the canyon. As William Crawford, my grandfather, shook hands with President Young, he remarked, "Brother Brigham, I'm afraid you've made one prophecy this time that can never come true. There is no conceivable way for lumber to ever come down this canyon."

So, on this day in 1888, hungry, and with tongues swollen with thirst, Dave and his three companions stood above the canyon, looking down. They

had discovered a beautiful stand of western yellow pine above the ledges. And Dave, with the audacity of youth, dared to dream of a tram to bring the timber down the canyon.

As I read, I relived his story, his dreams, faith, trials, discouragement and doggedness through the years. Then, at long last, his dream became a reality. I came to this entry in his diary: "January 30, 1905: Aaron and I started for St. George with a load of lumber. The first that was ever sold to anyone that came over the cable. Drove Prince and Calico."

So, on this beautiful spring Monday, with the sweet smell of boxelder and cottonwoods wafting about me, and amid the pleasant rustle of their tender new leaves, I wrote my version of the Zion Cable story. Why? Mainly for one reason. I know that none of us ever scratch the surface of our capabilities. I believe that anyone can do anything he wants to, if he wants to badly enough and if he is willing to struggle, suffer and sacrifice to achieve his goal. Dave Flannigan confirmed my belief. I loved this day surrounded by ghosts of the past.

When I went to eat my lunch, an amusing thing brought me back to a very much alive, loveable ghost of the present--Ermal. Tucked in the paper sack with my sandwich was a chocolate Easter bunny, and a scribbled note which read, "Surprise! I sneaked this into your sack so you would remember me." How I shook with laughter, then nibbled off the rabbit's delicious ears.

April 20. I submitted my cable story to the Writer's Digest article writing contest.

July 20. Ermal was right when he said I would be sorry for planting Tinkerbell's petticoats. They're coming up like a carpet all over the garden. I hoe, and hoe, getting them all out today. Tomorrow a new batch of seeds have sprouted. Grandmother's nightcaps are also sprouting among the petticoats.

July 25. Dear Miss Stratton: Congratulations! Your entry, "I Know It Can Be Done" has won 75th prize in the Article Category of our 1969 Creative Writing Awards. Would you be kind enough to send us both background information on your prize-winning entry, and a short autobiographical sketch highlighting your writing credits and experience. . . . Cordially, Richard Rosenthal, Publisher, Writer's Digest.

(Well, well, some better than 185th place on the last entry. I will get the 1969 edition of the Writer's Market for winning .)

September 8. As we took our seats in sacrament meeting today, the bishop whispered, "I need to see you two in my office after church."

"What's he going to do to us?" Ermal muttered.

"I don't know. I have a funny feeling."

Finally, when the services were over, we walked into Bishop Reed Wilson's office, and he asked, "Have you folks ever considered going on a mission?"

I gulped. Ermal replied, "I used to think about it, but not anymore."

"Well, I'm not asking you now, but I'd like you to go home and think about it, then come back and tell me how you feel a week from now."

Stunned, we left the church house. "I'm all upset, let's go for a ride," Ermal said.

Ermal drove the pickup toward Virgin. Suddenly he turned back to LaVerkin and pulled into the bishop's yard. He rang the doorbell and we were ushered inside.

"Bishop, I can't stand it. Are we, or ain't we going on a mission?" he blurted.

"That's for you to decide," the bishop answered.

"Well, if that's what the Lord wants, we'll do it."

The bishop filled out application forms and we left. Now we can't eat or sleep for thinking of all the reasons why we should not go.

October 10. We're on pins and needles. It's been a month. We haven't heard one more word about going on a mission. Maybe the Lord doesn't want us.

November 1. We've suffered. The long silence has been torture. The bishop finally discovered that our application had been pigenholed in the stake president's office, and forgotten. A subtle error to get us to examine our lives, no doubt. Now the ball is rolling. We've passed our physicals, being pronounced of strong heart, mind and body. We're assured our calls will come within two weeks.

November 23. It's been three weeks. Still no call. Our soul searching continues. We're nervous. To be turned down for military service or for a job wouldn't be serious, but to be turned down by the Lord could be crushing. We've long since dismissed all of the impossible reasons why we can't leave home for two years. Our affairs are in order. What is the hang-up?

December 4. Our calls came today. Our separate letters say, "You are hereby called to be a missionary of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the Western States Mission. . . . Your presiding officers have recommended you as one worthy to render assistance to the Priesthood in the proclamation of the holy Gospel."

We are "recommended as one worthy." What tingling joy!

CHAPTER 59

The Western States Mission

(1970-1971)

(Our Mission Journal is a separate book in itself. We shall touch on it at random here.)

January 4. Dell and Corinne had a baby boy today. (Laron Kim Stout).

January 12. Shirley and Helen made me a new wardrobe, and we've been in a whirl of parties, and preparation to leave. Big tears slid down Lolene's cheeks when she learned our time of departure would be at the same time her first baby was to be born. We have put our hand to the plow and cannot turn back.

January 19. Our testimonial was yesterday. Ermal's daughters sang, "The Lord is Calling You." My children, with their husbands and wives, sang "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You," and also, the rousing Western States Mission song. Gaye Lynne Gubler was their accompanist. She's very special.

How nice it was to have my sisters and brothers in attendance. Even Donworth and Clark came.

Ermal and I were set apart at our home at six in the evening. What a powerful lot of the hands of the priesthood was laid upon my head. My neck had a lot to sustain. Because the thrill of it raced through me so much, I must enumerate the priesthood holders who helped. First was Pres. Leo Reeve, and his counselor Flint Wright, then our bishop Reed Wilson and his counselors Sheldon DeMill and Dick Prince. Then my husband Ermal and his brother Cummon, then my sons, Norman, DeMar and Terry, and our sons-in-law, Darwin Gifford and Dell Stout. So great it was, I wonder how I stood it!

President Reeve promised me that our children would be blessed and protected during our absence, and that we could go with peace of mind and give all our strength to the mission. He told me to go and be a peace maker. My soul was filled.

February 1. Here we are, setting up housekeeping at 1424 12th Avenue, Sidney, Nebraska. Because of a typing error on our schedule, we're in the field earlier than expected. We had packed our camper with a two year's supply of canned goods, etc., turned off the power, stifled our tears, kissed everyone goodbye, and left home on the 22nd. We were to enter the mission home on January 25.

Well! When we got to Salt Lake, the mission home was closed--not to open until February 7. The man at the church offices said we should go home for a couple of weeks!

After going through all we'd gone through? To me that would be as awful as digging up a casket! We couldn't go back. We'd rolled up the road behind us. Besides that, nobody wanted us back now, not after all of that hugging and kissing and crying. A repeat performance would be impossible. Outside in the dark I bawled and blubbered in Ermal's arms.

Monday morning we laid our papers on Ned Winder's desk in the Church Offices. He took one look, then buried his face in his hands embarrassed, remorseful and upset. Calling Phillip Redd in Denver, he asked if he would receive us immediately. Wheels hummed. We went down elevators, and up elevators like we were being processed for doom's day. After a multitude of handshakes and blessings, we left Salt Lake. The time: 3:00 p.m. The day: January 26.

At the mission home in Denver we were armed with books, pamphlets, recorder, projector, and given a crammed, condensed orientation and dispatched off across the prairie, with the address of the branch president at Sidney, Nebraska. That was <u>all</u> of our missionary training!

And wouldn't you know it! When we called at our one and only address, we learned that the branch president had moved away three months ago. Like lost children, we had no where to go. Ermal stopped a police car and asked if there were any Mormons in Sidney. The officer scowled, rubbed his nose, then guessed that an old fellow named Chandler might be one, and he pointed the way to his house. Sure enough, he was. He called Brother NeVille, who tucked us in for our first night in the mission field--Jan. 28.

February 7. Our first word from home came by telephone. Lolene's baby is a boy! (Aaron). Now ain't that sumpin! What a thrilled man Darwin is.

February 9. There are 100 members in the Sidney branch. About 30 of them show up on Sunday. The Sunday School Superintendent is a fifteen year old boy from Julesburg, Colorado. The branch president lives thirty miles away.

We spend as high as eleven hours a day studying and memorizing. Our eyes are set in a glaze. I'm scared of tracting. I think of the Jehovah's Witnesses. I can't stand to think of being regarded as such a pest. Ermal says he's going to get a kick out of tracting.

February 15. Today we got our first mail from home--letters from Shirley, Corinne, and Norman. Eagerly we read them, wiped our eyes and hugged each other.

February 16. We did our home teaching today. We visited one family in Lodgepole, one somewhere out in a wheat field, one in Julesburg, Colo., and the last one in Brule, Nebraska. Round trip: 155 miles. One woman said she had home teachers a year ago, and she wondered why they came, because she joined the Methodists a year ago. "It ain't as hard to be a Methodist. They didn't even have to baptize me because the Mormons had already done that."

February 23. Our D. L. Elder White, and five other missionaries spent Friday and Saturday with us and tracted out Sidney. Elder White tracted with Elder Stratton, and I went with Elder Keith Harper. At our first house, a gorilla of a man with a hairy chest came to the door. Introducing us, Elder Harper asked if we could come in.

Puffing a cloud of smoke at us, the man said, "git down off the porch."

"You mean you don't have a minute to talk about our Savior?" Elder Harper asked.

"Go on, git out of here," the half-naked man bellowed.

Scared, I looked up at Elder Harper, and he grinned. "He is typical."

The next day we traveled together to Cheyenne to quarterly conference. The young elders quided us through the city, darting up one street and down another in their little Hornets. In Exodus 24:28 the Lord said, "And I will send hornets before thee. . . ." Believe me, we were glad he did.

March 2. We visited Father Flynn today. He spends his vacation time each year with Mormon friends in Utah. When we bore our testimony to him, he said he knew what we said was true, "but," he added, "it would be hypocritical for me to profess to believe in anything but Catholicism, since that is how I make my living."

March 9. This is our "boondocking" day, and we've planned to check out the oil wells with Clarence and Vada Gheen. Oil pumps dot the wheat fields, their heads bobbing up and down like little donkies browsing stubble.

March 12. Part of missionary work is finding the lambs who have strayed. Endlessly we drive, with a pack of pink slips, trying to locate

missing people. So far, we've located five people who have deliberately tried to get lost. They're apostates, and weren't a bit glad to see us.

Yesterday we located the last of the Dalton Gang. She joined the Lutheran Church thirteen years ago, but her name is still on our record. She's big boned, and so strong looking I almost want to hide behind Elder Stratton when she looks at me. Her voice is powerful, and she knows she's right. Elder Stratton is big and powerful and knows he's right too. He doesn't argue. He testifies.

"I joined the Lutheran Church because they don't care whether I change my dress or not," the Dalton woman said. "My husband can come to church with mud on his overalls too, and the minister doesn't care. I got rid of one minister because he thought we ought to clean up. I couldn't have done that in the Mormon Church."

"Do you want your name taken off the records of the Mormon Church?" Elder Stratton asked.

"You don't mean they would excommunicate me?" she asked with horror.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, no! Don't do that! It would break my dead grandmother's heart. I'd rather be a Lutheran than a Mormon, but don't excommunicate me," she exclaimed.

March 14. Our district conference is to be in Scotts Bluff tomorrow. Elder White asked us to write a dramatization of the exodus of the saints from Nauvoo to be acted out by the missionaries at this conference. I borrowed church history books from Brother Chandler and dug in, while Elder Stratton did all of the cooking, dish washing and housework. We got the manuscript in the mail two days ago. Now we're back to tracting.

Elder Stratton honestly does enjoy tracting. I have to confess that even I find it thrilling to bear my testimony on doorsteps. Elder Stratton became so enthusiastic in testifying to a member of the Church of Christ, that he had the poor man begging us to please go see his minister so we could be straightened out. I laughed all the way home.

March 16. I adore missionaries. The elders were great in the Exodus play. Elder Harper was Brigham Young, and had the whole thing memorized to perfection. Elder Weber played the dual role of William Pitts and William Clayton because he's our music man. My! What a brass band! All of the elders played instruments, including Elder Stratton, who was on the drums--pantomime, of course, except vocal sound effects. They played, "Stars and Stripes Forever." Each instrument was so clever that I sat captivated.

After a scrumptious dinner served by the Relief Society, we hiked above the bluffs. The air was crisp and sunny, and we were as happy as the pigeons flying along the face of the cliffs. The wagon ruts of the old Oregon trail are still plain to see.

March 21. The first day of spring--six below zero, and eight inches of snow.

April 2. After our study period today, I noticed a dangerous look on Elder Stratton's face--a glassy-eyed, hypnotized look. To break the spell we went for a hike in Roland Bigg's pasture. We found a swallow's colony under the ledges, and saw two grasshoppers. Spring will come.

April 21. Marvin Ashton toured the mission last week. We met the Scotts Bluff elders at Kimball, and put them in the back of the camper for a four hour bounce to Denver. When I've ridden in the back, all that kept me from going through the top, as the pickup bucked over the railroad tracks, was the stack of blankets over me. The camper is a deep freeze, so we never have to tell the elders to burrow in.

Missionaries stay with members when they go to conferences. We stay with different ones every time. Wow! Such mansions as they live in! Beautiful homes, beautiful children, and furry dogs and cats. Elder Stratton emits bad vibes to dogs and cats. I've seen poodles and cats and pug nosed bull dogs sit at the top of the stairs just outside our door, and I know the way they ogled us, that what they were thinking wasn't good. Elder Stratton has some sleight-of-foot performance, some quicker-than-the-eye gesture that I've never figured out, and the dogs and cats vanish swiftly and silently. I give Elder Stratton a quizzical and disapproving look, and he returns it with an impish grin.

We were in a nine hour fast and testimony meeting in Denver. This included talks by Elder Ashton and President Redd, and a film. Nothing but the power of the priesthood could have alleviated the misery of hard seats and hunger for that many hours. But the Spirit of the Lord was there. The conference theme was, "The Sound of Rejoicing." God lives! This is the greatest truth on the face of the earth. God is our Father. We are His children. He is interested in us. We can become like Him.

We were reminded of the meaning of being "set apart." It is to be above and beyond--on a higher plateau. BE HAPPY. Satan has no power over us when we are with our companion. The two of us have more power than Satan. We are not to go off on our own.

We were cautioned not to get up and make a fuss about the good things bestowed upon us in testimony meeting. Appropriate appreciation to the Lord should be in the privacy of our own closets, not in public where it may cause someone else to feel inferior. We are to build one another up, and strengthen each other with our testimonies.

After the Denver conference, we had lunch and took the elders back to Scotts Bluff via Cheyenne, getting back to Sidney at 1:30 a.m. When we awoke it was time to prepare to return to Cheyenne to a youth conference. Elder Stratton went ahead with one of the boys to haul equipment. This was the Friday Wyoming got her great snow blizzard. (April 17). I followed in Bruce Cumming's little sports car with Wes Mueller and Randy Van Cleve. Snow was piling on the ice-glazed highway, and visibility was ten feet. We hadn't gone thirty miles before Bruce's little car spun off into a wheat field. The boys pushed it across the field to a dirt road that led us back to the highway. About five miles further on the car skidded over an embankment into a narrow barrow pit. By now, daylight was obliterated by the storm. Passing cars overhead could not have helped but see our lights, still, no one dared stop.

Before we slid off, a discussion had been going on about human nature. "Everyone has some good in him," Randy said.

"What good is a hippie?" Wes asked.

"Even hippies have some good in them," Randy insisted.

Then skid, spin, slide, and there we sat, helplessly below the crawling traffic that chose to ignore us.

"I hope a bishop is praying for us," Randy said.

"We'll get out all right, because of our prayers before we left," Wes assured him.

Then, a panel wagon and an old beat up car behind it, stopped. A giant of a man with hair peroxided and frizzed like a newly hatched yellow chicken stood above us. "Looks like you got troubles," he shouted. "Don't worry. We'll get you out."

Seven other burly, shaggy, disheveled, dirty, wonderful hippies bailed out of the two cars. Big shoulders got under and with a heave and a ho, our little car was literally boosted back onto the highway. Above our shouted thanks, the hippies waved and disappeared into the storm.

"That's what I like about hippies," Randy said.

It took us five and one-half hours to go ninety miles. The crowd at conference had been praying for us, and the girls wept with relief when we arrived. Cheyenne was marooned by the blizzard, so we had to stay two nights, instead of one.

May 4. The trees are still bare in Sidney, but the birds and squirrels chatter and sing. Tulips are blooming, and little kids are fishing for bluegills in the city park.

May 11. At stake conference in Cheyenne yesterday, one of the speakers was a young girl convert. She said the message of eternal progression thrilled her, but she couldn't swallow the Joseph Smith story. "If Joseph Smith can have a manifestation, so can I," she boasted to the missionaries. So she went out into an overgrown tennis court and kneeled down. She was sure she would get the manifestation. As she kneeled, an overpowering feeling came over her, and she raised her hands to heaven, and cried out, "Oh Lord, I don't need a manifestation. Please don't! I KNOW it is true," and she fled. She walked five miles to find the missionaries, who raised the floor of a stage, filled the font and baptized her.

May 16. A happy phone call from Norman tells us that he and Ann have a new little baby boy. (Scott).

May 25. Shirley and Perry walked in on us the other day. How good they looked can never be explained. For two days we took them to every point of interest, Chimney Rock, to the Sidney city park, and of course to Bigg's pasture to see the swallows. After they left I cried, then we dug into our missionary work doubly hard.

June 1. Roland Bigg's pasture is our only recreation spot. Once a week, since the swallows returned, we've kept track, watching the hod-carriers deliver mud to the two little masons sitting inside each shell. Hundreds of little beaks, spreading mud, and polishing at the same time, make a squeaking hum. The birds have been oblivious to us as we've watched in fascination. But now that the eggs are laid, and little ones are hatching, they dart at us, chasing us away.

Two downy baby eagles, cream-colored and speckled, cuddle

in the nest on a ledge. They're as big as full grown chickens, but they're still just fuzz balls. Baby mourning doves wobble and flutter in their nests in the buffalo grass. Killdeer eggs lay in open nests in the stubble. Ground squirrels stand tall, gaping, then disappear down their holes as we approach. Lizzards streak over rocks. Cows, gently mooing, call their calves. Wild flowers dot the greening earth. Spring has come to Nebraska.

June 9. The wheatland is a sea of waving green. Clouds come up suddenly from the ground, and blue skies become thundering and purple within minutes. Lilacs and yellow roses spill over garden walls. Poppies, iris, foxgloves and painted daisies bloom abundantly. Red squirrels frisk in the tall elms, and wild rabbits graze on people's lawns.

June 15. At the missionary conference in Ft. Collins Friday, Pres. Redd said, "How long will it take you to tie up loose ends in Sidney?"

The question shook us. We thought we were needed forever in Sidney. "The road show is July 17th," I replied.

"Your transfer will come the day after. Train a Sunday School teacher immediately to take your place. We sent you to TRAIN LEADERS, NOT TO DO THEIR WORK!"

Great day! If only we could find someone <u>willing</u> to be trained. We literally <u>beg</u> to get into the homes of the inactive members. "After we finish painting our kitchen we'll call you," or, "I can't see you until the dentist finishes my bridgework," or, "we don't feel like having company now." Tonight, we finally got in to see one couple who has been waiting for good health to set in.

Now that the grain is in the head, farmers will be running their equipment the clock around. No one will have time for the Gospel.

Yesterday at church, we told the members we were being transferred. They regarded us with new interest, and invitations into the homes were heaped upon us. We spent the evening with a spunky little old lady who lives in the middle of an expansive wheatfield. She has a tart tongue, and is wiry and quick.

"I tell you I've suffered," she said. "I moved into the middle of this wheatfield over sixty years ago as a bride--right into this very house with my mother-in-law. I was the only Mormon in a hundred miles. All of my inlaws were pig-headed, hard shelled Baptists. Mean as rattlesnakes, heckling me all the days of their lives. But I got even with every one of them. I outlived them all. Do you know what I did? I took their names to the Salt Lake Temple and had their work done for them. I guess they'll be thinking differently about the Gospel by now."

August 17. The day the combines rolled into Nebraska, all else ceased. Rumbling like army tanks they came across the prairie, combining their way from Texas to Canada. Wheat dust fills the sky. Each evening the sun becomes a red ball as it settles into the stubble. Nebraskans love the wheat harvest. "It is so beautiful to stand in the middle of a waving field of gold. It makes the heart sing," Trish Mueller said. Combines work day and night. Church services are run by a skeleton crew. Missionaries? Who has time for them during the wheat harvest?

So we pack our belongings into the camper along with a bundle of memories--the intense struggle to master the discussions--our knocking on doors, our plea to be heard--and of those who became dear to us. Brother and Sister

Chandler, old and feeble, but deeply entrenched in the gospel, President and Sister Peterson, so beautiful and devoted, the NeVilles, who took us in and helped us find a place to live, Vada and Clarence Gheen, who became our closest and most frequently visited friends--who were totally inactive, but always showered us with their love, and our foursome cook-outs, our recreational friends. There are others. Deep in my heart is a spot reserved especially for two non-member families. The Roland Biggs family were devoted to their own church, but gave us of their friendship, and their pasture. The Hank Bauer family on 1745 Linden, is the one non-member family that invited us back again and again, and always gave full attention to our films and discussions. Sister Bauer set her good fried fish before us, and their little boy followed us to the car, kissed my arm and said, "I love you." Someday perhaps?

Nebraska skies were our delight. Often we drove away from the city lights to watch electric storms. The outstanding heavenly display of my sixty years was seen in Nebraska's sky, when we drove out the airport road in the night to see the great naked-eye Comet Bennett, with its brilliant head and long, luminous tail. This was the biggest heavenly body I've ever seen. I had supposed a comet would streak like a meteorite through the sky, but it was not so. This comet was suspended in the sky, not traveling any faster than the stars. What a leisurely, beautiful surprise.

And now, the rolling terrain of cool Nebraska is three-hundred and fifty miles behind us, and we're in the sticky, sweltering Corn Belt of Kansas. Kansas, where the North and South Winds met, and Dorothy's house which was in the exact center of the cyclone, was whirled away to the Land of Oz.

Hays is a far cry from Sidney. This is a college town. We almost had to enroll in college to get an apartment. We are under the roof of Edgar and Mary Brummit on 505 Ash. Their daughter Emma Lou is LDS, and the rest of the family are Baptists.

When we first saw where the LDS branch meets in Hays, I said, "I don't believe it! It's nothing but a dinky, little chicken coop in a junk yard."

Then the branch president, Harry Barrett and his wife Marilyn came from Paradise to meet us. (They live in Paradise. So do some families of Angels). They took us inside the little church house. It was shiny clean and a sweet spirit permeated it. When we met the branch members on Sunday we were delighted. Actually, the Hays branch is made up of complete families! In Sidney it was mostly made up of mothers and children. Here we find enough Melchizedek priesthood holders to make things hum.

September 27. Perry telephoned that he and Shirley have a baby girl! After four sons, this little girl is an event. (Annie).

November 2. Following is part of a letter from Shirley, dated September 28. "Dearest Mother, because you gave me life, because you so dearly love me, only you can understand how I feel as I look at my brand new, fresh from the presence of God, baby daughter. The happiness, joy, peace, love--everything I'm feeling just now has no boundaries. I'm overcome by the goodness of God, the great love he has for His children to also send them children. At one bleak point on the delivery table, I said, "The Lord doesn't love women as much as men. If he did, he wouldn't make them go through this." Now I'm very ashamed of having said that.

It's a privilege to go through that--to be there when that new spirit enters the world--to give it the opportunity to live and breathe. There is no sound as beautiful as the shriek when a baby takes life. Oh, Mother, I'm so thankful I can have babies. I wish I could have you here for a while so I could share with you all I'm feeling just now. I'm nothing but a big throat lump and unshed tear of joy.

Oh, baby daughters. I can see what you meant when you'd try to describe how it was to hold your own tiny daughters. I'm overcome by the wonder and the miracle of the whole thing.

And you should see her. (Her, She, Girl, Daughter, Female. . . . Strange to hear and say those words in my world of little men). She's just the cutest, red, wrinkled, dark eyed, dainty thing you ever saw. She has the cutest rose bud mouth and snip nose. You'd love her. Ermal would think she just looked red and wrinkled without even too much hair to redeem her. But she <u>is</u> beautiful!

She was born at 9:30 a.m. Sunday, Sept. 27th. She weighed in at 7 lbs. 13½ oz. . . . I was given a wonderful blessing by Uncle Ovando and Uncle Horatio just an hour before I went into labor and I attribute all my ease in getting her here to the Lord, and am so grateful for the priesthood blessings. . . . And I think my little girl is so lucky to have <u>four</u> adorable brothers to love her and help spoil her. . . .

Ricky is a little sad about her sex. He says he wants 13 brothers. He doesn't want any ol' girls around the house. John and Kelly just can't quit grinning and giggling though. I dare say Clayton's nose will be put a little out of joint for a while, but even he will recover. Perry brings me this word.

Norman called Perry at LasVegas yesterday to tell him the news, and Perry jumped in the jeep and rushed here to the hospital just as fast as he could to see if she really was a she. He really thought Norman was joking. Perry giggled and grinned just like John and Kelly. And he hugged me and kissed me and brought me candy. We're just all beside ourselves with joy. Wish you were here. . . .

Ann called the hospital before Sunday School and found out about the baby. She passed a note to Aunt Edna in Sunday School telling her the news and before church was out everybody knew. During both visiting hours yesterday my room was packed with LaVerkinite well-wishers. My little gal is a most popular miss. And I'm gobbling it up. Lolene and Noma both cried with the sheer joy of it. Aunt Kate says she knows that this child is one of the Lord's most choice spirits. I feel that way about her too. But then I feel that way about all my children. . . .

Lolene just came and brought the most adorable red lacy little outfit. It's covered with little flowers and ribbons. Oh this is fun. She also brought me goodies to eat. She's a fun, sweet sister. I'm so glad you had seven of us. Norman and DeMar and wives have been here too. Love all of them.

Mother, I'm going to quit writing so I can mail you my news. I hope I have brightened your day. I hope everything is as wonderful for you as it is for me here. Thank you for having me, and for being such a wonderful mother ever after. I hope my daughter can love me someday the way I love you. Shirley."

November 16. With Hays as the hub, our missionary travels fan out north, 109 miles to Lebanon, south 62 miles to Larned, east 64 miles to Lucus, and west 73 miles to Grinnell. We are road runners. The corn, wheat and maize are harvested, and the prairie slumbers beneath the rusty, raspy stubble. The bluebird of happiness is our companion.

Yesterday we held our first Sunday School in Phillipsburg. It's amazing how this all came about. Elder Stratton was called to Phillipsburg to conduct the funeral services of Andrew Wayne Edwards, infant son of John and Bonnie Jean Edwards. The flight of this little spirit brought to light 29 inactive LDS members, who felt that Hays was too far away to go to church. Keith Hansen at the Kirwin game preserve holds the Melchizedek priesthood. He and his family supplied excellent leadership, and Roberta Staker donated her home, as well as helping with the music and teaching a class. The Phillipsburg Sunday School is a happy reality!

Next, in our search for a missing convert family, we were led to Leonora, and now we're giving the discussions to Vera Hazlett and her son Ricky. We were looking for Vera's son Ronald and his wife Virginia, who are living in Quintar. They were a precious find. Now we're holding family home evening with them every Monday, and having gospel discussions with their friends and neighbors.

One day at Quintar, we stopped to eat our peanut butter sandwich in the shade of some elm trees. A flock of peacocks attracted us, so we got out to admire them. A quaint little Quaker man, wearing suspenders, and a flat, wide brimmed hat strolled across the grass to visit.

"We have Mormon neighbors on a farm a couple of miles from here," he said.

"Really? Our records show no Mormons here."

And so, because of a peanut butter sandwich and the peacocks, we found Eric and Mary Enstrom. Eric is not a member. Now, on our weekly visits to Quintar, we give the discussions to him. Mary was born in the church and grew up in Wyoming. The Enstroms are like home folks to us.

On one of our trips to Quintar, we detoured into Ellis and left a conference leaflet at a door where no one was at home. After the October conference, we checked back, and a tall, brown-eyed lady accused us of having been put up to that trick by her Mormon sisters in Denver.

"We know nothing about your sisters," we assured her. "We were simply impressed to leave this at your door."

So she invited us in. She wept when we showed her the film, "Man's Search for Happiness." "Why didn't you come years ago?" she asked.

So now, we're giving the discussions to the Norman Smith family.

In the Hays branch is the Sloan family from Norton, 90 miles away. Howard filled a mission in the Samoan Islands. He and his mother and grandmother are so dedicated to the gospel that they make the 180 mile round trip to church every Sunday. Grandma was 90 years old when she was baptized. The morning she was to make the long trip to the font in Larned, she slipped and broke her arm. That did not stop her. She had the doctor put her arm, cast and all, in a plastic bag, and the baptism was completed. Now we're giving the discussions to a friend of the family in Norton. We

travel far and return home late, stopping at interesting places along the way, like the home of our organic gardening friends, Les and Elsie Prout in Lenora. (They are neighbors to Vera Hazlett).

Les insists there is no personal God, that God is in each handful of loam in his garden, and in the light in his dog's eyes. They grow such beautiful things, and Elsie can set the very most exquisite table. They serve us their good food, load us down with garden stuff, and play their violins and sing to us. We have long gospel discussions with them, and are becoming fast friends, but they don't seriously consider becoming members of the Mormon church.

We love our home at Brummits. Mary and Edgar are as comfortable to be around as a pair of soft slippers. They usually join us for family home evening.

We love the Hays branch. The Barrett and the Somers families from Paradise are enthusiastic and keep things happening. George and Becky and little Mandy Warzeniak, who live in the college dorm, are also part of our family, and are with us every week. George is branch clerk. We have cookouts in the city park where the buffalo herd grazes, or potluck socials at the church house with the members. We feel like we've known these people always. They're keeping us supplied with referrals, and we've never been busier or happier.

December 2. We received word that a baby girl was born to Helen and DeMar yesterday. (Rebecca).

December 21. On Friday, the 18th, we drove back towards the mountains, excited about seeing something higher than a grain elevator. This was the missionaries Christmas conference in Denver. Friday afternoon and evening was activity-packed with 100 young elders and sisters there. They played volley ball, put on skits (original and very funny) and we had a picture show. Saturday was conference. The families of the Denver West Stake Presidency gave a Christmas dinner for the entire conference. Also, an enlarged Family Home Evening. They had Christmas gifts of popcorn balls, homemade cookies and candies done up in clear plastic, decorated with ribbons and candy canes for every one of us.

Coming home, our necks twisted like owls, admiring the Christmas lights. Each prairie town carries out its own unique theme. They decorate whatever sticks highest up in the sky--grain elevators, water tanks, or oil derricks.

We found an "attempt to deliver" notice hanging on our door, when we got home, from the Hays florist. When we checked it out, the shop was full of flowers, but there was only one pink azalea. Elder Stratton said, "This is the prettiest of them all." The clerk said, "This is for you." The card said, "To Alice and Ermal from Mother and Wayne." We put the beautiful thing on the table, and surrounded it with packages of candy, cookies and cakes from the branch members.

December 27. Christmas morning I opened our one most mysterious package. It was from Kathy, with a flower pin she had made for me to wear--an enamel looking one of lavendar on soft, curled art paper, glittered with gold. She had lovingly created it herself, and my heart was warmed with the gift. Then we listened to the "guaranteed to make you homesick" tape from the Giffords, and heard Aaron's voice for the first time. Phone calls

came from all of our children. Corinne told us to watch for the converging of Jupiter, Venus, and Mars the day after Christmas. Yesterday morning at 5:30 a.m. we drove outside of Hays, beyond the city lights to see the three morning stars. What an absolutely thrilling sight! They looked like one giant star. Excitedly we called the radio station KHAYS. They told us they were watching those stars too, and that we were on "First Call" on the air and would be broadcasted.

January 14, 1971. On the last day of 1970 we had our first baptisms. Nena Mae and Lisa Lee Staker, members of an LDS family from Phillipsburg, were our first two, and Vera and Ricky Hazlett were convert baptisms.

Sister Hazlett was put to the test before baptism. She has been the custodian for the one and only church house in Lenora for years. Lenora is a tiny town in the middle of wheat fields. It has a post office, a cafe, a little store, and a church house. All other employment is from farming.

When the board of directors of the little church learned that Sister Hazlett was being taught by Mormon missionaries, they issued the ultimatum, "If you join the Mormon church, your job here is finished."

Sister Hazlett is a widow, and her son Ricky is in a wheelchair. All she owns in the world is her little home in Lenora. This job is her only income. "What shall I do?" she asked.

All we could do was lend our faith to hers that she would make a right choice. Finally, she said, "I simply have to be baptized."

Branch members traveled miles to be to the baptism. An inspirational program preceded the baptism. After the confirmation, the tables were spread and our hearts were very happy as we ate together. And now, two weeks later, good news comes from Sister Hazlett. The church board of directors met and decided she would be hard to replace, so she still has her job.

Two months ago, a navy recruiter who was living with his family in Alaska, received orders to transfer to Japan. As they prepared to leave, his orders were suddenly changed, and they were sent to Hays. They are a newly activated Mormon family, Howard and LaRay Spencer, and their two daughters, Sherri and Tammy. They live just around the corner from us, and have become part of our Hays family home evening group.

January 15. This morning we received a letter which read, "Bitte senden Sie Missionare zu: Bitte die moglichst genau Anschrift angeben."

What?

Accompanying the note was a referral card directing us to Hill City, and a letter from Ron Hatfield. "Kay and Robert Stephens are dear friends of mine. We've been in the military in Germany together, and now I'm back, serving a mission for the church. They have written wanting to know about my church. They have a dear little girl named Heather. Please contact them at once and send me the results quickly." The letter was relayed from headquarters at Denver, with a note saying, "This just came in the mail. Looks golden. Good luck."

Jumping in the car, we sped to the address given, and announced that Ron Hatfield had sent us. With squeals of delight and a flood of tears, Kay Stephens hugged us. With an outpouring of love they told us of the

boy from Utah who anticipated being released from the service. "We knew how much it meant to Ron to go home. We couldn't believe it when we got his letter telling us that he was back in Germany filling a two year mission for his church. If Ron would go back, when he was so homesick, we knew his church must have something. And it wasn't salary, because he was there at his own expense. So we decided to investigate," Robert said.

Golden? Why this is the answer to every missionary's prayer!

January 18. Terry telephoned that he and Susan have another son. (Sheldon). He said he'd hang up, so Jim could call us, because they're expecting a baby.

January 28. Jim called. He and Dana have a baby boy! Ermal's first grandchild to carry on the Stratton name. (Scott).

February 14. Yesterday we baptized the Adams family from Phillipsburg. Pat, the mother, was already LDS. It was sort of like watching a heavenly host, to see a big, husky father like Bill Adams come up out of the water to stand in his dripping white suit above the font as each of his four sons were baptized, taking their places beside him. Then finally Wilma, their one daughter came out of the water. They were all wreathed in smiles.

Teaching this family was a happy experience. Bill was an Oral Roberts fan, and had written, asking him for a blessing. Bill had just opened Roberts' reply when we walked in one day. He was promised that a great blessing would come to him as he received the letter. As he read the letter to us, I said, "How nice. The message we are bringing you today is that blessing."

So, the singing Adams family are members now. They were baptized on Bill's and Pat's thirteenth wedding anniversary. Emma Lou McDaniel, a branch member from LaCrosse who runs a bakery, decorated a wedding cake for them. Such a lovely dinner it was that the branch members brought to the Larned church house in honor of the occasion.

Satan tried his wily ways to block this baptism. After the day was set, the city police served a subpoena, requesting that Ermal return to Utah as a witness in a murder trial. Well, we decided the baptism would not be delayed. We'd do it without Elder Stratton. Then we got notice that the court date had been changed. So the next trick the adversary played was to have us come down with the flu, both of us and also Pat Adams. The morning we were to fill the font at Larned, our heads were bursting, but we knew the source of our misery, so we carried on. The font was filled, our sniffles and headaches left, the Adams family arrived, and everyone was well.

We're giving the discussions to Eric Enstrom, the Stephen family, and the Smith family. Again old Nick struck a blow. Teddy Smith wrote to Billy Graham, asking him what he thought of the Mormons. I felt sorry for Billy to think he'd send such an uninformed reply. Seems he should be smarter than that. Generously he sent a packet of anti-Mormon literature compiled by other blinded souls. Teddy was on the point of withdrawal. We borrowed the literature and phoned President Redd about it. "We have so much truth to teach we can't waste time on this kind of stuff," he said. As simple as that. Teddy shoved the literature aside, so again Satan lost that round.

But we don't always score the way we'd like to. We've had an investigator family with us for family nights that has looked promising. The father promised his wife and son he'd bring them to our church on Sundays, but instead, he has driven on by to the Assembly of God church. Finally, he told us he had to stay with the other church a little longer, because he was beginning to make contact with the spirit world. Week after week he held his hands above his head, waving his fingers. There was no air circulation in the building, but little breezes began to waft through his fingers. He couldn't come to the Mormon church until he learned what it was all about. Then one Sunday, after returning home, he suddenly dropped to all fours in his bedroom and began to speak in tongues. For three hours he babbled without ceasing.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I do not know. I only know I could not quit--that spirits were speaking through me," he replied. "I have finally received the Holy Ghost."

Well, his Holy Ghost is quite a different one from the one we know. He now beats and bruises his wife every time she talks with us. She knows the Book of Mormon is true, and yearns for baptism.

President Redd said, "You can take comfort in the fact that the Father has heard and accepted her testimony, and eventually she will be blessed by becoming a member of the church."

February 16. Mary Brumitt took Elder Stratton to the airport at 7:30 this morning. He is returning to Utah to be a witness at a court trial.

When Ermal clerked at Graff's store, he sold a pair of binoculars to a man from Cedar. The man was divorced, and his wife was living with her mother on a little hill outside of town. The man hid himself among the junipers and spied upon them through the binoculars. When his wife came outside, he shot her. Because Ermal had written up the sales slip on the binoculars, he was summoned back to Utah. Attorney Orvil Isom had to go through the general authorities to pull him out of the mission field. (They found the binoculars hanging on a fence among the trees).

February 18. Raining. Much thunder. No missionary companion. I played Christmas tapes from the children and knitted. I played "Blue Heaven" over and over, and sang with Lolene, letting my tears drizzle with the rain. When I called the airport, they reported tornado warnings, saying there would be no flights today. WHERE IS ELDER STRATTON?

February 19. Still raining. The tornado watch is over. Elder Stratton is flying back. Brother Spencer drove his car alongside the retaining wall by our door so I could step over the water, and took me to Relief Society. The Brumitts went to the airport to wait.

When I got home I had a missionary companion again. Here he was, EATING MOLASSES CANDY, nonchalant as if he'd never been away. When he opened his suitcase, right on top was a big, beautiful branch of almond blossoms! I swooped them up in my arms and nuzzled my face in them. They were fresh, and fragrant. Almond blossoms! Home! I wanted to run all over storm ridden Hays and show them to everyone.

At that moment, Marilyn called. She said, "Oh Mother, you should see our place right now. All of the trees are in bloom, and our radishes are almost ready to eat too."

Now wasn't that something for the district court to pay Ermal for five minutes of his time on the witness stand, so he could see the kids at home and bring back some of our bottled fruit that we were starving for? (He took two empty suitcases home with him, with the fruit in mind. He brought back 22 quarts).

We visited all night. Ermal glowed with the memory of our children at the airport in Cedar to meet him.

Chuckling, he said, "I git a kick out of them little gals smothering me with kisses, and wetting my face with their tears." The little gals were his daughters and mine. Norman, Perry, Dell, Russell and Darwin were all there with their wives. DeMar and Helen came up from LasVegas to see him the next day. Ermal told me about all of the grandkids.

This morning we spread the bottles of fruit on the floor admiring them like jewels--satsuma plums, heath clings, apricots, elbertas, pears, colorful and gleaming!

February 22. We're in the midst of the worst blizzard of the century, so says the news. Schools and stores are closed. The police have asked the people to stay inside. Tornados have touched down in many places.

February 23. Hays is in a deadlock. No trains, no planes, no trucks. Mountains of snow.

Elder Stratton got the hiccups. In fact he got them so bad I was afraid it might tear his upholstery apart. "Put your head down between your knees and drink upside down," I said. He did. Red faced, he came up and hiccuped again. And again.

"I think I'll jist git in the shower," he said.

Above the sound of the running water I could hear his jerking hiccups. "Dear me," I thought, "I'd better do something while he is still in one piece."

I drew a pitcher of cold water from the kitchen tap and went into the bathroom. I pulled back the shower curtain, where Ermal was shrouded in a cloud of steam, and threw the water on him. I had no idea a Mormon missionary could yelp like that! With a terrible war whoop, he stormed out of the shower, charging toward me with doubled up fists. In all of the time since I have known him I have never seen such fury. I ran in the kitchen, because suddenly I was afraid of the pink, steaming monster.

"What did you do that for," he roared.

"To cure your hiccups," I said timidly. "See, you're not doing it anymore."

"My #¢@%*&@# woman! Don't ever do that again." Without so much as a single hiccup, he finished his shower.

February 26. The roaring overhead has ceased. Like ground squirrels we crawled out of our burrow and walked down town to see the sights. Abandoned cars were buried in the middle of streets. Stop lights flashed red, then green, but there was no traffic. Porch roofs on store fronts had collapsed. Snow drifts completely buried plate glass windows. One supermarket in our area had shoveled out, so we walked inside. The shelves were empty. Realization struck home. These stores depend upon truck and trains running daily. Newsmen are pleading over TV for people to volunteer milk for babies. We see the wisdom of a year's food storage.

March 1. A week after the Adams family baptism, a card came from George Huntley in Osborne. "Come and get me and baptize me," it said. When we checked George out, he said, "I watched Bill Adams and his family being baptized, and a voice said to me, 'This is the truth,' so I need to be baptized." We're set up to give him the discussions.

Teddy and Debbie Smith are to be baptized this coming Saturday. They are both down with the flu.

March 7. Sunday evening. The long rays of the setting sun are slanting across the muddy moat that surrounds our apartment. Elder Stratton has sloshed through it to mail our report to Denver. With a happy "ho hum" I view the past week with satisfaction.

The Smith family had been sick for nine days. Friday, Teddy tried to sit up. "I just can't go to Larned tomorrow," she said, "I couldn't stand to ride that far."

"We promise you you will be better as soon as you are baptized," Elder Stratton said.

"But I almost faint every time I sit up," Teddy replied.

Then her sisters, Bobby Jean and Jerry, called us from Denver. "Don't tell Teddy," Bobby Jean said, "but we're coming to the baptism. We want to surprise her."

We phoned Norman Smith. "What shall we do? Teddy says she isn't well enough to ride?"

"Let them come. It will do Teddy a world of good," he replied.

Bobby Jean and Jerry left Denver during a snow flurry. Six inches of snow lay on the ground, and more was coming down.

"We knew we HAD to come," Jerry said. "We knew if Teddy did not get baptized <u>now</u> she never would."

They had a terrible time coming through the snow. When their car stalled almost no one stopped to help. One guy stopped, looked under the hood, and said, "It's probably your carburetor, but it's too cold out here for me." So he got back into his car and drove off.

Bobby Jean buried her face in her arms across the steering wheel and cried, "Oh Heavenly Father, please send help. Just <u>anybody</u> will do."

Presently a car pulled alongside, and a man staggered out. Surveying the situation, he said, "You need help, dontcha? Well, I'm too drunk to do anything except hook onto you and pull you into the next town." And that's what he did.

Twenty-three hours after leaving Denver, they arrived at Ellis. They had just arrived when we phoned Saturday morning. Teddy was still too weak to get out of bed, but her sisters said, "Go to Larned and fill the font. We'll see that she gets there."

The baptismal was set for 2:00 p.m. At 1:50 the Smith family arrived. I almost wept when I saw Teddy, she was so white and weak. Norman walked with his arm around her.

Trembling and unsteady, Teddy, in her white dress, stepped into the font. Howard Spencer took her hand and led her into the water. When he baptized her, she reeled, and didn't go under. I almost had a heart attack

watching her. Brother Spencer tried again, and this time it was good. I wrapped a wool blanket around her as she came up the steps, and led her to the dressing room as Debbie was being baptized.

After they were dressed, and confirmed, Teddy's strength returned. Color came into her cheeks, and she was able to laugh, and enjoy the crowd, and the dinner that was prepared. Twenty-seven of the family and branch members were there. That was yesterday. Today she is her normal self again. She came to church with her family from Denver, and from Hastings, Nebraska. The Lord is good.

Last Wednesday we invited a couple to our house for dinner. Five-thirty, the dinner hour, came. No guests. Six-thirty. No guests. Ermal went out in the street to see if they might be searching for our house. No sign of them. WE WERE STOOD UP!

"Let's eat," Elder Stratton said.

"Go to their house first," I suggested.

An hour later he returned.

"They were just sitting watching TV. They said they were not coming. Let's eat."

I thought of all that good food. Enough for a week for us two. "Do like the man in the bible. When his guests wouldn't come to the feast, he sent his servants out onto the streets to bring in the poor people. Go, bring someone in."

Grinning, Elder Stratton went out the door. In a minute he came back with two college girls. We all laughed. The girls said, "We went to the refrigerator to get something to eat, and we realized we hadn't shopped for groceries. There was only a little rice left, so we decided not to eat tonight."

Dinner was fun. We enjoyed telling the girls about the happiness of being Mormons. They want to learn more.

March 9. Clinton's wife Lillian, called today. She said Mom fell and hurt herself and is very weak. They're calling all of the family home. I called President Redd. He said we would be blessed for <u>not</u> going home, that my mother would feel honored for us to remain in the field and teach the gospel.

March 10. Wayne called at 11:00 a.m. Mom just passed away. She would have been ninety years old in August. Tears course down my cheeks. I cannot imagine home without our mother. In all my life, even as far back as I can remember, she has always been there when I wanted to talk to her.

March 13. This is the hour of my mother's funeral. Elder Stratton is in Osborne with our district leader interviewing George Huntly for baptism.

Later: The baptismal date for George has been set. When Ermal came from Osborne, he had me telephone home. Mama's house was filled with her children and grandchildren, all except me. A hubbub came over the phone, and I took turns saying hello to a host of them.

March 31. After we baptized George Huntly and Vicky Henry we were through. Everyone we had been teaching was either baptized, or phased out. Couldn't quit smoking, or had heard enough. I slumped. It had been two

weeks since we had given a discussion. Then yesterday we made a grand sweep through central Kansas to Plainsville, and Palco, checking out temple referrals, and getting told "no." On our way back through Hill City we visited Kay and Robert. Kay announced she had passed the crisis. She has quit smoking. "Continue to pray for us. Your prayers are being answered," she said.

April 14. I read a fascinating magazine article on yoga, and tried the illustrated exercises, especially the one to increase my brain power by standing on my shoulders for ten minutes.

Elder Stratton said, "Don't stand upside down. You'll hurt yourself."

"But it feels so good," I replied, looking at my graceful, nylon-covered legs waving above me.

"You shouldn't do that," he protested.

Suddenly, something in the small of my back came uncoupled. YEOW! I hurt something dreadful!

April 15. My back is driving me loco. I can't sit. I can't lie down. All I can do is stand up, and walk. But who wants to walk all night?

Later: Elder Stratton called Bro. Howard Spencer to help administer to me. I knew I would be healed instantly, and I was. The agonizing pain was gone by the time they took their hands off my head. Greatful tears filled my eyes. But do you know what Bro. Spencer said in his blessing? He said I would be blessed according to my obedience to my missionary companion. Oh dear, dear. (Obedience is better than hurting).

May 5. Our district leader, Elder Ison, and Elder Fertch had dinner with us, then we went to Hill City to interview Kay Stephens for baptism. Robert is still hung up on a word of wisdom problem, so he has given written consent for Kay to be baptized without him.

When we arrived, Kay ran into the house crying. Bob looked alarmed. "Maybe you can talk to her, Sister Stratton," he said.

I went into the house, and Kay wept on my shoulder. "I can't be baptized without Bob," she sobbed. "If I do, he will never come into the church, and a gap will grow between us. I've got to wait for him." She was right. We went on to Norton to interview Sharyn Van DeWege.

May 8. We baptized Sharyn today. Also little Christine Conrad, who just turned eight.

As I sat in the Larned chapel during the confirmation, I looked through the open door at the lilacs, and tears filled my eyes. The folks sang, "Nearer My God to Thee," and I realized our mission was about over.

Then, as we walked out of the chapel, Nancy Somers said, "Sister Stratton, we want you to come and teach the gospel to our three foster daughters. We have the mother's written consent." We still have work to do.

May 9. The Hays branch was reorganized today. Howard Spencer was put in as branch president with Kay Somers and Howard Sloan as counselors. President Spencer and his wife LaRay are planning to be sealed in the temple in July. Our release will come just in time to accompany them.

May 11. Tonight we give the first discussion to Kathy, Charlene and Rebecca Anderson in the Somers home in Paradise.

May 12. Following is a Mother's Day poem composed by Lolene.

MY MUM--AIN'T SHE GRAND!!

She's got a few wrinkles, a few rolls of fat -- (yuk yuk)
And as for her tummy--it's no longer flat!
There's grey in her hair now. Oh, dear! More than ever!
(But those rinses by Clairol are terribly clever).

She looks in the mirror. Each day brings new changes.
What nature hasn't done to her man re-arranges!
But fret not, my dear mother, there is hope for you yet.
There are marvels of science you've not heard of, I'll bet.

There are steps to be taken. There are things you can do.
So don't settle back with your boo and your hoo!
So tighten that bra strap--struggle into that girdle.
See? Youth has not flown--you're not over the hurdle!

Besides! We all love you just like you are.
You're comfy. You're cozy! And I'll tell you some more--
You're such a good sport, such great fun to tease,
Tho' Ermal, I'm sure would much rather squeeze!

If I wrote you a poem of what's in my heart
I'd blubber, I'd bawl--so I'd better not start!
Just know that we love you. We think you're REAL NEAT!
(And out of this trash, believe only the sweet!)

Happy Mother's Day! Darwin, Lolene, Aaron, and little unknown Gifford.

WARNING: Be it known that this is not the kind of poem one reads aloud proudly to friends. It is strictly trashy!

May 25. Among some assorted scraps of paper left at the church house by former missionaries, we found a name, "Melba Schwitzer, Osborne," so we checked it out today. What a find! Although she is a member of the Church of Christ, and teaches a bible class, she has more LDS books in her library than anyone we know in Kansas. She doesn't want to hurt her 99 year old mother-in-law by changing churches now.

Stopping at Paradise, we gave the second discussion to the Anderson children. Since they are welfare children, we may never be permitted to baptize them, but we're instructed to teach them.

June 8. Back to Osborne. Showed "Plan of Life and Exaltation" to Melba Schwitzer. Will start discussions next week.

June 9. Went with Brummits to the "picnic tree" today. The tree is under a creek bank that's overgrown with wild grapes and currants. Edgar mowed a trail through the wild flowers and tall grass, from the farm house to the tree. He cooked thick steaks over charcoal there.

June 15. Gave 6th discussion to the Anderson children, then went on to Osborne and gave the first discussion to Melba Schwitzer. She already knows the gospel is true, but is the organist in her church.

June 17. President Redd called. "Go ahead and baptize the Anderson children." Then he said, "I seem to be missing some information about them.

Tell me about the family."

"The father has disappeared, and the mother had a nervous breakdown and is in rehabilitation in the Larned hospital."

"Go teach her too," he said. "May the Lord bless you in this."

June 19. Went to Larned and gave the first discussion to Ardith Anderson. We came by appointment with the supervisors at the hospital. They took us to a cell-like room that had only three chairs and a tiny table. But the Spirit of the Lord can penetrate any place. I felt a tingling sensation all during the discussion.

June 23. Our district leaders have interviewed the Anderson girls and we're scheduled to baptize them Saturday the 28th.

June 24. The baptism is off. The children's grandmother learned what was going on, and went on a rampage. Since the children are charges of the welfare, she stormed into their office and told them the Somers had brainwashed the children. She hotly denounced the Prophet Joseph Smith, saying he was a hoax and a fraud. She denounced us too, because we had brainwashed the little girls. The welfare officials stopped the baptism.

We went to Larned today and gave the second discussion to Ardith and told her the children are not to be baptized.

"After I am baptized, there is nothing the welfare or my mother can do to prohibit my daughters from becoming members of the church," she said.

We discussed the Word of Wisdom and Ardith took a pack of cigarettes from her purse and gave them to Elder Stratton.

June 30. Fourth discussion to Ardith. Nothing sweeter. It was a beautiful night for driving back home. Fireflies sparkling.

July 1. Elder Stratton turned some fireflies loose in our apartment. They flew around the room, sparkling all night.

July 10. We gave the last discussion today to Ardith, then the baptismal font was filled and the three little girls and their mother were baptized. A shaft of light came through the west window, and the water sparkled and danced. The dinner, after the confirmations, and the picture-taking seemed like a missionary farwell.

July 12. Our replacement came early--Sidney and Amy Hurst. For our last family home evening, Elder Stratton gave the lessons, and we showed slides of Utah, accompanied by a tape of Lolene singing, "Red Hills of Utah." The Smiths, Warzeniaks, Spencers, Robertsons and Hursts were there. Little Tammy and Sherri Spencer sprawled on the floor making goodbye cards for us.

July 13. The branch had a "farewell Strattons--welcome Hursts" party in the park tonight. Members came from Phillipsburg, Osborne, Waldo, Paradise, LaCrosse, Ellis and Hays. We have such a deep love for these people it is hard to leave--but, the red hills of Utah are calling us.

July 15. Mary and Edgar Brummit got back from their trip to Chicago, and we visited half the night.

July 16. Went to conference at Garden City with Hursts. Ardith Anderson and Debbie Smith went with us. They were the "convert" speakers at conference.

July 17. (My birthday). Missionary conference until noon. Pres. Redd said our work had been pleasing to the Lord.

Night time, and a phone call from home. A baby boy was born to Lolene and Darwin on my birthday. (Andrew).

July 18. We talked in church today. Our farewell and Hursts welcome. Tammy and Sherri sang, "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You." We had dinner with the Somers and Barretts at Paradise.

July 19. Bid Hursts goodbye. Left Hays at 10:30 a.m. Our mileage reads 49,547. Visited Norman, Teddy and Debbie Smith at Ellis. Had dinner at Quintar with Eric and Mary Enstrom. Got into Burlington, Colo. at 6 p.m.

July 20. At our final interview at the mission home in Denver, President Redd made us feel very happy, and also very humble. The final dinner was magnificant. As we sat around the table after dinner, the elders all bore their testimonies, and then there was a tie cutting ceremony. Elder Donald Weber said, "President Redd, can I be the one to cut off Elder Stratton's tie?" Instead of just whacking the tie off, he painstakingly snipped out the initials of "Colorado-New Mexico Mission, 1971, Stratton." Love shone on the faces of Elder Stratton and Elder Weber as they stood together for this ceremony.

Leaving Denver at 7 p.m. we drove over Brotherhood pass and camped on a river bank below Grandby.

July 21. Jim's and Dana's home in Salt Lake. What an inexpressible feeling to actually be with part of our family again. Ermal visited for the first time his marvelous grandson Scott, the first grandchild to carry on the Stratton name.

July 22. Up and off by 5:00 a.m. for the Logan temple to be with our dear ones from Kansas, President and Sister Spencer, and Sherri and Tammy. Also Sister Oma Whitson came with them to get her endowments.

The most celestial thing on earth is to be in the sealing room where parents and children are sealed for all eternity. What a privilege to see our branch president and his family receive this ordinance.

July 24. We stayed in Salt Lake to watch the Pioneer Day parade, then headed south, stopping at Orem to visit Emma Lou Brummit and Edith and Gene in Provo, arriving home at 10:00 p.m.

When we first left for our mission our mileage was 15,789. When we arrived home it was 50,807. We traveled 35,018 while on our mission.

Ah home! Sweet, sweet home! How peaceful and beautiful!

July 25. Sunday. Our troops came--our precious troops! For eighteen months they've been so good to write, phone, send flowers, and to present us with grandchildren--seven new ones to be exact.

August 1. Oma Whitson took the Greyhound back to Kansas, and the Spencer family came to LaVerkin. We took them sightseeing to Zion, Kolob, and Bryce Canyon, camping at Duck Creek. We bid them goodby yesterday and reported our mission to the stake presidency and high council today.

August 11. The Barrett family arrived from Kansas this afternoon, and we all went sightseeing to Short Creek.

August 12. After spending the day with Barretts on Kolob, Harry and Marilyn, and Jim and LaPriel Cornelius went dancing with us to the music of Perry Asay's orchestra. Our guests really liked the music for dancing. Harry said, "Elder Stratton has a proud bearing. Dances like a stallion."

August 13. We showed Barretts around in Zion, then went through the tunnel, stopping at the pullout viewpoint at Checkerboard Mountain. Barretts thought the mountains were impressive--colorful and spectacular, but Marilyn said, "I feel closed in. I like to see out."

Flatlanders don't realize how much farther one can see from the top of a mountain than from a raise in the plains. I felt unprotected in the plains--no hill for a house to snuggle up to. But I did learn to appreciate the serenity of the vast expanse of earth and sky. Sometimes it was funny to realize,as we drove across the prairie, that a little old fence post was actually the highest thing on that part of the earth. If I am to be the highest thing on earth, I want to be on top of a pinnacle--not by a fence post. (All of this I mulled over in my mind. We did not debate mountains vs. plains).

We had a picnic in the shade of a pine tree, then said goodbye to our delightful Kansas family. Barretts are full of wit and humor, and our heart strings twanged as they drove east and we turned our car west.

August 16. Ermal has gone into captivity stocking shelves at Graff's Grocery, and I am bottling peaches. We're civilians again. Tonight we had home evening with Perry's and Shirley's family. Shirley made ice cream.

September 6. President Andrew McArthur called us back to the temple as ordinance workers. Also, Bishop Wilson asked us to teach the primary scouts. "You'll have endless fun taking the boys on 5 mile hikes, and teaching them outdoor cooking," he promised. I chuckled to myself, wondering if he had noticed how white my hair was. (I quit using a color rinse while in the mission field. I was a shock to the folks when we got home). Gray hair or not, we've eight lively Blazer B boys to teach.

October 6. My grandson Edwin was almost killed in a motorcycle accident. I took the Greyhound to LasVegas to be with Marilyn until Edwin regained consciousness. He's terribly battered.

As I rode along on the bus, I happened to slip my hand in one of my coat pockets. There I found two notes from Ermal. One of them said, "I miss you." The other one said, "I want you to come home."

October 28. The night of the deer hunter's ball, Maxine and Helen called from the ward hall. "Tell Daddy we'll give him fifteen minutes to get up here. We want to dance with him." Ermal groaned as he pulled himself out of his easy chair, and muttered all the way to the church house. The minute he got inside, and saw the decorations of autumn leaves and bales of hay, and saw all of the men decked out in their red caps, he started kicking up his heels. He stayed until the very last dance.

And now the hunting season is almost over, and all of our men got their deer. I sigh with relief. Deer season is a pain in the neck. There's the bloody business of cleaning up the meat. But worse still is the liver. Everyone plays pass-the-button with the liver, and eventually all of the

livers end up at the most dishonest person's house--the one who won't confess that he's had enough! Namely, Ermal. I have cooked liver and onions day after day--even tasted it a couple of times--and shook my head in disbelief as Ermal has chomped it down. The only reason I hang in there and keep cooking it is because I think of all the starving people in India. Today, Ermal finally pushed back the last piece and said, "You won't need to cook anymore liver this season."

"Oh, you darling," I cried, almost going into a sentimental fit. "You can say the sweetest things."

November 7. Yesterday we took our troop on a five mile hike, and passed them off on their cooking-without-utensils test. We had so much fun we've decided to spend the rest of our lives hiking.

The day before the hike was cold, and a storm threatened. "We'll pray for a good hiking day tomorrow," the boys said. Their prayers were answered. The day was perfect. We hiked from the Berry Springs road, along the Harrisburg creek to the Red Cliff Canyon. The boys examined everything from coyote tracks to tarantulas. They chased a couple of mule deer out of ambush and caught their shirts full of suckers. The cooking was something to raise an eyebrow over, but to pass the test they had to eat what they cooked, be it gritty or raw.

Ermal is no longer shelf-stocker in the grocery store. He decided he wanted to do other things, so he just up and quit.

November 9. Yesterday we went on a temple trek, celebrating the centennial for the ground breaking of the St. George Temple. There were 100 cars in the caravan, going up over the Hurricane hill, and over 85 miles of dirt road to Mt. Trumbull, where the big timbers for the temple were cut. Visibility was zero. Talcum fine dust blanketed us, piling so thick on the windshield that it slid down in sheets. The day was hot for November--ideal for the program that was held out on the mountain.

An airplane flew over the mountain during the program, laying a jet streak. Leon, who is just four, asked, "What is that airplane dragging that cloud around for?"

We came back by Bundyville. "Where is Bundyville?" I asked as we came down the mountain.

"That's it," Ermal said, waving his arm in a grand sweep at the thousands of acres of barren waste below us.

November 15. We were awakened last night by the terrifying wail, "Mother - - -!"

"What's the matter?" I called.

Helen ran into our bedroom, and throwing the baby into my arms, she said, "Take the kids. Our house is on fire!" Ivy and Leon jumped into the middle of our bed. They had all run barefooted, in their nightgowns through the rain. Helen ran back, and Ermal dressed and followed her.

The pear tree outside our bedroom door reflected flashing red light. "The roof is in flames," I thought, leaping up. It was the red flasher from the fire engine. Our lane had filled with cars. Men were all over. The fire had started in the basement in the floor joists underneath the fireplace. The house had filled with smoke, and the little ones began to cough, which woke DeMar just in time to save themselves and the house.

November 22. It's almost like lightning striking twice in the same place! Terry's trailer home in LasVegas was completely destroyed by fire Saturday. He had renters in it. The guy had gone to sleep with his lighted cigarette.

November 25. A beautiful Thanksgiving day. We had dinner under the big trees on Shirley's front lawn. This evening my brothers and sisters joined us in our living room, and Clinton showed us his wildflower shots.

November 27. I passed my backpacking test today. Clinton took a group of us over in the park boundary at Coal Pitts to show us an ancient oil well. (My guess is that it is well No. 19 mentioned in Grandma Isom's account of the Virgin oil boom days). Clinton showed us an overhanging ledge of dripping ferns. He chipped off pieces of gold-flecked chips from a petrified log. In the damp sand along the creek we saw fresh cougar tracks.

Shirley, and her little boys, John and Rick, were with us. Ermal kept up a running commentary about the "beautiful posts." In fancy, he cut down every well-formed juniper in sight. It got so bad that every time John or Rick climbed a tree, Shirley shouted, "Hey you guys, get down out of Grandpa's posts."

Ermal suffered to see me trudging along with my backpack. Time and again he offered to carry it for me, but I didn't want to flunk the test. Our trail took us almost to the base of Steamboat Mountain. There, we came to big iron wheels and cables that must have been there for 70 years.

Hiking back was fine until the last two miles. Ermal urged me to sit down while he went after the car. Very funny. He would have had to bring the car in by helicopter. The only way out of there was one step at a time. And now I feel a glow of happiness. I hiked the entire eight miles. (I'll settle for five miles from now on).

CHAPTER 60

Rattlesnake

(1972)

January 15. We have African violets blooming on a four-shelf plant rack in the kitchen. Junior Eager fixed the rack with grow-lights, and the flowers are big and beautiful. This morning we awoke to a surprise. The rack has turned into a menagerie. It appears that while the rack was out in the yard last fall, a thoughtful praying mantis deposited her egg cluster underneath the top shelf, and now, in our warm kitchen it has hatched. Baby praying mantises swarm all over my violets. Dozens of them are still streaming from a web attached to the egg cluster. Oh dear, oh dear! We've a bunch of hungry babies, with nothing to eat but each other?

January 19. What a funny miracle has happened. Ermal's sweet potato plant is covered with green aphids this morning. Normally we'd promptly kill the little pests, but now we're delighted to see them, because we're raising baby food for the mantises.

January 20. Ermal and I have been set apart as stake missionaries. We're teaching Naomi Hutchings, Georgia Houston's sister. It's a happy feeling to be giving the discussions again.

January 22. "Git your hiking boots on," Ermal said. "We're going to climb under that natural bridge upon the hillside that I can see through the binoculars."

Helen took us in her car to the lookoff point above town and let us out. Climbing down was so steep I was afraid of skidding, so Ermal urged me to come down backwards, so I could get a better toehold. Well! Viewing the world upside down between my legs was cockeyed, so I sat down and slid. The bridge was bigger than we thought, and it is not a bridge, but an arch.

Grandkids down below sighted us, and shouted as they came to meet us.

January 28. We went to the Caanan Gap today to lay out the trail for a compass reading treasure hunt. We hid messages in the trees and rocks.

January 29. The day dawned windy and cold. Concerned boy scouts gathered at our house and we kneeled in prayer. The boys asked for a good day for our five mile hike, and it turned out to be just that. They passed their compass reading test, and their campfire cooking turned out very good. We all hiked to the Indian hieroglyphics. The boys were Brad Holt, Alan Beaumont, James Gubler, Lloyd Gubler, Jason Gubler, Steven Wilson, Blair Gubler, David Davis and Lester Halloway.

In the evening Ermal took me to St. George to see the Disney show, "Fantasia." It drove him crazy, so he went and got Lolene to sit through it with me while he tended her kids. It was lots more fun seeing it with Lolene. I can't stand to see Ermal suffer.

January 31. I coaxed Ermal to put a permanent in my hair today. Cheerfully he doused me with fluid and rolled. When half of my hair was done, he announced, "That's all."

"What do you mean that's all?" I asked.

"I mean I'm through."

"You can't be. You've only done half of my hair."

"But I'm all done. I've used up all of the stuff."

A horrible vision of my hair, half frizz, and half bristles flashed before me. "You <u>can't</u> leave me this way," I shrieked.

"But I <u>am</u> through. <u>That's all</u>," he insisted.

"Oh, Ermal," I cried, "get in the car and go like lightening to Hurricane and buy another Toni. And hurry. Half of my hair will be cooked to a frazzle." He just stood and gaped, so I got hysterical. "Hurry, hurry, don't just stand there!"

In half an hour he returned with the Toni and Helen, then he vanished, and she finished doing my hair. Fortunately, the outcome isn't as drastic as I had feared.

February 5. We spent the day on Little Creek Mountain with Maxine and her children, and cooked our dinner in the Dutch oven. We returned by the Burma Road!!! This has to be the steepest, narrowest, rockiest road on earth, and Maxine drove her station wagon down it. I don't see how she dared!

February 10. Sports commentator, Ermal Stratton, gives me a daily report on the game between the praying mantis and the aphids. Ermal is also the yell squad. "Come on manther. Get 'im. Now the manther's head is cocked--he sees 'im. He got 'im. Oops! An aphid ran into his hind leg, and he grabbed 'im too. He's running up the stem holding one and eatin' another!" And so it goes each morning, Ermal either lying on the floor watching the bottom layer of plants under the grow lights, or he's huddled over his big crock jar by the window where he has transferred the "manthers" to his sweet potato plant. Daily he counts his little herd of "manthers." Every day there are a few less, because they like each other.

February 12. The most terrible snow blizzard in history hit Iran this week. Some towns are under 25 feet of snow.

March 4. Naomi Hutchings was baptized this evening by her nephew, Samuel B. Houston. She has been a joy to teach, because she was reaching out for the gospel. She was ready for it before we were sent to her.

March 6. Ermal surprised me today by buying a Hammond spinet organ. He bought it secondhand from Barbara Rassmussen in St. George. What a frightening thing! Somebody has to learn to play it, or it's no good.

March 25. Whenever I find myself alone, I sit down to the organ. Once, long ago, Dixie Harrison gave me three piano lessons. Suddenly, I remember some of the things she taught me. I can read music. I really can, ever so slowly, but just being able to read it is the thing. I am working hard during the precious moments that I am alone. When I hear the door open, I turn the organ off, because I don't want anyone to see how hard I am struggling.

When Ermal came from the post office today, he flopped on the couch trying to look nonchalant. I looked up from the sewing machine. "Well, well," I said. "Got something special today?"

"Oh, nothing. Was about to throw it in the trash can at the post office."

I knew by his grin it was something pretty important.

We have a system around here--sort of a ritual. He picks up the mail, and I open it. So now I rub my hands together, reach for the letter opener, extract the letter from his shirt pocket and slit it open. Sounds of rejoicing! It was from the Spencers in Hays! We have an insatiable appetite for news from the mission field. The other day there was a letter from the Barretts. Even Harry wrote. It's the first time I knew men did such wonderful things.

"See, Ermal, see," I bubbled. "Harry wrote this. You could do it to!"

Letter writing around here is a ritual too. I write them, he reads them and says, "Yep. That's exactly what I was going to say," then I sign it, "Love, from the Strattons."

March 27. Spring came early this year. We've been gathering asparagus for two weeks, and eating radishes and spinach from the garden. The lilacs are through blooming. This morning is the first time we've seen a cloud in the sky since fall. It looks like rain.

Last night we went to a Dixie College Fireside. Cleone Skousen was

the speaker. He said the ten virgins in the parable,is the church--that one half of the church will fall away. We are going down through the narrows, and must get oil in our lamps now to be prepared for the Savior's coming. Within thirty years, instead of a population explosion, there will be a de-population explosion. The prophet of the Lord has had more direct revelation from the Lord than has been given since the restoration of the gospel. We will see many immediate changes in the church, and because of this, many will fall away.

Saturday our scout troop cooked over a sage brush fire. They cooked eggs in orange shells and lettuce leaves, and biscuits on the end of a stick like wieners. They cooked potatoes in a hole, and I made Dutch oven pie. Ermal tended the coals while I gave the primary lesson. The bishop was right when he promised us that we'd have a lot of fun if we took this troop. (Eggs cooked in orange shells in sage brush coals are mighty tasty).

April 8 (Saturday). The family went Easter picnicking on Coal Pitts today. Our LasVegas families were with us. Car at a time we skidded and dug our way up the clay hill. After awhile we realized Darwin's outfit must be in trouble, so DeMar went looking for them. He found their pickup stuck on the dugway. Lolene and her two little ones were sitting on a rock on the side hill above. Backing up, DeMar hooked on to Darwin's outfit, and tried to pull, but his wheels only spun. Then down from the top of the hill came Horatio and Ovando in their jeep. Backing up, they hooked onto DeMar's pickup, and all three outfits strained, their motors roaring.

Aaron looked up and cried, "Oh Heavenly Father, please help!"

Slowly, the cars moved forward onto firmer ground. "See, I knew Heavenly Father would help," Aaron beamed.

The day was fun, except for the hair-raising motorcycle leaps over heaped up mounds of dirt. Terry plowed a furrow with his knee as he came roaring in sidewise. Now he limps, winches, grins and winces. We're back home now, and we're all alive.

April 20. I'm learning enough on the organ to let Ermal hear me play. He's a strange audience. While I play, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," he lustily sings, "Master the Tempest is Raging." At first I wondered why he always sang something different than what I was playing, then he explained, "I'm listening to what you're playing, honey. This is simply my way of enjoying it." Defensive listening, isn't it?

April 25. We've had a killing frost. Cherries and apricots were big. Now they're shriveled, and dropping to the ground. Grape runners, our rose hedge, mulberry trees, and the catalpha tree have been frozen black.

June 20. Last week we met the Sloans, and Sharyn Van Der Wege, of Norton, Kansas at the Logan Temple. Howard and Sharyn were married. They returned home with us, and we went to the St. George Temple. From there they went on to Grand Canyon for a honeymoon.

July 15. July the eleventh was a perfectly ordinary day. When DeMar came home from work he slowed down at his driveway, but seeing his family in our yard, he came on. Jumping out of the pickup, he went around to the back, opened the ice chest, and picked up one of the biggest rattlesnakes we'd ever seen.

"How do you like it, Helen?" he grinned.

"DeMar, put it down," she screamed.

I wanted to scream at him too, but I didn't. I've learned that the bigger the fit I have, the better my boys like it, so I pretended not to notice the reptile.

But Helen was terrified. "Please, DeMar, put it down," she pleaded.

Darwin Gifford and Larry Farnsworth stopped. Calmly, DeMar visited with them, still holding onto the snake. He supposed it was dormant from its long ride down the mountain in the ice chest, but it wasn't. It's forked tongue was rapidly flashing in and out.

"Daddy, can I hold it?" Leon asked.

"No you can't. DeMar, DeMar, put it down," Helen screamed again.

I couldn't move my eyes off the snake. I stood frozen, as it twisted its head in DeMar's grasp, and slashed the back of his thumb.

"Son-of-a-gun," DeMar said, dropping the snake and slicing off its head with the shovel.

Darwin took the shovel from him to scoop the snake away, and the amputated head clamped its jaws onto the blade. DeMar walked to the tap to wash his thumb, and Helen ran into the house to phone the hospital.

I was appalled at the blob of venom that oozed out of the incision as DeMar squeezed it. "You'd better suck that thing out clean," I said.

As he sucked and spit, he tried to calm Helen down. "I AM NOT GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR, AND I AM NOT GOING TO THE HOSPITAL," he said firmly. "All this can possibly do is make me a little sick."

Then his thumb began to pound with pain, and he changed his mind. Darwin took him to the hospital in our Rambler.

When Ermal came home, we told him what had happened, so he took Helen and me to the hospital. What we found wasn't good. The hospital had never treated a snake bite before. Dr. Last was shaking up some old serum in a little vial that had set so long it was almost impossible to get it out. DeMar was in terrible pain. One arm was strapped down with a glucose bottle feeding into it. The other was packed in ice.

Aside, Dr. Last said to us, "I don't know whether we can save him or not."

For the next three hours they pumped serum into DeMar as the swelling moved up his arm. The nurse kept moving the tourniquet up, two inches at a time. If the swelling did not stop before it reached his heart, he could not live. Finally, the swelling stopped at his shoulder. Ermal brought Helen and me home at midnight, and Dell Stout stayed at the hospital until morning.

After three days of pain so intense that neither codeine nor morphine would ease it, and three days of sweat pouring out of every pore of his body, DeMar was released from the hospital and is home. During those three days he lost ten pounds. His thumb is as black as coal.

To comfort DeMar, Shirley and Lolene made him a get well card, a sixteen page one, done on 18x12 inch art paper. The family gathered around his bedside as they presented the gruesome, colorful, clever, cute classic, "A Snake in the Hand is Worth Three Nights in the Hospital." Although DeMar was as miserable as could be, he laughed until tears ran down his cheeks as they turned the pages, showed him the pictures, and read with great feeling the following saga:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a man whose fame (?) spreads far and near.
They call him DeMar, and he's mean, and he's tough.
He's tall, and he's lean, and he's strong, and he's gruff!
(And I'll tell you some more. He ain't no cream puff).

Now one bright day, on a mountain pass,
DeMar encountered a SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS!
Our hero's not frightened of man or of beast.
He'd take this snake home--he'd make him a feast.

He captured the viper with skill, and with ease.
He put it on ice--just as slick as you please.
He brought the thing home--now why'd he do that?
We've pondered the question. It's driven us BAT!

The serpent was HUGE! He was king of the hill.
He glittered with diamonds. He made me quite ill.
He had beady snake eyes that were little and mean,
And pits on his head that made me quite green.

We were all there that day when "D" came home to sup.
When he whipped out that snake, I nearly threw up!
But the varmit was sluggish--that ice made him cold.
When he finally moved, his move was so BOLD!

With a twist of his head, his fangs did their job.
DeMar shrieked a big shriek, he sobbed a big sob.
He threw down the fiend, and then clutching his thumb,
He grabbed up a shovel, "I'll kill you, you crumb!"

SLICE, went the shovel, and off went his head,
And all of us there, we thot' he was dead.
But that sneaky old varmit had life in him still!
His head lunged at the shovel. CLANK! "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Larry's face leaped! Burro did bray!
Helen looked horrible, Mother turned gray!
Ivy said "eek," and Leon, he was curious,
And our hero, our hero, WELL--he was plain furious!

The nerve of that snake--the nerve of that feller.
"I'm tougher than he is," said DeMar with a beller.
"Suck!" Mother screamed, "suck hard you fool!"
From the tap DeMar said, "Aw Ma, keep your cool!"

"There ain't no more venom--I got it--just about--"
Then with a hawk of his throat, he blew the stuff out.
"Bullseye," said he, as he pasted the snake.
"Take that you creep! Take that, you fake!"

But up to his mouth came the sore little digit.
He sucked. Then he sucked. Then he started to fidgit.
He hung down his head and said, "Ma, where's my quilt?"
And then, yes, right then, our hero did wilt.

"To the hosp'!" Burro cried as he and DeMar
Leaped in the Rambler, that trusty old car.
But the rocket--it sputtered, alack and alas,
The rocket by Romney was all out of gas.

Darwin pulled out his wallet so thin and so small.
No money found he. NONE! None at all.
DeMar was the same. "Charge it," said he.
And they sped on their way--to St. George they did flee.

In the meantime the hospital was put on alert.
"A rattlesnake victim. Hurry! He's hurt!
Hunt up that serum. . . uh--oh. . . it looks THICK. .
How to get it into a needle? Quick, quick!"

Then stumbling, mumbling in with a gasp
Came DeMar. "Where's my doctor? Dr. Lasp? Dr. Lasp?"
Did he ask for serum? Oh no, not this bloke.
"Give me, oh quick, oh find me a COKE!"

A wheelchair was brought for the use of our lad.
By then he needed it. He needed it bad!
They wheeled him right in and put him to bed.
And poor old DeMar! He wished he wuz dead!

His hand, how it swelled, and then with a thump
They poked some big needles right in his rump!
They went to the fridge and brought out some ice.
First the snake! And now he was cooled in a thrice!

Our hero now thought of his earlier boast.
The most a snakebite can do. . . the most
Is to cause a slight headache. Ho! Ho! Now he knew!
Never, oh never let a rattler bite you!

'Cause now poor old Merwin reposes in bed
With misery that makes him go out of his head!
"CHLOROPHORM!" He cries in such terrible pain.
"Oh, believe me! I'll never (?) do it again!"

Now brother, dear brother, here's a word of advice:
Don't bother the beasties. It's not right. It's not nice!
And always remember this RULE OF THE THUMB: (yuk, yuk, yuk)
We call them "dumb animals", but they're not so dumb!

So-o-o-o
Don't kill the rabbits, the snakes and the deer.
LET THEM KILL EACHOTHER! Stay home with your dear.
MAKE LOVE--NOT WAR!
GET WELL SOON. The End (Thank goodness!)

(Music and lyrics by Shirley and Lolene. Illustrated by Shirley).

The rattlesnake was picked up on Pinevalley Mountain where Norman and DeMar have been building a horse trail for the forest service. Last October

Norman was dragged by a horse while working on the trail. He had to carry explosives horseback. As he came down the mountain, the horse became spooked and bolted, dragging Norman, and trampling him. No bones were broken, but he was badly hurt. And now this!

July 17. Andy Gifford's and my birthday today. Following is a birthday letter to me from Lolene:

Dear Mother, I've been thinking about you a lot today, and being so grateful that you are my mom. These are the things I am thankful for: The time you woke me up in the middle of the night to show me the northern lights. (I was so impressed). The many times you listened to my dreams and woes without laughing right out loud! The way you taught me by example to love the Lord and to get down on my knees and talk to Him. The way you cared what I did and where I was. . . Some of my friend's mothers didn't know! The way you taught me to love to read. . . and read. . . and READ! The way you always pointed out the beauties of nature--even when there wasn't anything to rave about. (You were the same with people.) The carrot puddings with lemon sauce, the enchilada casseroles, (hint hint) and even the white beans and meatless stews that you made taste skee-rumptious! The stories you could tell about such interesting people! The respect you instilled in me for all of God's creations, (except, perhaps, a cockroach!) The fact that you decided to have that seventh baby, and not stop at SIX, for heaven's sake!

And thank you most of all for being such a SUPERCALIFRAGILISTIC-EXPEALIDOCIOUS MOTHER! Glad you were born sixty-two years ago today!

Love--Giffords. Aaron, Andy, Lolene and Darwin.

P.S. (Yes dear, 'fraid there's more!) PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE make use of your birthday boquet of gifts of time we will give you. (They say time is more precious than money. I'd like to have enough of both to really make the comparison!)

July 18. DeMar is beside himself with big puffy hives that itch. He has hives all over his body, and in his ears, eyelids, and throat until he can hardly talk.

July 20. The family had a special fast for DeMar. Today, when the doctor cut away the black flesh from the bone it looks like new flesh is forming.

July 26. Our scout troop came early this morning to pass their trailing and tracking tests while it was still cool. David Davis took off across the fields dragging a whifflepoof--a log with nail spikes driven into it, tied onto a rope. The boys and I had a beast of a time picking up the trail, but not so Ermal. Wherever the whifflepoof zagged, he picked up the trail. Ermal is a professional tracker. Out in the hills he sees where every coyote, rabbit, porcupine, or deer has been. He shows me where deer has nibbled the bushes, or where it has scratched its back on a limb, or where it slept.

Today, one of the boys played like a wounded rabbit, dropping red beans for blood. Ermal coached him on how to lose his predators (us) who were following. We could not pick up the trail. We also flunked the stalking test where we were to sneak up on an animal. (A blindfolded boy). Our victim always heard us coming. Now the class is over, and here we sit, looking at empty root beer glasses and an empty doughnut plate. No more primary until September.

DeMar is burning weeds along the fence today. For the past five days he has been on the go. Ah me, how good it is to see him perpendicular once more!

Rhanee and Frank Schryer from Hays, stopped by to see us the other day. Their visit was so brief, but very enjoyable. A letter from Marilyn Barrett told us the Freedom Singers from Ricks College were coming to St. George, and that Wes Mueller, from Sidney, Nebraska, was with them. The singers had performed in Hays, and Wes had visited the Barretts. We were tickled for the word, and bustled right over to Dixie College where we met Wes as he got off the bus, and took him out to dinner. He updated us on activities in Sidney. After a thrilling evening with the singers, Wes took us back stage where we were guests of the singers, for a testimonial and a farewell song fest. St. George was the end of the line for the Freedom Singers for the season. Many of the students were through at Ricks College, and from here would be going their separate ways. What a sweet, beautiful affair this was. The students sat around on the floor, and with tears streaming down their cheeks, softly sang one song after another, and expressed their love for the gospel and for each other. It was so celestial.

August 18. Our primary and temple vacations both came at the same time, so we took a tour of the Oregon coast, and to Crater Lake. Ermal wanted me to see a strange phenomenon called a vortex,in Oregon. He had seen it before. What I saw was an outfit capitalizing on illusions. Have you ever noticed, when you drive down the Hurricane hill, how the canal seems to run uphill? That's the whole idea of the thing. Angles. At the vortex, mountain cabins lean crazily on the wooded hillside. The floor of the museum is tilted to appear level with the surrounding slopes. Brooms seem to stand leaning over. Weird things take place in your mind, and if you listen to the guide, you can actually imagine you grow two inches taller when you walk in one direction, and shrink two inches when you walk back. In spite of my wild imagination, I am still quite practical. While crowds exclaimed in wonder, I very stoically saw what I saw. A six foot man on the south side of the line was still a six foot man on the north side of the line. The line was the vortex--the center of a whirlpool of gravity, supposedly. Airplanes flying over are supposed to lose all use of their instrumentation and radio.

It beats me why I should choose this time to become so sensible, so practical and unromantic. Ermal had brought me here, so filled with little boy enthusiasm at what I would see. I might just as well have let my mind go free, to be swayed by the guide's suggestion, and to have said, "My goodness sake! I can't believe it!" (Which would have been true in a nice sort of way). Instead, Ermal was disappointed, and said, "I wisht I hadn't a brought you." But the trip was a lot of fun. Honest, it was.

September 15. Every three days DeMar goes to Dr. Last, who trims away at dead tissue, trying to save his thumb.

September 20. We just got back from a trip to Mesa Verde with Cyrus and Ina Gifford. As we drove through Monument Valley, we realized that Cy and Ina weren't following, so we stopped and waited. Finally, we turned back. We drove fifty miles back, but found no sign of them. We contacted the highway patrol, but could not discover what had happened. Resigned to the fact that we would not see them again until we got home, we headed for the Goosenecks, which was to be our next stop. Miles ahead, we found them

dejectedly sitting by the road side while the night gathered around them. All of us laughed with relief at the sight of each other. Cyrus had taken off on a little dirt road to an Indian town to fill up with gas.

September 21. Dr. Last made a bone graft on DeMar's thumb yesterday.

October 2. Lolene and Darwin are living in LaVerkin in Betty Burnette's house above the canal, for the present time. While talking to me on the phone today, she heard a child crying. "Oh dear, it sounds like there's been a tragedy," she said.

"I'm hanging up. Go tend your kids," I said.

Minutes later she called back, crying uncontrollably. "Mother! My baby was nearly drowned in the canal."

"I'm coming right up," I said, and dashed for the car.

At her house Andy grinned up at me from a sink full of muddy water. Lolene was still crying, and little Aaron, Scott and Vaughn stood on chairs by the sink, solemnly watching.

"The kids were playing by the door when you called," Lolene sobbed. "When I heard someone crying, I looked and they were gone. I ran to the road and could see three little boys on the canal bank down by Larett's, but I couldn't see Andy. I have no memory of how I got to him. I must have flown. There was Vaughn hanging on to Andy's arm. Andy was in the canal, covered with muddy water. I wonder why no one came out of their houses, for I know I screamed."

Vaughn, eyes big and sober, told his story as he stood on the chair by the sink. "Andy leaned over like this," gesturing with both chubby hands, "and he fell in the canal."

"How did you get his arm?" I asked.

"It floated, and I caught it. Andy didn't cry, because his eyes were under the water. His legs waved in the water while I held his arm."

The water in the canal was running swift, and red. The sloping sides of the cement canal, made it necessary for Vaughn, who is so very little, to bend forward on his knees to reach Andy. It seems physically impossible for a boy so little to reach that baby, and hang on. It was Aaron's cry that brought Lolene to the rescue.

But Vaughn! What gave him the presence of mind to do the heroic thing he did? He could have so easily fallen in too. He <u>had</u> to have divine help.

November 19. This has been one of our driest and wettest years. The hills were bare and dry all spring and summer. Then the rains came this fall. For weeks we've had a sunny day, then a rainy day. Gentle, soaking rain. Now the hills are green and there's moss in every cranny. Saturday Marilyn went up on the hill with us, looking for old insulators. Young four-o-clocks are covered with buds. Purple sage is blooming again. In our garden, roses and chrysanthumums are still blooming, and the lettuce we planted this fall for spring heading is ready to cut. The pear trees are red and gold. It is a beautiful autumn.

Terry's little boy, Brett, had a cute drawing published in the Children's Friend. Lolene said it was a "Hair-Beetle."(Terry's nick name).

CHAPTER 61

Dear Little Grandson, Goodbye
(1973)

February 11. A drizzling rain is bleaching the gourd birdhouses in our naked pear tree. Our world is soggy, oozing wet with months of rain. I am shut up in our bedroom, with the view out of the glass doors my only contact with the world. When Ermal comes into the room, he deprives me of even that.

I promised Donworth Gubler I would write Henry and Susanna Pickett Gubler's, and Winferd's life stories for the Gubler book, but it has almost cost me my happy home. Ermal has threatened that if I ever take another writing assignment, he will sell my typewriter. He will too. He has stormed about the house, and I have bawled, and was ready to kick in the walls. Finally he carried my typewriter into the bedroom, set up my office by the outside door, turned on the heat, locked all the rest of the house, took the phone off the hook, drew the curtains, parked my car behind Wayne's house in Hurricane, given me orders not to answer the door, and told me to TYPE, TYPE, TYPE. And now, he has taken off in the pickup. All week I have typed, determined not to let this job spill into next week. If a purple cloud rises above LaVerkin, it will be our house.

(Oh, oh. Helen has ventured past the iron curtain. Ermal's iron will, that is. She knocked on the glass and said, "I just heard what Daddy did to you. Is it true?" "It's true," I answered through the closed door. She giggled and left).

For the sake of posterity, I want everyone who reads this page, to be my witness that I have admonished my children to write their own stories. I quote: "Dear Children, remember the Christmas letter from Uncle Donworth? Well, I didn't know they wanted <u>every</u> Gubler to include his life story in the Gubler book, but they do. That means you, and you, and you. Brief was the word, but do it. Get it in <u>now.</u>" (Copy hand carried, or mailed to <u>all</u> of my children).

February 15. Ken Gubler phoned and asked if I would type his story. Wow! How little does he know how explosive that could be. I couldn't say "No," I said, "I can't type. I can't even feel the keys with my right hand. I make awful mistakes." That's how it really is. All Donworth will get is a rough draft.

Corinne and Dell are in Salt Lake with little Kelly. He has had heart surgery, but is still having dizzy spells, so they had to take him back.

February 19. My car has been parked in Hurricane for ten days. I have typed and typed and filled waste baskets of paper. My brain has turned to concrete, and now the job is finished. Done. Completed. Ready for Don's red pencil.

Still, it has been a choice assignment, listening to tapes of Grandpa and Grandma, and going through letters and notes. I have enjoyed this association with Winferd and his parents.

Now, I arise from my typewriter and pat Ermal's head and go boondocking with him.

February 21. Freal Stratton phoned. "Did you see that bright object that went across the sky yesterday?"

"No, we didn't," I replied.

"You mean you missed it? It was huge! I don't see how you missed it."

"What was it?" I asked.

"The sun," he replied.

February 27. I wish I did not have to make such a painful entry. Norman's little boy, Jerrold Paul, was drowned last night at a family activity honoring him. He turned seven on February 24th. He was so bubbly happy about his birthday. "Hi, Dad," he called, as he floated past Norman on his inner tube. No one saw him slip off into the bottom of the pool. My heart breaks with grief! Oh why, why can't we see the other side? Why can't I see how happy Winferd and Gordon are to see their darling little grandson and nephew? My faith does not falter, but the pain is hard to bear.

March 16. DeMar has a clean white cast on his hand, and has had a second bone graft. The first one left his thumb useless. The tip of it bent back like a noodle when he tried to pick up anything. Dr. Capel cut away the deteriorated middle. One little strip of flesh kept the tip of his thumb alive, so this was screwed on to the second joint. He has a little short thumb.

April 10. We've just returned from a five days trip in the desert. The misty rains that started last fall continued throughout the winter and spring. The earth is saturated, and grass grows tall under the chaparrals. The roadside is lavender-pink with sacarty (alfilaria). The flower show began at home. Arizona's little corner, and the Mormon Mesa was white and pink with mounds of primroses and sand verbenas, changing with the miles to yellow daisies, buttercups, and tall purple flowers.

DeMar and his family were in the pilot car. Next came Maxine and her children in their station wagon, and Ermal and I brought up the rear. Outside Kingman we pitched camp by the railroad tracks. The children lined pennies on the rails, and passing trains smashed them flat. Clear skies, and the moon and stars made the night beautiful.

As we broke camp the next morning, a wind, a little less than hurricane velocity came up, and travel warnings were broadcast for northern Arizona. All day long the wind howled, so early in the afternoon, DeMar began looking for a campsite. No where could he find shelter enough to pitch a tent. Finally, as he led us along a frontage road near Black Canyon City, he stopped, opened a steel gate, and led us through.

"Behind that little raise over there, the road will drop into a gully out of the wind," he said.

"Have you been there before?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

Sure enough, beyond the raise, the road dropped down to a dry creek bed that meandered around the bend beneath a perpendicular wall. Pink plumed tamaracks bloomed unruffled in the still sunlight.

"I knew this was what we would find," DeMar said simply. "I was the one who had to pitch a tent, so I was the one who was praying the hardest for guidance. I was prompted to follow the road through that gate."

A hiker passing through, told us we were on BLM ground, and would be undisturbed. Scenic hills rising above us were covered with saguaro, ocotillo, and wild flowers. Overhead, cold winds whistled, but we were snug in the shelter of the cliff, and the warmth of the setting sun.

The next morning, we found a fern-hung weeping rock, an ideal place to take our showers. Other highlights of the trip were our visit to the Mesa Temple grounds, the poppy-covered landscape near Wickenberg, denting the axe blade trying to chop dead iron wood for campfires, and strolling through masses of rainbow colored flowers at Railroad Pass. If we had kept to the highway, we would have missed most of the flower show. The real joy of the desert comes from getting out in it, sleeping in it, eating in it, feeling the sun and the wind, and listening to children's laughter around the campfire at night. This was a nice family safari.

May 5. Barbara Rassmussen, music teacher, song writer, entertainer, and the lady we bought the organ from, gave a concert at Dixie College. Lolene was the guest star. I sat by Darwin in the audience. The master of ceremonies gave Lolene a flowery introduction, and the audience applauded as she came on stage.

She kept up a witty line of chatter as she fastened the guitar strap over her shoulder, then in a sentimental mood, she said, "I will now sing a tender little melody my mother used to croon as she rocked me to sleep. Is my mother in the audience? Mother, are you there?"

Proudly, I raised my hand. Then, with a startling twang on her guitar, she belted out the song, "Scotch and Soda."

"That little vixen," I exclaimed, slapping my hand down on Darwin's knee.

Then Lolene sang the beautiful numbers, "On Top of the World," and "Today."

September 7. A baby girl was born to Lolene and Darwin today. (Katie).

September 24. Today, Ermal bought a new Olympia electric typewriter for me. The best thing about it is that I can write on it. Like DeMar, I've been one-handed for sometime.

DeMar's last bone graft was successful. When the cast was removed, a small, but very useful thumb emerged. The rattlesnake venture, which almost cost him his life, ended up by being a year-long vacation, as he put it. Actually, during that year, he accomplished a lot with one hand.

Now came my turn. One day as I waited in Dr. Capel's office to make an appointment for DeMar, I said to the girl at the desk, "Do you think Dr. Capel could do anything for my hands?"

"You won't know until you ask him," she replied.

He took one look at my hands and asked, "Why didn't you come ten years ago?"

"I have been going to doctors for over twenty years, trying to get relief from the pain at the base of my thumbs, and up my arms. They've always put me off with 'it's just poor circulation', or, 'you have arthritis', but never offered any help."

"You've almost lost complete use of your right hand, and you're going to lose the use of your left hand if you don't do something about it."

Resentfully, I thought of the hours in waiting rooms, of the x-rays, and of the nights through the years, of threshing my arms from one position to another, unable to sleep. Aspirin was the only perscription ever given me. And now, when I tried to open my right hand, my fingers seemed tied to hot wires.

"The muscles to your fingers run through a tunnel here," Dr. Capel explained. "When this tunnel is closed off with scar tissue, or calcium, the muscles become pinched. The one to your right thumb has been pinched off so long that it is gone. We can release these muscles and save what you have left."

So, my right hand was operated on July 3rd. After the cast was removed, my left hand was done on August 28th. Now both hands are free, and I can sleep at nights. Half of my right hand still feels like it was made of wood. WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BEFORE IT WAS ALMOST TOO LATE?

CHAPTER 62

Tornado Ahoy

(1974)

January 3. We have been to Disneyland. And to the Rose Parade. Both "firsts" in my life. Just a word of advice to anyone who plans on going to Disneyland during Christmas holidays's--don't. Terry invited us to the Rose Parade while he and Susan still lived in Burbank. Together, we went to Disneyland the day before the parade, and bought full books of tickets. Inside the gate was standing room only. All day long we stood in long lines, and were able to use exactly three tickets! We rode the roller coaster through the Swiss Alps, took a train ride through the Grand Canyon, and went through the haunted house. We even stood in line for hours to get a bite to eat. Toward evening, we climbed the tree house, but we didn't need a ticket for that.

Reports of the congestion along the parade route kept us home on New Year's day, where we watched the Rose Parade on TV. After the parade was over, and the Rose Bowl game was on, we rode down the parade route. What we saw is something the city of Pasadena would never allow on TV. The entire five miles was knee deep in trash. People had camped there for three days prior to the parade, hoping to get a good view. At that, it couldn't have been too good, because people were stacked too deep. Campers had built little fires and cooked their food on the road, and had slept there at nights. We saw a girl sitting all alone in the middle of a full-sized mattress by the roadside, evidently waiting for someone to pick her up. Trashmongers rooted through the litter with sticks. Aluminum collectors dragged garbage bags, picking up beer cans. Dogs and cats sniffed out food scraps. Store fronts were boarded up to protect them from the push

of the crowds, giving the appearance of a ghost town. To use Ermal's vernacular, "Humans is the dirtiest things what they is!" How could anything so beautiful as the parade have come through such a long aisle of filthiness!

Terry took us to the park to see the floats. Each one was protected in a roped off area, with a guard on duty. Since the Rose Bowl game was still in session, there were only a few of us at the park. We roamed freely, admiring to our heart's content. This made it all worth while.

New Year's night, Terry took me to the flower market. Ermal thought anyone who would go down town at midnight was crazy, so he went to bed. With the celebration over, the city of Los Angeles slept. Terry took me sightseeing among the sky scrapers, and the beautiful lighted parks and residential areas, then finally to the flower market, which covers an entire block.

Midnight is when it comes alive with flower vendors, many of them oriental, pushing their carts of flowers, and setting up their booths. All night long they work, displaying both cut, and potted flowers, ready for the shop owners who come to buy in the early morning hours. We were in a bustling, fragrant world. Flowers came in by bus and plane from as far away as Hawaii. Terry knew many of the vendors. He has been delivering flowers to shops throughout Los Angeles, and as far away as San Francisco, as part-time work while going to Dental Lab school. He introduced me to his friends. I would miss a night's sleep any time to be able to walk in such beauty with my son, and to enjoy his laughter, and to meet his friends.

When we left, we were carrying potted ferns, poinsettas and roses--plants and flowers not quite fresh enough for the market, but beautiful enough to bring home.

Early the next morning, Ermal was chomping at the bit to get out of the Los Angeles traffic, and back to the peace of home, but when we reached LasVegas we learned there would be no peace at home. DeMar and Helen were burned out New Year's day, and were living in our house.

The walls and the roof of the house that Winferd built still stand, but the insides are gutted and black. While DeMar and his family were out for a drive, the furnace thermostat stuck, and the stoker kept feeding coal until the timbers above caught fire. Laron Wilson came by and saw black smoke oozing out around the windows and doors. When he opened the door the house burst into flames. The fire department did a great job saving all that could be saved. Our house is a smoke smelling mess of confusion, cluttered with things rescued from the fire. No one was hurt.

February 4. Corinne and Dell Stout have a new little girl born today. (Dorene).

March 15. Maxine and Russell Limb have a new baby girl also. (April).

April 20. We're a one-family unit again. DeMar and Helen have moved back into their home. Floor joists had to be replaced under the kitchen, bath and hall, and new floors put in. Smoke damage was extensive throughout. Rebuilding has put new meaning into the home, and now it is much more beautiful than before--new kitchen cabinets, stainless steel sink and all.

April 25. Last night was our final tour of duty at the temple before it closes for remodeling.

May 7. We left home this morning at ten, Kansas bound. We stopped beyond Beaver at a roadside rest. I was impressed. I had to grind both thumbs against a push button on the wall to flush the toilet, but that was mild. When I tried to wash my hands I had to practically bruise both thumbs and bust the joints to get one squirt of water at the wash bowl, then it was gone before I could wet my hands. To turn it on again was next to impossible, so I stood on one leg and pushed the button with my heel. The water gushed and was gone before I got my foot to the floor, so I gave up and washed from a jug in the camper.

May 8. We spent the night in Palisade, Colorado. A farmer let us sleep in his peach orchard. I'm jotting down as we ride along. The Colorado River flows placid here. A buffalo herd snoozes in the tall grass. The railroad tunnels through the hills. Magpies. Long river canyon. Little Horsethief creek. Glenwood Springs. Elevation, 6,000. Still following river. Canyon deep. Spruce trees tall. White River forest. Flowering trees. River boils and foams. Rapids. Jagged skyline. Hiker's trail leads to hanging lake seven and one-half miles up. Why can't we stop and hike? White River tumbles clear and cool. Picnic tables beside frothy stream. Blue carpet of white-eyed flowers. Train slithers around the bend. We leave White River forest and climb. Snow level, 7,400 elevation. Climb to 10,000 feet. Vail Pass. Rows of condominiums.

We accidently got off I70 at Limon, Colorado, which took us in to Winona, Kansas on old 40, which saved us a bunch of miles.

Thursday, 9th. We spent a heart-warming night at Harry Barrett's home. We slept in the camper and enjoyed a thundersquall. This morning rain crystals glisten on the wheat, and Kansas is fresh and green.

May 10. We spent yesterday afternoon and last night with Mary and Eric Enstrom. We slept in our camper parked in their grove of trees. Night birds warbled. Hundreds of birds joined the chorus at daybreak. Lilacs, bridlewreath, tulips, lily of the valley, chokecherries and wild plums grow in profusion. Fog walked like ghosts through the trees.

At Lenora we visited Vera and Ricky Hazlett and Elsie and Leslie Prout. At Hill City we got the address of Kay and Robert Stephen from Shirley Scott. They're in Italy, and have been baptized into the church.

As we left Hill City an ominous black cloud appeared in the southwest. Tornados travel from the southwest to the northeast in Kansas, so we've been told, and that a car, going in the right direction can usually outrun one. However, we were headed straight south for I70, and we knew for a certainty that what we were seeing was no ordinary cloud. Ermal's desire to see a tornado was being fulfilled. But he didn't want to see one so dangerously close. He wanted to see one from a safe distance, and here we were, driving right into it.

"Oh, Ermal, what shall we do?" I cried.

"We've <u>got</u> to outrun it," he replied grimly, bearing down on the gas.

The dark monster loomed higher. It's underside was black as soot.

We were nearing Wakeeney. Dirt and trash spiraled up from the town, and the trees were flailing and threshing.

"Oh, Ermal, Ermal, it's almost over us! Shouldn't we get out and lie down?" I cried.

"We've got to reach the highway," he replied.

I kept my face plastered against the glass on my side, peering up at the gruesome black thing overhead. As I watched, I saw it suddenly lift, and its boiling turbulence passed over us. We were safe. Thankfully we relaxed.

We stopped at a safety rest outside Ellis. Cars and campers huddled there listening to news reports about the tornado. A hail storm had hit Hill City. The tornado touched down at Phillipsburg, uprooting trees, and lifting a roof from one motel.

We stopped in Ellis to visit Smiths, then went on to Hays and Brumitts. This was like being home again.

May 11. We went to the farm with Brumitts and Edgar broiled juicy steaks. Adella and Roy Dodril were with us. Utah has never been so green as Kansas.

May 12. After church, where we enjoyed the branch members, we had dinner at Ellis with the Smith family. Debbie sang for us. Her voice is sort of caressing, like Doris Day's. We spent the evening with the Spencer family. They have a new little son--Jason, who is just two.

May 13. We are staying in Brumitt's upstairs apartment. Ermal prepared dinner today, and Grandma Brumitt and Mary ate with us on our camp dishes. We had half a fork apiece. Mary ate her salad with her fingers. She was home from school for only one-half hour. We had supper and spent the evening with Renee and Diane Schryer.

May 14. Ermal went to Victoria where he bought three rock posts for $5.00 each. (We brought two rock posts home when we left the mission field, and needed three more to go with them). I went shopping, and out to dinner with Renee. The branch members had a picnic in the park in our honor in the evening. Sister Packer baked biscuits out of potato roll dough, that were filled with cabbage, onion, sausage and hamburger. Wow! So good, so good! We spent the evening after that with the Brumitts.

May 15. We had breakfast with Brumitts, then bid them goodbye. We visited Nancy Somers at Natoma, and Grandpa Somers at Waldo, then went on to Osborne to see the Schwitzers, where we met Adrian for the first time. We went on to Bloomington to see the Adams family, and backtracked with Pat and her boys to Osborn to see the Edwards family. I lost my voice, and became very ill. To spend the night in the camper was unthinkable, so we got a motel in Phillipsburg. When we awoke in the morning, we were surprised to discover that this "L" shaped motel had lost the roof off from one wing. The tall trees were twisted like corkscrews. This was the place we heard about over the radio when the tornado hit.

May 16. I cannot make a sound today. I am reduced to writing notes, or punching and pointing. We are Sidney, Nebraska bound. There are folks I want to see! I want to be able to talk. I am frusterated!

Later: At Sidney, we visited our old haunts at the city park. Ermal

roamed about the park, refreshing old memories, and I leaned against a tree and squeezed out big tears of self pity. "Look," I whispered to the little breeze that ruffled my hair, "I've planned three years for this day, and have come over 1,500 miles, and just look at me!" Then the tears trickled in earnest, and I found myself praying. I sort of suggested to the Heavenly Father that I sure did need to get better instantly.

Ermal returned and said, "Why don't we go to Chandlers and ask him to help administer to you?"

Instantly I was cheered. Sister Chandler was in the hospital. Brother Chandler gave me a good blessing, then said, "A swallow of whiskey will clear your throat."

I tried it. It was bitter, hot and nasty, but my throat opened up. It had to, or I would have suffocated on the fumes.

Brother Chandler cooked a dinner of trout, broccli, corn on the cob, and mashed potatoes. His hands shook so hard with palsy that the pots rattled. He is eighty-two. He is one of the best men in the world. Ermal went with him to the hospital, while I did the dishes.

We spent the evening with Vada and Clarence Gheen. They live across the street from Chandlers. I was so glad to be able to just plain talk. While we were there, a telephone call came from DeMar telling us that Wickley Gubler had passed away. We had left Gheens number with the kids, but were surprised to be there at the time the call came. We slept in the camper in the church yard. Brother Chandler let us take his key so we could use the bathroom there.

May 17. Up at 5:30. I played the piano at the church house while Ermal changed a tire. Brother Chandler had breakfast ready for us when we returned the key.

When we visited the Siders, Brother Siders was frying good donuts. Ummm. We visited the Muellers. Trish was home from College and Wes is in Tennessee on a mission.

And now we're homeward bound on I80. The wind is cold and the sky is dark. The fog between Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyoming was so heavy we could not see. We got into a pileup of cars. Seven cars were badly smashed. A man with a flashlight flagged us to a stop before we hit them.

Saturday, May 18. We visited briefly with Jim and Dana in Salt Lake, then blissfully hurried home.

June 2. One day, Wayne Monette came in after school to recite the scout law. "Sister Stratton," he said, "there are thirteen points to the scout law. A scout is hungry." The kitchen smelled of fresh baked bread. I chuckled as I sliced into a loaf, then set on butter, jam and milk. I liked this 13th scout law, so I sent it to the Scouting Magazine. They published it and mailed me $5.00, which I used to buy skill awards for the boys.

A scout master in Puerto Rico liked the story, so he wrote, wanting to know more about our troop and our town. LaPriel did a watercolor picture of LaVerkin as seen from above the canal, with blue Pinevalley mountain and the pink foothills in the background. I told about our climate, and the things that grow here, of our national parks, and about our troop of Mormon boys,

and got it in the mail today.

Yesterday morning Ermal had the campfire blazing by 6:00 a.m. in Donkey Hollow, so we'd have a bed of coals by the time the troop came with their mothers for the Early Bird Breakfast. This is the third year we've used Donkey Hollow for this event. Each spring we chop out dead limbs from the cottonwoods, rake the grass and set up tables and chairs. The boys seat their mothers, then cook the hotcakes, bacon and eggs.

June 9. When bishop's counselor, Kerry Gubler arose to conduct sacrament meeting today, he said, "My dear brothers and sisters, I see by the program that we have all had a great spiritual experience today." A typographical error on the program announced the opening song as, "Ere You Left Your Toom This Morning."

June 15. Thursday, one of my polygamist neighbors invited me to a Tupperware party at her house. I happen to like her very much. She's sharp, neat, and outgoing. I wanted to say, "I'll be there." Instead, I replied, "We're getting ready to take Ermal to an ear specialist in Salt Lake in the morning. I'm afraid I can't get ready in time."

"Call me back, and let me know," she said.

Feeling unsure of the situation, I asked the bishop if it was right that I go. He said, "She's your friend, isn't she?"

"Sure. But would <u>you</u> go?"

"No. She isn't my friend," he replied.

Puzzled, I called Dell Stout. "Dell, what is the attitude of the church about members going to parties in polygamist homes?"

"I can tell you what our stake president says. He draws the line when it comes to entering their homes."

I didn't want to hurt my neighbor, or let her down, so I thought I'd pray about it. But as I started through the door, a strong prompting said, "No, you're not going." So I telephoned and said, "Thanks for the invitation, but I won't be able to come." She was hurt and I felt bad.

As we rode to Salt Lake, I mulled the question over in my mind. It wouldn't have hurt one bit to go, I thought, and it would have made her happy. But a voice within me had said, "No." It would be neat if I could talk to Mark Petersen, I thought. Still, we don't run to the general authorities about every little thing. The Lord gave us minds of our own.

While Ermal was with his doctor, I sat in the waiting room reading. Two shiny black shoes caught my eye, as they approached. Then a pair of well creased, gray flannel slacks. Before I even saw his face, I knew that this was no ordinary person. I felt a radiance that surprised me. I looked up, as a tall, gray haired man sat beside me, and picked up a magazine.

Mustering my courage, I said, "Pardon me, but aren't you Mark Peterson?"

Smiling, he replied, "I am."

"I'm Alice Stratton from LaVerkin," I said, and he shook my hand.

"Brother Petersen, I'm puzzled about the right attitude to take about some of our good neighbors," I said.

"You mean apostates from Colorado City?" he asked.

"Yes. They were very kind to send food and clothing when our son's house burned."

"Sure they are good neighbors. They will do all they can to win your favor. They are enemies of the church, and will try to deceive you."

I explained my reluctance about the Tupperware party.

"Make no mistake about it. You were prompted by the Holy Ghost, and would have made a mistake to ignore it. You cannot afford to be friends with them. Do not go into their homes. When you do, you are on their territory."

"But if they are in trouble, and need your help?"

"That is different. They are our fellowmen. If they need help, help them."

"And what if they come to our homes?"

"When they come into your homes, they are on <u>your</u> territory. You have the strength of the gospel."

He told me many things about them. He said the church receives many letters from them. They claim our prophet is not inspired, and say all manner of evil against him. "Unless they renounce polygamy, repent, and accept our prophet, and come into the church, they must be regarded as enemies," he concluded.

All questions were erased from my mind, and I marveled that Mark Petersen, the very person I wanted to see, should walk into that waiting room and sit beside me!

July 27. What an inspirational week this has been. The evenings were spent in a writing seminar at Dixie College with twenty-six other students. Doyle Green, editor of the church magazines was our instructor. His purpose in coming was to inspire more LDS members to write for the church magazines. A large percent of the material submitted to the Children's Friend is from non-members. More LDS people should develop their talents. The greatest opportunity is writing for children.

Following are notes I have jotted down:

Don't pad a story--making much of little. Timing is important. A Christmas story should be submitted in April. Anticipate six months ahead. Doyle Green re-writes his articles at least ten times. We should be willing to re-write a dozen times. Editors don't like to make changes. Don't write "down" to children, but write simple. Short words, and short sentences.

Suggested subjects: Incidents about great individuals. Write about other areas where you have been, experiences of your own when you were a child, and faith promoting incidents.

Don't preach. Anything preachy turns the editors off. Write stories that teach without preaching. Use children in children's stories. Use contrasts. Present the facts. Use words you understand. If you have to go to a dictionary to find the meaning of a word, it is better not to use it.

It is easier to get good feature articles than good fiction. The New Era needs articles on problems of young people, and constructive conclusions. Observe all church standards. For fiction, get a kernal of idea from experience, then fictionalize it. Get a gripping lead. Grab the reader. Make him want to read more. Don't have a non-member dating a returned missionary. We permit it, but don't promote it.

Warning about "firsts." If in doubt, say "a first", or "one of the first." Beware of "the biggest," "the finest," or other unqualified superlatives, as greatest, or most. Rarely do editors accept them. Don't overwrite. Don't repeat your point too often. Remember, all church magazines are read by the general authorites, mission presidents, stake presidents--all great people who scan to see that all correct principles are used. Don't tell things people won't believe.

One of our assignments was to bring to class a list of six subjects we thought would make an interesting article, or story for the church. We were also to make an outline of one story to read to the class. I read the following list:

1. A story about paying tithing in kind. How happy the bishop made me feel when I brought him my little black rooster.
2. When I stood at the tent door and watched my mother pray for my return.

"Stood where?" Brother Green interrupted.

"At the tent door."

"Write this story. Be sure and include the tent. It lends color. Also, write the tithing story."

3. The engineer who was going to drive the Mormons to hell.
4. A mystery story of a child who wakes up next to the ceiling.
5. Don't be afraid of thunder.
6. The blue lizzard.

My outline was "Wanderlust" when Ermal, Curtis Beam, and Carlyle Wilson ran away from home. Brother Green took my outline back to Salt Lake with him.

Brother Green urged us to remain together as a writer's group. The classes are over, and he has returned home, after admonishing us to make good things happen.

November 22. Our writer's group has been organized. Enid Howard, a professional writer for Outdoor and Sports Magazines, is club president. Our official name is "Heritage Writer's Guild of Southern Utah," and we meet on the last Thursday of each month at Dixie College.

December 29. Corinne and Dell have another little daughter born today. (Carolee).

CHAPTER 63

The Gatcho Rancho

(1975)

February 4. We have another little grandson. Terry phoned from Burbank to tell us that he and Susan had a little boy born to them today. (Tyrone Charles).

February 25. What a headache Wayne inherited as administrator of Dad's and Mom's estate. He has pored over law books, and consulted with Palmer, until he has almost become a lawyer himself. Now the Coal Pitts property is divided. Also the little cash from the estate. After I paid tithing on my inheritance, I had enough money left to buy some little thing for a memento from Mom and Dad. I searched the furniture stores locally and in Salt Lake for a china closet deep enough to hold my punch bowl set and cake stand, but learned that what I wanted would have to be custom built, and would cost $1,300. That was out. So I drew a picture, and Perry Asay made me exactly what I wanted for $300. (He made my music cabinet too, and the stands that hold the speakers to our stero.)

I am now the owner of eighty sunbaked acres of land on Coal Pitts.It is mostly lizzard territory, but sego lilies bloom there in the spring. When we drive past, I enjoy the feeling of ownership, and wonder what my children will do with it. The most I'll ever do with it is to pluck a flower from it some wet spring. But who knows! It might be a haven of peace, a sanctuary for my children some fine day.

April 2. As we left for Burbank last week, Ermal started singing, "I got a girl in Kalamazoo, she wears stockings in her shoes," etc. I picked up the refrain with, "Mama, Mama, what is that,hanging down that Negro's back? . . . Hey! That's a good add-a-verse song," I said.

For the rest of the trip, I could not shake the "Ta-rare-a-Boom-de-a" melody. It ran through my head all the way to Burbank and back. Everything I saw along the way fit itself into an endless jingle. Following is a portion of it:

See the Strattons cruise along. As they go, they sing a song.
Wind howls cold, but they don't care. Good old heater blows warm air.

Utah hill is white with snow, and we're glad we need not go
Up the grade so slick and steep. Thru the canyon we will creep.

Sparcely bloom the desert flowers. Windswept miles stretch into hours.
VEGAS skyline dim thru smog. Stop at Marilyn's. Pet her dog.

"Night Crawler's Bar," says the sign. What a funny place to dine.
SEARCHLIGHT bound. Flowers thicker too, yellow, white & royal blue.

BULLHEAD CITY. We're descending. Sun sinks low. Day is ending.
Bread and milk in camper et. Best darned food a man can get.

Ironwood trees of silver gray--chaparral in breezes sway.
Long train chuggs with heavy load. Sante Fe. Milwaukie Road.

Cactus forest. Big full moon. Wind relentless. Be dark soon.
Not a single town in sight. Need a place to spend the night.

Daylight gone. The moon turns gold. Raging night wind bitter cold.
AMBOY lights loom ahead. Glad for motel. Cozy bed.

THURSDAY, March 27

Yucca, spinewood, ocotillo, bladder bush and cholla
Powder dry. Still they flower! Desert life, tenacious power!

The barren world sharply ends. Down green slopes our car descends.
INDIO where palm trees grow. Citrus trees, row after row.

Through PALM DESERT. Take our time. SAN JACINTO mountains climb.
5,000 feet. Dense underbrush. Snow capped peaks. Tall pine trees
lush.

Ta-rare-a-Boom-de-a. (Here I break out of rhythm). Spending the night with Joyce and Bill in Riverside was plenty nice. Ermal gave up and went to bed, but Chuck and Peggy joined us and we visited until midnight. The next morning, we picked a bushel of lemons from Bill's tree, then headed once more for the coast.

FRIDAY

Ten lane freeway. We're in flow. Sea of cars. To Burbank go.
We arrive at TERRY'S HOUSE JUST IN TIME TO SIT AND BROWSE.

SATURDAY

Colored eggs in Easter basket. Day is bright as we could ask it.
Santa Anna winds blow free from the desert to the sea.

Riding down the 101. Go for picnic. This is fun.
Green hills roll to tidal plains. Fertile fields and winding lanes.

The air is clean. Skies are blue. Sparkling ocean. POINT MUGU.
Freight ships sail against the sky. Waves pound rocks. White spray
leaps high.

Ta-rare-a-Boom-de-a. "I can't understand having all of this beach to ourselves," I said. "I thought everyone would be here Eastering." "Well, live it up. We're in luck," Terry replied. "Look at all these daisies that have been blown into the pockets of this rock," Ermal said. Sure enough! Hundreds of them, turning different colors in the puddles of salt spray. Some of them were greenish, and some pinkish. Ermal poked one with a stick and its petals folded shut. An Italian, standing with his fishing pole on top of the rock said, "They're anemones." "Ermal, look at all of these things!" There were layers and layers of creatures crusting the rock everywhere. "Are these barnacles like they scrape off ships?" I asked the fisherman. "Yes, they are mussels, snails and coral. They even attach themselves to whales," he said. Terry came along and showed us how to pick the snails and drop them inside the anemones. Later, Brett and Sheldon brought their tuna sandwiches to watch these sea flowers close over the little chuncks of bread.

Pelicans and seagulls fly, overhead. And scampering by
Sandpipers chase as waves retreat, eating sea bugs plump and sweet.

"Wanna see what those long-legged birds are eating?" Terry asked, scooping a hole in the sand. When a wave filled the hole, chubby sand fleas were washed out of hiding. Frantically they floated till they found the loose grit at the edge of the puddle. Flattening their pink bodies, they flipped their sides, and the sand folded over them.

"Look at that old two-quart jar rolling up and down the beach with the waves," I said. Sheldon ran and caught it. It was full of restless fishing worms. Sheldon ran his arm down the jar and pulled them out all over himself, like a pile of pink, gritty spaghetti. I shuddered. In surprise, Susan said, "Does that bother you?" "I've never touched a worm," I confessed. "Worms are just fine," she said. Sheldon guarded them, and played with them until time to go, then Grandpa broke his heart. He wouldn't let him take them in the car. Finally he settled for just one worm.

Sheldon kept Alfie, the worm. He adored each little squirm.
Simply couldn't give him up. Carried him in plastic cup.

"Hello Alfie," talking into cup. "Alfie doesn't know how to talk." Holds Alfie in his sandy hand. Alfie's squirms get less and less. "Alfie is tired," he observes. "Alfie is rotten," Terry says throwing him away. "Did Alfie tell you?" Sheldon asked. "No he didn't." "Alfie can't talk, can he," Sheldon said thoughtfully, then asked, "Did Alfie smile at you?" "No Alfie didn't." "Alfie was tired," Sheldon said. That ended the subject.

Brett sat relaxed and quiet. "You are very quiet, aren't you," I observed. "Yes," he answered softly. "I'm that way sometimes."

SUNDAY MORNING

Easter Sunday. Special joy. Terry blessed his baby boy.
Tyrone Charles. Cute little tad. Took ten men to name the lad.
(Including Terry's mission president, Don Smith, Ermal, Marcus Campbell, and Jesse Fox).

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Goodbye children. We must leave. It's been nice, so do not grieve.
Easter day is almost done. Homeward bound is everyone.
(Wow! what a stream of traffic came pouring across the desert, California bound).

Twilight fades. Car lights come on, like a diamond necklace strung
Across the bosom of the night, velvet soft and gemstone bright.

Beyond the hills a glowing sky. LasVegas glitter flashing high.
Gaudy gypsy, jeweled bright--that's LasVegas dressed for night.

At Marilyn's house in slumber deep, we spend the night in dreamless sleep.
Toast and omelet, breakfast fare. Kiss goodbye and take the air.

MONDAY

Back to windswept desert flowers. In LAKE MEAD hills we putter hours.
Waters lap the rocky shore. OVERTON BEACH. Campers galore.

ST. GEORGE Temple, snowy white. Red hills background firey bright.
Old Pinevalley comes in view. Snow caps tower above the blue.

Ah, there's Steamboat, pink and high, and Kolob Peaks jut the sky.
This is the place we love the best. Home is where the heart can rest.

By the way, I mentioned my surprise at having all of the beach to ourselves. As we left the beach, driving over a fence that was down, we discovered we had spent the day in an army base restricted area. We saw the sign on our way out. When we drove on around the point, we saw people swarming the beach like ants. Ignorance <u>was</u> bliss.

April 3. The Coal Pitts fever is catching. Wayne's dry farm on top has been a family playground for years, and today Ermal bought a little hunk of it, six acres of tumbleweeds, cactus, scrub cedar, oak, and a view. In all his tramping, Ermal says this spot has the most sweeping view of the Kolob peaks, Zion ledges, and Steamboat. All it lacks is water. But if there was water, there would be people also, and Ermal would not have found

such solitude. "We will name this place the Gatcho Rancho," Ermal said. "Gatch," is Jack Stratton's way of pronouncing Stratton.

June 7. This week was the culmination of almost a year of writer's workshop activities. We've been in session all week at Dixie College, each of the workshop members conducting departments, from photography, poetry, tape recordings, genealogy, folklore, etc. My department was family vignettes. In it I reviewed DeMar's snake story, beginning with Shirley's and Lolene's illustrated get-well book.

The feedback was soul-tickling, but the crowning moment came when a school teacher from Nevada raised her hand and said, "So you're Alice Gubler Sabin Stratton. I've always been curious about you. You are quite successful in getting your stories published, and yet you break every rule about story structure. " I loved that. If I had not been in such cultured company, I would have shouted, "Hallelujah!"

I don't suppose my year with the writer's group has changed me much. I don't aim to ever become a writer. I mingle just for fun, and because I like the people who inhabit college campuses. Just walking on a campus puts a spring in my step.

June 11. Lolene had a baby girl today. (Janna Lynn.)

July 15. We have another little granddaughter, this time born to Shirley. (Sherrie.)

July 18. Yesterday was my birthday. One of the gifts I always love is a trip to Kolob. I like to hike down into the sawmill canyon and stand where the shack stood where I was born. A few tumbled-down, weathered gray boards mark the spot. We had planned to go this year, but instead, I spent the day with Shirley, who came home with her baby.

Since I never remember anyone's birthday, I hope everyone will forget mine--all but Ermal, that is. I expect a lot of fuss and fanfare from him. But yesterday he ignored me, just as though I didn't exist. He was silent throughout breakfast. Norman stopped by. "Just wanted to say happy birthday, Mother, before I go to work." Ermal acted like he didn't hear him. He never said a word. Greetings came over the telephone, still Ermal wasn't jarred loose, even to say, "By the way--happy birthday." He finished his breakfast and went out into the garden.

After my kitchen work was done, I shouted, "Goodbye, I'm leaving." He didn't even look up. Whatever was eating him, I guessed he'd have to get over all by himself.

In spite of the cheerful busyness at Shirley's house, thoughts of Ermal gnawed inside of me. I hurt. When I made a quick dash home in the afternoon, I found a blue willow bowl full of homemade butter, and a card from DeMar and Helen. That lifted my spirits some. Ermal was still in the yard. "Hi, how are you doing?" I called. "Ok," he grunted without looking up. My spirits fell, and I hurried back to Shirley's.

Shirley said, "Mother, I'd like to give you and Ermal a show ticket for your birthday. It's Helen Hays in one of those cute little Herbie shows. Perry will take you and the kids."

"That will be fun, I'll ask Ermal if he'd like to go." So I phoned him.

"I've already seen it," was his blunt reply.

Now I <u>really</u> felt bad. Why was he treating me like this? It was totally unlike him. The only thing for me to do was go.

"Hi," I said, coming in after the show.

"Uh hu," Ermal replied, keeping his head in the book he was reading.

I went to the bathroom, and got ready for bed. As I turned the light on in our bedroom, I saw a pretty package lying on my pillow. Opening it, I found a necklace--a double gold chain with a Yellowstone agate, and a love note from Ermal.

"Ermal!" I exclaimed running into the living room. "This is just beautiful! All day long I've felt like crying because I thought you didn't care."

Pulling me down on his lap he kissed me and said, "I've felt sad all day long thinking you didn't care. I put this on your pillow early this morning, and you never opened it."

"But I made the bed early, and didn't have a reason to go back to the room," I explained.

How idiotic. Because he had been so dead set on surprising me in his Ermalish way, we had both wasted a day in silent anxiety.

"We'll go to Kolob tomorrow," he grinned.

July 22. Helen went with Ermal and me to Kolob. Our quest was to find the old slickrock road. We parked the car at the foot of Maloney hill, and went through a gate to the east. Evan Lee had described the way so vividly that Ermal said, "I can lead you right to it." Helen and I followed. "Now I think your pa would have naturally followed this draw with his team and wagon." We hiked through deep sand, oak and pines that took us into a canyon that Ermal was sure was the sawmill canyon. Instead, it was a dead end, walled in on three sides.

"If we can climb out of here, we'll find the old road up on top," Ermal said. I wished I had the wings of an angel. Ermal found a toe-hold and scaled the first little precipice, and reached down and pulled Helen and me up, one at a time. It was scarey. We found pockets of water in the rocks, and were glad to lay flat and drink. We hiked and climbed for hours, but Ermal <u>did</u> find the old road. By then our time and strength was spent, so we followed the unbelieveable, iron-tire marked trail back over the slick rocks, and in my memory I re-lived those harrowing moments of childhood.

July 29. Kicking off my dusty boots, I lean back in the patio rocking chair. Happily I sigh. We have just finished our last five-mile hike with the primary scouts. After four years, our scouting days are over, for a rash of twelfth birthdays are graduating our troop. (LaRue Prince is taking over the younger boys in our class). The last bicycle has gone from our yard, but as usual, there is still a stray canteen lying under the persimmon tree, a couple of jackets, and a crumpled paper sack of cooky crumbs.

"Kids are trashy," Ermal observes.

"But the Lord loves them, and answers their prayers."

"Are you sure?" He looks at me like I am some kind of nut.

"Sure I'm sure. Do you realize how many scout hikes we've taken with never a mishap?"

"According to the law of averages, any guy should be able to put on a few thousand miles without an accident."

"All right. But I'm still relieved each time we're safely home. I liked how the boys always prayed before each hike."

A breeze ruffles the rose hedge. Suddenly I have a forlorn feeling, wondering if my joints will corrode and rust without a troop to follow. My scuffed boots and the frayed strap on the forsaken canteen speak eloquently of the fun we have had. I sit in reverie.

"Remember the December day we had planned a hike to the gap, and the weather turned so bitter cold?"

"Yeah?" Ermal dumped sand from his shoes.

"People said we were foolish to take the boys out in such a gale, but the boys had prayed for a good day. We drove out of the bluster at home into the calm at the gap. The kids even left their jackets on the bushes along the way."

"But north winds don't blow through that gap. It's usually calm there," Ermal remarks.

"The Lord tempered the wind." Relaxed, I rock as I muse. "I guess the nearest accident we ever had was that day. Remember when Lance decided to take a shortcut to the hieroglyphics? He was flattened like a lizzard against the face of a cliff, unable to move, when I found him. I was glad Mike Fieseler knew how to get him down. For once I had serious thoughts of the spat machine."

A black ant crawled in front of my chair. "That ant reminds me of the day our troop scared the ants down their holes."

It was our Early Bird Breakfast in Donkey Hollow. The afternoon before, Ermal and I cleaned up the campsite. A cloudburst had previously sent a flood down the creek, and the ants were dragging their eggs out of the nests to dry. The campsite was a crawling mass.

"Oh dear, we can't serve breakfast here," I wailed. "What'll we do?"

"It's too late to do anything but make the best of it," Ermal said, chopping a dead limb from a tree.

When we started our campfire at six the next morning, ants swarmed over the tables and chairs as fast as we unfolded them. Then came the boys with their mothers. Seeming to sense something, the ants vanished. Not one was left to crawl up a table leg.

"Do you remember the day Harley stirred up the yellow jacket nest in the cactus bed?" I ask. "I thought it was part of a game when those screaming kids charged down the hill and leaped into the river. But I knew it wasn't, when the troops formed a stockade around the six that were stung, so they could rip off their pants to get rid of the wasps. And then there was plucky little Morris, wearing that pile of mud on top of his head all the rest of the day. He was so funny and uncomplaining."

The yellow jacket incident happened at our day camp in Zion. Quinta Beatty was our stake leader. Scattered showers had been coming down throughout the day, but never in our camp. Then just as we were ready for our closing ceremony, raindrops began to splatter upon us.

Quinta held out her hands and said, "Please, Heavenly Father, not yet," and the rain stopped. Finally we had to race for our cars, but the downpour waited until the last door was shut.

And then there was the time the Order of the Arrows came to perform. The preceeding afternoon was a sizzler. The patio, back of the church house, was like a stove top when the thunder storms moved in. One cloudburst followed another, and then our phone began to ring. Worried people wondered if we should cancel the show. I could only answer, "Things will be all right," because I was assured it would be.

When George Feller, and his Indian dancers came, the rain made it impossible for them to pitch their wigwam. Running with my umbrella, I met George in the door of the Junior Sunday School room. Glumly, his dancers stood inside.

"We can't go on," he said.

"Yes you can," I answered from under my drizzling umbrella. "We needed this rain to cool the cement. Go ahead and costume, and the rain will stop."

"Ok, if you say so," he said.

At that moment the rain did stop. Our custodian, Sheldon DeMill, and the primary scouts took brooms and pushed the pond of water off the patio, and carried chairs, while George and his troop pitched their wigwam and got into their costumes. The people came, and the evening was a success.

A gust of wind rattles the paper sack of cooky crumbs, breaking into my reverie. Ermal has taken off his sock, and is digging a cactus sliver out of his ankle. A feeling of tender regard sweeps over me. My scouting activities would have been impossible without him.

How wise he had been to discourage the selling of fire extinguishers, candles, candy, etc. when most of the money would have been sent away, instead of remaining with the troop. Ermal was good to give us a row of rooted grape cuttings to sell. The boys raised a lot of money from them, and from the strawberry plants they thinned from our garden. We were financially independent, and able to turn over a good supply of skill awards, and all of our lights and induction ceremony equipment to the incoming class. I hope they appreciate it--especially Lloyd's excellent woodburning art work on the scout emblem.

"It's a lucky scout leader that has a husband like you," I sigh.

"You're absolutely right," Ermal agrees.

"I mean it. You've taken over the knot tying, fire making and knife and axe tests. You've chauffered us everywhere, and have been with us on every hike like a bodyguard."

"Someone has to look out for you," he says.

Happily I lean back, my thoughts still meandering. I recall the five-hundred deer we raced to see, that turned out to be "at least fifty,"

that were reduced to, "well, I know I saw two." I shudder to remember the muddy, wet shirt full of flopping, slick suckers dumped into my arms with Lance's simple request, "here teacher, hold these a minute." I chuckle at the memory of Lloyd bringing in an old beer can as an "evidence of wild life." I can still see Kelly and Kirk lugging a full set of breakfast utinsels up the LaVerkin twist to cook hotcakes on the lookout point above town. I recall the boys playing "I'm the boss of Bunker Hill" on the red clay knolls below Smith's Mesa. The only thing about them that wasn't red when we brought them home was their teeth and the whites of their eyes.

I remember Andy helping me shell pecans for the Primary Children's Hospital. We planned a Christmas party as we worked together. Andy and his dad went into the hills and cut us a tree and mounted it. I picture the boys, dressed in red and white Santa caps, toting that tree down the street to Sam Segler's, singing, "'Tis the season to be jolly." After the tree was trimmed, and refreshments served, we exchanged homemade gifts.

I recall our town hikes to historical sights such as the place where the apostles slept the time they came to organize the LaVerkin Ward in a cottonwood bowery. I can still feel the exuberance of the boys as they made freezer ice cream in my kitchen, and served it under the pear trees.

I remember the tingling excitement of the lesson on the coming of the Savior. When Sarah Walker substituted for me, she said, "I think I'll have someone knock on the classroom door and deliver a telegram saying 'The Savior is coming Friday at 4:00 p.m.'" I liked that, so each year after, her suggestion was followed, and the telegram delivered. The effect was electrifying.

Someone always asked, "Who sent the telegram?"

"It is part of our lesson," I would explain.

Then excited remarks ran something like this: "Oh my! If He is coming so soon, I'll have to change." "I need more time to get ready." "I'm going to try to read all of the scriptures before Friday." "I'm going to stop grumbling when my parents ask me to help." "I'm going to quit teasing my little sister."

Without realizing it, the boys began bearing their testimonies. Kyle said, "When I finish my prayers, I always say, 'Heavenly Father, I love you.'"

"I always say, 'God bless you Heavenly Father,'" Andy added.

Each Sunday I see our boys passing the sacrament, and those who are old enough, blessing it. I wonder how many bishops and stake presidents we have taught. Because we will watch their progress in the coming years, I list the boys, in the order they came into our class:

Vern Monette, Brad Holt, David Davis, Lloyd Gubler, Blair Gubler, Jason Gubler, Allen Beaumont, Wayne Monette, Jamie Gubler, Stephen Wilson, Lester Halloway, Morris Wilson, Kelly Holt, Clare Hardy, Kirk DeMille, Shaun Martineau, Harmon Davis, Mike Richan, David Sedgwick, Brian Mount, David Howard, Douglas Slack, Boyd Prince, Harley Monette, Lance DeMille, Gordon Gubler, Kyle Gubler, Brent Hardy, Gayle Pace, Danny Davis, David Jones, Ricky Houston, Mitch Jenkins, Andrew Chadburn and Gregory Jensen. Dutch Workman was our summer scout when he stayed with his grandma.

October 27. Open house at the temple began on the tenth and ran through the twenty-fifth. All ordinance workers worked in shifts as guides. We had different assignments each day. Thousands of people thronged through.

Our most interesting day was when we were assigned to be on security duty.

"Today, I don't want to see you at all," Roland Olsen said. "You will work behind the roped off areas. You will go into all of the places where the crowds are not to go. Be alert for strays. If there is any part of the temple you do not see, it will be your fault."

Following his instructions, we circulated the entire day, peering into every little nook where a person might hide. We saw all of the engineering equipment that it takes to run the temple, from the attic to the basement. We visited the upper halls, going up and down the spiral stairs, and climbing into the dome, and out on top of the temple. We walked softly and reverently. We got an inside look at the heavy beams and trusses, and the thick walls and casings of this house that is to stand throughout the millennium.

November 7. Yesterday Venice and Cumon went with us to Tuweep. It's one-hundred and three miles from our house to the lookout point that is a mile, looking straight down, above the Colorado River. We saw rubber rafts floating down the river, and an airplane flew up through the gorge. Desert marigolds bloomed in bright yellow mounds among the crevices.

At the ranger's station is a corrugated rain shed 60 X 90 feet. The ranger said that 1/10 inch of rain yields 300 gallons of water on the shed. This shed supplies two 4,400 gallon cisterns, which is enough to supply a household for two. Couldn't we do this on Coal Pitts?

November 9. Yesterday we hiked over the slick rock road on Kolob. We parked our cars at the foot of Maloney's hill. Wayne, Rass and Annie stayed there, while Kate, Mildred, LaPriel, Jim, Ermal and I retraced the old wagon trail. Iron tire marks still show in some places. We scouted among the ruins at the sawmill, and thoughtfully stood by the pile of gray, weathered boards, all that remains of the house where I was born. I think of my mother in this remote place, with the two of us, George and me, cuddled in her arms.

November 11. We were privileged to sit in the solemn assembly room today as throngs filled all of the holding and chapel rooms in the temple for the re-dedication services. President Kimball offered the prayer. People had been standing in line outside the temple for hours. The heavens smiled upon this day.

November 27. We rented the American Legion hall, and had our combined families together for Thanksgiving. Ninety of us sat around the long table.

December 4. One-hundred years ago today our dad was born in Virgin. Our brothers and sisters, all except Edith and Bill, gathered at the old home in Hurricane for dinner. We re-read Papa's diary. It had a great impact upon us. In the afternoon we went to Virgin and visited the house where he was born. As we walked from room to room Annie and Kate shared their memories with us.

December 5. We're back on duty at the temple doing initiatory work. Ordinance work will begin in January.

CHAPTER 63

Bicentennial
(1976)

January 10. This year marks the 200th anniversary of our nation. What a great time to be alive! Ermal and I head the bicentennial committee in our ward, so we've met in a number of powwows, both ward and stake. Each auxiliary in the ward is to present a bicentennial program during the year, and the goal for the stake is to have the flag flying from every home. What a pretty sight that would be. The stars and stripes are fluttering in the breeze in our own yard. Our flag will fly both day and night throughout the entire year.

January 31. For five weeks we've been getting up at 4:00 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays to go to the temple. We honestly believed in this early to bed, early to rise stuff, so thought we'd give it a try. But instead of being healthier, wealthier and wiser, we're sapped. We retire early Thursday and Friday nights, and toss and turn, getting all tangled up in the bed sheets for fear the alarm won't go off. Finally, when we sink into exhausted oblivion, it does.

When our shift at the temple is through, our errands run, and we're back home, it is 4:00 p.m. After a snooze, we pretend to get busy, but have no enthusiasm. It takes all day Sunday to recuperate. We aren't adjusting.

February 17. I took my turn helping in the Relief Society nursery today. Lenna Wilcock had prepared a lesson on flying. The children, 23 of them, climbed in a steady stream upon the long table to watch their paper helicopters flutter to the floor. The room became a din of climbing, jumping and laughing. When one of the boys had to go to the restroom, the Relief Society presidency happened to be standing in the hall. With alarm, they beheld the bedlam. I quickly closed the door.

Two little boys began slugging each other because someone had picked up the wrong helicopter. When I tried to pull them apart, Lenna calmly came between us.

"Ok, Corry, let me see you fly your helicopter."

She seemed not to notice that Corry had just basted Larry on the chin. Corry flew his helicopter, then kicked Larry in the seat. The power of his foot so pleased him that he kicked three girls in quick succession and they cried.

I grabbed him with the intent to swat, but again Lenna said, "Now Corry, let's fly your helicopter again," and he did. Not once did she change the sweet tone of her voice, or erase her smile. I couldn't believe she was real.

When the mothers came for their darlings, they had to catch them in mid-air. Looking reproachfully at me, a mother said, "I didn't know the nursery was like this."

Defensively, I said, "I don't know what to do with boys that slug and kick."

Lenna's face flushed, and she said, "I don't either. It has never happened before."

I've never helped before, either.

With an understanding smile, Janet Gubler said, "Sister Stratton, you won't have to help with the nursery anymore. We've enough younger women in the ward that we won't need to use anyone as old as you."

With sinful glee I gloat over the fringe benefits of aging.

March 16. Here we are at Overton Beach with Edith and Gene. Coyotes howling in the moonlight awoke us early this morning. "Wouldn't Rebecca love this," I said.

Last August, Helen and her children camped with us at the Lamoreaux ranch on Kolob where Ermal's folks once lived. Hoot owls hooted and coyotes howled near our camp. Rebecca has begged to go back ever since.

This morning two coyotes sat on a ridge above the colony of fishermen's campers. One of them came stealthily down the hill. Below him squatted a delegation of ravens holding a convention in low gutteral tones.

"He's stalking a crow," Ermal whispered.

Straight toward them he came, each one fluttering out of the way as he approached. On he came, following the small wash toward our camper. Then a stooped old man in a red plaid shirt hobbled out from his camper carrying a white enamel kettle. He bent over and dumped a pile of fish scraps on the ground. The coyote trotted to the scraps, warily looking about as he ate.

Just then Edith's head appeared in our window. "You guys going to lay in bed all day?" she asked.

"We're watching the coyotes," I whispered. The one slunk away as she approached.

Edith returned to rouse Gene while we scrubbed up for breakfast. The brilliant sky announced the approaching sun beyond the lake, and the air was suddenly filled with bird song. Redwing blackbirds perched on every bush and TV antenna, singing jubilently. Seagulls and ravens by the hundreds skimmed overhead. A chipmunk, with his tail curled over his back, perched beneath a chaparral looking pleased. What a vibrant beginning for a new day.

Gene and Ermal went fishing, and Edith and I walked along the shore and over the rolling hills gathering fancy rocks, and visiting the nomads who people the beach. Ermal caught one bass and Edith fixed it for supper.

The setting sun sends shimmering trails of light across the lake. Shadows deepen. A full moon rises from behind the highest peak. Our evening prayers are said. We're ready to sleep, after our day on Overton Beach.

April 7. Last week, Ermal went to Dr. Fawson. "My legs have itched for years, and I want to know why," he said.

A complete physical revealed an enlarged heart, and high blood pressure. Fawson gave him a diet sheet and water pills.

The no salt diet was bad enough, but what hurt most was the "no milk" part. That wounded and crushed Ermal. For 61 years his day has ended with a big bowl of bread and milk. As soon as we got home, Ermal began moaning.

"No milk! I can't stand it. Call that doc back and see if I can't

have just a little."

So I called. "Give him one-fourth a cup a day. No more." One-fourth a cup, to a guy who has been guzzling gallons! The stricken look on Ermal's face when I measured out his allotment would have made me cry if I hadn't burst out laughing first.

We were in for an experience we little dreamed of. The doctor warned me that my husband was ready for a stroke. This held no charm for me, so I got busy. Every morsel of food has been properly prepared and measured. In one week Ermal has gone from 209 pounds to 196. Cutting out salt has stripped the water from his tissues and more. No longer does his voice boom, but it is thin and weak.

For one terrible twenty-four hours I thought he was dying. Without salt and without calcium, he has gone from one muscle spasm to another. He has Charlie-horses in his face, his chest, his fingers, feet, and everywhere. The worst was when all the muscles across his big, expansive stomach went into spasms. He fell to the floor in the night when he tried to go to the bathroom. I heard his weak little cry, and ran to him.

"Oh help," I cried. "How do I call an ambulance?"

The number was plastered big on the side of the refrigerator, but I was too scared to see it, so I called Dell Stout. He came and stayed all night. I got the doctor on the phone, and he said to bring Ermal in in the morning.

Ermal was too weak to sit up, so Perry Houston took him to the doctor in his station wagon. The doctor has increased his milk to one-half a cup and now he is taking calcium. He is feeling better.

April 9. As I cleaned the refrigerator today, I set a bottle of sliced, dill pickles on the table.

"Oh, those look so good," Ermal said. "Could I have just one little slice?"

I shook my head.

Sadly he dropped into a chair. "You have no idea how much I crave just one slice. Please let me have it."

I couldn't stand his pitiful pleading. I forked out one slice. Reverently he took it, running his tongue over it to catch the juice.

"Oh," he sighed, "oh my. You can't know how delicious this is." Beaming with joy, he slowly and thoughtfully licked, then nibbled, making one slice last as long as possible. "Just one more slice, pleeease," he pleaded.

I couldn't resist. That was this morning. Now, as the day draws to a close, I hear my husband actually whistling about the house. How potent the meaning, "the salt of the earth."

May 10. We like to get away from street and yard lights, and waste-ditch mosquitos, and sleep under an open sky. Last evening we drove to Grassy Valley south of Hurricane. Sunlight burnished the hills as shadows gathered in the valley. Transparent pink cactus blossoms cupped their petals, softly closing for the night. Chaparrals flaunted their yellow, star-shaped flowers. Cattle, seeing our pickup, meandered our way making soft

cow talk. They were shy, but filled with curiosity. As we walked away from the car, the cows came up and sniffed at it. As we returned, they retreated. We approached and retreated a number of times, and so did the cows.

We were surprised at the frolicking of the Charolais calves among the quail. We didn't know that creatures in the wild sported this way. As twittering flocks of quail lit among the bushes, baby calves frisked into the middle of them. In one body the flock arose, then lit a little way ahead. Gleefully, the little white calves pranced among them again. Both birds and beasts were having fun.

Rock wrens, mourning doves and finches sang a sunset symphony, the song growing softer with the twilight, until finally we heard only an occasional twitter. Ermal built a fire and we cooked supper. The cows moved back into the shadow, but we knew they were there. Stretching on our bed in the back of the pickup, we watched the stars until we became drowsy. An occasional sound of hooves, or a cow's cough, reminded us that we were not alone. Then as we dozed, a cow stuck her head over the side of the pickup and bellowed. We shot upright, and the cow bolted. I'll bet a nickel that it tickled that old girl plenty. Charolais seem to have a funny bone.

May 3. One day Ermal admired a little kitten at Hawkin's Dairy. "I wish we had a cat," he said.

So the Wishing Fairy, Dorothy Hawkins, told her milk customers that Ermal Stratton wanted a cat. That was a week ago. Every day since, cars have stopped in our drive. "We heard you wanted a cat," people have grinned, dumping anywhere from one to six felines.

Ermal puts on a big glad act and says, "Thank you. We sure appreciate you thinking of us."

Right now there are eighteen cats yowling at our kitchen door! And running scared in the fields are those that were too wild to stay. We have spotted cats, yellow cats, gray cats, black cats, and white cats. We have big ones and little ones, long haired ones and sleek ones. When I step out the door, a chorus of meows rend the air. It's scary. I look down on eighteen meowing faces with thirty-six slit eyes that glint from green to yellow.

Ermal has <u>got</u> to do something. I can't even walk. They're all over me. They trip me, and climb on me and claw me.

June 10. The cat situation has calmed down. One woman wanted two little black beauties, so we gave them to her. Another little girl took the snow white kitten. The tortise-shell found a home with a little boy, and a man took two gray kittens to Cedar.

The rest became such persistent beggars that Ermal "broom-trained" them. Sliding the glass door open, he'd rush, then swat. In a furry flurry, the cats would dash up to Helen's. When she'd open her kitchen door they'd yowl and beg. Helen finally discovered Ermal's broom technique and applied it.

Often, at meal time, as we sat at our table, we'd see a batch of cats streaking our way through the weeds. "Oh, oh," Ermal would chuckle, "Helen must be out with the broom again." Those beggars of cats would rather be shooed back and forth between our two houses for a handout than to take off to the fields to do an honest day's work. Finally, boxing up a batch of them, Ermal took them to Coal Pitts to catch rats. He takes water and scraps to them each time he goes up there. We still have four cats in our yard.

August 1. As Sister Hallowell left the temple one day, a tourist asked, "How do we get to stay in that hotel?"

"This isn't a hotel," she replied. "It is a temple where special sacred ordinances are performed."

"Don't give me any of that guff," the tourist said. "I've been watching people coming and going all day with their suitcases."

Naturally, if that tourist observed the happy looks of those people, he would want to stay at that "hotel." When I've been on duty at the elevator, I've been impressed. Without exception, everyone is smiling as they enter the celestial room. It is the same when I'm on duty as receptionist. Not once have I seen an unhappy countenance enter the temple.

I marvel at the old folks that arise at 2:00 a.m., or 3:00 or 4:00, and drive many miles, and work at the temple all day long. Most of them are in their sixties, and seventies. Many are in their eighties or nineties. Still, they stay on the job for a full shift, day in and day out, week in and week out. They come with steel balls in their hips, but keep up a normal pace. Others come on crutches, or hobble on a cane, and some come in wheelchairs, but they come smiling. Why? They come at their own expense and work without pay, because they know the Church of Jesus Christ is true, and they have a testimony of the importance of temple work. No paycheck could ever hire these people to sacrifice their own personal comforts, or hire businessmen to come at the early hours before their offices open. Only a knowledge of the importance of the work, and a love of the gospel could accomplish such a thing.

Now that the temple has closed for vacation, our schedule will be changing. We will work on Tuesday and Wednesday nights from now on.

August 28. Dell Stout and his family took us above Zion Canyon, on top of Cable Mountain today. Ever since I sat at the foot of that mountain writing the cable story, I have longed to be on top.

We drove within half a mile of the scaffold. The hike through the oaks was an easy one, but we were unprepared for the primitive conditions we found. No parks service has put up guard rails at the cliff's edge. A person could walk right out in the air from the edge and land flat-footed on the first shelf a thousand feet below.

Seized with acrophobia, Ermal clutched onto me and said, "Get back!"

"But I'm not even out there," I complained. "We came to look down, didn't we?"

"You're <u>not</u> going to the edge," he said firmly.

"Please Ermal, please let me look over."

"You'll have to crawl if you do," he demanded.

So I crawled on my hands and knees for thirty feet, with him crawling behind me. Laying flat on my stomach, I got my chin over the face of the cliff. Ermal flattened out behind me with a vice-like grip around both of my ankles. I could look straight down for twenty-seven hundred feet. The depths, widths and heights of such grandeur overwhelmed me. "Oh, Heavenly Father, thanks for the heart bursting moment," I whispered.

"Muckentoweep" the Indians called this place, meaning, "In thy presence I weep." Tears stung my eyes.

"Come on, back up now. You've looked long enough," Ermal said, tugging at my feet.

Reluctantly I backed up and got to my feet. We walked around the scaffold, and I visualized Dave Flannigan at that critical moment seventy-two years ago, when his body was braced under this frame to provide the brake, as he sent a load of machinery down the cable. I thought of his anguish, hanging on while 3,000 feet of wire passed over the drum. If he had let go, all would have been lost. A bronze plaque on a monument honoring him should be at this site.

Standing above these massive walls, I felt his strength, his courage and ingenuity. Standing here on the height of greatness, I felt small as a gnat.

November 20. Bicentennial and vacation activities have filled our summer to the brim. Ermal sold sixty flags in LaVerkin. Flags are flying from most of the homes in town. By selling so many, Ermal earned a flag for the ward that has flown over the nation's capitol. It looks beautiful rippling in the breeze in front of the church house.

An amphitheater was built in a canyon above Springdale, where the Tabernacle Choir sang to hundreds of people this summer. Pageants in the stake and wards have filled our schedule, beginning with Sovena Foster's "Satan Against America," and ending with Roma Stout's charming three act play about the building of the Hurricane Canal.

Each morning before breakfast, Ermal and I have read from good books such as, "The Great Prologue," by Mark E. Petersen, "This Nation Under God" by Sterling Sill, "God's Greatest Gift," by Theodore Burton, and "The Gift of Self," by Marion D. Hanks. We have re-lived the American revolution, and studied the people and events that built our nation. Janice DeMille has diligently gathered life sketches of Hurricane pioneers. Her book will come off the press before the year closes.

My Mother's and Father's children, all but Edith and Mildred, joined us at the old homestead on Kolob. Marilyn and DeMar took us in jeeps down the canyon, through trackless brush, and between trees that have grown up in the center of the old lumber road to what used to be a sawmill. The jeeps jostled and bounced. Ermal and I walked along searching for weathered tracks through the meadow grass and little daisies.

When I caught the look on Joyce's face as she sat in the back of Marilyn's jeep, I thought she was trying to be funny. Then she screamed, "Let me out of here."

Marilyn stopped, and Joyce and Claudia scrambled out. Joyce was crying like a terrified child. She was as panic stricken as I would be in Los Angeles traffic. I looked at her delicate sandals, nylons and filmy dress. She certainly did not fit this wild, rugged setting. My heart became filled with compassion. Ever since Joyce married our brother, we've dragged her through boulders and brush whenever she came to Utah. We've taken it for granted that she liked campfire cooking and hiking, because she always came along. Now I realized how much torture she has endured because of us.

At the sawmill everyone began treasure hunting, and Joyce found an old rusty teapot. That helped. Her countenance lit up and she relaxed. Annie showed us where the millpond was, and in fancy we could see the stream washing away the sawdust. We walked to the spot where our house

used to stand. Clumps of willows and wild roses still grow there. Annie and Kate showed us where our uncles and aunts houses were and recalled happy times playing with our cousins--a fun flight back to childhood.

During our temple vacation, Edith, Gene, LaPriel, Jim, Ermal and I took a tour together. At the Yellowstone campground, mosquitos swarmed into the cab before our pickup even stopped. They lapped up the repellent I rubbed on me and sucked out my blood and pumped in their venom and I went insane. Edith and Lapriel didn't enjoy the misquitos either, but they didn't go crazy. They heated kettles of water for me, and I shut myself in our camper and plunged my feet in a five gallon bucket of it, lathering my legs and rubbing my welts until the blood trickled. I tried to get my arms and head in too. I was in such total misery I wanted to get off the earth. I'll never, never camp in that place again.

Glacier National Park is so beautiful I'd like to pitch my tent there and stay a month.

Sunday morning, our husbands went to priesthood meeting in Waterton, Canada. I hadn't planned on going to church, because my sisters didn't bring dresses, but Ermal returned from priesthood meeting all excited.

"You've just <u>got</u> to go to Sunday School. Someone is there you've <u>got</u> to see!"

I balked. My hair drooped from the rain. Ermal became obnoxiously insistent, so I did the best with what I had and went. What a surprise. Our mission president, Phillip Redd and Sister Redd were there. Their family was having a reunion in Waterton. I would have bawled my eyes out if I ever learned I had been so close to them and had not seen them.

When we returned to our camper, Edith and Gene were waiting for us alone. Jim got suddenly homesick for his baby calves, so he and LaPriel took off. What a blow. Their camper had the <u>only</u> cookstove! Our campers seemed suddenly bleak and cold. The Prince of Wales Hotel stood picturesquely on it's peninsula in the lake.

"Let's pretend we're guests," I said, longing for shelter from the cold mist that was falling.

We relaxed in red plush chairs in the Winsor lounge, and watched out the plate glass windows as rain peppered the surface of the lake. In the royal scarlet dining room we ate on blue willowware dishes, then went on to Cardston where we took a motel for the night. The next morning we visited the temple, then turned toward home. At a motel in Hungry Horse, Idaho, we had the luxury of picnic tables and outside cooking facilities, so we cooked Edith's good sweet corn brought from her garden at home.

At a forest camp north of Ashton, Idaho, strange noises attracted us. Parting the willows, we came upon a bull moose and two cows bathing in a wallow. In the meadow, long legged blue cranes tiptoed delicately. We picked and stewed huckleberries for supper. Edith thought they tasted wild, but I thought they were scrumptious. Camping with Hermans was fun, and we felt lonely when we came the last lone stretch for home. But in the parting, Edith left us with one chuckly memory. After hugging me, she reached up and gave Ermal a kiss on his cheek, and the smile in her eyes denoted that he had been a good boy. The humor of it is that Edith practically <u>never</u> kisses anyone.

December 31. I planned longer, and worked harder on Ermal's Christmas this year than ever before, except the year I illustrated the little stories he had composed, and made a book for him. This year, I gave him a bucket of little scrolls tied with yarn--one for every day of the year. Each scroll tells him what his gift for the day is. On temple days and Sundays, which are marked by the color of the scroll, he gets a page for his Book of Remembrence, or an episode of his life's story. I've collected these episodes ever since we've been together. On other days, he gets his favorite food, gifts of shirts, sox, or whatever he would have received for Christmas, except that they're strung out through the year. He gets hikes, shows, visits to friends, or I just plain tell him I love him.

I've worked hard to get my own Book of Remembrance completed during this year. Marilyn has set the example for the rest of my children by getting her personal record to me. I've still some probing to do to get them to follow her lead.

Our flag has been flying day and night for a year now. The first one wore out and we had to replace it. We will retire it after New Year's day. I'm glad to have been alive during our nation's bicentennial year!

CHAPTER 64

The Van

(1977)

January 4. Today Helen did this old fashioned, long forgotten, brave and daring new thing like having a baby at home. Dr. Plunkett delivered the baby, and Marilyn was the midwife. When I first saw that little kid in her crib, I couldn't help laughing at the whimsical look on her funny little mug. (Paulette).

January 9. This is my second relief society on Sunday morning in Hurricane. The Tuesday struggle in our own ward has been too conflicting with our temple schedule. I'm getting acquainted with a whole room full of new sisters.

January 30. This Sunday was spent with our children in LasVegas. Ermal ordained Mace Hardy an elder today--my first grandson to receive the Melchizedek priesthood. Mace is preparing for a mission call.

February 22. On our way to the temple today we stopped in at the hospital in St. George. Word had come that Darwin and Lolene had a new little girl. We stopped at the window to look at the babies, and were told that the one in the oxygen tent was the Gifford child. "What's a husky one like her doing under oxygen?" Ermal asked. "She just barely arrived," the nurse said. Well--this one looked like she'd been around for a couple of months at least. Her eyes were wide as she studied the plastic thing over her, then she yawned and yawned as though she was bored already. "Why in the world don't they give her a book and send her to kindergarten?" Ermal asked. (Shauna). Lolene was happy and exhausted.

March 26. Today Ermal has completed the final stages of his metamorphosis. He has burst his cocoon and emerged as fluttery as a cabbage moth. How blind I've been not to have seen this coming. I had supposed he was totally happy with his pickup, chain saw, six acres of Coal Pitts and me, in that order.

Then I sensed an uneasiness. "I think I'd like a Van," he hinted.

"I like Van too," I replied, "and I like Horatio." Whenever we mention one of those guys, we mention the other. They go together like salt and pepper, or sugar and cream.

"I'd like a big Van," Ermal said dreamily.

"Van is big hearted," I replied. He didn't hear me. Lots of times he doesn't.

Often, when Van was working in the field I saw Ermal chatting over the fence with him. Then one day Ermal said, "Let's go to Cedar." So we did. "Look," Ermal said, pointing to the line of vans in Lunt Motor's yard. That's when I realized that Van fever isn't necessarily brotherly love. "You're not going to stay home from now on as much as you think you are."

Suddenly I got the message, and I suffered a slight concussion. I visualized myself caught up in the roving masses of senior citizens who are running away from their families, bishops and stake presidents.

Then today Ermal hitched a ride to Cedar with Maxine. Spring fever, I thought. Meadowlarks warbled in the field, and our daffodils danced in the breeze. I whisked through the house with a heart full of song. (Sounds better in the heart). And in no time at all there came a blast from a car horn at our open kitchen door, and Ermal shouting, "Come out, come out!"

Peering out, I beheld the grinningist man by the shiningist van! "Git in," he beamed. Rebecca emerged around the rose hedge, looking longingly at us. "Oh, let her come too," I urged. Like a butterfly she flitted in. "Rebecca, you're the very first grandchild to enter Grandpa's shrine," I exclaimed.

Slowly, thoughtfully, elatedly, Ermal backed out, and the road lay breathless as the van wheels carressed it. A new era in our lives has begun. Like running a trolley line, Ermal has made short runs upon the hill and back with first one, then another group of our children.

April 10. Today we went to the solemn assembly to commemorate one-hundred years since the opening of the St. George Temple. President Kimball, President Tanner and President Romney and many other general authorities were there. I was happy that I was an ordinance worker and privileged to attend. The music and the talks were thrilling.

Harley Fulton was the man who checked our recommends after we climbed the flight of white stairs on the east side of the temple. We first met Harley as we were leaving Fredonia one day last month. We had been out to Mike Hatch's funeral. Mike is Mildred's grandson who died of cancer. Ermal, Kate and I were riding along in the Rambler. An Indian was standing near a bridge out on the highway. His head was bowed.

Ermal asked, "Do you want him?"

"Sure I want him. He's a Lamanite," I replied.

We had already passed him by then. To my surprise, Ermal stopped and backed up. The Indian opened the back door and got in.

"I don't know why my husband stopped for you," I said. "He never picks up hitchhickers."

"I was praying for him to stop," our passenger answered simply. "My car is broken down, and I need to get home to my wife and baby in St. George."

He introduced himself as Harley Fulton. He is a returned missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a student at Dixie College. To have passed him by would have been our loss. He was delightful company. Their little boy is named Moroni.

"We are going to name all of our children Book of Mormon names," he said.

"What will you name your first little girl?" I asked.

"Cumorah," he replied.

The more I thought about it, the more beautiful the name became.

May 15. The van is as fascinating as a set of tinker toys. The windows all the way around accommodate my swivel neck. I can see everywhere. The unlined interior saved $500, and gave us extra width, with room enough for our bed crosswise. Ermal sold the back seat to Russell Limb, and put down a plywood floor. Then we were off to Los Angeles, where we got the top cut out and a fiberglass dome installed. Now we no longer have to crouch in the back, but can stand erect.

The cost of the dome in Los Angeles, compared to LasVegas, was enough to pay for our trip to Disneyland. (Enough less, that is). Mary and Milt Bryant, friends of ours in Whittier, California, were our gracious hosts and guides while we were in L.A. Milt was fussy and firm with the dealer who did our job, to see that we got the best. He and Mary were our guardians. But it was quite a trick for Ermal to follow Milt as he whipped through the traffic. Just when we thought we were lost, we'd find Milt and Mary pulled off on the roadside, waiting.

They took us to Long Beach and we visited the ship, Queen Mary. When I went to buy some copper bells, Mary shook her head and took me aside. "It makes me mad to think of the people in India who made those bells. They were probably paid only a few pennies and are starving. You simply don't pay the fancy price these guys are asking." So we walked away.

Ermal strolled into the little shop later. Dickering is sport to him. He came out with the bells. He had only paid one-third the price I would have done.

We went to Disneyland early in the morning in the middle of the week. We were the first ones through the gate. What a contrast to the New Year's rush when we went there with Terry and Susan. We had the place pretty much to ourselves, and we stayed the entire day. The wonder of it all is inspiring. There were highlights upon highlights, but to me the most magnificent was Bell Telephone's "America the Beautiful."

On the road home, our fiberglass dome undulated delicately. How insecure we felt! We stopped at Chance and Marilyn's in LasVegas and voiced our fears. Chance, the everlastingly good fixit man, got busy with his welder and installed a bar in the middle that is strong enough to chin a hippopotamus on.

Eric Nielson has built cupboards in each end of the van for us, and Ermal has been the jolly good visitor, while Mack Sanford has made a cabinet for us that holds our dishes, gas stove, and ice box.

Ermal was bursting to show his jewel to Jim and Dana, so in April we took a trip to the Idaho Falls Temple, stopping off at Salt Lake. On our way back from the temple, the rain came drizzling down. We stopped somewhere behind a school house for the night. As we slid down into bed, our feet sloshed in a puddle of water. The van was leaking a stream into our foam mattress. The night was cold and dark. We had to drive hours before we found a motel, where we spent $22 for four hours sleep. I almost felt furious at my brother Wayne, because when we showed him our prized marvel, he grinned and said, "How do you know it won't leak?"

May 31. We just got word that a little girl was born to Jim and Dana today. (Staci). Jim and Dana were down the first of the month house hunting in LaVerkin.

June 7. Corinne and Dell had a baby boy today. (Roger).

We're still putting loving touches in the van. It has a carpet on the floor and curtains on the windows, that match the red fringed cover on the bed. While I've been rubbing tung oil in the woodwork, Ivy has been our housekeeper. The lawn grass grows tall, and weeds are appearing in the garden. I have taken time out to make a red bathing suit, and to go to the swimming pool with Helen Sanford and a group of Relief Society women, to learn grace and beauty by doing water gymnastics. It's supposed to develop beautiful curves.

Speaking of curves--I've found a much more sure way of getting them than exercising in the pool. When I put my coveralls on, and my bee veil, I did not tape shut one, one-inch spot at my throat. That's all it took--one inch, and one bee, and I've got a big red hot curve on my bosom that hurts so much I can't appreciate it.

Rebecca and Vaughn sat swinging their legs from a kitchen chair as they chattered with me. Vaughn kept twisting his head. "My, but I've got a stiff neck," he said. "I was wondering if a sweet cooky would make it feel better."

"I'll just bet it would," I said trying not to grin too broadly. I handed them both a cooky.

Rebecca said, "Grandma, I sure love you. I'm sure going to miss you when you die. But you're sure getting old."

I couldn't stifle it. I laughed heartily. "I'm just a sixty-seven year old youngster," I said, and both of the kids grinned.

July 19. We had a family reunion on Kolob on my birthday, and camped out that night. Most of my children and grandchildren were there. Ivy and Leon were in California with Mary and Milt.

Ermal and I were the first to drive through the gate to the old homestead. We had told the children to drive on past, on the road to Wildcat Canyon. We had selected a campsite in a grove of quakies. To our dismay, we came to a rock wall across the road where it goes up a slope. I was infuriated. Very calmly, Ermal put on the brakes, got out, and resolutely tore the wall down. After all, we had an appointment with our children beyond this point, and there were many cars to follow. We are out of patience with the wilderness act in the first place. We see no reason why these choice spots should be reserved for hippies. The last time we were in here we ran on to a hippie camp. What a dirty, tangled, hairy mess the guy was that came out to meet us.

My birthday on Kolob with my children and brothers and sisters was delightful. A full moon shone that night, and I really appreciated the windows in the van. I slept in the rear with my face against the glass, where I could see the moon in the pines.

August 3. The temple is closed for vacation, and so we're off for our first real journey in the van. Ermal harvested and watered the garden just before we left. Under our bed in the van is a crate of tomatoes, one of cantaloupes and peppers, and a box of peaches.

A worry cloud goes with us. Ivy has a suspicious looking lump near her collarbone. She will go to the doctor for tests. We had a special family fast day, and prayers for her. When she was administered to, Horatio gave her the blessing. I listened closely. He did not promise her that she would be healed. Instead, his entire prayer was a sermon on the plan of life and exaltation.

We stopped in Salt Lake and put Ivy's name in the temple, and to telephone home.

August 4. We put Ivy's name in the Ogden temple today. Our travels took us across the salt flats toward Nevada. The salt crust looks like snow. When we walk on it, our shoes break through, and puddles of water seep up in our tracks. We camped in a city park at Battle Mountain. The only public phone was in a saloon, so amid the din of slot machines we called home. No word yet from Ivy's tests.

Friday, August 5. Smoke from California forest fires lays heavy on Nevada's barren wastes. The sun is a dim, red ball.

Leaving the smoke, we come to the heavy traffic of Oakland. Dimly, through the fog, we see the temple on the hill. It looks like we can drive right to it.

. . . What a laugh. You don't drive straight to anything in Oakland. Two girls in a roadster stopped us on a curve and asked how to find the temple. We told them to follow us, because that's where we were going. Like following a corkscrew, the van twisted in and around beautiful gardens. The girls followed. The temple never got any closer. Finally, Ermal asked a man who was trimming his hedge, how we got to the temple. "I can show you easier than I can tell you. Follow my car," he said. What a good man! Actually, we weren't more than six turns away.

We didn't dare leave the temple to find a camping place, for fear we wouldn't find our way back. The caretaker gave us permission to park for the night in a fenced in area beneath the lighted spire of the temple, overlooking the city of Oakland.

Saturday, August 6. Ermal's birthday. I was blue with cold as we walked along the garden wall overlooking Oakland. The beautiful flowers looked as happy as if it was warm. We put Ivy's name in the prayer roll, and did one temple session. We telephoned home, but there was still no word from Ivy's test.

Down the hill went the van, into the flow of traffic across the Bay Bridge. We had a crazy notion of visiting the Golden Gate Park, but got trapped in the herds of humanity on Fisherman's Wharf. It appeared that all of the living and the dead were assembled there. I was scared. Then I looked at Ermal's face, and my fear turned to terror. As he steered through the narrow alleyway between parked cars, it was a feat to keep from

squashing pedestrians. As we slowly crept, I rolled down my window and asked a guy what everyone was here for. He said, "This is gourmet's row. It's a good place to eat." My crumb! I'd rather starve than risk my life to come here for a bite of food. When we came to the exit to the Golden Gate Bridge, we took it. All idea of going to the museum had fled.

Sunday, August 7. We slept in the redwoods last night. The forest ranger was a Mormon girl, and she told us they were having quarterly conference in Eureka. We had miles to go, but were up early enough to take a walk in the "dedicated forest" before we reached Kalamath. We followed a narrow path through tall ferns, up some wooden steps, over a footbridge, almost obscured by fallen trees that were draped with moss. If we had run on to a leprechaun here we would not have been surprised.

In Eureka I sat by a woman from Norton, Kansas. "Norton!" I exclaimed, "Do you know Howard Sloan?" "He's my cousin," she answered. No matter where we go we always find someone we know, or someone who knows someone we know.

The Eureka chapel is built among the giant redwoods, and they have a picnic ground on the wooded slopes.

After church we traveled through the woods along the seashore to Crecent City where we visited the Marine Gardems. We parked on a rocky peninsula for the night. We climbed a little cliff and watched the waves dash below. A lighthouse stood on a small island, and a foghorn steadily sounded its warning. Lights shimmered on the water from across the bay. We snuggled down to peacefully doze to the music of the waves, when a harbor patrol car pulled alongside and a man tapped on our window.

"We cannot let you sleep where there are no lights," he said. "Follow me, and I'll show you a safe place to spend the night."

We followed over a bumpy road, and he had us park under a power pole beneath a bright flood light.

Monday, August 8. We left the ocean and turned inland toward Grant's Pass. Along the freeway we found berry brambles loaded with juicy clusters of ripe berries. We filled every empty cottage cheese carton and our plastic bowls, then bought half-and-half at the first town. Ummmm!

Tuesday, August 9. We spent the night in Eugene, Oregon with Ken and Olive Stratton. Mary and Floyd Hoffman came to visit us. Today we followed the Columbia River, stopping at Rooster Rock state park where I bottled five pints of blackberries. We're camped tonight in the city park in Ritzville, Washington.

Wednesday, August 11. We drove for miles through forest and along Flat Head Lake's blue water, taking the Highway to the Sun into Glacier. The glacier alps, beneath their ice caps, were swathed in emerald velvet, dotted with flowers, and trimmed with waterfalls. This must be the Celestial Kingdom. Tonight we're parked in the church parking lot by the Cardston, Canada temple. It is 9:00 and the sun is just setting.

Thursday, August 11. Just before dawn Ermal awoke me. "Look," he said. A crescent moon and a lone star hung in the sky above the temple. At 6:30 came the blazing sunrise. We put Ivy's name in the temple and attended a session, then came back across the border to Many Glaciers. On the boat "Chief Two Guns" we cruised over Swiftcurrent Lake and hiked over a hill to Josephine Lake, and Ermal gobbled up the salmon berries.

When we got on the boat on Josephine Lake, the skipper said, "Where is the man who was eating those berries?"

Ermal raised his hand.

The skipper said, "They are poison. You have just two hours to live."

Everyone laughed.

"The huckleberries are poison too. We tell everyone that so they'll leave all of them for the bears and rangers and waitresses."

Before we left Glacier, we gathered quarts of huckleberries.

Friday, August 12. Last night we camped on the open prairie somewhere on highway 89, south of Browning. The ground was carpeted with wild roses that were only two and three inches high. The stars touched the earth. The Milky Way came right out of the ground, arching three-quarters across Montana's sky.

This morning we phoned home from Choteau. No one answered at DeMar's, so I phoned Norman. He said Ivy's test was malignant. The doctor said she must be a special girl for the Lord to want her back home so soon. He said the ward held a special fast day for her, and that Helen and DeMar had taken her to Mexico.

Oh, how sad our hearts. Home seemed so far away.

August 22. DeMar and Helen are still in Mexico. DeMar was too familiar with what his cousin Mike Hatch went through for the last two years of his life with chemotherapy. He couldn't stand to see Ivy put through this. Knowing how successful Gerald Gifford has been in treating his cancer with laetrile, he and Helen decided to take Ivy to Mexico where she could be treated.

A few days ago I picked and peeled figs until the fig milk ate holes in all of my fingers. My right thumb became raw and bleeding, and now proud flesh has set in. And it hurts. Dr. Plunkett painted it with silver nitrate today, so I have a black finger.

September 12. Ivy is back, and in school. She is more beautiful than I realized. Her eyes are bright, her sensitivness and appreciation for other people keen, and her smile angelic. She's delicate and frail.

October 4. Our neighbor, Leonard Hardy passed away September 29th. I was one of the speakers at his funeral. If Winferd had been here, he would have been the speaker. Leonard and Winferd were counselors to Lorin Squire when he was bishop from 1942 to 1945. Leonard used to take my boys with him out in the field and let them ride the tractor after Winferd was gone. I dropped in to visit Leonard just a day or two before he died. He was sitting at the kitchen table poring over nursery catalogs, and making out an order for pecan trees. He had a zest for living. He has always been dear to our hearts.

November 1. Last year Sister Lucile Reading phoned me. She said that during 1977 the Friend was going to emphasise the first four principles of the gospel, faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. I resolved that I was going to write a story on each subject. In January my story, "Not Spunk--Faith," was published. "Rebecca Repents," came out in October, and "Baptism is a Family Affair," is in the November Friend. I didn't quite make it by writing about the

Holy Ghost. That subject seems too sensitive to me. My spunky grandma furnished the material for the first story, and my grandchildren for the other two. I was very interested in editorial rights, when a story is purchased. For the sake of putting over correct principles, they make subtle changes that I enjoy. For instance, in the conclusion of "Rebecca Repents," she bought two pieces of bubble gum, so she could share with me. In my manuscript, she only bought one. In "Baptism is a Family Affair," Sister Reading phoned me. "Alice," she said, "can't we change your old faded dress to a white nightgown for you to be baptized in?" "Of course," I replied. When I was eight years old, I would have loved to have a white nightgown, but I never did.

November 11. Today, our Heavenly Father called Ivy home. The crushing hurt of the parting is eased somewhat by the thoughts of the glad reunion in the spirit world. I can almost hear the rippling laughter of her Grandma Isabel as she hugs her beautiful granddaughter to her. I feel Winferd's pride at having two grandchildren with him, and Gordon's happiness as he makes her acquaintance, but Jerrold is simply going to be overjoyed, because Ivy is Leon's sister. Leon and Jerrold were pals.

I think of Ivy's activities after she returned from her first treatment in Mexico. Her brief return to school, and of her happiness the day she went to the temple to do baptisms for the dead. She was such a delicate wisp of a girl. At the temple, they said, "If you only feel like doing one name, that will be enough." The young folks who were assigned to do baptisms that day didn't show up. Ivy did forty-five names, and Helen did that many also. I stayed out on the lawn with Leon, Rebecca and Paulette. Helen and Ivy came out with their arms around each other, their smiling faces radiant. "I'm happy to have a temple recommend just like the grownups have," Ivy said. President Bowler had invited her to come to the temple as often as she could, so the bishop issued her a regular recommend.

After her second trip to Mexico she was too frail to return to school. On the days that she stayed with me we read Louisa May Alcott's book, "Eight Cousins." Sometimes she polished the brightly colored glass fruit that I keep in the china closet. She loved to see the sun sparkle through the glass. On warm sunny days, Grandpa wheeled her in a wheel chair to the post office and back. Some days we propped her up on pillows on the bed in the van and took her to Kolob, or Zion or St. George.

Now I think of her freedom from earth's pain, and I know that time will be swift in its flight, and that Helen and DeMar will again feel the love of her embrace. Following are some thoughts that Shirley has written for her little niece:

IVY

Ivy, on the brink of womanhood you stood, looking upward and out.
Life's hopes and dreams mirrored in your face, young and lithe
and eager for all life's plan. Generous and kind were you,
little shy sweetheart, always looking for ways to please.
Sometimes looking for ways to tease.
But to love was the nature of your soul.

Learning and yearning, giving and growing, then suddenly you're gone.
On loan from father above for such a short season.
We don't understand this pain, but have faith in a loving Father's
reason.

On the brink of eternity you stand, looking upward and out,
Joining hands and love with those that not so long ago you knew,
Thanking a generous Father for all that has come to pass.
Free of pain and suffering, full of eternal glory,
You are home at last.

Lovingly,

Aunt Shirley Houston

December 1. We went to the temple today. Helen did Ivy's endowment work. After the session, as I was in the locker room dressing, a lady said to me, "Did you notice all of those beautiful young couples in the prayer circle?" "They were beautiful, weren't they," I replied. Six of them were my children--Norman, DeMar, Lolene and their companions.

December 3. We had a family woodcutting outing today. The buzzing of the chain saws made the woods sound like a nest of bumblebees. The pungent odor of sawdust, motor oil, cedar and pine filled the air. At dinner time, the menfolks came trooping toward camp. One of them looked like Peter Cottontail, except that his white beacon was in front, instead of behind. Wouldn't you know it! That one turned out to be Ermal. Unconsciously, he had held his saw so that the exhaust was blowing on his polyester pants, and the entire front melted away, exposing the glaring white of his underwear.

December 9. We're home again from a three day trip to Salt Lake. We stayed in Orem the first night with Edith and Gene. They took us to the ZCMI shopping mall. A twenty foot tree sparkled beside a glass encased elevator. Behind the glass, people glided up and down, looking very much like Christmas cards. Carolers sang throughout the mall. Animated elves washed and mended Santa's suit in a Disney like setting of artificial snow.

In Salt Lake, we went to the Festival of Trees in the Salt Palace. There were two hundred trees, displaying two hundred different themes. Some were decorated with songbirds that were actually singing. Others were covered with cute little ceramic mice (to show that a creature <u>was</u> stirring). Some were covered with flowers. We saw trees of every color and mood--humorous, clever, rustic, sophisticated, glamorous and gorgeous. Three hours zipped by in what seemed like fifteen minutes.

After strolling about beautiful temple square, we went to the University of Utah campus to enjoy the Hans Christian Anderson musical and ballet. I enjoyed it so much that I wished everyone I knew was there.

Now this Christmas vacation was entirely unplanned, and unanticipated. It was merely a fringe benefit of my being a worry bird. I wanted to know what the fatty lumps on my legs were. There's no use lying awake in the nights imagining you're dying of cancer, unless it's so. At the university, Dr. Sanders said the fatty lumps were fatty lumps. Only he gave it a very pretty name that I can't remember. So we just went out and had fun.

December 12. Tonight was a family Christmas night for my children. Thirty-four of us had dinner in the family room in the Zion's Bank in Hurricane. Norman's family put on a cute, original skit. DeMar's family sang, "C is for the Christ Child," and Rebecca sang and played the zither. Perry, Rick and John sang a trio, with Shirley at the piano. Kelly did a stunt and Clayton did a Liberace on the piano, and Lolene's family did

the story of the Christ Child. Darwin was the reader, and the family furnished the musical background. Lolene and Shirley directed and accompanied the family singing. The party was nice and pretty.

December 15. I've just had my first Diesel ride. Norman took an eighty-foot pipe to Mercury and invited me to go along. I was scared at first when I saw how long the load was. A pilot car led us to the Arizona line. Perched high in the cab on our soft seats, we jiggled and bounced. Marilyn met us on the highway by Jan's Bar in LasVegas and took me and my Christmas packages with her while Norman went on to Mercury. At the hospital we visited Terry and little Sheldon. (Sheldon has asthma.) Then we went to Terry's home to see Susan, and the geese, ducks, chickens, pigs, calves, guinea hen, and greenhouse. At Marilyn's, we went through boxes of old letters and pictures. Norman and I got home at nine p.m. We visited above the roar of the motor and he was loads of fun. Ermal had a great time while I was gone too. He went to Coal Pitts and cut posts.

December 17. Helen fell down the basement steps today, with the baby in her arms. One of the stitches on her knitted slippers had caught on a nail at the head of the stairs, and she was pitched clear to the bottom, landing on her face. Her upper lip was completely split apart. Leon ran to our house for help, and Ermal wrapped Helen in a blanket and we took her and the baby to the doctor.

Dr. Plunkett groaned when he saw Helen's face. "She needs a plastic surgeon," he said.

We had sent word to DeMar of the accident, and he and Norman and Perry came. They helped Dr. Plunkett give Helen a blessing. After that, the doctor had the confidence to operate. His fingers were steady and skilled, and he did a beautiful job.

December 19. Today I told a story at the Senior Citizen's Christmas dinner. It was a cute story about a nine year old kid who borrowed a little sister for Christmas. I might as well have told the story to a flock of gaggling geese. My rude old audience chattered and clattered all the while I told my tale. But I saw one lady in pink who was paying attention, so I told my story to her. When I sat down, my face burned and I resolved to never try to give a reading again while people are eating.

The master of ceremonies said, "We will now sing some Christmas songs." Pamela Beatty played a Christmas carol, but everyone was through eating now, so there was a general uprising and clanging of trays, and the old folks shuffled out. One old lady, (if they're ten minutes older than I am, they're old) with hair dyed and frizzed and eyebrows penciled to a high arch, passed me and said, "Well Alice, that was <u>quite</u> a story." I mumbled something about being scared of the mike, and she shrugged and said, "Oh, well." The lady in pink said, "Sister Stratton, I really enjoyed your story." I like sincerity.

It reminded me of a time when I gave the literary lesson in Relief Society, when they used to meet after the school bus came on Tuesday afternoons. Leila Earl, who was a school teacher, got off the bus dog-tired after her day's hassle, settled herself in a corner of the Relief Society room, and went sound asleep. The closing song awoke her. After prayer she said, "Alice, I've never enjoyed a lesson more in my life." That's what I call sincerity.

December 25. Christmas. Yesterday, as I hung clothes on the line, our gray pussycat laid a mouse at my feet, then entwined herself around my ankles, purring and softly meowing. She had brought me her choicest offering. She looked up into my face, then down at the limp mouse, making funny little noises. "Yes, yes," I assured her, "it's a mighty fine mouse." Then she settled down and devoured it. This morning the cat came meowing outside the glass door as I turned the kitchen lights on, so I gave her a warm piece of buttered toast.

When I told Ermal about the cat's offering, he said, "Did you eat it?" "No, she did." "Then you should have eaten her toast. She ate your mouse," he said.

Last night Ermal called me outside to see the Bethlehem star. The air was warm and balmy. Coatless we walked beyond the trees, through the garden, past the stone wall to the lane. The evening star was just coming over the hill. Barely to the north of it was the halo of the approaching moon.

As we sat down to supper, the moon climbed bright and full through the bare branches of the pecan trees. We turned the house lights off, and rolled the table in front of the glass doors and ate in the moonlight. Firelight flickered through the opening into the living room, and Christmas lights blinked from the tree outside the south window, mingling with the flood of moonlight across the kitchen.

This is the end of a perfect day. Our house has filled to overflowing with our families. We have seven families living within two miles of us. We've attended Christmas cantatas in Lolene's and Corinne's ward, and in our own. The day has the serenity of the Sabbath. (The microwave oven came into our lives today also. A new beginning.)

December 31. The year of Ermal's three-hundred and sixty-five scrolls comes to an end. It has been an experience. When he drew the slip, "You can act natural all day," he sanded my face with his thirty-six hour beard, and then acted so natural the rest of the day that he forgot it was a special privilege. When he drew the slip that said, "I will not get angry with you today, no matter what," I expected to be put to the test. But he didn't do the "no matter what," but was so nice I almost got suspicious of him. He loved the "dinner by candle light" slip. He appeared at the table in coat and tie! TIE, mind you! He HATES to wear a tie. He put Hawaiian music on the record player, and after dinner, waltzed me around and around the table. When he got one of his episodes for his book, he laughed and laughed, and embellished the story so much I almost needed to re-write it. He'd say, "I remember when me'an ol' Abe--" and off he'd go down memory lane. In fancy I'd see his tattered shirt, bare feet and freckles. Three-hundred and sixty-five scrolls are brain fracturing!

CHAPTER 65

A New Revelation

(1978)

January 10. As I was clearing up my Christmas correspondence, I started a note to Larry and Marie O'Neil in Los Angeles. "You don't even know whether they are in L.A. or not," an inner voice said to me. "Larry was sick when you saw him last. How do you know whether he ever got better or not?"

I stopped cold. I really didn't know, did I! I went to the telephone and called a few people in Virgin, but they couldn't tell me a thing. Finally, I got Bud Lee.

"Larry has never been able to return to California," he said. "He's quite bad off."

I felt awful! Hurriedly, I opened a bottle of beef broth and made a stew, and Ermal and I went to O'Neil's ranch above Virgin. Oh, how sorry we were to find Larry so thin and so sick.

He smiled from his bed and said, "A fellow could just lay here and die, and you never come to see him." He tried to put on his old jocular mood, but he was oh so sick.

"We have a bed in the van, and can take you to the doctor," Ermal said.

The next morning, January 3, Roland Spendlove came to help Ermal put Larry in the van. Marie, and their dog Mollie were with us, and we took Larry to the Veteran's Hospital in Los Angeles. Larry was so weak he couldn't lift a foot, or turn over by himself. Marie sat against the bed where she could help him. Often she buried her face in her hands and prayed. This was the only way she could find peace of mind.

Larry was alert to all of our conversation. He'd touch Marie, and she'd lean over him and listen, then she'd relay his part of the conversation to us. They were so wonderfully sweet with each other. My heart swelled with a great love for them both.

It took eight hours driving through the rain to get to the hospital, and four hours to admit him. That part was a crying shame. The hospital personel seemed upset that anyone would dare bring a patient in at night. It was after midnight when Larry was finally admitted.

We took Marie to their home on 1615 Cerro Gordo Street, fifteen miles from the hospital. They live on a hillside that is so steep that their roof-top is just level with Mr. Penny's doorstep above them, and Marie's doorstep is just even with the roof of the house below her. We parked on a terrace-like road above them where we slept for the remaining hours of the night. Marie's house is almost hidden in a grove of tropical growth. It seemed strange to see flowers and fruit this time of year. We ate avocados from Mr. Penny's trees and brought home plants (flowers) from his garden. Marie gave me three exquisite pieces of china for my china cupboard.

Janurary 22. Luther Fuller died today. The best dramatic productions that have ever been put on in LaVerkin were produced by him. And he was a dedicated custodian of our church house. It seemed like he almost lived there.

Ann Slack related that when her little girl was eating a piece of candy after primary, Ann asked, "Where did you get it?" The little girl said, "Heavenly Father gave it to me," pointing to Luther. She had supposed Luther was the Heavenly Father, because he was always in Heavenly Father's house.

January 23. It's a girl! Terry and Susan's daughter was born today. (Doretha Dawn).

January 25. It takes one-hundred and fifty-six days to grow a total new thumbnail. On August 22, Dr. Plunkett painted the proud flesh on my thumb with silver nitrate, and my thumbnail turned solid black. As the new pink nail grew, it pushed the black part toward the end of my thumb. Today I filed off the last black tip.

February 15. Rains have kept the earth soaked since the first of the year. The bugs and the weeds have been thrifty this whole winter through. Today I was suddenly all through with winter, so to give myself a burst of spring, I made a ditch bank salad from the juicy mustard, dandelion and pepper grass growing there. From the garden I added spinach and parsley leaves, then tossed in a handful of alfalfa sprouts. Ummm, good. One thing I did not do was to put dandelion buds in the salad.

The February we were in Hays, we got a real craving for something fresh from the garden. The Prevention Magazine said dandelion buds were delicious in salad, so we gathered some dewey fresh ones from the city park, and nestled them upon a heap of lettuce. As we sat down to eat, those buds began to move, a petal at a time, and flowered right before our eyes. I could no more have eaten the lively little things than I can eat a fish that is served with its head on and its eyes staring at me.

February 20. Areta Church died today. She has claimed me as one of her own ever since I came to LaVerkin in 1931. I cannot imagine summer evenings without seeing her and Vernon in the lawn chairs in front of their house. I will miss having her walk across the road to share a Milknickel with me on the hot summer days.

March 3. Rains continue to nourish the earth. I've bottled fifteen gallons of rain water for my steam iron. With the precious little bit of ironing I ever do, this should last us right into the millennium.

Pearl Cheney drained her pond today, which was full of gold fish. Scott Stratton brought Grandpa one gold fish that weighed a pound and measured twelve inches long. Leon and Scott spent the day lugging buckets of gold fish to dump in the ditch by our house. The water is shimmering clear, and the fish, darting back and forth, are bright and beautiful. A number of people are panning gold out of our ditch. They might as well. The first big stream will wash them away.

Yesterday Ermal and I went waterfall watching. The land is so soaked that even the sand dunes have puddles. The Zion ledges were draped with dozens of ribbon falls, some of them little silver trickles vaporizing into a mist in the updrafts, and some of them frothing and thundering. The biggest ones tumble into the upper Emerald Pool, and one above the Grotto, and one from Hidden Canyon, two big ones at the Weeping Rock, and the highest and biggest one of all at the turn around at the narrows, where it dashes itself into the roaring river.

March 7. Down the lane almond blossoms, pink and white, await the warm sun and the early bee. I'm so glad for the flowers and the sun, because the rains have kept my bees housed up, and I've been feeding them for a month. Now our yard has many daffodils and pansy-faced Johnny-jump-ups. Meadowlarks warble in the fields. Yesterday fifteen fat, happy robins lit in the mulberry tree by our kitchen window. It's hard to stay inside.

March 8. Vernon Church came to see us this morning. "My heart aches for my little sweetheart," he said. He's big and handsome, and there's such a lot of him to ache. We longed to ease his hurt. He didn't stay long, because he had a County Commission meeting to go to in St. George, and this was one of our temple days. While we were in the temple word came that Vernon had had a heart attack while at the courthouse. Already he has gone to be with his little sweetheart. They were only apart for sixteen days.

Friday afternoon, March 16. We're leaving Tecopah, California, where we've been on a trip with Elmer and Leona Hardy. This area is all barren waste. Don't ever plan a flower tour between LasVegas and Tecopah. In this desolation, every shack and fence corrodes and erodes in the caustic, alkaline wind. Every human shelter looks abandoned, even while occupied. Every habitation has an "old, gray plywood, rusty tin roofing, thrown-together-from-the-trashdump" expression. Including the store and the post-office. Alkali has even eaten holes through the cement and tile floors. Paint on the outside has slivered with the boards, and flaked to the ground, piling generations of pigment in the gravel. Broken windows are clumsily repaired with frayed cardboard and masking tape. Water pipes are alkali rough and the color of tarnished pewter.

The senior citizens' trailer park is amazing. People actually love the aged-in-alkali look. My first thought was, "So here's where people cluster to die--like lemmings crowding into the sea." Women were knitting or crocheting flower pots for plastic flowers, or stringing beads, or making things out of egg cartons. Men were throwing bread crumbs into puddles of little pup fish, and laughing and saying, "I've never seen anything like it." Some were walking their dogs, and some were just sitting. People going to pot.

At the public bath, no suits are allowed. There are no dressing rooms. There's one building for men and one for women. I entered the women's side and almost died of humiliation. What an ugly, old bunch of nudes!

"You should have seen the men's side," Ermal remarked as I dashed out into the sun. "Couldn't bring myself to join them."

At night I reversed my opinion of the "going-to-pot" gang. We went to a potluck supper with them. The food was beautiful--scrumptious--and oh so good. And the ugly old hags that I saw in the nude weren't ugly at all with clothes on. They had sweet, kind faces. Everybody danced, and they danced well. They take lessons in the mornings. It was a cute, clean, wholesome crowd. A blind man was there square dancing and having as much fun as anyone.

This morning we visited the catacombs of Shoshone. These are Indian dugouts in the clay banks along a gully--dugouts with doorways framed up with posts. Hippies have moved in. The Shoshone cemetary is built across the gully from the catacombs, along the opposite bank. In some places a retaining wall of rocks is built to keep the bank from dissolving down on

the graves. It's a present day cemetary, but primitive looking. There's beautiful rock work to mark some graves. Some of them are outlined with pebbles like Indian graves. One little hill is a flower garden of little fences and plastic flowers.

April 2. I have accepted the call to be Spiritual Living teacher in the Sunday morning Relief Society in Hurricane. Today I gave my first lesson, "Cease to Contend with One Another." I love teaching this class. 3 Nephi 11:29 "He that hath the spirit of contention is not of me, but is of the devil, who is the father of contention, and he stirreth up the hearts of men to contend with anger, one with another." Well, we surely have no need for Satan in our lives. When Christ came to America we're told "that because the love of God dwelt in the hearts of the people there were no contentions among all the people, in all the land." Oh, how much I love that.

April 14. Night, and sounds of rejoicing. We're camped about ten miles south of Railroad Pass, at the turnoff for Nelson. Big stars and a quarter moon shine overhead. There are twenty-one of us in this desert safari--DeMar and Helen's family, plus Alice Limb, Darwin and Lolene's family, Terry, Brett, Sheldon, Marilyn, Elmer, Leona, Ermal and me.

Ermal and I waited at the turnoff for four hours, waiting for our forces to assemble. On the CB, Ermal kept calling, "Lumberjack, and Desert Fox, come in please," We hiked, and read the Book of Mormon, waited, and called. Finally, from far away, Lumberjack called Fancy Pants. What a joyful sound. Over the CB we listened to our children assemble at Railroad Pass, and then, as darkness gathered, they were all with us. DeMar gave a beautiful family prayer before we settled down for the night.

April 15. We're camped in the hills near Wickenberg tonight. The desert flowers are tall and abundant. A bonfire lights the camp.

April 16. Sunday. We had Junior Sunday School and testimony meeting in Darwin's big tent. How sweetly the children sang. And everyone bore their testimonies. The services were spiritual and lovely.

We didn't break camp today, but spent the time leisurely among the flowers. A short distance from camp we found a windmill and a watering tank, and plenty of water to bathe in.

Monday, April 17. What a blessing a CB is for a family caravan. We became separated at Wickenberg, but found each other in time to enjoy a 260 horse parade. Tonight we're camped in a grapefruit grove on the Mesa Temple grounds. The security guard has locked us in. Our children are in a motel in town. There's just Elmer and Leona and Ermal and me in the grove. Marilyn and Terry and children returned to LasVegas after our first night out.

April 18. Ermal and I went to the 7:00 a.m. temple session. After we came out we bought ripe grapefruit from the church grove for $2.50 for a potato sack full. We joined our children and shopped at the fruit stands. DeMar was the pilot car that led us up the twisty, dusty road through Superstition Mountains. We stopped at the souvenir shops at Lost Dutchman's Mine, and twisted down the mountain to the Roosevelt Dam. This is a scarey, long road for an overhead camper like Elmer's. This was the parting of the ways for us and our children. Our CB became suddenly quiet, now that we had lost our pilot. DeMar had kept up a running commentary as he piloted the caravan. We missed him. He and Darwin headed for home with their families, and Elmer and Leona and Ermal and I camped somewhere beyond Globe.

April 19. One beautiful stretch of poppies, sego lilies, blue cups, and then--New Mexico--forever unvaried desolation--flat--dusty--uninteresting. Skyline dust shrouded. One pretty thing--Leona's strawberry pie, a noon highlight. And then!!!! White Sands. Miles of petrified snow. Oh, so white, so abundant and lovely. We camped near the White Sands monument.

April 20. Sun streaming through our window at 5:30 a.m. gave us the feeling that the day was half gone. We traveled through forest covered mountains today, a redeeming feature for New Mexico's burning desolation. We went through Carlsbad visitor's center, and sat with the crowds outside the cave where the bats are supposed to come out each evening. The ranger told us we were about two weeks too early, that the bats hadn't returned yet. But the cave there is one magnificant cacti garden--just beautiful.

April 21. A cop chased us out of our camp last night. He flashed his lights through our uncurtained window, and told us to move into a commercial camp or go beyond the city limits. We went beyond. Today we spent many hours in the caverns. Had dinner down under. We stayed at our first public camp tonight, outside El Paso. Had a bath and did our laundry.

Saturday, April 22. As we came through customs in Juarez, Mexico, a federal tourist guide met us. He said, "I'll give you three hours for $15.00, and you'll never regret it." We parked our cars and went with him. First, he took us through the old, impoverished section of town, which is very sad. Then we visited an Indian Mission--a church house that is 400 years old. The round, tree trunk beams are hand carved with flint stones. The carving took sixty years, and three generations of Indians. Many of them went blind chipping away at the carvings. We watched glass blowers, who also go blind working with tongs in front of the blazing furnaces. We watched a young boy, with big brown eyes, melt his blob of glass and deftly fashion it into an elephant. Beautiful, but terrible. Such a cost to the artist. We saw a silversmith family at work. This jewelry operation employs three generations of one household. We looked across one of Mexico's biggest cemetaries. In it are thousands upon thousands of ornate, tall head-stones. Our guide said the graves exceed the population of the big city.

Juarez has over one-hundred multi-millionaires. They live in mansions behind stone walls topped with jagged, broken glass, or some of them are fenced with elaborate, wrought iron , as intricate as lace.

Our guide took us to a fruit stand where he selected the best mangos, papayas, coconuts, pineapple, limes, and a fruit he called a mamev, but I can't find this name in any of my books. He was so good to help us buy the best. The mamev (?) is an avocado type fruit, but it is very sweet. We had to eat the mamev and the mango, because we couldn't bring them through customs.

The streets were crowded with people. Little burros pulled their carts alongside the cars. It was an intermingling of the old and the new culture. Everyone was after the tourist's money--children trying to sell things. Shine your shoes? Polish your windshield? Fresh flowers? Paper flowers? Children running to the curb whenever the car stops, holding out paper cups of Cola, or dancing toys from the end of strings. Our three hours ran in to four, and Ermal and Elmer both paid the guide the extra. He was worth everything and more. I bought a white sweater and a leather purse before we left.

We drove to San Antonio, N.M. and camped outside of town. We put a canvas on the ground and ate our over-ripe papaya by the light of the full moon. It was delicious with strawberry ice cream.

Sunday, April 23. We tried at Flagstaff and at Holbrook, Ariz. to find a church in session, but didn't luck out.

April 23. I love to go a wandering, and I love to come home.

May 5. A letter from Marie O'Neil said, "We're back at the ranch. Come and see us." Anxious to see how Larry was, after these many months, we went. Marie and Mollie met us at the gate. "Where's Larry?" I asked. Tears filled her eyes. "Oh, didn't you know? He passed away."

We were stunned. In all of her letters to us, she said they were doing fine. Larry was such a vital part of her that she couldn't bring herself to say he was dead. How well I understand.

May 8. Yesterday, Ermal, Clinton and I went to Kolob to see if the bitterroots were blooming. Only one or two flowers were open, but buds are coming thick through the patches of snow in the brush. The ground oozes water with every step.

We tramped past the old corral and up the slope towards Wild Cat. The Park Service has dumped loads of boulders in the road so cars can't get in. It makes me fume. I'm disgusted with the Wilderness Act. Why can't respectable people have the joy of seeing our beautiful country? Why does so much of it have to be preserved for back packers, of which there are so few, percentage wise? The area that has been blocked off on our old homestead is a most choice flower garden where the white, pink and rose colored phlox blooms. Now, no one can see it but hikers.

We joined DeMar's family at Coal Pitts last night. Every bare patch of earth along the way is covered with heliotrope. This is the miracle year of the heliotrope. Never before have I witnessed such a spectacle. These tiny, ruffled flowers, with fancy markings in their throats, spread a carpet of purple over all of the gypsum and clay mounds across Purgatory Flat going toward St. George, and along the roadside going toward Arizona, and on all of the mesa slopes and roadside going to Virgin and Coal Pitts. It's simply beautiful. The spore-like seeds have remained dormant, baking through half a century of summer suns, waiting to be triggered off by moisture at exactly the right time. I'm glad to have lived to see this miracle.

Another thing that amazes me is to find tadpoles in the puddles on Coal Pitts. How on earth does a toad survive the long dry spells on top to be on hand at the right time to lay eggs in rain puddles?

May 27. Two or three times a week we dash off to the hills to see some new, spectacular thing. The flower tour goes on. Coal Pitts has flaming acres of slippery elm (mallow). On Littlecreek Mountain there's a sea of bluebells (penstemons). The blackbrush is loaded with nutmeggy scented orange blossom-like blooms. Cliff roses, they are sometimes called. The air is so sweet with their spicy perfume I have the urge to make a batch of sugar cookies with them. (Wonder if they're good to eat.) Also out in the hills are wild sweet peas, lupines, poppies, blue dicks and indigo. Oh, the indigo bushes--so richly, royally blue!! And the yellow sego lilies are blooming just across the Arizona line. The fruit trees are heavily laden, and the bugs are lively and numerous. What a spring! Shirley just came by and said, "Mother, it's too pretty to be inside. Come on out."

June 1. We got a brief note from Terry today. He says, "Thanks for letting us barge in on you and eat your good food. . . I sure feel thankful that there was a you in the world to be my mother." He tells of the car trouble they had getting home. "We got here at 1:30 a.m. I slept for 1½ hours and went to work and slept for the next eight hours driving up and down the haul road. . . . I only worked three days and had another long weekend. Brett and I went to Disneyland with the Cub Scouts. We slept Thursday night in the church in Burbank. We were to Disneyland first thing Friday and stayed until the gates closed. After sleeping another night in the church we played all the way home yesterday. We really had a good time. . . . . I am sending the poem I wrote last year for my birthday."

"My penmanship is not too neat, but these thoughts and wishes
are truly sweet.
I love you mother, I hope you know. Maybe by my actions I
can show,
I'm thankful for the life you gave. The debt of gratitude
does me enslave.
In the month of April it became very clear, that life has
given me another year.
I think of my Savior divine, and know that his life was
not much longer than mine.
I am in my 33rd year on earth, and I'd like to thank you
mother, for giving me birth.

Terry C. Gubler
April 1977"

"I think of my Savior divine." Oh, if only we would never forget!

June 9. "Mother," Lolene's voice came over the telephone. "I had the television on, and a news flash said President Kimball had a revelation that the Negroes should have the priesthood."

"What on earth are you trying to tell me?" I asked. That child has played jokes on me before.

"It is true, Mother, honest. President Kimball announced it to the news media."

"Well, I'm going to call Bishop Howard. He will know whether this is just a prank or not," I said.

When I called, Bishop Howard said, "I haven't heard a thing about it."

"But wouldn't news of this sort reach stake presidents and bishops before it would the press?" I asked.

"Not necessarily so," he replied.

I turned the radio on, and the news said that a priesthood revelation had been received by our prophet and that <u>all</u> the blessings of the gospel are now available to every worthy member! So now, I <u>had</u> to believe. It is so right, so good and so wonderful! How wonderful to have a living prophet, and to know that the Lord speaks to him today.

July 10. The Alice Parker Isom reunion at Pinevalley on the 8th was soul satisfying. It's interesting to see how wrinkled and gray the kids we used to play with have become. Aunt Ellen's, Aunt Kate's, Aunt Evadna's, Aunt Mary's, Aunt LaVern's and Dad's families were all represented. Speaking of wrinkles, I noticed that most of them wore laughing wrinkles.

July 16. Yesterday, Kathy and I left at noon for the Shakespeare Festival at Cedar. We were the entire audience at the School of Scandals rehearsal, aside from the directors and critics. They made us welcome, and we enjoyed the production as much as if it was their opening night. We visited Jimmy Jones' art exhibit. This was not gooped up, junky modern art, but honest-to-goodness beautiful paintings of Grand, Zion and Cedar Mountain. We went to Deseret Industries and picked up a novel for Kathy, then spread our blankets and pillows on the grass under the deep shade of the pine trees on the campus. Ah, this was as much fun as when Mildred and I read love stories in the willows on the canal bank when we were kids. Later on, we strolled down town to look over the sidewalk sales, and have dinner at the Artic Circle, then back to the campus we went for the pre-show activities.

The blithe atmosphere of the music and the dancing set the stage for Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Kathy and I laughed until our sides ached at the comedy, so well done. This day with Kathy will shine like a precious gem in my treasure chest of memories. Granddaughters are sompin' grand!

July 26. We're on our way to the Washington D.C. temple. We stopped tonight at the Greenriver city park, but the mosquitos mobbed us, so we camped in the desert outside of town. Gnats swarmed us by the jillions!

July 27. Visited George Warzeniak in Grand Junction today.

July 28. Spent the evening with Eric and Mary Enstrom in Quintar. Had dinner with them. Seemed so good to be with them again. (Quintar, Kansas.)

July 29. We spent the afternoon and night with Smiths at Ellis. Oh joy!

July 30. Oh happy reunion! Went to church in the new Hays chapel. Norman and Teddy Smith and their nephew Blair went with us. Howard, LaRay, Tammy, Jason and Rhonda Spencer were there, and Oma Witson, Monese Somers, and Adrian and Melba Schwitzer, and Sharyn Sloan with her little boys Abraham and Jacob. These were the people we knew. The others were new members. After dinner with the Smiths at Ellis we visited at Spencer's home and at Rhanae Schryer's. Her daughter Diane was there. Rhanae gave me two wood bark wall hangings decorated with dried flowers and yellow meadowlark feathers. Delicate. Pretty.

On to Waldo we went to visit Grandpa and Grandma Somers. Kay and Nancy and Monese, and Lola and her children were there. Grandpa gave me a bird made from a devil's claw seed pod mounted on a fossil rock from the river. We slept at Osborne's rest stop.

Monday, July 31. Glenelder. Dinner with Oma Witson. She's 45 miles from the nearest LDS neighbor, and very lonely.

7:00 p.m. Starving. Got off freeway at Topeka. Shopped for groceries at K Mart, then back on freeway. Sign says, "Last free exit." Wonder what that means? Had to stop at a checking station in the middle of the road. A man gave us a card. "What do we do with this?" Ermal asked. The man acted mad. "You have to pay when you get off." "Off what?" "The turnpike. It's a toll road." "How much does it cost to get off?" "Anywhere from 15¢ to $21.65."

I'm starved!

We ate on the shoulder of the turnpike. Swooshing cars rocked the van.

8:20 p.m. We've covered enough miles for the day. How far before we can get off the turnpike we do not know. We follow a little dirt road that takes us to a TV tower on a little hill, and settle down for the night.

August 1. An electric storm waxed quite eloquent last night. I wasn't scared, and Ermal said he wasn't scared, but the TV tower was the highest earthly thing around us, and I was glad that even if Ermal wasn't scared he moved the van away from it. The news said an inch of rain fell. It cost us $1.30 to leave Kansas.

We cooked our dinner today on the church parking lot at the Independence visitor's center, and enjoyed C.C.A. Christensen's paintings inside. We visited the RLDS world headquarters across the street. Their AUDITORIUM is the thing! Impressive. But instead of teaching gospel doctrine, they concentrated on what was wrong with the Mormons. What a waste of time.

Missouri is a green lawn rolling with hickory, buckeye and maple forests and rain-fed farms. We camped at Graham Cave State Park. As soon as the fireflies came out, the trees became a din of fiddling katydids. This kind of music was new and startling to us. A jolly, triumphant chit-chitting of millions of creatures.

August 2. Hannibal! Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Nigger Jim and riverboats all came alive to me. I love Mark Twain's world. I couldn't imagine Ermal being so passive. We visited Mark Twain's boyhood home and the museum and square. The wooded islands in the glassy Mississippi were exactly as I had visited them with Tom and Huck. To think fiction could stir one so deeply. Ermal just nudged me right along, not wanting to let me really feel and see. At the moment I wished he was a woman instead of a man--at least one of my daughters. Four post cards and one picture for our walls at home were my purchases and we were off.

August 3. Nauvoo. Trillions and trillions of Mormon flies are thick on the leaves, trees, bushes and picnic tables around Nauvoo. They hatch in the Mississippi, live for twenty-four hours, and drop dead in piles around the city lights. When we stopped by the river they covered our van so solid we couldn't see out. They resemble dragon flies, and have a tail that is four times as long as their bodies. They don't bite or sting. They are harmless, and their season only lasts about three weeks each summer. Fortunately, they swarm mostly along the river, and not in town, except for city lights at nights.

The church owns 1,100 acres in Nauvoo, and keeps three full sized tractors going continuously to keep all of this manicured. There are 18 young missionaries and 26 golden age missionaries working in Nauvoo now. We arrived at the visitor's center just before sundown. A pink and gold sunset cast a glow over the masses of flowers, and the thirteen beautiful monuments in the garden. The beauty, glory and wonder of it left me speechless.

We camped among the long needle pines in the Nauvoo State Park.

August 4. Before leaving Nauvoo we visited the thirteen restored homes, and the beautiful visitor's center. Emma Smith was so much on my mind that I asked why she didn't go west. I was sent to an LDS bookstore, where I bought the small book, "Judge Me Dear Reader," where Emma Smith tells her own story as seen by Erwin E. Wirkus. We also visited an RLDS guided tour and watched their church history film. They just plain distorted the facts, and I became so disgusted that we left.

We stopped tonight at Havana, Illinois in the deep shade of the tall oak trees. After the flaming sunset faded, the fireflies came out, and we slumbered to the raspy lullaby of the katydids.

August 5. A red ball, like a burning ember came out of the earth at the base of the trees--so came the sun, almost before the darkness had fled. We bought two beach towels at a side walk sale in Havana, then drove clear across Indiana, stopping only at Brownsburg for dinner.

We've been in perpetual green since we left Hays. Ermal says, "Looks like they just cut a hole through the corn and made a highway." This is an interstate garden. Aside from corn there are miles of beans, alfalfa, and pastures with grazing cattle.

We crossed the beautiful Ohio river, oh so shining and wooded, and drove through the Wheeling tunnel. The sign says, "Welcome to wild, wonderful West Virginia." Is it ever!

Only minutes later and we're in Pennsylvania, and then in Maryland. Meandering, wooded roads criss-cross state lines. At Hancock, Md. we stopped to find a Mormon church, and some enthusiastic little children urged us to come to the Church of the Brethren, but we did find a Mormon on the phone, and he directed us to Buck Valley Pa. Cliff Ward piloted us through the woods from Hancock to Buck Valley. To give directions was next to impossible. Once we found the church yard, we weren't about to leave, so here's where we made our camp.

Sunday, August 6. Ermal's birthday. We enjoyed Sunday School, and fast and testimony meeting in Buck Valley. We both bore our testimonies. I gave Ermal a red robe and an apple pie for his birthday, and we drove on to the Washington D.C. Temple. We're 2,813 miles from home. The temple shines so white and gold above the green of the Beltway.

August 7. Last night we checked out the Cherry hill Camp Town. It was horrible, huddled mass, so we backed out and went to a service station for gas, and voiced our worries. The man showed us the wood lot behind his station and made us welcome. He even handed us the key to the restrooms. What welcome hospitality!

10:10 a.m. With awe I stand in the rotunda of the Nation's Capitol. Here is history in carvings, paintings, statues of marble and bronze. I could spend hours here.

National Art Gallery! Oh my! Take a week. Rave on Alice. Here's Thomas Cole's big paintings: A voyage of life. 1. Childhood. 2. Youth. 3. Manhood. 4. Old age. Painted 1842. And Albert Cuyp's Dutch School 1620-1691. Roger Van Der Weyden's St. George and the Dragon, 1432, is valued at $25,000 a square inch! Exquisite detail. One original of Leonardi DeVinci's is valued at $5,000,000. I am lost in detail and Ermal's eyes are full of dollar signs, until he has to blink to see. Sorry, but just mentioning these paintings doesn't help anyone else to see them, does it. What a pity. We had dinner in the art gallery cafeteria, lighted by sunlight on a waterfall behind glass.

We visited the Air Space building and the Lincoln's and Washington Monuments, and had a terrible time trying to find our car. We had parked real close by, but walked, and walked, and asked and asked how to find the address where we had left it. When we found it, we didn't know how to get where we wanted to go. Cars were honking at us, and people yelling, "Get

out of the way." Ermal was tense. So was I, trying to locate us on the map. A woman yelled that we made her miss her bus because we were in the way. Street numbers don't follow through, but change from intersection to intersection! Maddening. We were muddled and mixed up, and I was sending up frantic prayers, then Ermal made a wild, crazy turn. Oh joy! We were on our way. We're in the Greenbelt Park now relaxing to the safe, sweet sounds of wind in the tall trees and the rumble of thunder, and the smell of wood smoke.

August 8. We went through the beautiful Washington D.C. temple today. To see the temple rising above the green of the beltway is awe inspiring. We're told that at night, when it was illuminated with the spot lights, it was so spectacular that it was causing car wrecks, so they had to turn off the lights.

The theater in the visitor's center has a family oriented movie that is done with electronics and mirrors that is most fascinating. I would like to see it again and again.

August 9. We slept last night at a service stop on turnpike 95 near Havre DeGrace, Md. Now I'm a turnpike convert, even though it costs 25¢ every time we turn off, and every so often we're stopped and $1.00 is extracted from us, their service stops provide maps for 30¢ at a vending machine, gas is 10¢ a gallon more than off the pike, ice is a little more than double, but--the rest rooms are ample and clean <u>with</u> showers, and parking is free up to 72 hours in case of emergency, 24 hours regular--no questions asked. Since we've learned to sleep soundly in the babble, the din and the clatter, we draw the curtains, say our prayers, sigh contentedly and snooze. For this, I pay homage to the turnpike.

We were off and a running by 8:00 a.m. It took only a flash to cross the state of Delaware into Pennsylvania. Smoke stacks in Philadelphia stand like inactive volcanoes. Miles of narrow alleys, 1800 vintage shop fronts join brick to brick and board to board. Stop light lenses are so dirty it's difficult to tell what color of light is flashing. Still, green grass grows through every scrap of earth that isn't paved.

Night time. We've traveled from Maryland, to Delaware, to Pennsylvania, to New Jersey to New York--five states, three of them in the first two hours, and we've been lost twice. Now we're in a little park on the banks of a mossy pond where the wild geese are tame.

August 10. Ermal counted 44 long necked Canadian honkers. Also on the pond were fat white ducks and some brown wild ducks. This is a pretty park with meadows and trees.

A cute girl piloted us to the Reader's Digest building in Pleasantville, a short distance from the park. We hand carried our eight track tapes that we wanted to exchange, just for an excuse to visit the Digest.

We exchanged our tapes, and while waiting for our guided tour, a group of high school students came in for a writer's workshop. I shocked the guide by asking if I could go with them. She had to go through security to clear us and get permission. Temple Williams, associate editor, who is over Points to Ponder, and associate editor Regina Hersey conducted the workshop.

Temple made it clear that you <u>do not</u> write for money. You write because you want to. Reader's Digest pays $2,400 minimum for articles published. To submit free lance articles, not geared for one of the departments

that solicit readers' contributions, address it to one of the editors on the masthead. Don't pick one of the editors at the top of the list, but go down to the middle at least. Every article submitted is read at least once or twice. The editors read about 10,000 words daily each. (They scan.) Out of 700 articles selected for publication, only 30 make it. Thousands of articles are received daily. The Digest has a staff of 3,000.

Editing is frustrating. An associate editor may work a couple of weeks condensing an article, and then it still won't get past the staff.

Temple got 17 rejection slips on his first story before he sold it. To sell a story on the first try is the exception.

One of the boys in our group said he wanted to write for the movies. Temple told him to move to Hollywood and wash cars. He wasn't kidding. "You've got to live in Hollywood if you write movies. And you've got to have some other way to make a living."

Although Temple is only 36 years old he has lived in different countries and has really struggled.

After the class we went on an art tour of the building. Mrs. Wallace, the 80 year old Mrs. Digest, did the color schemes and selected all paintings and furniture for the building. It was all costly and antique. The paintings were abstract. Impressionistic. My impression was that they were ugly. Ermal said they were so ugly they turned him to stone.

The Digest building is beautiful red brick with white gables and pillars, situated on an 80 acre rolling garden--apple orchards and dogwoods etc. Canadian honkers fly in at harvest time and stay until the apple trees are bare.

I stopped to thank the receptionist for our happy visit. "Shhhh," she cautioned. "Don't tell anyone. Normally we don't let people do this." Meaning of course, our tagging along with the students. The art tour is regular.

Friday, August 11. We slept on the thruway outside Syracuse. This is a high priced toll road, but overnight facilities are excellent.

3:30 p.m. I'm sitting listening to the overpowering chimes, songs from "My Fair Lady" ringing above the roar of the Niagara on the Canadian side. Ermal is inside of customs surrendering his pistol.

Pistol checked in. No place to park. Ermal lets me out to ogle while he drives around and around. Canada has done more to attract tourists than the U.S. Baskets of flowers hang from every light post. Islands of planters along the driveway are draped with trailing vines and filled with brilliant flowers. The Canadian side is a showcase with its copper roofed buildings and gardens. The view of the falls is more direct. The crowds are ten times as dense.

But the U.S. side is more open and serene with plenty of parking space. The lawns are expansive, with miles of beautiful river walks. There's a tourmobile for those who prefer not to walk, and helicopter trips, and boat trips into the "Maid of Mists." All boat passengers are in black slickers and rain hats. The wind tunnel hikers are dressed in yellow slickers, hats, and water shoes. From the Canadian side we

get a full view of the chain of yellow slickered people hiking down the switchbacks to go under the river on the opposite side, and of the boats of shining, black slickered passengers being rocked and tossed in the turbulence and mist of the falls. But the most soul satisfying of all was to sit beside the tumbling river on the U.S. side--the one that makes the smaller falls. This was spellbinding fascination. We walked across a rock bridge to Goat Island. Peaceful.

Night. We've driven out of New York state, through Pennsylvania, and have taken the first rest stop in Ohio on highway 90.

Saturday, August 12. We stopped in Wauseon, Ohio to buy Ermal a pair of slacks for Sunday. We scrunched his others up into hot wrinkles in a dryer in a laundromat. The dryer was set on "cool". I had tried to remedy the damage, by soaking the pants in a bucket of water loaded with fabric softner, and holding them out the window, letting them flap as we sped along the freeway. All that did was make my arm tired, and the legs kept flapping me. Interested travelers beeped as they passed us up, waved, and smiled. The pants stayed the same wrinkled.

Oh yes. I forgot to mention that Pleasantville is real close to Tarrytown. Both are well named--so pleasant one would naturally want to tarry. This is Washington Irving country, where the stories of Ichabod Crane and Rip Van Winkle were inspired. We got lost twice here, winding our way through narrow, twisting wooded roads. At the Sleepy Hollow cemetary the sign says "Where lie the grateful dead." They must have been good folks, with no regrets, to lie so gratefully there. One road was called the "galloping road." It was so undulating that no car could go over it without galloping.

August 13. Here we are in the parking lot of the LDS church in Ottawa, Ill. We slept here last night. The janitor was on duty when we arrived. We were perishing for activity. Ermal mopped the men's and women's rest rooms, and I vacuumed the branch president's room and the chapel and cleaned the water fountain. Ermal and I polished the glass doors, front and back. Bud Bowker, the custodian, said he would have been till midnight if we hadn't come along. He is the elder's quorum president and Sunday School teacher also. The Ottawa branch is a good one with 60 families.

Evening. We rode north on 61 through Iowa, which was a sea of corn as far as the eye could see. We crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque, just touching our wheels in Illinois. A sign said, "Wisconsin 1 mile." Instead of a welcome sign on the border, a sign said, "Wisconsin arrests drunk drivers." We're camped at a roadside rest near Tennyson, Wisc. Ermal has gathered fireflies to light up the van.

August 14. Driving north in the fog. The sun barely penetrates the ground mist.

Observation: People outside of Mormon territory don't collect junk. And they don't hang on to old shacks. Nor tumbled down fences. Nor tall weeds. Yards, highways, walkways--everything except trees and crops are mowed. Buildings are kept painted. Homes are neat. Most of them are stately. What's wrong with us?

10:30 a.m. We've left the tobacco and corn fields of Wisconsin behind. At LaCross we crossed the Mississippi for the last time with her

algae pools, coves of water lilies, and rolling mainstream dotted with boats. Minnesota greets us with wooded hills like West Virginia, changing to prairie and corn fields.

At a rest stop near Rochester, Minnesota, I noticed the furnace. "It must get cold here," I remarked. "40 below," the caretaker replied. A shopkeeper in Iowa said that last winter, as he stood chatting to a neighbor, he dug his toe in the snow and struck metal. They were standing on top of a buried car. In Wauseon, Ohio a store keeper said they got 40 feet of snow last winter. Their only means of travel was by snowmobile. Natives tell us we're passing through at the best time of the year. The sumacs are coloring up in some places. A man from Conneticut said they have two months of summer and ten months of winter.

August 15. The temple re-openes today. And here we are in Mitchell, South Dakota. We visited the Corn Palace which is owned by the city of Mitchell. The exterior of the building is hung with murials made of ears of corn. Beautiful. The pillars and trim are done with milo and buffalo grass--bamboo like. Very attractive. Pigeons were plastered on the face of the murials, pecking out their breakfast. Sparrows feasted on the milo. New murials are put up each year at the September corn festival. We signed the guest register under the flag of Utah. Donnie and Marie Osmond had signed ahead of us, remarking that they enjoyed singing here.

Last night, as we drove through a thunderstorm, black creatures were scurrying across the road. We stopped. They looked like six-inch, chubby allegators. Ermal asked over his C.B. what they were. A guy said they were salamanders crawling out of the swamp grass.

Later: The highway to Mt. Rushmore is something! Signs galore begging people to stop. There's the reptile garden--bear country--ghost town--horseless carriage museum--Black Hills gold jewelry--caves, caves, caves, trail rides--marine garden--Flintstone's bedrock city--porpoises--wax museums--wax museums--wax museums--vortex--Danish jewelry--home of Custer--on and on. Interesting but over done. Would hate to come this way with a bunch of kids.

We hiked through the Rushmore Cave and were disappointed. It's just a cave. That's all. Not beautiful like Timp, or Leman's or Carlsbad. It's privately owned and costs $3.00. I would not recommend it.

But the national shrine at Rushmore more than compensated. Pictures can never explain the beauty of Mt. Rushmore--the great stone faces, the beautiful pines, the walks lined with the flags of all of the states and territory. The monument is more than wonderful, and the only way to keep tears from stinging the eyes, and the heart from swelling would be to be dead.

August 16. Wyoming. We're back to bare hills, tumbled down shacks and junky old cars. Why are the trashmongers congregated in the west?

6:15 p.m. We've spanned everything today--barren waste, hot sun, wind, river dams, tunnels, rocky ledges, dense forests, drenching rain, swirling snow--circled Yellowstone lake under sunburst and rainbow, watched bubbling caldron, and hot pots, visited LDS Murials in Cody, now riding through alley of trees past Lewis Lake. Oh boy! A waterfall. Wild flowers. Snowing again. Fir bows bending white. Tetons poking snow caps above the clouds.

August 17. Jackson Hole is rain scrubbed and tourist packed. We're heading south.

August 18. We stopped at Orem briefly to visit Edith and Gene. We're coming in on the home base, but are travel weary. We're camped at the Yuba Dam State Park. It's wonderfully clean--hot water and all.

August 20. We've traveled 6,443 miles and saw and enjoyed much. But home is best. They made two wards out of the LaVerkin ward while we were gone. After three-quarters of a century, we've divided. Kerry Gubler is our bishop, and our ward is the LaVerkin First Ward. Walter Church is bishop of the second ward.

August 28. Ed Gubler died today. Forty-eight years ago, when Winferd and I were first married, Winferd was so worried about his cousin Ed. He didn't think he would live long because of his bad heart. And yet Winferd has been gone these many years ahead of him. Winferd loved Ed. And so did everyone else. There was never a flag raising ceremony, when Ermal and I were scout leaders, but what Ed was there, with his hand over his heart to watch our boys raise the flag. To me, Ed was the spirit of real community life.

September 5. Eugene's Theater closed last night. There is no show hall in Hurricane anymore. It first opened in March 1914. It was the Star Theater then, and was run by a gasoline motor. That show hall has always been important to me, clear back to my childhood days when I used to pass handbills for a show ticket. And I've liked to go to every good show that came along. In later years, that wouldn't break a body, because there weren't that many good shows. Leah Wadsworth did her best to provide the best for Hurricane, but she had to show a lot of shows she didn't like because of some kind of code. Sometimes, when Ermal would step up to the window to pay our ticket, Leah would say, "Oh, Ermal, you kids wouldn't like this show." We loved her for that. We're going to miss the comfort of a show hall so close. Also, tickets that were so economical.

September 28. Our temple assignment tethers us to home. We may have wanderlust fever, but Tuesdays and Wednesdays always draw us home. Last week we left home with Cummon and Venice Stratton, for a five day's tour through the Colorado alps. We inhaled all the color and glory we could hold, getting back just in time to return to the temple.

At the Four Corner's Monument, Ermal parked the van up close and put on a tape of dance music and waltzed me through Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. A young man took our picture and promised to mail us one for Christmas. He was Mark somebody, and she was Louise Kennedy, (his friend) both from Niagra, N. Y.

We stopped in Cortez to see Ermal's old Singer boss, John Wickman. John looked at Ermal and said, "Well Ermal, you've got you a new hat." It's been fifteen years since they've seen each other.

The whole town of Silverton is a museum--old and tumbled down. Shop windows even have antique fly specks on them and the merchandise is dusty. They're living on their roaring, gun shootin' past. Nevertheless, Colorado is rich in beauty. Our last camp with Cummon and Venice was at the northern most tip of Lake Powell, where the Dirty Devil meets the Colorado. We left them at Otter Creek, and came home over Cedar Mountain. The squaw bushes on the home stretch are crimson, and white clouds tumble in the blue sky.

October 2. We spend Monday evenings with Perry and Myrtle Asay. I play their organ and they both accompany me on their guitars. Today I've practiced "My Isle of Golden Dreams" over and over, trying to make my numb fingers keep up with the metronome, and played by ear "Tammy," "Santa Lucia" and "Hawaiian Sunset," in two keys each. This is my big thing now days. Perry is trying to make me understand how my mind will take wings if I stop being dependent on music. He's trying so hard to pound things into my skull.

October 9. Yesterday I gave my first spiritual living lesson in Sunday morning Relief Society in our ward. With the division of the La-Verkin wards, we suddenly have two Sunday morning Relief Societies right here in LaVerkin.

Being spiritual living teacher has been a blessing to me and to Ermal. Ever since I gave the lesson "cease to contend with one another," whenever a little contentious thought crept into my mind, I have dismissed it, because I don't want the advesary to have anything to do with me.

Yesterday's lesson was "let love abound." One challenge in the lesson was to love our enemies. Well, I thought and thought, and I couldn't think of one enemy. I already loved everyone. Since I always prepare my lessons on Ermal, I said, "Ermal, I don't have any enemies."

Ermal said, "I am your enemy."

"How come?" I asked.

"I must be. You treat me like one. You chew me out everyday."

"I do not. I'm always loving and kind with you."

"You're chewing me out right now. You've got crumbs on your face."

Brushing them off I said, "I'm not chewing you out. I'm just talking. Can't I even talk?"

Although Ermal was grinning, I discovered that I felt irritated. "What did I chew you out about yesterday?"

"About not mowing the lawn."

"I did not."

He has only mowed the lawn twice this summer. It is so tall we almost lose the grandkids in it. I only asked him if the lawn wouldn't be healthier if he mowed it now so it wouldn't be matted down during the winter. I haven't mentioned the lawns before, because I knew he was doing the thing he wanted to do the most. Besides that, he never suggests when I should do the dishes, vacuum, or dust. And I called him honey, and patted him on the head when I asked about the lawn, and spoke softly, and he said he was busy and that was all.

So now, just one half-hour before I was to give a lesson to my class about loving our enemies, Ermal declares he is my enemy, and that I chew him out every day. Because freedom from contention has been uppermost in my mind, I was suddenly shocked that Ermal would make such an accusation. Not only shocked, but angered.

"You really are my enemy, aren't you! If I cannot even speak to you without you thinking I'm chewing you out, then I won't be able to speak to you again," I said.

He grinned, grabbed me in his arms and began to waltz me around the table.

"Don't do that," I protested.

He tried to kiss me so I couldn't talk.

"I don't want you to kiss me. You are my enemy and I don't love you just yet."

He laughed and kept dancing, in spite of my stumbling stubbornness. Finally, I buried my face on his shoulder and silently prayed, "Oh Heavenly Father help me! I can't give this lesson just yet. Help me quick!"

Goodness! Just like that, I could suddenly start laughing while my face was still buried on his shoulder. I really wasn't irritated at the big hulk, but he certainly put me to the test.

October 29. Thursday, the 26th was John Schmutz Day at the temple. This was his 100th anniversary. He once made the remark that he would never live to see the temple run continuously for twenty-four hours, so that's what they gave him for his birthday--a twenty-four hour run. He arrived at 10:30 the night of the 25th so he would be ready for the midnight session. AND HE STAYED UNTIL MIDNIGHT OF THE 26th. By 6:00 a.m. on the morning of the 26th he was persuaded to lie down, and he slept for two hours, then was back in the lobby shaking hands with the throngs of people.

When we came on duty at 11:30 a.m., the security guard said, "Two hours sleep isn't enough." So he got hold of John's arm and insisted that he lie down.

"You're just taking me off to jail," John complained, "but I'll go if you promise to wake me in thirty minutes."

They took him to the little cot in the first aid room. He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. They didn't wake him, but he came out an hour later.

I was glad to be the receptionist at the time John's baby brother Clarence, and his sister Zina, both from Arizona, came into the temple. Clarence is eighty years old. He looks young and handsome and healthy. Brother Schmutz threw his arms around them, and they hugged and laughed, then John said, "Now my day is complete. This is what I've been praying for, that my brother would come to the temple. Now I've nothing more to worry about."

Clarence had been inactive for years, but this day was too much for him. He got himself ready and got a recommend. John said, "Clarence's problem has been too much money and not enough responsibility."

John thanked President and Sister Bowler for this great birthday, because it accomplished the one miracle he had prayed for. When the session that his brother was on was finished, John went to the Celestial room and was the officiator to bring his brother through the veil.

A boquet of 100 roses, picked from the temple grounds, was the centerpiece in the lobby.

November 9. On my calendar for next year, and all of the next years of my life, I must add this note: WHEN THE COTTONWOODS ALONG THE RIVER HAVE TURNED GOLD, then is the time to hike to upper Emerald Pool in Zion.

We left home at 10:00 this morning. Perhaps next year we should leave at 9:00 to get full benefit of the sun in the canyon. We climbed the upper trail on our way to the pool, and returned by the lower trail. This is a 2.4 mile loop.

It's fun to walk on a carpet of scarlet and gold leaves as we go through a tunnel of colored trees. Today, the air was sharp and clear, just the right nippy for hiking. We kept to the right on the rough, unimproved upper part of the trail, which brought us to the highest point above the upper pool. As a reward for the rugged climb, we came upon the tropical bowl suddenly. This was unbelievable beauty--a glassy pool down below us, surrounded by lacy pink and gold boxelders.

Returning by the lower trail we walked beneath dripping, overhanging ledges. As we stood on the bridge across the river, a gust of wind swirled golden cottonwood leaves about us, and they floated down the shining water. This was a perfect day.

Tonight a cold front has moved in, and the weather man says we've seen the last of the pretty autumn days.

November 11. Last night Ermal and I took his children to the Arctic Circle to the salad bar, then on to the genealogical library. Everyone got all wrapped up in the things they found. Jim sat right down and began filling out his pedigree chart.

December 5. I stayed with Lolene's little girls this morning while she went to a Relief Society practice. All three of them had the chicken-pox. Shauna led me to a chair and said, "Tee talk, Grandpa." That meant, "Rock me, and sing rockaby baby in the tree top." I cuddled her and sang, and she went right to sleep, so I laid her on the couch.

Janna climbed up to play the piano, and accidently fell off the bench on to the rug. She began to howl. "Shhh," I said, "you'll wake Shauna." Her mouth opened wider and she howled louder.

"Please, Janna, get up like a good girl," I said. The howling raised to a screech, and Shauna began to whimper. "You're waking Shauna. If you've got to cry, you'll have to do it in the other room," I said taking hold of her.

Instantly she turned into an octopus, and her arms and legs into tentacles, latching on to the legs of the piano bench and the rocking chair. She was screaming by now. I peeled her loose and deposited her in the bathroom. "When you're through crying, come on out," I said closing the door.

Well! Thunder and lightening couldn't have sounded worse. That little kid was like a volcano erupting, kicking the door and screaming. I guess I'd forgotten about kids.

Lolene came home at the peak of the storm. I told her Janna went down easy off the piano bench, that she wasn't hurt at all.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "she needs her bottom paddled. She probably just wanted to be kissed better when she fell." Opening the bathroom door she said, "Did you fall off the piano bench?"

"Yes," Janna whimpered.

"Where did you hurt you?"

"Right here."

Lolene kissed the spot. Total peace reigned. All that, for the want of a little love! Maybe that's all that's wrong with this crazy world--not enough love and understanding. Hmmmm!

December 10. Terry showed up yesterday afternoon and announced he needed a load of white sand for his fireplace. He needed Gordon and Rick and John to help him so he could get back to Vegas by night. The rain was pouring down. I had a fit. But he took John and Gordon. Rick was working in Lyman's store.

"We'll be back in an hour and a half," Terry said.

Six hours later, with the rain still coming in torrents, they weren't back, so Perry and Shirley went in their jeep, and Ermal and I in our pickup out toward Little Creek Mountain where the sand was supposed to be. The rain stopped, and the moon broke through the clouds. With spotlights we checked every likely place where they might be. We talked back and forth on the CB. Shirley was so tense with worry that it was pitiful. She and Perry took off for the Burma road but were cut off by a flood. We waited for them at the intersection. A hail storm came up and a roaring wind. We all called and called into the night and got no answer.

When we got home, John sat watching TV. They had returned home at the right time all right, but had stopped off at Elmer Hardy's for a game of pool. &*$%@*%*¢*##!!

December 24. We've been without TV ever since we returned from our mission. It's been mighty nice. But Santa Claus came today, bringing Ermal his beautiful color TV. Oh dear, oh dear. All I can say is that I'm glad he still has his chainsaw and pickup. That ought to keep him from sitting his golden years away!

December 26. Mace sent us some Texas longhorns from Houston where he is laboring in the mission field.

CHAPTER 66

Motorcycles and Trains

(1979)

January 21. Today is Gordon's birthday. Norman brought home the ice cream while I was at their house yesterday, and Ann had a cake in the oven. She was making Gordon a birthday shirt of four different colors of suede from Suzie's shop--in rosewoods, tans and browns, put together with fancy stitches. What a pretty, pretty shirt!

Ermal has been pacing in front of TV because a football game was interrupting his "Adam 12" program. To soothe his suffering soul, I put noodles in his chicken giblet soup. He loves that. I simply hate, detest, abhor, and despise giblets. I almost have to take off to another room while he eats them.

Marilyn got her birthday wish--a vacation in LaVerkin. She and Terry arrived on Tuesday night and stayed until Saturday morning, when Terry had to get back on the job. The family had a surprise party for Marilyn. Her uncles and aunts and her brothers and sisters and husbands

and wives were here. Each one of us made her a sentimental birthday card--the art work and the poetry was rustic and humorous. She blushed like a sixteen year old, and tears filled her smiling eyes.

The next day, Marilyn went to St. George with Helen, and I took Terry on a tour. He'd never seen Ballard's Nursery before, nor Suzie's mill end shop, nor Vandermaiden's swap shop. While at the swap shop, they gave me $5.00 cash for the junk I had cleaned out of my cupboard. Then Terry, Ermal and I went for a walk in Zion Canyon.

The church has called the first Negro missionary from Terry's ward. He is called to Florida.

February 1. We've been in a white, frozen world for a week now, and the schools are closed today. This evening, when the sun broke through, Ermal and I went for a walk. Kids on innertubes and Rubber Maid sleds were scooting down the hill above the canal. Melvin Gifford was awfully cute and funny when he took a high dive off a gravel hill.

Leon said, "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

Belly down, on his borrowed Rubber Maid pad, he skimmed over the snow like a penguin. But he couldn't stop at the road. He shot over the canal, impacting head first into the cement wall on the opposite side. Ermal leaped into the canal and lifted him out.

"I can't breathe," Leon gasped. His groans, and his glazed eyes scared me. "It's my back," he moaned.

Melvin and Ermal took him home in the car, and I walked down the hill.

February 2. This morning, when I went to see how Leon was, Kelly Houston was just leaving. Leon had called, saying, "I'm depressed and can't sleep. Can you come and sleep with me?"

DeMar said Leon was better as soon as Kelly arrived. He has a sore rib cage and a goose egg.

February 12. A package came from Teddy Smith in Ellis, Kansas. In it was a set of chimes just like the ones Grandmother Crawford had at Oakcreek when I was a little girl. This set has not only angels, but also it has a clown and ponies. When we light a candle it spins and the chimes tinkle. What a charming, fun gift!

I'm relieved that Ermal isn't a TV addict after all. If there's a shoot-em-up, he watches that, and he glues himself to the news, but he seems to have more fun splitting wood.

February 26. The sun eclipsed from 8:00 to 10:00 this morning. We walked to the post office so we could get eclipsed on. A man there let us look through his welder's glass. We saw it at its most total point.

March 17. Terry's family visited with us this weekend.

March 21. In a looseleaf book are my favorite pieces of music, collected a sheet at a time. One morning I sat down to play "Danube Waves," my latest piece. On the second page I came to a Del Segno sign--the little curlicue, that is. No where else in the music did a similar sign appear. Where was I to repeat to or from? Puzzled, I closed the book. "I'll get Lillis Spencer to play this for me sometime," I thought, dismissing the matter. Then early Sunday morning, I dreamed I was playing "Danube Waves."

In my dream, as I came to the repeat sign, I said, "For goodness sake. This second page doesn't belong here." So flipping to the back of the book to the music "On the Beautiful Blue Danube", I put the second page in its right place. Next to the last staff on page one was the repeat sign I had been looking for.

I awoke with a start and leaped out of bed. Racing to the organ, I grabbed my book. Sure enough, the music was exactly as I had seen in my dream. My sudden bolting out of bed had awakened Ermal, and he came shuffling into the room.

"Look, Ermal," I exclaimed. "A dream woke me up. In my dream I saw exactly where this second page belonged, and I saw this curlicue right here, where it really is!"

"So that's why you barreled out of bed," he grunted.

I was so pleased, I played both pieces over and over. Later, as I settled down to my book, "The Restored Church", on page 633, I read, "Most of the greater gifts of the spirit would be unknown to an observer, but are quietly enjoyed by those who have believed and accepted the Gospel. Their enjoyment is the basis of true testimony. Indeed, we may say such testimony will continue so long and just so long as the gifts of the Spirit are enjoyed by church members."

Oh, how nice. Like golden drops of honey, sweet little things do happen in the lives of almost everyone.

Oh yes. A sweet little thing I have not mentioned, is Maxine's little boy born on the first of March. He's a cutie. (Ronnie).

March 24. Norman and Ann invited me to go to Salt Lake with them to see "My Fair Lady" on stage in the Promised Valley Playhouse. "I know Ermal won't let me. He hates to be alone," I said, then added, "But wouldn't it be fun. I'd <u>love</u> to go. I'll ask." So I did. Silently, Ermal regarded me, then finally said, "All right."

Norman took Ann, Marie, Lucille Fish and me in his reconditioned car as far as Kathy's in Provo. Every little way he stopped to add oil. He and Lucille went on to Salt Lake on business, and Ann, Marie and I rode with Kathy and Patty Gubler.

We arrived early enough for the reception in the beautiful, spacious lobby, and admired hostesses in filmy, fluttering gowns. Flowers in six-foot silver goblets stood on lace covered tables that were adorned with hugh silver punch bowls and silver trays of fancy cookies and cakes. We listened to the roving barbershop quartettes and the music of the golden harp.

We've lived through a decade of sack shaped dresses, thongs, stringy hair, ragged, tattered and faded denim cutoffs, even on college campuses. It seemed good to see beauty restored. The theater goers were dressed up--women in formals and men in suits. The hallway in the balcony displayed costumes and hats of the ostrich plume era, and scrapbooks from the old Salt Lake Theatre days.

Our seats were in the balcony where we looked down on the revolving stage. I tingled as the music of the overture swelled, the velvet curtains parted, and we were swept into the play.

We laughed and applauded as the story of Eliza Doolittle and Henry Higgins unfolded. Three hours passed too swiftly. The humor of the transition of Eliza from ignorance and rags to royalty, and the happiness and spontaneity of her people on poverty street in contrast to the snobbishness of high society, and finally the triumph of Liza Doolittle shook us with laughter. What a treat!

We slept at Joe and Judy Miller's home. (Joe is Ann's brother.) It took us twelve hours to come home from Salt Lake. Lucille came on the bus. At the point of the mountain, Norman's oil guzzling car got hot. Smoke oozed from under the hood. The fan belt had cut the water hose, and it looked as though we would burst in flames. Norman walked after water, repaired the hose, and drove slowly into Provo. Norman's friend took us to Salem, where he had a pickup and loaded trailer for us to bring to LaVerkin. The pickup had been sideswiped, so the door on the right side wouldn't open. Ann, Marie and I slid in past the steering wheel, and Norman drove. The trailer had a long tongue, and only two wheels. If we got up to 50 mph, it whipped. We had no clearance lights, but we made it past all of the patrolmen until we got to good old LaVerkin. There the cop pulled us over. But he didn't give Norman a ticket.

March 25. Shirley came to Sacrament Meeting today. How happy I was to see her out. She has been in bed with pneumonia for almost six weeks. Last Sunday, when we had Stake Conference, I stayed with her while Perry took the kids to church. Trying to keep up with the family's mountain of laundry has been something.

"It isn't breaking the Sabbath just to push the button on the washing machine is it?" I asked.

"Mother, the washing machine always breaks down when I wash on Sunday," Shirley replied.

I didn't take the risk.

March 26. Yesterday in Sunday School, a quote from D. & C. 58:42 made me ponder. "Behold, he who has repented of his sins, the same is forgiven, and I, the Lord, remember them no more."

If the Lord forgets, why don't we? Some things that I should forget, I actually enjoy remembering. For instance, when I was a kid, Papa ordered a special setting of eggs to put under a Plymouth Rock hen. He was so pleased with the prospects of raising some big, meat chickens that he told everyone.

Just the day before the eggs were to hatch, the hen, eggs, nest and all vanished. It didn't take Papa long to figure out who did it. In our town lived a shrewd old sister that had quite a reputation. When Grandma Isom ran the store in Virgin, this woman used to bring rotten eggs to trade for goods.

Papa summoned Whit Spendlove, the town marshal, and together they paid the woman a call, asking to look at her chickens. Cheerfully she led them to the coop. They looked all around the run and through the orchard, and found no setting hen. As they were leaving the place, Papa noticed steps leading down to their cellar.

"What's down there?" he asked.

"Nothing but storage," she answered.

"Let's take a look," Papa said, and before she could protest, he and Whit walked down. There in her box sat the hen, sheltering the little chicks that were coming out of the eggs.

Embarrassed, the woman turned to her oldest son, who had nervously followed. "Son, do you know how that hen got here?"

"Yes," he replied. "I helped you move it."

That was many years ago. The woman is dead, and the son is a great-grandfather. No doubt he repented long ago, and the Lord has forgotten the incident. But for some reason, when it pops into my mind, I still chuckle (cackle) about it.

We picked up Doris and Dave Libby and went waterfall watching in Zion today.

March 31. Wayne called this morning. "Water is running over the spillway at the Gunlock reservoir. Want to go see?"

I always want to go see. Wayne rounded us up--Ermal, Clint, Lillian and me. At the dam, Clinton, Ermal and I walked to the spillway. The sun broke through the clouds and I watched until I became hypnotized. The guys shook me out of it.

Wayne drove through Gunlock town, followed a dirt road beyond, and got stuck up to the axial in a creek. We crawled out and waded through the shallow water. The main stream was still ahead of us. Lillian had told Wayne he couldn't make it. That's probably why he tried. I've learned that whenever a woman tells a man don't, that's when he does.

Wayne looked funny sitting there alone, his shiny blue Ford sinking above the hubcaps. Clinton got the shovel out of the trunk, I started toward a tractor I could hear down the gully, and Ermal headed for a farm house. Then down the hill from the north came a white pickup. The driver turned it around and backed to the edge of the creek, and three angels in hard hats got out. One of them tossed the end of a tow chain to Clinton, and he hooked it on to Wayne's car. The driver was Ivan Hunt, Perry Houston's uncle who works in the temple with us. He pulled Wayne out, then took us across.

When we got home, Dixie and Foster had been here with a fresh rhubarb pie. Half of it was gone. A note said Shirley had come to share it with them. Donworth and Harriet Gubler came just as we were leaving for Mac Sanford's birthday party. We put on bread and milk, and finished the pie, and all of us went to Sanford's. Don and Harriet spent the night with us. He is going to talk in firesides both at Cedar and St. George.

April 12. We took Ann and the children to see the Indian caves in Lee Valley. The snow-soaked sand made walking easy. While everyone went exploring, I stretched on my back in the sun with my hat over my eyes, enjoying the warmth, the sounds and smell of the mountain.

From the cliff above, I heard Gordon say, "I can't get back. Gee! Getting out here was easy, but I can't get back."

Then Scott yelled, "Grandma, what are you doing? Grandma, Grandma!"

Peering from under my hat brim, I saw Scott and Vaughn silhouetted against the sky above me.

"Oh," Scott said, "I thought you had slipped off the ledge where Gordon is."

Scrambling to my feet, I almost had a heart attack when I saw Gordon's dilemma. He was plastered against the face of the rock about thirty feet above me, with no place for a footing.

"I can't get back," he moaned.

"You've got to. Cling for dear life," I said.

I watched and prayed as he lay hard against the rock, barely moving inch by inch at a time. Finally I could breathe again, for he was safe.

At Lamb Springs we found stubby and tightly clustered crimson clumps of Indian paintbrush in a rock pocket on a wall. Under an overhanging cliff, someone has drilled holes and anchored a pole corral on the sloping sandstone--for what we could not figure, for the slope is too steep for any practical purpose.

Back at the van we ate Ann's good sandwiches and cookies. I liked this trip because it was not premeditated by us. Ann thought it up. It was fun.

Oh yes. Since it is blossom time, there's one thing I need to mention. That's my little flower pickers. Ever since I've had granddaughters, they've brought me flowers. When Ivy was here, she and Alice Limb used to come often with love notes and a fist full of flowers. Last Sunday our house filled with our children and grandchildren. I was standing in the doorway to the living room when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. Turning, I saw three beautiful faces, Rebecca, Annie and Katie, all smiling at me and holding out to me boquets of lilacs and pear blossoms. Little girls remind me of flowers.

April 21. A few weeks ago, on Eyewitness News, we saw a Sentimental Journey, which took us through the Colorado Rockies on the Denver and Rio Grande Zephyr in the vista dome. "Passenger service from Salt Lake to Denver is to be discontinued May first," the reporter announced.

"I've never had a train ride," Ermal lamented, "and I want to go."

So we got the wheels to rolling. By the time we made reservations, there were thirteen people in the Ermal Stratton party: Nathella Wood, Iona Shelly, Genevieve Bundy, Ruby and Roland Webb, Clifford and Daisy Ruesch, Helen and Mack Sanford, and Wayne and Amelia Wilson. Ermal and I traveled to and from Salt Lake with Wayne and Amelia, and shared a room for four at a Motel 6 in Salt Lake. (The nice thing about this was that Ermal wore his new pajamas for the first time.)

The Zephyr route between Salt Lake and Denver is all that it claims to be--one of the most scenic trips in America. It begins amid snowcapped peaks, winds through deep rocky canyons alongside turbulent streams, snakes across the desert of east central Utah, and climbs high into Colorado's mountains. Train riders do not sit still. They visit up and down the length of the passenger cars. There are no strangers on trains. Waiters in the dining car seat you across the tables from folks you've never met before. White linen and silverware dress the tables, like the days of long ago. The Silver Banquet, (the name of the dining car) has an air of elegance. Negro waiters bring your food on trays held high above their heads, and they sway with the rhythm of the train. On our fifteen hour journey each way America seemed everlastingly expansive and magnificent.

How many tunnels we passed through, I do not know. There were many. I only know there were 27 tunnels within 12 miles before coming into Denver. They are numbered. We came in after dark, emerging from tunnel 8, at an altitude of almost 7,000 feet. One-fourth of Colorado's total area can be seen from this point. The lights of Denver and her suburbs and surrounding cities and towns are a sea of splendor.

We spent one day in Denver. Eleven of us took a sight-seeing bus. Four hours cost $110.00. We saw the Botany Gardens, the Mint, the Historical Museum and toured the city. Don't ever take a sight-seeing bus in Denver. Only the one who sits up with the driver can see. (That was me in this case. There were unhappy passengers behind.)

Cafe food at this point was getting next to Ermal. He bought a bag of English muffins and some milk and really dined at our motel. He stuffed English muffins in his suitcase too.

On the morning of the 18th our train left Denver at 7:30, and climbed to a height of 9,239 feet where the six-mile Moffet Tunnel bores through the Continental Divide. Ermal and I rode the platform between cars for all of our mountain climb. We leaned out the open windows with nothing to obscure our view, and looked from our giddy height into the chasms below to the Colorado River. We saw the five engines curve ahead on the sheer mountain side, seemingly supported on nothing but air.

At Grand Junction a Sweet Adeline quartet joined us, and they sang to the passengers. Everyone loved them.

In the afternoon, while Ermal shared his hearty, humorous self with the other passengers, I sat alone in the vista dome, serenely lost in thought. A bearded young man, tinkling ice in his glass of coke, appeared on the stairway by my seat.

"There's a lot of good hiking out there," he said. "I know every inch of this desert." Softly he talked of sleeping under the open sky and of the tranquility of the undisturbed desert, and as he talked, the place became more and more beautiful. Finally, he said, "Well, m'lady, have a nice day," and disappeared down the steps.

How brief the contact, and yet how pleasant. Shades of when knighthood was in flower. His presence was as fleeting as butterfly wings in the wind.

I arose and sought Ermal, and he dug out the English muffins from the suitcase and stuffed them in his pocket and we went to dinner. I ordered a salad and he ordered an empty bowl and two glasses of milk. The Negro waiter eyed the bowl with curiosity, stiffened his back, bent his head forward and rolled his eyes as Ermal brought forth his bread and broke it in his milk. The women at the next table burst out laughing, because at noon they had sat at our table. They gave Ermal their two slices of bread so he could have bread and milk.

April 27. Yesterday, DeMar and I dressed in our bee garb to see what was going on in the hive which has been perched on the picnic table outside their back door all winter. Our snooping kind of made the bees mad, and one took after DeMar. He ran out the driveway and down the road, the bee hot after him. It chased him around our house and through our front door, but when DeMar ran out the kitchen door, the bee was inside, bumping against the screen. To be nice, I let him out, and he whammed me on the throat, leaving his stinger. Wow! Hot! DeMar scraped the stinger off and smashed the bee, and I swelled.

The bees seem to have it in for DeMar. This afternoon as he was planting corn, a bee came like a bullet at him, and stung him on one corner of his mouth. Now his face is fat, and he's mad at the bees. I gathered a handful of plantain leaves from the weeds in the fence and blended them to a paste and plastered it on my neck. It burned like a mustard plaster, so I only left it fifteen minutes, but all of the venom was gone, leaving no soreness, swelling nor itch, but the spot where the patch was looks like tanned leather.

Mona White invited Rebecca to go to Oregon with her for four days. Rebecca was thrilled when Helen told her she could go. They were to leave last night, and Rebecca was ready. Helen told Rebecca goodbye early because she was taking a group skating in St. George. DeMar also had to go somewhere, and Rebecca was left alone. She burst into tears. When Mona's folks called for her, she wouldn't go. With eyes swollen and red, she came to our house.

"Grandma," she said, "all of the time I wanted to go. Then after Mama and Daddy left, I knew it didn't matter where on earth I was, if only my family was there. I don't want to leave them."

"Rebecca, your mother will understand. When she was a little girl, her grandma and grandpa were taking her to St. George to stay for a few days. She started to cry before they got to Berry Springs, and they had to bring her back," I said.

April 27. Mace is home from the mission field. He came with Greg Barlow and Terry this morning to go to the temple.

May 7. Tonight, Perry's and Shirley's family joined us for family home evening. The lesson was, "Know Your Kin." I had made thirty stick dolls, each one labeled with an ancestor's name, to make up five generations, counting the Houston children. The game was to place them in their proper place on a large cardboard pedigree chart. Sherrie kept saying, "Mama, why don't we make some of these?" Perry told us briefly about his grandfather Houston coming to Utah as a drummer boy for Johnston's army. We served Grandma Isom's recipie of gingerbread, topped with Grandma Gubler's carmel sauce. John played the organ for the family to sing, and Annie and Kelly offered the prayers.

May 9. I enjoy my spot at the dinner table, because I can look out the glass doors and see every flitting bird, stray cat, or dog. Today, a flash of pink caught my eye. "Oh look, Ermal," I exclaimed.

Little Paulette came toddling through the grass, wearing her fuzzy, pink coat, and carrying a rag doll in each arm. Ermal opened the door, and she came in, marched around the table to where I sat and lifted her face to mine. I bent down to hug her, and she kissed me. Then without one word, she turned, and tugged and pulled at the door until it slid open. Clutching her dolls, she toddled back through the grape arbor, and up through the lot to home.

May 11. What an accomplished day! Kim Eagar took Kate and me to Cedar. to look at a used organ that was advertised for sale. Kate bought it!

This evening Kate and I went through Mama's photograph albums, searching for a baby picture--one that would proxy for our baby sister Josephine on our family group sheet. We found the perfect one--one of Aunt Fanny Gifford's babies, Jewel.

May 17. Tonight I attended Katie's kindergarten graduation exercises. The girls wore pink and the boys wore blue graduation caps. The program consisted of Mother Goose nursery rhymes and songs, and Mother Goose passed out the diplomas. I could hardly keep my eyes off Katie because she was so pretty.

I had gone early to their house to help Katie get ready, because Lolene was being weighed in at Weight Watchers. Janna Lynn was getting ready to go too. As I tied Janna's sash on her sheer, blue nylon dress, she said, "Grandma, you're really getting old, aren't you!"

The question startled me, because I was looking out of such young eyes at such pretty grandchildren. Frankly, I was feeling quite chipper, but I replied, "Yes, I'm getting older." (Afterall, who isn't?)

As we climbed into my faithful, decrepit looking Rambler, Katie asked, "How old is you car, Grandma?"

"Fifteen years," I replied.

"Oh my, you and your car are both really, really old, aren't you?" Janna added.

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"Your bathroom's dirty," he announced.

Deeona blushed and I grinned. "My laundry is sorted on the floor," I explained.

"But the shower is dirty. I looked."

Deeona blushed deeper.

"It's only a cement one. It doesn't shine like tile," I said.

"But it's dirty," Lanny insisted.

"It isn't finished," his mother explained.

"And her bathtub is dirty too. I looked."

"Go tell that man in there," I said.

Ermal had come home from cutting posts, and had slept in the tub for an hour while he soaked off the grime from Coal Pitts. He left almost as much cedar bark and debris in the tub as the Virgin River would have done at flood time.

Lanny marched into the kitchen where Ermal was. "Your bathtub is dirty," he loudly proclaimed.

His mother grabbed his hand and apologetically rushed him to the car.

"She should leave that kid home," Ermal growled.

I collapsed with laughter.

May 27. Last Saturday (a week ago) Terry and Greg Barlow came up from LasVegas to do a temple session, forgetting that the temple was closed on Saturday afternoon. So, to make their trip interesting, they visited Nelson's Sporting Goods store, and Terry decided to try out a used motorcycle. He drove it to LaVerkin for DeMar to admire. Greg followed in his car.

On their way back to St. George, Terry decided to see how fast the motorcycle would go. The speedometer was reading somewhere between 80 and 100 mph when it got the shakes and rolled over. Terry and the motorcycle rolled for 352 feet on the road by Berry Springs. (Measured by DeMar and Jack Isom.) Greg gathered Terry up and rushed to the hospital, and phoned DeMar to come and pick up the motorcycle and Terry's personal belongings from the highway.

Terry was wearing a new, long sleeved shirt, and new Levis. The shirt was riddled to feathers, and the seat and knees completely gone from the Levis, spilling Terry's wallet and keys, etc. on the ground.

Terry said he was pitched back, the palms of his hands flat on the asphalt. He felt the flesh being scrubbed off, so as he rolled, he drew his arms down to the side and rolled like a log, making no effort to stop. Where the road curved, he went off into the gravel and brush. He said he had the strange sensation that invisible hands were holding his head as he rolled. He had no helmet on, but never once did he feel his head touch the ground.

Ermal and I were just getting ready to go to Springdale to help celebrate Aleath and Gerald Gifford's 40th wedding anniversary when the call came from the hospital telling us of the accident. We jumped in the van and took off for St. George instead.

We were surprised when the hospital released Terry, as badly hurt as he was, but they sent him home with us. When I looked at him, after DeMar and Ermal had put him on the bed, I felt helpless and scared. Why didn't the hospital keep him? He had the best of insurance with the Teamster's Union.

At the hospital they had given him a shot to kill the pain and wrapped up his bleeding arms and legs. They didn't even clean the road tar off from him. He passed out every time he tried to raise up, and washing and cleaning his wounds, which were massive, covering both arms and legs was too much for me. I was terrified for fear I'd do something wrong. The wounds seeped so much I was steadily changing sheets and pillow cases. I was afraid of infection. Finally, I called Dr. Plunkett and told him I had to have help.

Dr. Plunkett spent over an hour that first day picking out gravel and chunks of tar from Terry's flesh. He couldn't believe the hospital letting a man go like that. He plastered Terry with stuff that looked like shortening and burned like fire. Terry almost went crazy. Dr. Plunkett and Ermal administered to him, and he quieted down instantly. Ermal did the anointing and Dr. Plunkett gave Terry a blessing. In it he said, "Terry, you are an instrument in the Lord's hands to do his work, and he is displeased with you for misusing one of his instruments. You have been preserved to do a great work in His kingdom. Use your convalescing time to prepare yourself for this special calling." Terry was impressed. He knew his life had been spared.

Terry went home yesterday morning with friends from Kanarra. Dr. Plunkett came every day during the week he was with us, and spent an hour with him, and redressed his wounds. During that week, Terry developed a great love for the doctor. They visited about many things.

Since Terry's hands were so badly hurt, I had to spoon feed him for the first few days, and it took both DeMar and Ermal to help him to the bathroom. One time he passed out on the floor. But we could not return him to his family until he could feed himself.

Terry's brothers, sisters and friends came often, and our home became a social center. Although I resented the hospital and the doctor who was on duty for not treating my son right, the intensive care I had to give him here at home yielded great satisfaction in the love that was returned. The house seemed awfully empty after he left.

Last night the graduating class of 1929 had their 50 year class reunion. It is the first class reunion we've ever had. Ione Woodbury Bradshaw and Hazel Isom Nelson were the ones who organized it, and did all of the work. Verna Heaton Southers catered the party in the new Hurricane High School lunch room. The food was absolutely scrumptious and beautiful. Seeing our old classmates certainly was interesting. We had to be introduced to the ones we hadn't seen for years. I'll say this much for time--it certainly is no respecter of persons. Out of the 17 that graduated 50 years ago, two of them are dead--Emily Wilkenson and Rulon Beatty. Of those remaining, only one, Max Woodbury was absent. All of the rest were there with their companions. Karl Larsen was the only teacher there. We shared our memories and pictures with each other. How good it was.

May 28. We celebrated our linen anniversary yesterday. Ermal took me to dinner at the Wee Ask U Inn, then we rode out into Hurricane valley to hike, and to watch the sunset on the red hills.

June 6. Lolene ran in with her guitar this morning. "Can I practice on you?" she asked. "Gerald and I are entertaining at the Hilton tonight--we're being paid for it--and I need a quiet place while I run through my music." While I prepared dinner, she strummed and sang one song after another. She ate lunch with us, and just before she left, she stopped outside our door. "Oh yes," she said, "there's another song I want you to hear." And she burst into the joyous song, "Look to the Rainbow," then she was gone.

I felt as though I had been bathed in a halo of mellow, golden light. My heart swelled, and I wondered how I could ever have been so blessed. I contemplated my children, one by one. How dear to my heart they are.

June 12. Saturday night was Glen Monnett's wedding reception. His dad's dance orchestra played all evening. Brownie plays a sweet guitar. Boyd Hepworth livened the floor with bursting animation, like corn in a popper. Leaping, hopping and prancing, heat waves radiating from his hot, damp shirt, his smile either tantalized the women on the sideline, or filled them with apprehension.

Some of the women were real thoroughbreds, like Polly Stirland. Boyd couldn't outdo her on the floor. (I love Polly. She's the No. 1 young folkses lady in our stake. She's as bubbly as her grown sons and daughters, and as willowy and aware. I love her for using her talents--for her beautiful compositions and road shows--for bringing to life hundreds of young people on stage, and for rearing a family who can do likewise.)

Back to Boyd. His talents are no less than Polly's, only different. Boyd and Esther are good Samaritans who feed, shelter and comfort hitchhikers, and help their neighbors. But Boyd is a demon on the dance floor.

Saturday night I sat smugly enjoying the show, feeling the protection of age. Then, to my startled dismay, a big strong hand gripped mine and I was propelled onto the floor. Horrified, I cried out, "No, no, no Boyd! Not me!" Boistrous laughter filled my ears, and the room whirled. The floor tilted and red lights flashed in my head. With both hands I grabbed Boyd's head in an effort to shake him. "Boyd, pleeeease! I can't do this! Please!"

I stumbled, put my hands over my face, and he caught me. "Ok. You can do it. Ok?" He slowed down. Even his slowest pace was still like dancing with a jackrabbit. "Now that's not bad is it?" he'd keep asking, while my feet flew faster than they have for years.

Like reeling in a fish, his arm whirled me into his bosom, then unwound me to the end, flipped me under his arm, and I, helplessly, with no ingenuity or skill on my part, did it. "See, you can do it," he gloated.

The music stopped. He steered me to my seat, and for that I thanked him, and mopped my forehead.

The drums beat, the guitars twanged, and ignoring protests from Shirley, Boyd whirled her onto the floor. She held up for a round or two, then she went limp, and her eyes were spinning back and forth. Boyd grabbed a chair and put under her and she sagged limply down.

"Oh no," I sighed. I was afraid for her. She is going to have a baby at Christmas time, and I was afraid this had made her sick. But she revived, and danced with Perry later.

Then Boyd swung Esther off her feet. With her head grappled against his bosom, he flung her through the air like a rag doll, her feet flying horizontally. Finally he set her down and she glared at him. Oh, oh, I thought. He's had it now. But she went back on the floor with him later. I marveled that he didn't land on his fanny, what with his feet crossing back and forth in front of and behind each other as he leaped about. Then at the last dance it happened. He kerflopped with a thud. It was delightful. Everyone loved it. But he bounced up and went on dancing.

Last night we ate supper in the shade of a cottonwood tree at the edge of a frog pond on Northcreek. Jim and LaPriel and two granddaughters, Tanyia and Mandy, and Kate, Wayne, Ermal and I went for a family activity night. Reflected in the shining water was the sharp outline of the red hill to our east. The breeze was cool and the evening was beautiful.

Jim and LaPriel broke the exciting news that they had been interviewed for a mission. LaPriel expressed her breathless little fears with some thrill of anticipation.

Yesterday morning, Shirley and I went to St. George to shop for dresses for me. I have wrestled with this problem for the past two weeks, and have sewed some bad mistakes. I've wanted a new dress so much that I've even dreamed up styles in my sleep. And I've cut, fitted, sewed and then cried. I've made two dresses. The first one looks like an ugly housecoat, and the second one looks like a maternity dress. I wore it when I danced with Boyd.

That night, after the dance, when we kneeled down together, I said, "Ermal, I love the Lord, but I can't pray tonight. You take my turn." After prayer, I lay with my face buried in the sheets. A big lump in my throat couldn't be swallowed. An ache in my heart made me want to cry.

"What's the matter fer ya?" Ermal asked.

Then I started to sniffle. "Oh Ermal, I've tried and tried. I wanted so much to look nice. Everything I make is ugly. I need summer dresses so bad."

"Ah," he drawled, "you kin make 'em. You know how."

"Oh," I cried in exasperation, "that's easy for you to say. You know I've wasted all of that cloth and time."

"I thought you looked quite mature in your outfit tonight," he soothed.

Mature! Mature! Like a baggy old lady! That's what! I want <u>pretty</u> things. I tossed while he snored. He had said, "You know you can't find anything you like when you shop." Big deal!

At the ABC shop Shirley picked out dozens of dresses for me to try. I almost died from exhaustion. I looked like a sack of bran in them all. The Clothes Closet featured only sporty stuff for the young and slender. Evelyn's dresses ranged from $42 to $76, and they all looked like 15¢ on me. They were unimaginative nothings--straight pieces of cloth. The maternity dress I was wearing got more and more beautiful as I tried on the shop uglies.

We had started at 10:00 a.m. and by now it was 2:00 p.m. and we were starved and tired. I wanted to go home. "We haven't been in Center," Shirley said.

Feeling defeated, I went in. The first dress I tried had a swishy skirt. I tried it on! Lovely! The next, and the next and the next actually looked good on me. And I bought two of them. What a magical thing. I am still in a state of shock.

June 17. Father's Day. Ermal picked our first tomato today. It's been ripe for a few days, but had to hang on for Father's Day. He waited until after church for the ceremony. We have ceremonies about everything around here. For instance, there's only one certain knife that he can cut lettuce with. And only one certain hat, his "yard hat" that he can wear in the garden.

Normally I hold one of his hands when he picks the first tomato, but today a wind whistles by, bending the trees, and stirring up dirt, and I'm wearing one of my new dresses, a cream colored one with a swishy skirt. Tomato vines would really fix the fluttering thing. He had to pick his precious little jewel all by himself.

Cherries this year were as big as plums and sold for $10 a lug. I was glad Ermal helped Cummon pick his. We enjoyed them to the fullest. And now the apricots are on. Here in our little frost pocket our trees are bare, but on the outer fringes of town there's plenty of fruit to be had. Funny, but Ermal has 18 apricots on his tree on Coal Pitts, 1,000 feet higher up than we are here. The tree is fenced away from the deer.

June 21. Every waking moment of this past week has been spent working on my Book of Remembrance. In our genealogy class we were taught that our Book of Remembrance was our personal family scripture, the book we would present to our Savior, and that a duplicate record of it was kept in Heaven. They explained that our picture pedigree, certificates, diplomas and such were to be kept in a separate book, that these things were important, but were not to detract from our family scripture.

And now, my Book of Remembrance is complete, with five generations in it. (I do not have what I need on Ellen Brigg's parents, William and Isabel.) In it are the personal records of each of my children, their patriarchal blessings, and the life sketches of my parents, and inspirational experiences that are sacred to me. For the moment my mind is free to follow other pursuits. I cried when I ran across the last little bit of writing that Papa did and added it to his story. I sat alone at my typewriter and thought of all that he had endured, and wept, wanting to tell him how great he was. I felt so close to him and Mama.

Wayne goes to the temple every week to be a witness in the sealing room. He is becoming a hero. People like him at the temple, and local folks driving past his place marvel at him. They see him in his wheelchair hoeing weeds and working among his flowers. I hear words of praise for him all of the time. He pushes his own vacuum cleaner, and does all of his own cooking and cleaning. He is neat, cheerful and wonderful.

Lolene enjoyed her paid evening at the Hilton. She said the adulation, glamour and praise was quite a contrast to coming home to change diapers and mop up spilled milk. Life on the home front certainly is real!

July 7. Rebecca came to prepare for tomorrow's family home evening. It is to be a magic evening, and she has thirteen tricks prepared.

"We should have a lesson before you do your magic tricks," I said.

Pondering the lesson titles in the manual, she said, "Daddy needs this lesson on appreciating people who are different. He doesn't like Negroes." Wise child.

She went with Ermal and me to Coal Pitts to water his three trees, one peach, one apple and an apricot tree, and to help pick the seventeen remaining apricots. The fruit was bird-picked and withered, but sweet as candy.

The sun went down, and we stretched out on our foam mats on the cement floor beside the picnic tables and watched the moon climb higher and the stars come out. Sleepy birds chirping softly their goodnight song sounded so cute I was sorry we didn't leave the apricots for them.

Swallows and bats skimmed the sky, and we started a story about them. We'd each tell a little, then the other one would pick up. "And the swallows flew close to look at the dear old man (Ermal) and the beautiful woman (me) and the darling little girl (Rebecca)."

Rebecca picked up the story. "And they took the darling little girl to their colony under the ledge and gave her a pair of wings, and she flew up, and up, and up in the sky until she came to a wonderful man who had scars in his hands and feet, and she knew that she had seen the Lord." That's how the story ended.

When we took Rebecca home, she said, "Mama, I wish you would have a baby just like Jesus."

"I did," Helen said. "It's you. All you have to do is learn to be like him."

July 8. The phone rang. "Grandma," Marie said, "Laura and Vaughn said to tell you they were in a Primary play this morning at 10:30."

"Then I'd better be there," I said. Rebecca went with me.

Scott's class was putting on a puppet show. Since Scott is the only boy in his class, he introduced the play. His puppet was King Nebuchanezer, and the class dramatized Daniel in the lion's den.

After the performance, Laura and Vaughn said, "We had Marie call you, because we knew Scott needed someone to admire him."

July 12. Ermal brags about the air conditioning in our van. He says, "Even in the hottest days, when the van is like an oven, all we have to do when we take to the road is to open all of the windows, and it cools right off."

Big Deal! When there's nothing but hot air? As we went to St. George today, with <u>all</u> of our windows open, so much hot air rushed and roared through that I felt like I was riding in a hair dryer.

July 13. Wayne's birthday. LaPriel, Jim, Lillian, Clint, Kate, Ermal and I appeared at the sound of the noon siren, with a birthday dinner all prepared. After we ate, we cleared up and left. The surprise was brief and refreshing.

July 14. Upper Smith's Mesa is the top of the world. From our viewpoint above DelMont Wallace's ranch, a magnificant skyline circled us. We could see the sweep of the Big Plains, the Eagle Peaks, Steamboat Mountain, Coal Pitts cinder cones, Kolob peaks and canyons, Kanarra mountains, Pinevalley Mountain and Utah Hill.

The rising sun dispelled the morning mists. Below were green wheat fields, brown plowed earth and mirror ponds.

Last night we camped by a creek with Helen and DeMar's family. Little cream colored toads trilled in sandstone pools. One funny frog bleated like a buck sheep, and crickets chirped.

Have you ever watched the stars from a mountain top through binoculars? There are different colors. Some of them are red, some green and blue and gold.

This morning we hiked to meet the rising sun. Grass heads glistened in the slanting rays. The dust in the road was lacy with tracks of tiny creatures that passed in the night. Chipmunk's feet made dainty daisies in the dirt. Beetles feet stitched fancy rows of insertion. Birds crocheted a three-toed pattern as they hopped. The bigger tracks were those of the coyote and the bounding rabbit. Evening primroses were still open in white waxy freshness. Sunflowers expectantly turned to the east.

July 15. After dinner, Ermal stretched out on the floor for a nap. Two hours and a half later he was still flat on his back, the bulge in his middle going softly up and down as he purred through his parted lips. I wondered if he had sleeping sickness, so I tapped the top of his bulge ever so lightly with my toe. Like a frightened jackrabbit, he leaped to his feet, his eyes filled with confusion and hostility.

"I was afraid you were over-sleeping," I said.

"Does it make any difference how long I sleep?" he asked angrily.

"Of course it does. It makes a difference to me, because I was worried about you," I replied.

"I just as well be sleeping as listen to you yak," he retorted.

I couldn't believe my ears. My kind, tender, loving husband regarded my conversation as yakking! Well! He'd never hear me yak again. I resolved to never talk to him again only when absolutely necessary. I turned my back on him and went out to gather clothes from the line. I was so thunderstruck at how he felt about me, that I wrote a note to let him know exactly what he had said.

"I just as well be sleeping as listen to you yak," you say. If I am no more interesting to you than that, I'll never speak to you again. Signed, Alice.

I taped the note on our bedroom mirror and went about my work. His words rankled me. He had gone out to water the garden, so I typed another note to fasten below the first one. "If a man feels the way you have expressed about your wife, then he's married to the wrong woman."

The afternoon passed in silence on my part. Ermal had gained his composure, and boomed heartily into the house. "Goodness gracious, Agnes, it felt like a ten ton truck had run over me," he chuckled. I did not look up from my ironing. Another time he came in. "Our field corn is almost ten feet tall." I continued ironing. Later on he came in. "At last we have

some crookneck squash that's growing instead of rotting." I was dusting by now. Ermal kept popping in with reports about the garden, but I was too busy to hear. No way was he going to hear me yak.

With the garden watered, and his reports exhausted, Ermal shed his sweaty duds and headed for the bathtub. In the doorway he paused, looking like a mightily overgrown "Happy New Year," and said, "Git yerself dolled up and we'll go out for a taco."

I shook my head. What a way to invite a woman out to dinner--standing in the doorway in the nude! He shut the door and I heard the gushing of water into the tub.

When I took an arm load of clothes to our room, I noticed there were three notes on the mirror instead of two. The bottom one read, "I still love you even if you did step in my belley when I was aslepe." I almost cracked up trying to surpress my laughter so he couldn't hear me. I added the fourth note to the mirror. "I didn't step in your belly. You only dreamed I did. You were snoring, I tapped you with my toe, and you jumped. I'll take you up on the taco."

July 25. I went to the Gubler reunion in Salt Lake without Ermal, because I can't stand to see him be nervous. Reunions make him nervous. And I get nervous when he's nervous.

On the morning of the 20th we were in the temple with Ermal's family. Our granddaughter Denae and Gary Adams were getting married. We missed their wedding dinner at the college cafeteria, because Marilyn was waiting in LaVerkin for me. Terry and his family were also at our place with their new van.

Our waste ditch is the most fascinating thing in LaVerkin to Brett, Sheldon and Tyrone. It has the endangered woundfin fish, polliwogs, and water spiders. Tyrone howled because he spilled his cup of water spiders just when they were ready to leave for Salt Lake, so his mom, and the other kids piled into the ditch to catch him some more. That's where they were when I kissed Ermal goodbye and left with Marilyn. Susan Hardy, Laura, and two half-grown goats were in the back of the camper.

Beyond Levan we stopped, took the goats for a stroll, and juggled passengers. Vaughn had been traveling with Terry. Susan Gubler, and the three older boys wanted to ride with the goats, and I got in with Terry and Tyrone. Tyrone grabbed a goggled-eyed green grasshopper off the bushes and bolted into the van.

"You gonna let him keep it?" I asked.

"Yaw," Terry replied. Terry's tribe likes all living creatures regardless of scales, stingers or horns.

At the next stop, Tyrone pulled up a sunflower, root and all, and his mom got in with us. She was as interested in Ty's sappy stalk as he was.

"You can see pictures in the crystal drops," she said.

Sunflower juice formed beads on the edges of the leaves, and Susan showed me pictures in a book of dewdrop reflections. In her book she shared all kinds of critters with me. Tyrone was cuddling an old dead horsefly in his hand.

The goats were delivered to Eldeen and Bert Sheffer in Salt Lake. The Sheffers were leaving for a reunion at Bear Lake but had waited to pen the goats. My! What a luxurious jungle Eldeen and Bert live in. They have everything--trampoline, swing set, basketball court, patio furniture, ponies, chickens, goats, heaps of firewood, and heavy oak furniture and a rambling house. All this they left at our disposal for the night.

Saturday morning at Muller Park in Bountiful Canyon, Ella and Tell Gubler fried hotcakes by the tens of dozens, eggs by the cartons, and bacon by the pounds for a laughing, eating, visiting crowd. Norman's family was there ahead of us. After breakfast we gathered at a chapel in Bountiful where memories of Grandma and Grandpa Gubler were shared and family movies shown. We then migrated to Lagoon, where young ones had tickets tied to their wrists that entitled them to ride all day on anything they liked. The Ensign pavilion was reserved for the Henry Gubler clan.

In the Pioneer Village we enjoyed old homes, blacksmith shops, carriage shops, dress shops, glass blowers and the funniest and best shooting gallery I have ever seen. Ghosts popped up with eerie cries, frogs croaked, ducks quacked, and an old man (dummy) played the piano, or any number of weird things happened, depending upon what spot you hit with a cork gun.

Best of all were the old time pianos, nickelodeons and other instruments that played when you put in a quarter. I was crazy about them.

In the village streets were western singers, clowns, buggy rides, and we even saw a fugitive shot down from the porch roof of an old store front.

Back at the pavilion, after dinner was served, Susan Hardy was awarded a three-carrot necklace for getting the most rides out of her ticket. She got three carrots on a string. Ovando got the prize for being the oldest and the richest, an asbestos money bag that said, "Now you can take it with you. This asbestos money bag is guaranteed to last through hellfire and brimstone."

Saturday night we stayed at Tell's son Don's home, and went to church in Bountiful Sunday morning. My LasVegas children returned home and I stayed in Sandy with Norman's family at Ann's brother's place. Monday, Kathy and I met Ray Sabin's sister, Pearl, downtown, and we went to the Tiffany room on an upper floor in ZCMI for dinner.

Monday night was spent with Ann's relatives. Uncle Austin Barzee played the crystal goblets, while Uncle Glenn played the the musical saw, and Aunt Roxie Barzee played the organ, and Judy, Joe's wife played the piano. They are all real musicians--extremely talented. I wanted to stay on for the whole night through.

Tuesday morning we watched the Days of '47 parade, seated in the cool shade of the Tribune building. After the parade, we left Norman in the Vet's hospital, to see if they can find out why he blacks out every once in awhile, and I came home with Ann and the children.

We stopped in Nephi for dinner, and I ordered a green salad. With the first bite I stripped the gears in my left jaw. What an alarming situation! I couldn't eat at all. It happened so sudden, and so ferociously. Never has such a thing happened to me before. All the way home my head ached and I wasn't a bit of fun. Ermal wasn't here when I got home. DeMar and Jim gave me a blessing, and let me know that I was going to live.

July 31. I am writing a story of the Hot Springs for the LaVerkin Lore book that Marie Thornton is compiling. This evening we walked to where the water bubbles out of the hill. It's funny, but I saw for the first time a heavy iron pin in the ledge with a piece of cable dangling from it. The old swinging bridge, which was undoubtedly one of the first bridges to span the Virgin, was anchored to that pin. It took Ermal to point it out.

While we were there, a girl came in her pickup. In the back were two big dogs, their mouths filled with porcupine quills. The black one had a fist full of white quills protruding straight out from the padded tip of his nose. The brown dog's entire muzzle was as loaded with quills as a porcupine's back--his jaws, and inside of his mouth. His mouth dripped lather. I've never seen such a sight. The girl came for Don Bjarnson's help.

August 2. I still have lockjaw. I'm blending, and drinking my food nowdays. Dr. Plunkett says many things cause lockjaw--inflammation of the ears, sinus, nose, throat, teeth, or arthritis. My eardrums swell and my head roars when I talk. The prescription I'm taking hasn't taken hold yet. I'm usually so well I don't expect anything to go wrong. I prefer being well.

Yesterday, Wayne took Clinton, Annie, Rass and me to Brian Head. The delphiniums, columbines and asters are at their best.

For sometime, there's been a big thing that looks like a moon coming up in the east, as we ride up Cedar Canyon. I've been curious about it, so Wayne took us on a side trip to see it. It's a radar station, or air traffic control station. We received a friendly greeting, and the boss took us on a tour. Units in the instrumentation room put out 5,000,000 watts of radar. Our guide turned on four different screens to show us how they spot airplanes. It doesn't pick up low flying craft, but only those over 15,000 elevation. A searching arm scanned the sky and we saw hundreds of airplanes, like a swarm of bees overhead. (They show up as shiny x s on the screen.) When I exclaimed about all the stuff flying over us, the man said, "You must remember, this is all of the planes between Denver and L.A." That's a lot of sky. He put a spot on one plane to show how it works. A little tape fed out of the machine that said the plane was 28 miles from our station, and flying at 20,486 elevation. On their microwave equipment, messages from the pilots and the stations are flashed instantaneously.

Wayne showed us the big operation at Brian Head. He says skiing is better here than Mt. Charlson or in California, because of the 10,400 elevation. The snow stays powder dry. 1,000 people come to Brian Head every day during snow season.

Clinton carries a little magnifying glass in his pocket all of the time. It's much like a jeweler's glass, very high powered. Through it we can peer into pin head sized flowers and they become as exotic as orchids.

We enjoyed the tiny speckled birds harvesting dandelion seeds. They eat every seed off from one stem, then climb another one, bending it down so they can eat. Thousands of little birds were busy as could be.

At one of the viewpoints at Cedar Breaks, a strong updraft almost carried us away. A flock of 50 or 60 buzzards were riding the updraft over the pines, gliding smoothly against the sky, circling back, then riding up again. For once, I wished I was a buzzard.

August 3. Kate and I gave an "I Remember When" party this afternoon. We took the party to the home of our oldest guest, because it was hard for her to get out. All of our guests were daughters of the first families who came to Hurricane, most of them in 1906. Present were:
Ira Bradshaw's daughter, Emma Ballard, 90 years old, and our hostess.
Richard Wright's daughter, Eulalia Slack, 76
Amos Workman's daughter, Mamie Hinton, 86
Charles Workman's daughter, Delsey Leaney, 82
Jake Workman's daughters, Thelma Stirling, 78 and Ora Paxman, 75
Nephi Workman's daughter, Wealthy Gibson, 85 and
George Isom's daughters, Annie Matheson, 76, Kate Stout, 74 and Alice Stratton (me), 69. George Isom didn't come to Hurricane until 1911.

I made an important discovery this afternoon. The way for a 69 year old person to feel young again, is to go to a party where everyone else is from five to twenty years older. It's a neat trick.

Five Workman brothers settled in Hurricane during the first year, but Ed later moved to Hinckley. Eleven families came in 1906, and Ira Bradshaw's home became the school house. Jake Workman was the teacher. Jake's wife Mary, (we always called her Aunt Molly) kept the postoffice. She was also the Relief Society president for twenty years.

Being Relief Society president was a big job. Besides caring for the sick and the "needy", the Relief Society sisters also laid out the dead. Ora remembered when her bachelor uncle, Manti Workman died and was laid out on a marble slab in their living room, and her mother almost knocked him off from it. "I don't know whether she felt that out of patience with him or not," Ora said.

Mamie remembered when the young folks had to take turns sitting with the dead. When Grandma Jepson died, her legs had to be held down with weights. The boys took the weights off, and her legs flipped up "scaring the girls out of their wits."

In the summertime church was held in the bowery, a shelter made of limbs. In the winter they met in Ira Bradshaw's home, until the little wooden church house was built. Everyone had a water barrel with a dipper hanging on the side of it. Everyone drank from the same dipper. "No one ever got sick. That was before the days of germs," Ora remarked.

"I remember how we used to take an egg to the store for candy. We could get a whole sack of candy for one egg," Thelma said.

"James Jepson let our family live under his wagon cover while our father took our house apart at Virgin and hauled it to Hurricane," Mamie Hinton recalled. "The wagon cover was stretched over the bows."

"We brought our house down at the same time our family came," Delsey Leany said. "It was hauled on a second wagon."

"Was there a bridge across the river at that time?" I asked.

"Oh no. The wagons had to go down through the river. That's how Frank Isom's wagon overturned in the flood when he was drown, because there was no bridge. I remember seeing the river so deep that the water ran over the horses' backs."

"We lived in a tent until our house was built," Thelma said.

"I remember that Mama always saved her Sunday eggs to help build the Relief Society building," Annie said.

"That brick building was built with eggs," Wealthy added. "The women built it with Sunday eggs. Do you remember playing in your Grandma's upstairs in Virgin?"

"I sure do," Annie replied. "We used to go up there every Sunday afternoon and put on those old bustles and hoops and high topped shoes."

"And try on all of those hats," Kate said. Grandma Isom was a milliner, and had mountains of hats.

"I was only a little girl, but I remember being at the meeting when they decided on naming the town Hurricane," Delsey said. "When the wind blew the cover off Erastus Snow's buggy as they went up the hill, he remarked, 'This is a regular hurricane.' So they called it the Hurricane Hill. At the meeting it was decided that was a good name for the town."

"I remember hearing that they thought it a good name for an up and coming town because a hurricane is brisk and lively," Kate added.

"Do you remember Golden Angel?" Wealthy asked. Everyone remembered.

"People were superstitious about him. Some of the people said he had killed a man," Thelma said.

His yellow hair hung down over his shoulders. I used to be afraid of him. People said he lived in a cave down by the river, and was a sheep shearer.

"I clerked in the Petty-DeMille store," Wealthy said. "He was a gentleman around me. We used to have to go down into a dark cellar to carry out the sugar. The only light was when we'd go clear through the cellar and open the outside door. Golden Angel followed me and carried the sugar for me. I wasn't really scared, but I didn't want to be alone with him."

Everyone recalled Indians coming to town with burlap sacks over their shoulders at holiday time, peering in the doors and saying, "Chreeestmas geeft," as they begged from door to door. People were good to them.

"We were taught to never turn anyone away," Wealthy said. "Whenever a tramp came asking for food, we always had him chop some wood, then we fed him. I remember one who came to our house, and we put on some bread, butter and soup and he ate all of it, thanked us, and left. We looked to see which way he went, but he had vanished. We felt like we had fed one of the three Nephites."

This was a prevalent idea in those early days. Tramps were abundant, also hungry Indians. No one dared turn either of them away for fear it might be one of the three Nephites.

An hour and a half passed swiftly. Kate and I served our guests refreshments, and Mamie's son came for her. "Thanks for inviting me to the class reunion," she said as she left. Then the Workman cousins embraced each other. We'll never see these people together again, I'm sure. This was a good afternoon.

August 6. Ermal's birthday. He has <u>finally</u> made it to 65 years old, and Medicare and Medicade. And to his little retirement check from Singer for $40 a month. Oh, how he has looked forward to this day!

August 10. I'm still taking my meals through a straw and talking through clenched teeth. Dr. Fawson says I have temporo mandibular joint syndrome. A fancy way of saying something is wrong with my jaw. He gave me some jaw exercises that hurt, told me to chew wax 15 minutes twice a day, and prescribed ampicillin 250 mg. 4 caps a day for a week, and cortisporin otic drops for my ear.

August 11. Kathy came home from Provo today. On her way, she picked up three young men from Norway, who were hitching a ride to Grand Canyon. She brought them to our house to meet us, and in front of them I scolded her for picking up hitchhikers. She said she was strongly impressed to stop. They did look good, and clean. Grandpa scolded her too. "It's like playing Russian roulette," he said. "This time may be all right, but next time it may not be." Ann scolded her too. Kathy felt that she was prompted by the spirit to pick them up, because they were full of questions about the church. They had a good gospel discussion all the way to LaVerkin.

The hitchhikers carried their backpacks, and DeMar let them pitch their tent on his lawn for the night.

August 12. I fixed breakfast for the three Norwegians and Kathy. She came to take them to the crossroad. I recalled the time I picked up three fellows by the big elms in Hurricane. I supposed they were school kids. After I stopped, I realized they were strangers. They rode two miles with me. One of them said, "Lady, we did not expect you to stop. We're from New York and could be dangerous. A lone woman never, never stops for hitchhikers. You must never do it again." I never did.

Kathy was glad she had picked up these three, especially since they were from Norway, but promised she would never do it again.

August 17. Dear Kathy, I'm sure you didn't expect a letter from me the minute you got back to Provo. I had to tear myself away from the kitchen window, because things are going on outside. The sky above the hill is a thunder rumbling purple, and a liquid sunset almost makes the trees drip gold. And here I am, in August, huddled up in Grandpa's sloppy blue sweater, writing a letter instead of sky-gazing.

Yesterday we took Dave and Doris Libby to Zion. We hiked to Weeping Rock, and to the end of the trail in the narrows. We nearly froze. We ate dinner at the picnic ground, then went to the lodge to listen to the ranger and see his pictures.

This morning, as I looked out the window, one lone dewdrop, bending the tip of a blade of grass, caught a ray of sunshine, and winked a copper colored wink at me. The grass blade trembled, the copper turned to red, then green and blue, then crystal. I blinked, and the dewdrop fell.

Remember the chastising you got from Grandpa for picking up those boys from Norway? Well, <u>he</u> picked up two girls today. This is what I am bursting to tell you. I couldn't believe it of him.

We were coming out of Cedar City, and there on the ramp before you hit the freeway were two backpackers. Grandpa stopped. "They're girls, so they're safe," he said. How did <u>he</u> know? When the girls came to my window they smiled at me, just like that red-headed boy smiled at you. I thought, how darling. When they got in the van, I asked, "Are you foreign students?"

"How can you tell?" one girl asked.

"By your foreign accent."

"We're from Germany."

They've been here for five weeks. The longest they've had to wait for a ride is one hour, and that was in Canada. The last person to pick them up was a returned missionary who served in Germany. He showed them around Canyonlands, Grand Canyon and Zion, then left them in Cedar.

Grandpa took them to Kolob Canyons, ignoring a sign that said, "Road Closed." Storms have brought the hillside down over the road in a couple of places, and boulders in a lot of places. Hurricane Sand and Gravel were there with their cats, trucks and cranes. Rusty Limb and Jim Stratton were part of the crew. The ranger waved both arms at us, but Grandpa forged ahead. The ranger told Jim he was going to "get that man when he came back." Jim said, "That's my dad and it's his melon you are eating." The ranger turned his back on us when we drove down the hill.

The next interesting thing is that Grandpa suddenly remembered he needed to go to St. George, so we took the girls to the visitor's center at the temple. While I went inside with them, Grandpa checked the car licenses in the parking lot. He found four Nevada licenses. He asked a man with a van if he was going to LasVegas, and he was. He said he would be glad to take the girls. The man's wife and daughters came to meet the girls. They said they had a big house, and they would give them their dinner tonight, and they could stay with them. When we parted, we all hugged each other like we'd known each other forever.

I still think a girl alone should not pick up hitchhikers unless the prompting is too strong to be ignored. Grandpa said he would not have picked up the girls if I hadn't been with him. Twice we've picked up Indians and have been glad that we did.

We love you. No girl in all the world is more choice than you. Don't ever doubt it. Grandma.

August 20. Yesterday afternoon Ermal and I visited Alf Scow (b. 1892) and his wife Annie. I'm on a brain picking tour to learn what I can about the shearing operation at Goulds. Alf was so deaf it was hard to talk to him, but I did get a pointer or two. We then visited Don and Stella Flannigan. They were fun and full of talk. Next we visited Lafe Hall. He's about 90 years old, has his own teeth, doesn't wear glasses, has a full shock of white hair, and a keen memory. It was hard to get away. Next, we went to Tom Strattons. He and Fern are both full of memories. This was a happy afternoon. I wonder why the story of the Goulds shearing operation has not been written. It is claimed to be the biggest operation in the United States and possibly the world. I would like to learn more.

August 26. Darling Doretha Dawn, Last night when you smiled and waved goodbye, I think I never did see a prettier picture. You were in your mother's arms and both of you were smiling. . . . As I lay drowsily on my pillow, I thought of you. I saw you Friday evening when you scampered into the street. I ran to catch you, lest a car should come along. And there, in the sky at the end of our lane, were all of those red clouds. "Oh, look," I cried. Reaching with your arms, you raced toward them.

How your feet flew! I was thankful when Daren Gates's little black dog barked at you, because you stopped running, and pressed your face against the wire fence. The dog went wild with joy, wiggling and wagging,

trying to jump high enough to lick your face.

Next you tried to climb DeVar Gubler's fence so you could pile into the cow's drinking water with Tyrone.

The sunset faded and we were still outside when the stars came out. The thing you liked most of all was to patter up and down in the road. Finally, I captured you, and sat in a patio chair trying to cuddle you. It would have been as easy to cuddle a wild coyote, for you wormed and squirmed, and soon you were off my lap and gone.

Grandpa and I sat watching the news on TV after everyone was supposedly in bed and asleep, and here you came, looking like a pink Teddy bear in your sleepers, dragging your blanket. You sat by us on the love seat a few minutes, then plopped down on Grandpa's big-foot pillow, stuck a finger in your mouth and went to sleep, and there you stayed until morning.

Saturday morning you walked to Lyman's Market with me. I chuckled at how amusing you looked in your Death-Valley-Kid hat, the brim pulled down over your eyes, and your curls shining underneath. Your ruffly dress just barely came to the top of your diaper, and your chubby legs hustled right along.

Why am I telling you this? I guess it's because I'm in the mood to write you a love letter. Stay sweet. You are precious. Love, Grandma.

September 18. I went to an ear specialist in Salt Lake about my lock-jaw. He said to take 8 aspirin a day. Imagine that! Going 300 miles to be told to take aspirin. I tried it, and now, every time I look at the bottle I break out with hives in my eyes, nose, throat, all over my hide. I go crazy just before I black out. And I still have a sore hinge in front of my left ear. One good thing--we went to the Ice Follies while in Salt Lake.

September 21. Shirley, Helen and I went to the Junior High assembly this morning. Leon and Kelly were making their debut in the world of music. Leon told me last night that he and Kelly and Brian Beatty had composed some original music and were in the talent show.

"Does the music have a melody?" I asked.

Puzzled, he asked, "What's that?"

"A tune. Does it have a tune?"

"Oh yes."

"Let's hear it," I said.

"Ta, da, da, da," he hummed, using only four notes. "It goes over and over like that." (And <u>that</u> was the truth.)

The assembly started earlier than they told us, so their number was over by the time we got to school. John Houston and about twenty high school kids had come to hear the young composers too, and they had missed it, so Helen went behind stage and asked if we could have a repeat performance. The curtain parted, and there was Leon with his electric guitar and wearing a navy cap. Kelly and Brian wore cowboy hats. Kelly had a base guitar and Brian a set of drums. They used John's amp. My, how suave they were--real relaxed, sauntering, twanging performers. The drummer is little, but he made up for that with the wide swing of his drumsticks, clanging the cymbols with a wonderful fierceness. They dedicated the number to

their mothers. Shirley's face burned, and Helen wondered if she had done right. And I just loved it, realizing that great performances sometimes have just such a beginning. Like Leon had said, "It goes over and over like that." Someone had to close the curtain to let them know it had gone over and over enough.

I enjoy going to school. I went to Rick's, John's and Dutch Wormkan's performance with their new sonic boom. Those guys really know how to play, still it was horrible. No ear plugs could possibly lend enough protection. I'm sure they weakened the joints of the cultural hall. I don't underestimate the talents of my grandsons. They've got it. But I'm looking forward to the day when they do some old fashioned thing--soft, sweet and sleepy sounding.

Yesterday was Shirley's birthday. Sherrie taped a penny and a nickel to a card and said, "Here Mama, here's a birthday present." Shirley made such a fuss over her, that she brought her mother another gift, this time it was taped up in a crude little package. "Here's another present," she said. When Shirley opened it, a green grasshopper hopped out.

October 5. We spent the day yesterday checking out the autumn colors. We took the loop through Zion, Longvalley, over Cedar Mountain, and on over Kolob. We saw and enjoyed many pretty things and collected a lot of dust on the van. On Kolob we came to a little stream that crossed the road, so Ermal said, "Let's stop and wash the windshield."

The road narrowed between high banks and weeds to a single track. We were busily throwing buckets of water on the car, when a pickup came from the opposite direction and stopped.

"Oh, oh," I said.

"We're almost through. They can wait," Ermal said.

The man in the pickup jumped out and shouted, "Dummy! Don't you know any better than to stop in the middle of the road?"

I couldn't believe him. I didn't know people talked to strangers like that. Ermal said, "I was almost through, but if that's your attitude, I think I'll just take my time."

Glaring, the man said, "Well! How do you think you're going to get out of here?" It was a good question, because he was parked in the middle of the road too. That's all the road there was--the middle.

Calmly, Ermal went on washing the windshield, scrubbing a little extra on mashed bugs. "I don't even care. We're well equipped. We can stay here all night."

That left the man speechless, because he knew we could. Fuming, he got back in the pickup beside his poor wife. Leisurely, Ermal finished his task, then backed up and let the bully pass. The pickup had a Nevada license on it. DeMar says some of those guys from Nevada think they own Kolob mountain.

DeMar is laid up for a few days. His skill saw slipped from the board he was sawing and went through his Levis and laid his thigh wide open. Jack Isom took him to the hospital.

Ermal is taking Leon's scout troop up on Coal Pitts tonight for an overnight camping trip. The moon is full and round.

Last Sunday in our Family Relations class, our teacher, Terry West brought up the point that parents love their children more than the children love their parents. Art Wilcock clinched the point by saying, "Of course they do, because the parents have to do so much more for their children. We love those we serve. For instance, a kitten never brings a mouse to its mother." He's right. We love those we serve.

October 9. Spiders are clever creatures. How they fasten their strands of silk from bush to bush or tree to tree has always mystified me. I watched a speckled brown and green spider at work in my flower garden this evening. He had one single strand attached to a seedling pecan tree, and somehow he connived with a wisp of air to carry the loose end to an asparagus bush across the ditch. The spider ran out across the strand, spinning anchors to the young cosmos that were just coming into flower.

"Ermal, come and see," I called.

Sunlight glistened on every strand, and the little spider darted about, working from the center of his web.

"Come on. Let's go after the milk," Ermal said.

"And miss this show?"

"We'll be right back."

The sun was almost down, but still shining on the spider web when we got back. "I can't believe it," I cried, "see this beautiful web!"

Around and around that little fellow had woven, fine and even--a perfect work of art. As I marveled, a green gnat hit the web. The spider darted out from the center grabbing it. Then within seconds another gnat was trapped and the spider scurried after it. While he ate his supper, we ate ours. When I looked again, many gnats were trapped and the spider was taking a nap.

October 21. Rosalba went on a mission to California when she was young. Now she's going on another mission, to Arizona. Today was her testimonial. There was music and talks from her children and grandchildren, then her brothers sang a male quartette. Tell couldn't come because he was ill, but Ovando, Horatio, Clark and Donworth sang, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning." I saw Winferd's expression on the faces of his brothers, and I heard his voice singing too, in fancy of course, but my eyes were misty.

Oct. 31. Last night the moon tossed high in the wind-swept clouds, chilling and killing our beautiful tomato patch. We did get the squash, green beans and sweet potatoes harvested before the frost. The four-o-clocks aren't velvet red this morning, but a wilted black. And so goodbye summer. It has been fun.

Jim and LaPriel's mission labors have taken them to Wilkes Barre, Penn. She says it is beautiful, wet and gloomy, and their cheerful assignment is to reactivate grumpy converts. At our stake conference, Brother Tuttle said we were to love unconditionally. What a job sometimes.

Speaking of church, I've got to say this about youth speakers. They are the best. When Jim Wilcock was our youth speaker, he said he was to take two and one-half minutes. "I'll start my talk with reading from the scriptures." Then he fumbled in his Book of Mormon. He turned the pages back and forth, searching and searching. The audience got nervous. After waiting

for what seemed forever, he said, "Did you get nervous? I kept you waiting exactly two minutes. Just imagine what your relatives feel like who have been waiting for hundreds of years for you to perform their temple work. It's something to think about." His time was up and he sat down.

Rick Houston was the next speaker. He told about a sophisticated cat that saw the tip of a tail sticking out of a hole. The cat said, "Aha, on the other end of that appendage is probably a rat." So he crouched, then pounced, grabbing the tail. The owner of the tail was a snake, which retaliated by striking the cat a mortal wound. Moral: Don't jump to conclusions or you may be bit.

Monday Katie phoned. "Grandma, do you think today is a good day for a rag doll party?"

"I think it is a fine day," I said.

She came on the bus, and Laura and Rebecca came to our house. Annie wasn't well, so couldn't come. Grandpa had a fire in the fireplace, and I dumped my bag of scraps on an army blanket in the middle of the living room floor and gave each of them a pair of scissors. I made old fashioned batter pudding while they sorted out pretty pieces of cloth and rolled up rag dolls like I used to do when I was a kid. Lolene and her little ones, and Ann and Marie joined us when the pudding was done.

November 2. Clinton, Ermal and I went for a hike above the third falls today. We were about a mile and a half above the falls. A nice stream of clear, cold water runs there all of the time, and today the tamarack grove was yellow gold. I sat down and slid down the dirt bank to the bottom of the wash, and the sun just barely hid behind the ledge on the opposite side, making a halo of gold in the sky. Looking into the halo, I saw long, shimmering spiderwebs riding on the updraft--dozens and dozens of them. I get excited over spider webs ever since our speckled garden spider moved in among my flowers. It's been three weeks, and he's still there, making a new web every time the old one gets broken.

Today, when we faced the sun, we saw whole stretches of black brush laced with shining webs. Autumn is the time for spiders. I remember the fall, just before Terry went on his mission, he used to take me out for a ride just after dark to show me the spider's eyes that reflected the car lights. There were lots of pinpoint red lights flashing at us from the roadside. I've never seen them since. I guess I need Terry to show me how to spot them.

November 22. Thanksgiving day. Ermal and I took our dinner to Wayne's and ate at the stroke of 12:00. It was peaceful. After everything was put away, we had a large afternoon to go freewheeling from house to house among our posterity.

November 24. Last night we put the leaves in our big table and had my six children and their husbands and wives in for a pioneer dinner. I put on the red checkered table cloth, and the kerosene lamp that Ermal grew up with. We had bowls of milk, cornbread, molasses, green onions, cheese, groundcherries and elderberry pie. As pioneer as we could get. To let them know how it was when I was a kid, I pretended to carry the lamp to the pantry, and left them sitting in the dark. After supper, we gathered in front of the fireplace and sang. Lolene played her guitar, and Marilyn the organ. The evening was soul satisfying.

December 1. We acquired a new granddaughter-in-law today. Lloyd married Alvina Mills--a real cute little red head.

December 9. Dennis and Sandy got their third little son today. (Bryce).

My sister Annie spent a couple of days with us this weekend. We went over our family records and histories and did the things we've talked of doing for a long time. Friday, Clinton and Kate joined us at Wayne's for dinner. Kate told us of a funny experience she'd just had.

She heard her chickens making a fuss, so she went to see what was the matter. As she went out the back door, a hawk was swooping down on a hen. It didn't even notice Kate. She grabbed an outspread wing, then grabbed both legs. Surprised, the hawk craned its neck around, and gaping with open mouth, gawked at her. It offered no resistance, and made no sound. She guessed it was too surprised.

The hawk was beautiful--every feather in place. Kate took it in her arms to DuWayne's place, to show it to the family. Then she set it down on a lumber pile in the yard. The hawk made funny little side steps, dancing the full length of the lumber, then soared into the air.

This reminded Clinton of wild creatures of his acquaintance. He took a little fox out of a trap and cuddled it in his arms. Gently he talked to it, and the little fellow relaxed, and he carried it a mile or two before he set it down to go free. And once he coaxed a jack rabbit until it ate out of his hand.

December 27. Christmas was the usual genial, jovial affair, but I must mention a couple of things. One was the airplane rides Russell Limb gave <u>all</u> of Ermal's posterity. Christmas afternoon we gathered at the airport, and he took us a load at a time, until we'd all been up. When Ermal, Helen, Paulette and I went up, I expressed a wish to fly over Kolob, so we did. Looking down from our dizzy height at the peaks and ledges that I've always looked up at filled me with awe. I cherish the experience.

The other gift, a quart of shelled pecans from Annie Houston, has an interesting twist. Annie asked her dad if he'd give her a dollar if she would shell a quart of nuts. He said he would. She showed him the nuts, he dug in his pocket and paid her, then she said, "Thanks. I'm taking these to grandma."

Kids have angles. Kate's little granddaughter comes to my mind. Kate was going to help her fast and pray for someone, and the little girl said, "Grandma, you fast, and I'll pray."

CHAPTER 67

Signs of the Times

(1980)

January 8. I was released from my Wednesday evening temple duties last October, so I could get my writing done. Ermal goes alone that day. On Tuesdays, I am assistant supervisor to Edna Thorley. Today I felt like a flu bug had bit me, and that I should beg off. But I couldn't get Sister Thorley off my mind. She's <u>always</u> on duty. Surely, she must feel rotten sometimes. I felt impressed to forget about having the flu, and to just go. When I got to the temple, Sister Thorley said she was in so much pain

I would have to take over. She went home to bed. I was amazed at how my flu symptoms vanished.

Wednesday, January 9. Before Ermal left for the temple, he hauled wheelbarrow loads of wood through the rain, stacking it against the chimney outside to keep it dry. He looked so humorously "Hee-Hawish" in his bulky sheep skin coat and his old straw hat, with the brim turned up in the back and down in the front. He had such a look of satisfaction on his face as he stacked the wood high, and a warm glow swept through me. I thanked the Lord for sending him to me.

January 10. Ermal, and his brother-in-law, Melvin Fawcett are off to the hills prospecting again. Last time, they were staking out claims for gold. Today, Melvin says they're going after high grade silver. Ermal suspects it is high grade isinglass. They're a colorful pair, both of them in straw hats and bulky coats, Melvin carrying a shovel and Ermal his pick axe.

We got a Gurney seed catalog in the mail today. Just the tonic for a January day.

January 17. Ermal and Melvin are staking out copper and mercury claims today.

January 18. The rain is pattering down. A day for chasing waterfalls in Zion. One skinny little falls, no bigger around than my arm, came from a cliff 2,000 feet up. Ermal looked through the binoculars. "You've got to see this." So I started at the base, where it was mostly mist in a maple tree, and went up, and up through a patch of moss on the cliff, then I stopped. Every tuft of moss dribbled crystal jets. On up I went, until I had to lean back against Ermal to see the top. The cliff seemed to curve out over us--an illusion created by the binoculars.

When we came out of the narrows, the sun broke through, and the watery surface of the ledges came alive like mirrors in a fun house.

January 21. Doris and Dave Libby's testimonial today. Our ward membership is 330, and we've 23 missionaries in the field (or on their way). That's 7% of our ward!

January 22. We bought two little rocking chairs today. Ermal brought Shirley and Sherrie to the house to see Sherrie's reaction. She rocked and sang, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

January 23. Ermal gathered Staci up to rock in one of the little chairs. One by one, she rocked all of the dolls to sleep.

January 24. Dell called us at 2:30 a.m. "Finally we have a cute baby," he said. This little girl makes the number twelve baby for Dell and Corinne. We had to rush to the hospital this afternoon to see the round faced little tyke. DeVar Gubler, our home teacher, is in the hospital. He has had a heart attack.

January 25. We have a cluster of tomatoes on our potted Tiny Tim plant. And that's not all. Ermal shouted, "Alice, come quick!" The counter top in my kitchen was peppered with baby grasshoppers--hundreds of them. They were spilling out of a hole in the dirt of the tomato pot. We herded them into the sink and washed them away.

January 27. Corinne and the new baby are with us tonight. Dell brought the troops over to see the new little one. I always thought new babies were delicate, but Dell's family proves otherwise. All of the children swooped down on the new one, and she was passed from one to the other continually. Roger, who is still just a baby, sat on the floor with outstretched arms, his fingers beckoning to the baby. When the little mite was put in his arms, he loved, and loved her. (Melissa.)

January 28. One of the coils went out on my cookstove. Ermal said, "You can have your choice, a new coil, or a new stove." Well! We got a new stove today, and it has a glass window in the oven!

January 29. Rain drizzled all night. Shirley called at 3:30 a.m. from the hospital. Her fat, blonde baby girl (8 lb. 13 oz.) was born in the labor room at 3:00 a.m. She didn't make it to the delivery room. Shirley was all alone. The nurse had run for the doctor, and Perry had gone to lie down. Shirley was giggling at the whole affair. We've kept her name on the prayer list for so long, because the baby threatened to come early. Actually, she was one day late. I had the urge to put a thank you note in the prayer list when we went to the temple this afternoon. (Susanna.)

January 30. Kathy had an operation on the 28th to correct her overbite. I've been scared for her to do this. Norman and Ann were with her in Provo, and she's going to be ok.

This is Wednesday--my day to be putting my book together. When Ermal leaves, he locks the doors, draws the drapes and reminds me that I do not answer the phone, nor a knock on the door. This was the agreement when I quit the temple on Wednesdays. Ermal has a determined way of seeing that things get done. I have been obedient to the point of agony. It's hard to be here and ignore knocks and rings. I have a telephone code for emergencies, but the family forgets just how it goes. Today the phone rang six times, then stopped. Then it did it again, and stopped. I wanted to pick it up, but I had promised Ermal, so I didn't. It rang again. I couldn't stand it. Loud and clear, came the prompting, "Call Norman's number," so I did.

Lloyd said, "Grandma, I've been trying to get you. Vina is being baptized at 6:30." Oh how I hurried. Gordon performed the baptism. Norman and Ann rushed in from Salt Lake just barely on time.

January 31. Clear. Cold. We went to see the cave-in at the lime kiln on the Hurricane hill. Tons of boulders and dirt came down. We drove on up the hill to where an oil tanker tipped over. Oil ran down in the canyon, and they set fire to it. Rocks exploded in the fire.

Saturday, February 2. All three of my sons, and my husband, and his son Jim were at the priesthood temple session this morning. I like that.

February 8. Now isn't that nice! My grandson, John Houston, was voted "Man of the Hour," at high school, for being the most talented student. His music teacher calls him Cadillac of music students. He and Rick have a loud orchestra that is much in demand. The "much in demand" part is ok, but the loud part, that kids insist on now days, makes me wonder about this deaf generation.

February 10. We went to a party celebrating Ovando's 80th birthday anniversary. Eric brought his guitar and the whole family had a singing good time.

February 14. I made a lemon pie for Ermal's valentine today, and we watched in fascination through the glass window to my new oven as the meringue browned. Ermal got as big a kick out of it as he does out of watching TV.

February 16. I went to LasVegas today with Helen and DeMar. Susan Gubler is giving a bridal shower at her home for Susan Hardy.

Marilyn has chickens that lay blue eggs, and some that lay pinkish, and some brown eggs, but one hen lays large white ones.

"Come and see this white hen, Mother," she said. "A truck from California stopped in Jean to be serviced. The station attendant saw a greasy, dirty thing move on the rear axial of the truck. Reaching under, he brought out a chicken. 'Oh,' the truck driver said, 'I parked by a poultry farm last night. That chicken must have gone to roost under my truck. That hen has been hanging on under there for 250 miles!' He gave the chicken to the station attendant, who is our neighbor, and he gave it to me."

The stowaway chicken is snowy white now and her comb is bright, and she sings and lays an egg every day.

February 19. Tonight as we returned home from the temple, we saw cars lined up at the old river bridge down by the hot springs, and spot lights were playing on the flood waters. We learned that a girl had been washed down from the North Creek crossing near the Sunset ranch.

February 21. Clarence and Lula Belle Uptain, and Cyrus Gifford and Ossie Stevens were our dinner guests tonight. When I told them about Marilyn's hitchhiker chicken, Cy matched the story.

Once, when he was hauling hay from Graff's barn in Hurricane to Antelope, a hen hitched a ride on the reach of the wagon tongue. She rode all day long. When Cy discovered her that night, he was hungry, so he fried her for supper.

Lula Belle said she once had a banty hen that hid her nest somewhere. Lula Belle heard baby chickens cheeping, but couldn't find where the sound came from, so she watched the banty when she was off her nest. The chicken flew from limb to limb in an oak tree where she had stolen a magpie's nest.

February 28. How frail we mortals be! No longer could I ignore my screaming back, so I had Dr. Capel X-ray it. He sent me to Ludwig in Leeds, and now my personality is squashed in a steel-ribbed corset that I am laced up in. I feel like a chimp in a squeeze cage. Oh woe is me!

February 29. Norman's eleventh birthday. The family whooped it up in the town hall tonight to celebrate. Kathy even came from Provo for the occasion.

The subject of chickens came up, and Lloyd added his story to my collection.

This spring Lloyd bought DeMar's old blue station wagon. After he had been driving it to work for three days, a hen flew out when he opened the door. She was setting on a batch of eggs in the back seat, and had stood it as long as she could without refreshments. Lloyd didn't know she was there.

The men at work kidded Lloyd about being a hippie and bringing his pet chicken to work. Now that chicken is living in Lloyd's chicken run and raising her little brood for him.

Shirley added her chicken story. Last summer she bought some sacks of wheat from Alene and Robert DeMill, and stacked it just inside her front door. Then the kids left the door open, and when she came in from the back yard, the entire flock of chickens had moved in on the wheat. Shirley was flabbergasted! (She deserved to be, because she had laughed so hard when she returned from doing her visiting teaching one day. At one home, the chickens were on the table.) Well, these chickens had been on her table too, and had gobbled up a pound of cheese. Shirley shooed, and chickens scattered everywhere.

After she had cleaned the floor, she went upstairs, and there was a hen perched upon her bed. She screamed and chased it out. When she went into the upstairs bathroom, she found an egg on Annie's pajamas.

Shirley just had to share the episode, so she called Lolene. Later, Shirley's phone rang, and a voice said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck-a-dacket," and the phone clicked. Lolene had relayed the story to Jeri Lawrence.

March 4. I got a letter from Annie today. I can't believe it! I guess I'm really collecting chicken stories, because this is what Annie said, "Dear Alice, The other day I was reading from a book, "How to Live in Our Polluted World." . . . . One remark made me laugh, because it reminded me of an incident that happened long ago. The book said, 'Arsenic will also increase the rate of growth of chickens, so you get it in your meat and eggs.' That is a fact, as this little true story proves:

There was once a little chicken who never seemed to grow. He was skinny and never got enough to eat. When scraps were tossed out, the other chickens always grabbed them and ran. . . . I often tried to favor this poor, lonely little chick by tossing a piece of bread to him when he was out a ways from the flock. He'd grab the bread in his beak and run, but it wasn't fun, unless the other chickens chased him. He'd return to the flock with it.

One day, Mama and I were spraying the apple tree with arsenate of lead. We mixed it with water on a saucer, then put it in the sprayer with more water. We left the saucer on the ground with more arsenate mixed ready to use. While we were spraying, the skinny little chicken saw the white stuff in the saucer. It looked good, so he ate it, almost every bit, before we saw him and drove him away. We knew he would die--but he didn't. He got better, and grew big and fat.

Now I'll share another story with you, about a chicken called Pete. He was awkward and very clumsy, but he would have lived a normal life if it hadn't been for the sandhill crane.

It was just before roosting time that the big bird flew in and landed on our chicken coop. The chickens were eating their meal of scattered corn and wheat. When the crane came down towards them they screeched and ran for shelter. Pete ran into the coop and hopped upon the roost. You never heard such a racket of cackling and screeching. The crane, with its long beak, long neck, extremely long legs, and a wing span of four or five feet, appeared a formidable adversary. But he was tired, and wanted rest, so he put up for the night, and left very early the following morning.

By and by most of the cackling ceased and the chickens slept--all except Pete. He cackled all night, all the next day and the following night. We went to the coop on the second morning after the cackling ceased, and there was poor Pete lying dead beneath the roost. I guess he needed love and comfort, but how do you love a cackling chicken?"

Sunday, the 2nd of March, the church went on the three hour block program. We were already quite familiar with this schedule, because in the little isolated branches of the church they've been doing this for years, so the people don't have to drive back and forth. That's the way it was in Hays and in Sidney.

I am still the Spiritual Living teacher, and I always read the lesson to Ermal, because he makes such good contributions to it. Sunday's lesson was "The Gospel of Love in Action." We should be alert to opportunities to show love. Ermal recalled last summer when he was on a father's and son's outing at Lake Powell with DeMar and Jim and their boys. They came to some hitchhikers--a woman, with a baby strapped to her, and a man with a little boy. Although they were not going their way, Ermal stopped, because the day was very hot, and asked the hitchhikers if they would like a drink. He said the man and woman each drank about a quart of water, they were so thirsty. Then he left extra water with them. They were very grateful.

He also told of a panhandler who said he was hungry. Ermal gave him money for food, then watched. The panhandler went into a bar for a drink. The next time a panhandler begged for food, Ermal took hold of his arm, marched him into a cafe, set him down and bought his dinner.

I used these two incidents in class. After class, Elaine Gubler said it reminded her of her husband, Thell. "Thell can't stand to leave anyone by the roadside," she said. "He doesn't pick up as many hitchhikers as he used to, but some he simply cannot pass by. And he always buys them a meal before he leaves them. He gave one man $20. When I chided him, he simply said, 'that man really needed the money.'"

March 15. Ermal went tubing with his children on Kolob today, and I stayed and visited with my three daughters. Marilyn brought a humongous box of shoes and purses to give to anyone who could wear them. They decorated our living room. We found a few happy takers.

March 17. Lloyd and Vina are moving their trailer onto Ermal's trailer lot.

March 18. Last Sunday, Genevieve and I watched Chris Hardy, as he held his new little son in his arms. Chris couldn't take his eyes off the baby. His face bore the tender look of adoration. His cute little wife sat beside him. "Isn't that a pretty picture," Genevieve said.

Today, we get the sad news that Chris was killed in an accident. A trench caved in on him.

March 27. We drove over Cedar Mountain today, between drifts as high as 14 feet. (Snowdrifts, that is.) Just before we came to Orderville, we pulled off the road to eat our lunch, and to snooze in the warm sun. At Zion we saw rock slides. The tunnel road is badly settling. At Rockville, we visited Ermal's sister Fern, and Dewey. Fern gave us a gallon of milk, so tonight we're eating custard pudding and toast in front of TV so we can watch the weather reports, (since we've been out in the weather all day).

March 29. At 6:00 a.m. Darwin Gifford phoned from the hospital. "Good, good morning. Our baby boy arrived at 5:20. He's 9 pounds. Mature, and over-due. Everyone did just fine." We went to see the baby this afternoon, and he just howled at us through the window. (Kendall Paul.)

Yesterday was President Kimball's 85th birthday. It was Mildred's and Lloyd's birthday, too. In honor of our prophet, the temple ran from midnight to midnight. We were on duty for eight of those hours. 4,700 endowments were performed. All of these people came because they love the prophet of the Lord. Now I know why the Lord hasn't swept the wicked off this land. It's because there are too many good folks.

March 30. Lolene's "mature and over-due" boy is fussing for attention in our bedroom at this moment. All Lolene could think of, after the baby came was, "I've got to get out of this hospital." She was having a nervous fit, so Darwin brought her here today.

I watched her as she dressed the baby. She cooed, "Oh, you little boy fresh from our Heavenly Father, you are so cute." The baby's eyes were alert. As he watched her face, he moved his lips as if to speak, then he smiled at her. I thought of the words of the poet, William Wordsworth, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; the soul that rises with us, our life's Star, hath had elsewhere its setting and cometh from afar; not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home."

Lolene's baby, just one day old, I felt was not here in entire forgetfulness. The way he smiled when she mentioned our Heavenly Father, it seemed that he was really trailing clouds of glory. When his brothers and sisters came to see him, he took a lively interest in every one of them, and seemed to enjoy their adoration.

April 2. Katie and Rebecca had dinner with us last night. Katie said, "There's something that has always bothered me, and that's about the Heavenly Father's father. He had to be somebody's little boy, and if he was, then he had to have a father, and his father had to be somebody's little boy. And it couldn't just suddenly begin."

"Katie," I said, "that used to bother me a lot when I was little. We are told there is no beginning and no end. Someday we will understand."

Rebecca said, "When I get to wondering about things like that, I sometimes get a lonesome feeling. Then I realize that Ivy is beside me. Ivy is with me a lot. Sometimes, when I'm alone in the dark, and a little afraid, then she is beside me to comfort me, and I feel peaceful."

"Angels are with us a lot, aren't they," Katie said. "There are probably angels in this room right this minute. There could be an angel standing there, right now." She pointed.

"Yes, there could be," I replied. I felt like the room was full of angels, really and truly.

Rebecca and Katie chattered about many different things. Katie said, "I think it's wrong for anyone to interrupt. Sometimes when I have important things to say, I listen and wait for my turn. If I have just taken a bite, and I think it's my turn, I hurry and swallow so I can talk, and by the time I've swallowed, someone else is already talking, so I take another bite. Everyone should hold up their hand when they want to talk, like I do at school. That's why my teacher likes me, is because I hold up my hand. But then, I have so many friends in school, and I want to visit them so much, because I never see them only when I'm in school, and I've just got to talk to them, and then the teacher always says 'Katie, put your arms on your desk and put your head down on your arms and be still.' I just hate it when she makes everybody do that, so they'll be still."

Paulette and Staci came visiting this morning. They're like twins in their blond pigtails, and their mutual interest in every move the other makes. They rocked in the little chairs until they had all of the dolls to sleep, rocking them one at a time, and spreading them out on the floor. Once, they ran head-on into each other. Paulette went off in a corner, and ducked her head into her hands, and Stacy cried hard.

"Staci, did you run into Paulette?" I asked.

"No," Stacy cried, "Paulette ran into me."

They were both better after I kissed them.

April 5. Our combined families went Bastering out to the sand dunes south of Hurricane today. Amazing! Everyone brought the identical things to eat--potato salad, fried chicken and cake!

April 6. The church was organized 150 years ago today. General conference was broadcast both from Fayette, New York, where President Kimball was at the Peter Whitmore home, and from Temple Square in Salt Lake.

April 7. A guy in a red pickup drove into our yard and took a load of Ermal's posts. Ermal was off prospecting with Melvin again. I had supposed Ermal had sold the posts to someone, but when he got home, he figured he had been robbed. When DeMar got home tonight, he said he had sold a load of posts, but the man had taken them from the wrong pile.

April 9. Ermal went with Jim this morning, with a load of ore for Ft. Worth, Texas.

April 10. Terry is having serious problems on the home front. He has asked the family to have a special fast for him. I talked to Susan. She's determined to leave him.

April 11. We have had a perfect fast day, and have given the best of our spiritual support. Why can't people face up and shape up?

Tonight we had a family powwow at our house. My brother Bill was here from Riverside, and his children, Claudia and her husband Ed and baby Amber, and Troy and his friend Eddie. We collected all of my kids, and their spouses, and my brothers and sisters. There were twenty-five of us. Oh yes, besides the local family, Edith and Gene were here too. We had a wonderful hullabaloo. Ermal was still off with Jim, so he wasn't even here to get nervous. That doubled the fun.

April 12. Ermal and Jim got home at 6:00 p.m. My goodness, but I was glad to see them. Even though I'm glad to have him gone so I can have a whingding with the tribe, I'm always tickled to have him come home.

Susan Hardy stayed with us tonight. We have wedding plans to discuss.

April 13. We went to Birdie Covington's piano recital tonight. Laura and Vaughn both played.

April 14. Rebecca said some mean boys put an itch bomb down her neck at school, which almost made her go insane. I learned that an itch bomb is a sycamore seed ball, broken open. DeMar and Helen just motorcycled home from New Harmony with Paulette sandwiched between them. Wedged in between her parents, she looked like a bit of pink icing.

April 15. Helen phoned, "Mother, two little girls are coming to give you a gift. I told them they couldn't, but I see they've escaped."

Like crickets, hopping and skipping, Paulette and Staci came down the road, Paulette wearing a bouffant chiffon petticoat, and Helen's high heels. Each little girls hugged a pink, and a blue egg carton. When I opened the door, they flashed their dimpled smiles at me and thrust the egg cartons in my hands, then skipped back through the wind. (Paulette couldn't really skip, but clopped in her mother's high heels.) Rattling inside of each carton were a few dried cherries.

April 18. Tomorrow, my granddaughter Susan will marry Mark Mangum. Our place is a clearing house tonight. Susan is staying with us. The rest of the family is in and out, pooling cars and making arrangements to go to the temple, etc.

April 19. Susan was accompanied to the bride's room by her aunts, Lolene, Myrtle and Ann, and by me. She and Mark were married in the east sealing room by Pres. Whatcott, and a wedding breakfast was served at Jedediah's Four Seasons at 1:00 p.m. to sixty guests.

We took Katie with us to LasVegas to be one of the flower girls. Kathy was the maid of honor, and Mark's sisters were bridesmaids. The men wore blue tuxedos. Even Chance was in ruffles and bows. Laura, Rebecca and Marie helped with the guest register, and to serve, and Sheldon, in a blue suit, carried gifts. After the party, we slept at the "Not Much Rancho Yetto" barn.

April 23. Just nine and one-half miles from our house, measured by the rambler, are fancy, perforated, hollowed-out boulders close to the roadside, by Goosberry Mountain. Laura, Vaughn and Scott went with me there for a picnic today. I've never seen children more appreciative. They climbed and they played, and over and over they thanked me for the fun.

The breeze was chilly, so we ate our picnic in the car. The funny shaped rocks got the kids to speculating about the creation and the endlessness of space. Then Vaughn got to worrying about the millennium coming before he had a chance to get married. Laura comforted him with the thought that his kids wouldn't be as much trouble if they were born during the millennium. It would be his lucky break to raise them when Satan was bound. The kids discussed prayer, and being kind to animals. It was gratifying to realize how deeply grounded in truth all three of them were.

April 27. Lloyd and Vina were the speakers in sacrament meeting today. Vina has only been a member for three months, and this is her first talk in public. Her voice was calm and clear and her testimony firm and sweet. Lloyd looked and talked like a missionary. He talked about free agency.

Mt. St. Helens has been rumbling and spewing ash for a month now.

April 30. Since our brains are composed largely of lecithin, someone has come up with the idea that taking lecithin could improve our memory. In fact, it came out in a science magazine that tests were being conducted in this vein. Also, according to prevention enthusiasts, lecithin cleans out the blood vessels, and could reduce blood pressure. So much for the rationalization. We've been taking lecithin every morning in our banana coctail.

This morning Ermal said, "That lecithin doesn't work. My memory isn't getting any sharper. Yesterday when I picked up those two gallon jugs of milk at Morrills, I carried them both into the post office." What a picture! My rotund husband, lugging those two jugs up the steps and through those glass doors!

"One day last week I took our sack of groceries in the post office," Ermal added. So that's the proof of the pudding!

Cub Ashton called me from Kanab today. He was feeling bad that his wife had hurt my feelings. I soothed his troubled heart, and he felt happy that he had called me. I've rummaged around in my mind to figure out why my feelings have been hurt, but haven't come up with the answer.

May 1. Paul Hardy once told me that if I wanted to be beautiful, I should wash my face with May Day Dew. Shucks, the morning breeze took care of that.

I'll wager that Ermal and I had more grandchildren in the elementary dance festival tonight than any other grandparents. Let me name them: Scott G., Vaughn, Annie, Clay, Rebecca, Scott S., Aaron, Andy, Katie, Laron, Marsha, Dorene, Alice and April. Fourteen in all. And like LaFell Iverson said in the opening prayer, "We are here as parents and grandparents to see our children perform, each one of us thinking our own are the best dancers." Naturally. Our fourteen were the best.

Rick and Gail Pace rolled over in Pace's pickup last night. They were cut with broken glass, but are both alive, thank goodness.

May 4. We went to church in Lolene's ward today, because Kendall Paul was being blessed. Janna Lynn bore her testimony for the first time. The mike stood tall above her, with the speaker dangling down like it had a screw loose. Janna stretched her chin up to talk. She was thankful for her daddy and mommie and sisters and brothers, then, as if wondering if the mike worked, she blew over her bottom lip, and it went into the mike with a whoosh! Startled, she looked wide-eyed, then scrunched up her shoulders and giggled along with the laughing audience, then she said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, amen."

After church, Ermal and I joined Grandma and Grandpa Gifford, and Uncle Wayne at Kendall Paul's for a christening dinner. Great Grandpa and Grandma Gifford were there too--Kendall Gifford, that is.

May 5. Ermal bought me the cutest little portable typewriter today from Vanetta Rowley. It's a Triumph Tipph. It's one I can hold on my lap in the car, like a roving reporter. I may never use it. It's cute to own.

May 6. Shirley said she was beginning to feel self conscious about driving when her teenagers were with her. Their amusement about her driving bothered her. Well, well. So she has reached that milestone. How well I remember my own tittering teenagers who would significantly say, "Well, Mother!" whenever I shifted gears or turned a corner.

March 8. Vaughn stopped by, looking quite abused. He said he only felt half-good, because someone stole fifteen of his marbles out of his desk at school, and besides that, Scott called him a fathead.

May 9. Ermal is camping out tonight on a father's and son's outing, and I am camping in with my girls. Shirley and Susanna stayed until Perry came home. Helen, Rebecca, Paulette, Lolene, Katie, Janna, Shauna and Kendall Paul are supposedly sleeping here. It's late, but no one is sleeping.

Girls are like dolls. What a pretty picture--seven little granddaughters gathered in front of the bathroom mirror putting up each other's hair in my pink curlers. Even little Paulette, curling Sherrie's already curly hair.

When Katie and Annie waltzed around the kitchen with their new babies in their arms, Rebecca, not to be out-done, picked up Paulette, and struggled under the load, dancing along with them.

May 10. The slumber party broke up at noon. The men and boys came home happy to report that hundreds of men and boys were on the father's and son's outing with their campers and tents. Terry phoned. He had just returned from a fun outing with his sons.

May 11. It's a good thing the campers are home. It's windy, dark and cold, with splatters of rain. Ermal has kept the fireplace blazing all day. This Mother's Day, twenty-nine of my posterity came and sang "Love at Home," for me. The recording turned out good.

May 12. The days of the brace (steel stays and corset) are behind me. No yard work? Who said I'd never do yard work again? I'll just do it differently. At last I've learned that when I'm down, I'm not going to stay that way. This is a note to those who follow after me--to those who will also grow old. (If you don't grow old, there's only one other choice, you know.) Aches and pains are not permanent. Joints mend. Honestly they do. (I've managed so far without taking pills.) My pace has changed. It's better for me to let someone else do what I thought I had to do, than for me to moan in Ermal's ear because I can't do like I could 20 years ago. My sense of values has changed. Some things aren't as important as I thought they were. Happiness is a healer. I'm glad for what I can do, and won't have a fit about what I can't. I'll just not think about it.

Now, on the world front. Cuban refugees are pouring into Florida like locusts. Castro is emptying out his prisons and mental institutions on us.

May 14. Taco, Leon's dog, had six pups.

May 16. President Carter has ordered a halt to the "Freedom Floatilla" from Cuba, but the refugees still pour into Key West.

Mt. St. Helens still rumbles and spews ashes and smoke, and bulges and cracks. Tornados touch down in Lousiana and Missouri.

Our waste ditch looks like an earthquake. A bulldozer dug it out two weeks ago, leaving ugly mountains of mud piled in the ugly weeds. Little kids love it. Paulette wants to eat breakfast with Grandpa so she can be closer to the ditch.

May 18. Mt. St. Helens blew its top this morning at 8:30. The ash shot nine miles into the air, with a big tongue of flame in the midst of it. Forests were singed. Mud slides thundered down the mountain. 2,000 people were evacuated from their homes, 60 people are missing and 6 or 7 known dead. Spirit Lake has vanished. The sun was blotted out and highways closed. Ash fell on towns two and three hundred miles away.

May 20. I went to LasVegas yesterday to attend a school concert that Brett was playing in. He is doing good on his violin. Terry's kids have a fish tank converted to a desert. In it are two horned toads named the Grumpy Brothers, and two lizzards, King Kong and Rubber Man. In a pen outside is Murphy, the blow snake, and in a cage are three black crows. In a closet is a mother cat and three kittens.

I slept at Terry's last night. When I went to get in bed I saw funny humps running up and down under the blanket, and Sheldon sat at the head of the bed giggling. I turned back the blanket and all four cats crawled out. I marvel at how I've changed. I would have paddled a kid of mine for doing

such a thing to one of their grandmas, but now I was amused. Susan smiled and said, "He wanted you to see how pretty the kittens are." So, I saw how pretty they were, and crawled right in after they crawled out. Sheldon said he couldn't understand why his mom wouldn't let him bring Murphy in. In my bed? EYOW!

May 26. I have just this minute come in from placing flowers on Mama's, Papa's and my twin brother's graves. This gesture is as unlike me as it would be for me to crochet a bedspread. I don't visit cemeteries. I guess I have shied away from opening up old wounds.

This morning Helen said, "Mother, do you have flowers I could get?" I almost asked what she wanted them for, then I remembered what day it was. "My mother always took us to the cemetery when we were kids, and we put flowers on the graves," she said.

Then I confessed how I had always avoided this, knowing that Winferd and Gordon were busy in the spirit world, and that they would not even notice the flower I took out to wilt in the sun. Then I thought of Uncle Will Palmer taking fresh flowers to Aunt Kate's grave all of the time. And of Sterling Sill and other church leaders who did the same. Then I said, "I know these graves are sacred spots. I guess I should conquer my feelings." I <u>still</u> had no intention of going.

I gathered a water bucket full of pink double poppies, tall blue larkspurs, and yellow columbines. DeMar came and whisked me off in his pickup with his family. At the LaVerkin cemetery it looked like a homecoming. I found Norman and his family there too. Men, with shovels, hoes, rakes and tractors swarmed the place, cleaning up. Women and children, with buckets and baskets of flowers were making the place beautiful. People had come from so far away, and were hugging each other. My grandchildren were cleaning Winferd's, Gordon's, Grandma and Grandpa Gubler's, Ivy's and Jerrold's graves. DeMar and Norman raised sunken headstones, and my little children, with buckets of water, washed them and polished them. Helen and I arranged boquets in bottles of water. Hilda lovingly raked and smoothed Ivy's grave, crying all the while. My heart swelled to a point it has not done in a long, long time.

When we were through in the LaVerkin cemetery, then I knew I had to go on to Hurricane. The same kind of reunion was going on there as we found in LaVerkin. There were flowers at almost every headstone, except three graves down in the corner--our three. The poppies and larkspurs spruced them up something wonderful, and as I kneeled by George's grave, I thought, "Oh, my little brother. Why haven't I been close to you before?" This Memorial Day did something to me.

This morning on the Paul Harvey news, he said, "Sunday's happenings sound like a page out of the book of Revelation." Then he talked of the two hard earthquakes in California, the mud slides, Mt. St. Helen's continual spewing of ash, the tornados touching down on the Gulf Coast, the high winds toppling campers and trucks over on the highways, the 20 foot snowdrifts in Colorado, the raging forest fires, etc. I thought, "Paul, you are so right!" Two boats capsized on Lake Powell in the wind yesterday, and they have not recovered the occupants. Perhaps we should get our affairs in order.

The church house, the square and Graff's store were the three points of activity in LaVerkin when I first came. This triangle, in the heart of town, was sort of a vortex--a magnetic center of activity. At the church house we worshiped and danced. On the square we played. At Graff's store we got groceries and gas, and visited with folks while Sister Graff sorted the mail.

Later, the store and post office were run by Ed Gubler, and then by Gerald Gifford--then briefly it became a city hall. Tonight, as we went for a walk, we discovered the little store was gone--demolished and scraped away--a landmark gone forever.

May 29. A few days ago, Leon caught a mother duck and eight little ducklings out of our waste ditch and sold them to Fredo Rubyeo. Since that time, I've fancied I could hear the plaintive cheeping of ducklings in the weeds. Shirley and I made a search today and found two more babies, so she took them home.

Shirley has a loony hen that hatched out a brood in the grainery above the door. They weren't discovered until the biddies began to tumble to the floor. She has another hen with lofty ideas. This one flies up the big tree by the house and on to the roof, and picks bugs off the cooler. The sound effects provoke a grin. And the eggs she lays roll down the roof to provide good guzzling for the earthbound chickens below.

May 30. Our grandsons, John Houston and Rusty Limb, graduated from Hurricane High tonight.

June 1. This was a family priesthood day today. Jimmy Lemmon ordained Ermal a High Priest, and John and Rusty were both ordained Elders, and in LasVegas Brett received the Aaronic priesthood.

June 2. Paulette loves all living creatures. She likes to gather pill bugs and watch them curl up in her hands. And she collects stray cats. Today, as I worked in the yard, I heard the clatter of her doll stroller as she wheeled it down the road. She had all six of Taco's puppies in her stroller. They just barely have their eyes open, but they're fat and squirmy and almost spilled over the sides of her stroller. They look like groundhogs. She lifted them out and put them on the cement. They couldn't walk, but wiggled on their bellies, whimpering and leaving little wet spots. She wrapped them in her doll blanket, one at a time and rocked them in the patio chair. She put them on her little pillow and mauled them about all morning long. Taco sat at the edge of the cement watching, but I suspect glad to be free of them for the moment, because she chased every car that passed. Finally, when her udders were so full of milk that she began to hurt, she stood over her babies, not knowing what to do. Hilda came to the rescue and took them all back to their nest.

June 4. Thirteen tornados touched down in the midwest today--the most recorded at any one time. Grand Island, Nebraska was hard hit. 110,000 Cuban refugees have arrived in the United States since mid April.

June 5. Helen and DeMar left for Mexico this afternoon to take Hilda Quintana back to her folks for the summer. Hilda was Ivy's pen pal, and longed to come to the United States to get an education. So in August, 1978, the kids went to Mexico and got her. She has just finished her second year at Hurricane High. She will be back next fall.

Leon is our boy while his folks are gone. He has to feed the chickens, gather the eggs, turn the eggs in the incubator, and take care of Taco

and her pups, the cats, and his horse. Tonight he announced that he was going to get his dad a weed-eater for Father's Day. Big dream! A tiller?

June 7. At noon time today, Leon came clopping to the kitchen door on his pony, Cocoa. Taco pattered along behind him, and clipping along on dainty feet behind the dog was a goat. Grinning, Leon said, "This is Weed-Eater."

"Where did you get that goat?" I exploded.

"From Marsha Nielson for $25.00. It's a milk goat. I'm going to give it to Dad for Father's Day. "

"He'll love that!" I thought of the time DeMar accidentally picked up a glass of goat's milk and gulped it down, thinking it was dairy milk. When the after-flavor stuck in his throat, he exploded, "POW! WHO PUT THAT GOAT'S MILK IN MY GLASS?" He has no love for goats, and he hates goat's milk. "Your dad will have a heart attack," I said.

Leon's brigade paraded on to Jims--Cocoa in the lead, Taco tagging behind, and Weed-Eater cheerfully bringing up the rear. As I watched them go, I realized that Leon was our responsibility for the time being, and we should not let him buy that goat. When he returned, I told him to return the goat, and I was surprised when he promptly did.

Then he came into my room with a lump in his throat, ready to cry. "That darned Taco," he lamented, "She killed one of Jim's $15 rabbits, and I've got to pay him."

So that was why he so willingly returned the goat. He took the money to Jim, but Jim had concluded that Taco had nothing to do with the dead rabbit. There was no sign of it having been mauled.

June 10. Wayne phoned to say how pleased he was to have a little hummingbird check out his red cap as he worked in the garden today. He could see by his shadow that the little fellow hovered within inches of his cap.

June 14. We had the George and Alice Isom family reunion at Wood's Ranch today. Twenty-eight of my posterity was there, which was the highest representation, in spite of the fact that Norman's family had gone to Colorado to a Scott reunion, and that Marilyn was getting ready to go to Europe.

My grandson Tyrone is a tyrant sometimes. He let out a blood curdling yelp at the reunion that made everyone jump to see who was being killed. Tyrone's butterfly had gotten away from him. That was all. This evening, here at home, Ty's toad got away. His entire family had to go on a search to recapture the poor thing. Every time he comes through the door, Ermal says, "You can't bring that in the house," but somehow, we've had slugs, toads and a snake in the house today.

June 16. It's good to have our brother Bill come home. He and his little boy Troy came to the family reunion. We had a good visit with them. Ummm, how good are the avacados and lemons he shares with all of us!

June 17. Ermal's back hurts. He went to Dr. Capel, and I went to Zion with my sisters and brothers. Troy hiked with us in the narrows and to the weeping rock, but he said he's lots rather visit a shopping mall. He's a city boy. But he certainly has finesse in ordering at a cafe, and in appreciating fine service.

Dr. Capel X-rayd Ermal. He has a ruptured disc, and is to take all of his meals in bed for two weeks, and he's to get a brace from Ludwig. Ermal went to Leeds, but Ludwig wasn't home.

June 18. Ludwig fitted Ermal out in a brace, and he likes it! I felt nothing but total frustration all the while I was cinched up in steel. Ermal won't eat in bed. Says he feels better when he moves around.

June 19. Stouts installed our water bed today. Marilyn and Chance are our guests tonight. Tomorrow they'll be on their way to Europe--a BYU tour with Donworth's group.

June 20. We love the water bed. We have a satin bottom sheet. Otherwise, I wonder if we could even turn over. We almost have to get up and turn over as it is, but then it's good exercise.

Staci's imaginary world is so real, that when she showed her mother the imaginary baby she was holding in her hands, she started to cry real tears. "What's the matter?" Dana asked. "You dropped my baby," Stacy cried.

June 26. Dr. Capel checked Ermal over today, and told him he was not to go back to the temple until August.

July 1. Ermal was back on duty at the temple today. He can't stand to be told what he can't do.

We had a fruit-thinning wind today. The big pecan trees at DeMar's and Pansy's bent to the ground in their flailing and thrashing. The top broke out of one of DeMar's trees. I sat outside of our bedroom door and watched, it was so wild and wonderful. A horizontal rain blew from the south, over the roof, none of it getting on me. The lawn is strewn with little pears.

July 2. I spent an hour with Clarence Sanders and my tape recorder. Clarence's wife Hazel has passed away and I am to talk at her funeral. She and Clarence have lived together for 62 years, and loved each other dearly. I also took my recorder and visited with Clyde and Isabel DeMille. Clyde is Hazel's brother.

Tonight I finished reading "Daddy Long Legs" by Jean Webster. It left a vibrant, singing happiness in my soul--a sweet escape from reality.

July 3. We went to Paula's Cafe in St. George to celebrate Maxine's birthday with Ermal's children.

July 4. At 2:00 a.m. I awoke with a terrible heart attack--chest pain--could not breathe lying down. Stayed in recliner for next two hours. This morning I learned that some of the others in our party at Paula's had heart attacks too--that this often happens with the hot Mexican food and much cheese. But they go back for more, again and again. Crazy.

Lloyd brought Vina to the house for Grandpa to help administer to her, then they rushed to the hospital, and on this 4th of July, my very first great-grandchild was born--a little, tiny girl!

And I still have to prepare to talk in Hazel's funeral. That is, if I live. My night out has left me feeling so rugged I'm thinking about my own funeral. I have to take a salad to the church house for the ward dinner. I'll make my final sacrifice, and drag my suffering soul forth. Later: I went. Enjoyed mingling. Enjoyed the fireworks, and the Disney show, "Snowball express." I recovered 100% from my heart attack.

July 5. Owen Sanders talked just before I did at Hazel's funeral. He must have listened to the same tape I did (we made two) because he used every incident I had prepared to use. But I didn't have a fit. I shoved my talk in my pocket, and talked off the cuff. I felt rather decent about it.

Hazel's viewing got me to thinking. Last testimony meeting a woman bore her testimony, and said we were living in the last 15 seconds of time. According to our reckoning, that would mean that the Savior would come in about 20 years. I will be 90 years old, if I live that long. If I do, then I won't have to remind my kids again that when I die, I DON'T WANT A VIEWING. Unless I'm gorgeous. And I won't be. At the age of 70 I don't want to lay in state and be seen. And I don't expect to get any better looking.

Hazel Sanders was one of the red headed DeMille girls, and full of ginger. She used to put on a false nose and glasses, and derby hat, striped pants and tight vest, and prance and dance. She was so funny she'd make people roll in the aisle. She was witty and worth a laugh a minute.

But she's been sick for quite awhile. The deacons took the sacrament to her house each Sunday for sometime. She just turned 80. At the viewing, I took one look at her and left the room. IT ISN'T FAIR!! She looked like a stranger. She wasn't witty and funny. She looked bad--sad.

When I walked away, Shirley asked, "What's the matter Mother?"

"Don't you kids ever do this to me. Don't you DARE have a viewing."

"Ah Mother, you're not going anywhere," Shirley said.

July 6. My little great-granddaughter came to see me today. She was only 40 hours old. She's going to be named Rose Ann, and she's cute!

July 7. Just because Ermal can't do everything he wants to while his back is on the hum, he says he's going to get rid of his pickup and chain saw. I won't hear of it. That's the last step before the rest home. Our dad kept his pocket knife in his pocket until the day he died, even if he hadn't been able to whittle with it for the last 30 years.

July 8. If you want to find out how silent and lonesome a bathroom can suddenly become, try flushing a singing cricket down the toilet--one you have been trying for days to capture. The cheerful echo turns to a quiet sadness.

As we came through Hurricane tonight on our way home from the temple, we were startled by a knock, knock, knock on the rolled up glass on my side. Only a supernatural being could knock on our door when we were doing 30 mph. A queer feeling went through me. Quickly I turned to see Jim's michevious grin as he cruised along beside us on his motorcycle.

July 9. I've been asked to get ten blood donars from our ward for the Red Cross. I've learned to appreciate square shooters--people who say, "You ain't gonna git my blood. I'm too chicken," instead of making excuses.

July 10. Marilyn and Chance left Switzerland yesterday at 2:00 p.m. and were here today by 2:00 p.m. They've been in sunshine for the last 23 hours. We enjoyed their account of their 3,000 miles in Europe, and looking at their stacks of beautiful pictures.

July 11. We went to Kolob today. This is the time of roses--wild roses and bluebells. My life begins with Kolob, and so may it ever be.

July 17. Aha! The beginning of a new decade for me. Today I turn 70 years old, and that's not bad! One of the benfits of growing older is that people don't expect so much of you. This means more pleasurable time for good reading, good music, and for saying, "Hey, I'm really not getting this flower garden weeded like I should. Ermal, I'm surrendering one more plot of the yard for you to grow vegetables in." He's always wanting another spot for a squash vine, or sweet potato anyway.

July 18. I've probably mentioned before that Ermal detests concerts, funerals and family reunions. So to keep him from having nervous spasms, I go to concerts and musicals with my daughters, and to funerals by myself, and to reunions on my side of the house, with my children. Likewise, I enjoy the freedom of not feeling obligated to go to similar affairs on his side of the house with his distant relatives. It's a good arrangement.

Lloyd drove the Rambler, and took Vina and the baby and me to the Henry Gubler family reunion at Duck Creek. All of my children were there except Shirley. Norman and Ann cooked the chicken and potatoes for everyone. This was a happy day.

July 20. This has been a family day. All of Ermal's children visited with us this afternoon and evening. Ermal promised Scott and Laron he'd take them rabbit hunting in the morning. Our phone has been ringing every few minutes ever since the kids went home. Always it was Laron or Scott wanting to talk to Grandpa.

July 21. 5:30 a.m. and off goes the alarm. Scott and Laron are already here waiting. Ermal said he doubted that he'd have to go after them. Now they're off for Coal Pitts.

Later: I've watered and weeded in the garden. Kathy, Vina and the baby have visited with me, and I finished reading Jean Webster's "Dear Enemy." Loved it. The hunters returned with five rabbits.

Tonight we went to Norman's for home evening. Kathy gave the lesson, "Love is a doing thing." "Scott, how do you show Marie you love her?" she asked.

Scott ducked his head and giggled. "I don't know. I guess I could stop pounding on the door while she takes a shower."

"Marie, how can you show Scott you love him?"

"Just ignore him when he wants to fight," she replied.

July 22. Tonight at the temple we all said goodbye to each other, as if it was going to be a long-time parting. The temple will be closed for two weeks.

July 23. Katie and Annie came to see me, and we walked together up to Shirley's house. Lolene was there with her guitar and all of the children sang together. Thunder clouds came up with the wind that was whiplashing the big trees. We watched the watery sunset. Katie and Annie walked back down the hill with me and sat on DeMar's front porch to watch the ball players on the square. The lights came on on the ball park. They're a new addition--installed by the Kiwanis Club. The lights are pretty on the green. Helen and DeMar are quite adjusted to having their bedroom and living room lit up like day.

July 24. Pioneer Day. After the program, I sat playing our organ, when soft tittering made me turn around. Annie, Katie and Rebecca

surrounded me with boquets of flowers. Then cheerily they went through the house, dusting and tidying up. After that, I took them to see Wayne. They had never been in the upstair rooms of our old home, and they wanted to see what it was like.

July 25. Ermal told Laron and Scott he'd take them target shooting, but he couldn't find the keys to his gun cabinet. Naturally, our phone kept ringing. Finally, Laron called and said, "Tell Grandpa to look on top of the refrigerator."

"Why? Did you see him put the keys there?" I asked.

"No, but isn't that where people usually put things?"

Well, the keys weren't there. They were in Ermal's sock drawer. All he needed to do was pick up his socks and handkerchiefs and look under them, instead of rooting around.

July 27. Kathy came to say goodbye before she left for Provo. We were relaxed in the living room when an explosion in the kitchen made us leap to our feet. I had soy beans in my little pressure cooker, and it blew the plug. Hissing in a terrible velocity of steam, bean juice was splattering the kitchen. I was almost too frightened to grab the handle of the pot to get it off the stove. Bean hulls hung on the ceiling and stove hood like empty chrysalises. Kathy was on her way, and I washed the ceiling, cupboards, and in fact the whole kitchen, barely getting through in time for Sacrament Meeting.

July 28. The Shah of Iran died yesterday. Nixon will go to Egypt to his funeral. Carter won't. The old boy who called himself King of Kings died in exile.

July 29. What an absolutely scrumptious day. We went to Zion with Bob and Addie Naegle. We loafed our way up the narrows and visited with folks from Holland, West Germany and the Philippines, and ate dinner at the picnic grounds. On our way home we stopped in Rockville to visit with Dean and Daphne Francis at their beautiful rancho. While we were there, Edna and Richard Thorley came. The eight of us are always together on Tuesday nights at the temple--so here we were, on our first Tuesday's vacation, together again, and as tickled to see each other as if we'd been apart for a long time.

August 1. Each morning when Helen goes to pick Himalaya berries, Paulette stays with us. This morning she stole the cat's breakfast--a baby sparrow that was still alive. She made a bed for it in a shoe box. At the breakfast table, I quartered her boiled egg and she refused to eat it. She said she had to have a <u>whole</u> yolk. So I gave her a whole one. She shoved <u>all</u> of it in her mouth at once. I watched bug-eyed while she munched the big dry thing. Paulette still calls me Grandpa.

August 2. We had a six-hour thunder storm last night. Just imagine!

August 3. Lloyd blessed his baby, little Rose Ann, in church today. In the circle were Lloyd's grandfathers, Paul Miller, and Ermal, his dad, and his Uncle Perry, his home teacher Kevin DeMille, and the bishopric, Kerry and Lyman Gubler, and Ben Wilken. Ermal returned to his seat delighted.

"That baby girl smiled all the while her daddy blessed her. When he blessed her that she would find a good companion to take her to the temple, her smile widened like she understood every word he said." Wouldn't it have been a pity if Ermal had shut his eyes like the rest, and have missed this?

At the Deseret Industries, I found an old ragged copy of the original "Wizard of Oz." It is uncut--untarnished by modern revisions. Marie, Laura, Scott and Vaughn and I had such a satisfying time this evening reading it together.

Yesterday, Vaughn put a dime down by the kitchen sink where I was busy, and asked if he could buy a biscuit. What a laugh! I put the dime back in his pocket, and got a couple of frozen biscuits out of the deep freeze and put them in the microwave oven.

I am the biscuit grandma. I don't make cookies, but I make whole-wheat, yeast biscuits. That's because Ermal wants crust on every side of his slice of bread. I try to keep plenty on hand in the deep freeze. When hungry children flock in, they're a popular item, warmed up and served with butter and honey.

Poor Taco got skinnier and skinnier as her six puppies got fatter and fatter. Taco couldn't even walk across the yard without those puppies attacking her, hanging onto her teats. She acted like she was going to go crazy if she couldn't get away from them. Leon set up a puppy stand in the parking lot at Lyman's Market, with a sign that said, "Free Puppies." He got rid of all of them, and Taco is putting on a little flesh again.

August 4. Katie figured it was time for another rag doll party. This time the scraps were spread on a blanket on the patio. Annie, Sherrie, Marie, Laura, Sue Jones, Katie and Janna Lynn were my guests. I made tarts while they made dolls.

The party was barely cleared away in time before our water bond committee arrived. Together, we went to the Toquer canyon, down the long steel stairs--92 steps--where we could enjoy the two little waterfalls. The creek was high, and the canyon full of green trees. Very pretty.

August 6. Ermal is 66 years old today. He got his favorite dinner--beef, mashed potatoes and gravy. He <u>craves</u> gravy, but only gets it about once a year. Amelia Squire sent him iced cinnamon rolls, filled with pecans. His children brought him See's chocolates. In the evening we went out to dinner in St. George, then went to a "mellerdrammer", "The Fan" in the old courthouse. It was crazy fun.

August 7. Almost any time I chance to look, I can see Paulette carrying a chicken around. Sometimes the chicken is almost as big as she is, but she lugs the half hypnotized creatures under her arm, tail sticking out behind, and head bobbing sleepily in front.

Helen says she just can't permit any more animals on the place until Paulette is grown up. She found a kitten in the refrigerator, still alive. One day, a foul smell in the laundry room sent her scouring through everything. The last batch of laundry she had run, had set in the drier a day or two. She was almost asphyxiated when she opened the dryer. A little white kitten had been run through with the clothes. Bits of fur stuck on everything. Helen had to wash the clothes four times to get the smell out. Another time, she found two fair sized chicks smothered to death in the dirty clothes hamper.

This evening, Helen, Kathy, Rebecca and I went to the courthouse play, "The Bride of Frankenstein." Melodrama is such fun. Kathy and I visited until midnight.

August 8. Helen, Leon, Rebecca, Mona White and I went to the musical melodrama, "No Sooner Won Than Wed," tonight. This ends our nonsensical fun until next season.

August 9. Mildred hosted the George and Annie Isom family reunion today at Three Lakes, out on Kiabab mountain. Only she wasn't there. She went to a funeral instead. None of her children were there, but some of her sweet grand-children were there. Edith's, LaPriel's and Bill's families were not represented, but we did have a fine get-together out on the mountain in the pines.

August 9. In our Relief Society today Marty Raffetry gave the lesson on parenting. She brought out the point that parents should never oppose each other in front of their children. However, children should realize that parents are entitled to differences, but know they can be worked out harmoniously.

Marsha Nielson said, "I used to think my parents were <u>always</u> of the same mind. Once, I remarked to my mother that dad sure took her out to dinner a lot, and she replied, 'We go to Dee's Hamburger place and work out our differences in his parking lot.'"

August 11. We went to Coal Pitts to see the Perseids meteor shower. Ermal hauled three motorcycles in the back of his pickup--Jim's, Scott's and Leon's. DeMar's and Jim's families, and Lollie Huish and children went to cook supper, then we lay on the patio watching the sky. We saw about six very big meteors, and many small ones.

August 12. Getting back to the temple with our friends seemed peaceful. Twelve couples have been released. Six couples will go on a temple mission to the Seattle Temple, and six couples were released because of health reasons.

August 13. Terry's wife phoned to tell me she is leaving Terry. Divorces don't make a particle of sense to me. "Hold everything," I said, "I'm on my way to see you."

Ermal, Helen and Dana went to Iverson's orchard to pick peaches. They came back thrilled over their beautiful baskets of fruit, but I was so harrassed with anxiety that I couldn't see it. All of the bustle in our house, and the screaming of little children was sending me cuckoo. I boarded the Greyhound and headed for LasVegas, and spent the night with Marilyn and Chance. We visited Terry, who was home alone with the children. Susan was at work.

August 14.

Neighbors took Terry's children this afternoon, and for two hours we visited. Susan and Terry each telling their side of the story. Stories have a different slant when told in front of each other. Things get blown out of proportion when told behind the other's back. There's nothing here that can't be corrected. Terry wants their marriage to last. Susan wants out. When I asked her if she had thought about what it would be like to raise children without a father, she shrugged and admitted she had not, but

she was certain they'd get along okay. If only she could know how I wished my brood of seven had their dad to help rear them!

The children came home, and Susan prepared a lovely dinner. Doretha dumped the money out of someone's piggy bank, and Tyrone wanted it so he could buy a gold fish. "You can't have the money. It belongs to someone else," Susan said. So Tyrone began to bawl. He bawled and bawled, and as I swept the floor I thought, "What that kid needs is a good paddling."

Terry came in and asked, "What's the matter with Tyrone?"

"He's tired. He needs someone to love him," Susan replied.

Terry picked him up off the floor like a sack of flour, and swung him over his shoulders, feet in front, head and arms draped down his back. Into the living room they went, and Terry snuggled Tyrone down beside him in the rocking chair. The howling ceased. Tyrone leaned contentedly back in the crook of his dad's arms and went to sleep.

After dinner, Terry took us all to Caesar's Palace to the Omnimax, a dome theater where the spectators sit in the middle of the picture. The show was "Flying," which was a great sensation of sound and sight. I was so happy to be able to finally fly over Niagara Falls!

August 15. Today was Chance's birthday. I made applesauce cake and Susan made ice cream, and we all celebrated together. Now I'm tending Terry's children, while he and Susan go out on a date.

August 16. Sheldon came home on the Greyhound with me today. When we first sat down in the bus, Sheldon said, "I wonder if people can take animals on the bus." "I doubt it," I replied. "I was just wondering if a fellow could sneak a lizzard on."

When Sheldon and I got home, Ermal was tending Rebecca and Paulette. Helen and DeMar had gone on a motorcycle trip to Lehman's Cave.

August 18. I awoke just before daylight. In my nightgown, I went out on the patio to look at the sky. Venus was brilliant in the east--so exquisitely beautiful and radiant that I stopped to read about her. She is the goddess of love. Venus is a planet, and has eight times the reflecting power of the moon, because she is surrounded by an unbroken layer of clouds. Rocks do not reflect so much light.

We went to Zion today to check out the situation for next year's George and Annie Isom reunion. We ate dinner at the grotto campground. We took ice cream in the wide mouth thermos, and it worked perfect. On the way home we visited with Marie O'Neil at the Cottonwood Ranch. When we got home Helen and Rebecca were at our house making 4-H cookies for the fair.

August 19. A maniac drove his car through the iron gates on the Salt Lake Temple Square, and through the flower beds. He did $10,000 damage. Satan is crazy.

August 20. We went to a family dinner at Ovando's and Edna's honoring Donworth and Harriet. They're going to Israel on a mission. At the dinner was a couple from Jerusalem and a man from Yugoslavia. They joined right in with the family fun singing.

Lolene says there is a time to speak up and a time to shut up, and wisdom is in knowing the difference. (Obviously we were discussing husbands.)

August 22. County Fair time. Terry and all of his children and two extra boys arrived this afternoon. Susan did not come with them. Dee Dee stayed with me and the rest of them camped up on top of the hill. They plan on floating down the canal in the morning.

August 23. Darwin and Mace Hardy came with a tank of helium and balloons prepared to set up a booth at the fair and to make a little money. Then the Morgan Pest Control and Dixie State Bank had their booths to give away free helium balloons!

Terry's troops slept at the cracks last night. Today Leon, Scott, Laura Vaughn and Marie joined them and they floated down the canal on inner tubes. It was a cold trip. Dee Dee went to the fair with me. She wouldn't go without her thumb-sucking blanket. It was frayed and grubby, and I begged her to leave it home but it didn't work. I wore a white skirt, and half of the time I got stuck with toting Dee Dee's blanket.

Dee Dee kept me on the run, because she wanted to join every marching group in the parade, and at the puppet show her mind was made up to be on stage. By 3:00 p.m. I came home and collapsed. Terry arrived at that time and took over. When his troops left for LasVegas tonight, each one of the children kissed me and said, "Goodbye Grandma," including the two extra children who were with him. One of them was a smiley little colored boy.

August 24. Today our family had a special fast for Leon, who is having eyesight problems. After our fast we joined the Gublers on Ovando's lawn to share sweet watermelons and our love with Donworth and Harriet before they leave. My! What a family the Gublers are. The trees were full of kids.

August 25. Helen and Dana took Leon to Salt Lake to an eye specialist today.

August 26. Helen phoned from Salt Lake. Leon has an eye disease that could take 30 years to cure. He will probably have to have surgery.

August 30. Leon is home, and galloping all over town on Cocoa, with Paulette straddle of the horse in front of him, and Taco tagging behind. Last night, after he had tied Taco up for the night, he came into the kitchen and said, "Grandma, us humans are really blessed. We can touch our bodies anywhere we want to. Animals can't. If Taco got something on her chest, she couldn't reach up with her paw and get it off. Or if a cow gets something on her back, she can't get it off without rolling over, or scrubbing it off by walking under a limb."

August 31. Shirley gave a lesson on the care of clothing in Relief Society this morning. On the wall was a limerick that said, "There was a young woman from Orem, whose pants were too tight, but she wore 'em. She stooped and she laughed, and felt quite a draft, and knew right where she had tore 'em." This brought to mind the day my old green slacks couldn't take it any longer.

As I worked in the garden, I felt the rear seam give way, but I thought, "I'll just finish weeding this row. No one can see in our back yard."

Norman had stopped his pickup across the field. Curious to see what was wrong with me, he peered through his binoculars, then went home and called me on the phone. "Well Mother, are you going to a costume party as Molley Cottontail?"

Fredo Rubyeo was the youth speaker in sacrament meeting today. He told a story of him and Leon and Scott Gubler being lost on Pinevalley mountain, and of how Leon had them kneel and pray and their prayers were answered.

Leon is staying with us while his parents have gone to Mexico to bring Hilda back to school. He filled us in on the details. The three boys were on a camping trip with Bud Iverson and his two children, Liberty and Victor. Leon, Scott and Fred were returning from Whipple Valley, headed for Bear Valley where they were to join Bud and his children. The trail was dim, with many almost obliterated trails taking off from it. The boys followed first one trail, and then another. They would come across Bud's mule tracks, and then lose them again. They discovered they were going around in circles.

Cocoa is such a little horse, and in many places the grass was almost as tall as he was. Hidden by the grass were fallen and rotting aspen trees, and the going was difficult. Leon had the boys kneel in the grass and pray for help. They were so confused, that the one thing they asked for was to get back to Bear Valley before dark. They got back on their horses, but they still lacked a sense of direction, so they dismounted and prayed again. Then they heard Bud's voice, calling to them.

Corinne and Dell went with Deward to the London Temple, where he married Stafeen Thom of Aberdeen, Scotland on August 16. Last night they had their wedding reception in Hurricane, and this evening we joined them at Corrine and Dell's for "truffle" and to see them open their wedding gifts.

September 3. At 4:00 this morning I awoke with a restless feeling. I got up and went pattering to the kitchen in the dark, and my bare feet squished in a puddle of water. I flipped on the light. Our kitchen was a pond! "Ermal!" I shrieked.

Bewildered, Ermal appeared. "It's the water heater!" he exclaimed.

After he shut off the water, we dipped and mopped up water for an hour and a half, then Ermal went back to bed, and I walked out in the yard. In the sky shone a sliver of a moon surrounded by a circle of great stars. My favorite constellation, Orion was over head. The moon was a perfect centerpiece.

September 4. Shirley took me to Cedar today where she conducted a doll workshop with about twenty women from different wards and stakes. She demonstrated how to put new wigs and eyelashes on old dolls, and how to completely restore them. The women were excited about the project. Alene DeMille had boxes of old dolls she had brought from the D.I. and the women divided them up and took them home to repair for Christmas. Shirley and I had dinner with Alene in the city park. I brought home three dolls, two to dress for the D.I. and one I bought to keep.

Tonight, after the temple session, Ermal took me to the Pizza Factory for a Hawiian luau. I love to go out with my husband.

September 10. The Relief Society encourages us to make a sewed article for the ward fair. I've my own thoughts about this. Too often these things don't sell, but have to be auctioned off for a price far less than the cost of material, but today I shopped for blouse material with the exact kind of stripe that my pattern from the Grit calls for. It's ordinary cloth, but it cost $10. I could get a nice blouse at the factory outlet for less.

September 12. I cut out my blouse wrong. The stripes didn't match. I discovered my error after I had interfaced and put the collar and yoke together. Hours shot down the tube.

Edith and Gene came at my moment of greatest lamentation, and gave us some good, fresh trout. After they left, I cut out a new yoke and started again. The pattern instructions are ambiguous, and the pattern not labeled good enough. Through my struggles, grandchildren have been popping in and out, but grimly I've stuck to my sewing. It is now 11:45 p.m. and the zipper still isn't in. The actual cost of material is $12.50. My time, $25.00. Anxiety, $50.00. Total cost of blouse, $87.50. Who would pay that?

September 13. I gave the Relief Society $15.00 for the blouse I didn't turn in, and took my best blooming begonia in a ceramic teapot. I bought a nice pair of knitted slippers for $3.00 (I couldn't knit them for that) and a granny-booster. The granny-booster is Beth Segler's invention. It's a firm, square plastic pillow to go on a kitchen chair to boost a grandchild up to the table.

September 14. Sitting under the cooler blast in Sunday School made me feel like I was coming down with pneumonia. I went out and turned off the switch. As I got back to my seat, Boyd Earl went out and turned it on again. Why do men wear coats and warm slacks and turn on the cooler when women are purple with cold? After this, if I'm frozen out of church, I'll just come home.

Pansy Hardy's testimonial was today. We will have 24 missionaries out.

September 15. Ugh! Feel punk. Next time my bones turn to icicles and shivers race up my spine, I'm going to run, run, run.

September 16. A gunshot awoke us at 2:00 a.m. Ermal bounded out of bed and shut the windows and doors, for the night air rippled with green jets of skunk aroma. The phone rang. Ermal answered. I listened.

DeMar: Did you smell my skunk?
Ermal: Yeah. How many chickens did he get?
DeMar: Two. Skunks have already taken half of my chickens.
Ermal: You're going to have to keep your trap set.
DeMar: I thought when I trapped that other one, that was all.
Ermal: He's bound to have a family.
DeMar: I give up. I'm not going to raise chickens. I'm not going to raise fruit, either. The frost gets it every spring. There's no use planting a garden, either. Nothing grows decent. And then just when I think I'm getting ahead financially, some major catastrophe happens, like Leon's eyes.
Alice: Life get's tedious, don't it.
DeMar: (Chuckle).

September 17. I worked on the Alexander dolls for the D.I. today. I made a shank to replace an arm on the doll's cloth body. The operation is a bit tricky, but I did it--a splendid job of it to. Oh my! What a strange effect! My little beauty has two left arms.

September 18. Shirley called. A woman in Cedar has a D. I. Alexander doll with two right arms.

Ermal's favorite shopping centers are the trash dump, and the roadside. I felt disgruntled when he brought home the last filthy towel. I almost

pitched it in the trash barrel. Then there is always the challenge to see if I can make something out of nothing, so I lathered the towel with soap jelly, rolled it up, and set it to soak. (Soap jelly, by the way, is a pot of hand soap scraps in water.) Today I rinsed out the soap, and tossed the towel in the washing. It came out sparkling, snowy white! Its sins are washed away! And to think I almost gave up on it.

September 19. Ermal went peddling apples with Cummon today. We had a pre-birthday dinner at our house for Shirley. She and Lolene and the children were here. Shauna came with her face smeared. She had been fingerpainting in pre-school with chocolate pudding. Paulette came in with a cheery, "Hi, bampa!"

September 22. Leon came on Cocoa. While he stopped to visit, he put one end of Cocoa's rope around Taco's neck, and the dog lay down on the grass. Cocoa stood and waited.

September 24. On Wednesdays, while Ermal is in the temple, I fix my supper tray, and watch the 6:00 o'clock evening news on TV. Tonight, I fixed my tray of corn on the cob, sliced tomatoes, fresh peas, milk and a toasted cheese sandwich. The news showed Cambodians dying for want of food. It seemed heartless for me to eat.

September 26. We went pinenut hunting today with Richard and Edna Thorley in the Modena hills. Richard knocked the nuts down, and we crawled around, picking them up, one at a time. We picked until if we had stooped one more time, we never would have gotten up again. Together, Ermal and I gathered just ten pounds, but they are nice and clean. That's the work part of it. The rest has to be credited with the fun of it--being out in the hills with our friends.

On our way home, we came through Cedar and stopped at the D.I. I found a choice book by Kathleen Norris, "Mother." I read it all before going to bed.

September 29. This morning, the Tuesday and Wednesday ordinance workers were at the temple to have group pictures taken. To see all of those beautiful people strolling on the temple grounds in their white suits and dresses gave me the feeling that I had been translated--that this was heaven.

My grandson Mace breezed in this evening with six hungry friends from college. I warmed up our last biscuits for them, but warned him about an invasion, when really, I only cook for two. "I know, Grandma, but I wanted you to meet my room mates and these two girls from England and Wales." Bless him!

September 30. Shirley, Lolene and the children and I went to the alumni assembly at the high school. Former graduates performing were Jeff Hinton, Bruce and Steve Brady, Melanie Madsen, Lolene Gifford, John Houston and Wayne Shamo. The program was all music, except Wayne's comic reading, "Old Mother Hubbard." Lolene and John sang together, and he did a piano solo and she did solo numbers.

October 2. Ermal and I were guests on an agriculture tour today. We visited the Stratton Turf Farm, David Wilson's pecan orchard, the Frog Hollow dam, Darwin Ballard's grass seeding, Reed Spendlove's erosion control on upper Smiths, and the Hurricane Canal lookoff. This was my part of the program. I talked to the guests on the history of the canal. Melons and a box lunch was served to the group. The day was very good.

This evening, as we sat on the patio with Dixie and Foster Harrison, Taco settled on her haunches by my chair. Then she looked up and saw Ermal. She lowered her muzzle on her paws and emitted a long, low growl. Ermal glared down at her, and she glared back. I knew he was guilty of some ignorant thing.

"Taco is tattling on you," I snickered.

"I ain't done nothing to her," he retorted.

He has never taken the trouble to speak decent to the dog, that I know, and I discovered I felt an impish pleasure at his discomfort now. Taco was embarrassing him in front of our friends, by showing her contempt for him. His ego was deflated.

Speaking of dogs, Paulette carried an imaginary dog in her arms as she trotted along beside Helen and me when we went visiting teaching to Amelia Squires. She wouldn't unfold her arms to be helped across the ditch. At Amelia's door, she said, "I got a dog." Amelia looked at the little nothing and said, "What a pretty dog."

October 6. I can't walk across the kitchen without sticking to the floor. Ermal borrowed Bud Iverson's press and squeezed out 14 gallons of grape juice. Helen has been helping all day for half. I cleaned raisins from the drier, and took care of freezing and bottling. Then DeMar and John went to city hall with me to meet Governor Matheson and all of the Democrat candidates. I'll vote for the governor, and for one commissioner on the American Party, Judy Iverson. The Republicans get the rest of my votes.

October 8. Darwin and Lolene are moving their family into the old historic Reeve Hotel. This will be the second hotel they've lived in. They ran the Liberty Hotel in St. George for awhile. Lolene has been singing at "Grandma's" in Springdale, meeting the Senior Citizens bus tours. They pay her $30 an hour, which barely covers expenses. She gets them to sing-a-long with her.

October 9. I finished screening my dried raisins. Out of 150 pounds of grapes, I got 17 pounds of raisins.

I got a letter from Lucille Reading today, suggesting that I try writing an Easter story. I'm thinking.

October 11. A terrible earthquake today killed thousands in Algeria.

October 12. The rain came early this morning with much lightning and thunder. Shirley said she stood outside in the dawn's early light and watched the ethereal glow and let her tears trickle with the rain. There was so much transparent gold mingled with the storm.

October 13. As I think about my Easter story, the little boy in it is becoming very real to me. I think of Mark Twain. He said Huckleberry Finn grabbed hold of his pen and wrote the story himself. I feel somewhat the same about LeRoy.

October 15. Rain drizzles. Ermal lights a fire in the fireplace. "We're the first to have a fire," he says. "There is no other chimney smoke in town."

October 16. Ermal went to Grand Canyon today with Jim. "I thought of you all of the time," he said. "You would have gone wild about the snow on the colored aspens, and the beauty of the mountain."

October 18. I baked an apple pie today, which is always a big event. After I took it from the oven I was generous with the sugar shaker on the top crust. It makes a pie look pretty. Then I touched the sugar with my finger. It was salt! Ermal had been carried away filling all of the shakers. He gets so helpful at times! I felt like bawling, because it takes me almost six months to get in the wonderful mood to make a pie.

In exasperation, I stomped my foot and exclaimed, "Oh Ermal! How could you do that to me? I've simply got to have control over a few things in my household."

"What did I do?" he asked in mock innocence.

"Look dear. I appreciate you putting up the fruit, and arranging the bottles on the shelves, and your constant taking inventory of the cupboards, but I've got to be able to manage some things myself. This is a sugar shaker, and has always been." I held up the half-cup sized shaker.

No matter what the blunder may be, in his own mind, Ermal is never guilty. I could have a bawling fit, but to him, he is never the cause. It would be impossible to condemn him, for he will not be condemned. In this particular case, he grinned, and whistled a happy tune while he peeled off the salty crust, then waded into the pie with his fork, because he knew the pie was his. "Hon," he said, "this is the best pie I ever tasted!" (The pie he is eating at the moment is always the best he has ever tasted.)

October 19. This afternoon Sherrie sat by me in church. The building was warm from the furnace heat, so someone turned the cooler on. In no time it was cold beyond endurance. Sherrie began to cry, so I took her to Shirley, hoping she could warm her. I went into the hall and got a man's coat off the rack and wrapped my legs in it. I felt too angry to be spiritual. I highly resent men's dress code--coats, ties and everything to make them sweat while women freeze. I complained to Ben Wilkin, the bishop's counselor, but I saw there was no hope for justice there. I suggested they put buffalo robes here and there throughout the chapel. I'll bet that would be a real comfort to many. Ben suggested I call Walter Church, since the building is his responsibility. Walter was shocked when I complained about the cooler. He said it was supposed to have been drained and disconnected for the winter. He invited me to join the 2nd Ward.

October 20. Kate, and Clair's little boy Allen went with me to Clave Walker's graveside services today. Allen wouldn't leave when they got ready to cover the casket. He wanted to see the whole works. He watched intently as the man fastened the casket to the crane and lowered it and put the top on the vault.

"Why don't you get down in the grave?" Allen asked.

"How could I get out?" the man asked.

"You could run and get a ladder and climb out. Hey, why don't you open that box and let that man out?" So ran his questions, on and on, and the man's answers were humorous. I've never enjoyed a graveside service more.

October 23. The Church has announced a new policy concerning golden age missionaries. They aren't going to send anyone over 70 years old. Big sigh of relief. I've felt like we should go again, yet I've been clinging to home.

October 27. A light frost last night reminded us that we'd better harvest the last of our garden. I picked the last high clusters of elderberries, and gathered the ground cherries, and gleaned the green beans and egg plants, chard, tomatoes and market grapes. I made a garden's-end stew, some ground cherry preserves, and elderberry and grape jelly, and brought in the poinsetta, aloe vera and bougainvillea. We've gathered the sage and cleaned it and put it out to dry, also spearmint leaves.

October 30. Lucille Reading wrote that my Easter story was accepted, but the woman in the story was too stubborn, so they're going to tone her down. The suggested revision even takes the zip out of my little boy, LeRoy, but afterall, the story was written for the Friend, and wouldn't fit anywhere else, so they'll be at liberty to do what seems best. It's all in a day's work. I love Lucille, and I appreciate the Friend staff, and how they've stood by me.

As I walked with Clinton in his garden today, I saw a Concord vine loaded with large, blue-black grapes. They were so ripe that the grapes dropped off the stem when I touched them. Sweet! Ummmmm. Clinton said I could have them all, because they weren't going to pick them. I got 5 quarts of rich, delicious juice from them. As I drained the cooked fruit in the colander, I squeezed out a little pulp for jam. It was so rich and sweet I only used a tablespoon of sugar to a cup. A concord shortcake seemed a fine idea, so I halved two biscuits, heaped the grape pulp high, and topped it with whipped cream. Ermal slicked up his dish.

Ermal always scrapes his plate so clean it hardly looks used. And he's the handiest guy to have around when I'm cooking. He loves to lick pots. And when it comes to picking bones, he can polish off every speck of meat as clean as a swarm of yellow jackets could.

When I made broth from the deer bones, I asked Ermal to clean off the meat. Well--when he got through with those bones, they looked as if they had been bleached in the desert. The size of the pan of meat was unbelievable.

"Where did you get all of that meat?" I asked. He just grinned a proud grin. Upon inspection, I realized he had slicked off even the gristle and fat.

"It will make good sandwiches," he suggested.

What a picture. I could just imagine myself eating a gristle sandwich and feeling the bouncing pieces skitter back and forth between my teeth fit to flip my jaws out of joint. When I got through with the meat, we had a little for sandwiches, and a lot of cat food.

October 31. Tonight Ermal's children had their traditional Halloween party at Maxine's house. We watched the movie, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Ermal was costumed as the Gingerbread Man, and I as the little old lady who made him.

November 3. We took the scenic drive up over the Hurricane hill and down the Rockville hill today, detouring into Zion. While we were in the

canyon, a low flying jet appeared to tie the ledges together from one wall to the other with a sunny, wooly white yarn of jet stream. We stopped in Rockville to visit Fern and Dew Hirshi, and at Cottonwood Grove to see Marie O'Neil. We took her a custard pie and she gave us some of her good granola and carob bars. This is the time of year the Virgin River turns to gold. It is the prettiest time to view it from the Rockville hill.

November 4. We set our alarm for 5:30 this morning so we could see the celestial display in the east. In the crisp pre-dawn, against a navy blue sky, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, a crescent moon, and Spica, lined up in that order, shone diamond bright--a rare and heavenly sight.

Now election day is over. We've heard Ronald Reagan's acceptance speech, and we can retire happy.

November 5. The sesquestennial original plays were put on in the stake center tonight. The play for our ward was written by Carla Nelson. John was Columbus, and wore a velvet hat with a feather in it, velvet jacket and velvet britches, and shoes with gold buckles. Leon was the son of an inventor who made a time machine. I was narrator. The four plays presented were good, but the audience was terrible--fussing babies, and the clatter of metal chairs on a hardwood floor. More plays will be presented tomorrow night, but I think I'd rather go to the temple.

November 6. Helen, Paulette and I went visiting teaching today. Paulette was quiet and cute. Amelia Squire gave her a green iced cupcake, and Genevieve gave her a Tootsie roll. Coming home, she skipped along, pigtails and pink ruffles bouncing.

Looking up at a golden mulberry tree, she said, "If I climb up in that tree, I can fly."

"No you can't. You'd fall and hurt yourself," Helen said.

"I could spread my arms like this and fly and fly and fly and never fall," she chirped.

How well do I remember that breathless feeling. Even now, if I could select my dreams as I drop off to sleep, I'd choose a lighthearted one of spreading my arms as Paulette did, and I'd soar above the tree tops. Then I'd awake, sweetly refreshed.

November 10. Kate and I went to the Armistice Day parade. I enjoy seeing Norman in it every year. He looks sharp in his uniform. Homer Englestead gave the commands and the veterans presented the manual of arms. In the school assembly, Dell Stout was Uncle Sam, and Bonnie LeBaron was the Goddess of Liberty.

November 13. I visited Lolene in her hotel today. I'm impressed with all of their extra room.

Ruby phoned in distress. It will be 50 years next month since our double wedding in the St. George Temple. Ruby's children are giving her and Roland a golden wedding reception, but since it isn't too appropriate to have a ballgame for a program, those kids are at a loss as to what to do. Without even thinking, I told her I'd get the program. I guess, in my subconscious mind, I must have wanted my children to do this for their dad and me.

November 17. The temperature is down to 24 degrees this morning, and Marie ran coatless to catch the bus but she didn't catch it. She planned on walking to school, but stopped in our house to warm her hands. I took her home to get her coat, then took her on to school.

Lolene is painting the interior of the house they just moved out of, so she brought Janna Lynn, Shauna Green Bean, and Kendall Polliwoggie to me. I put Polliwoggie on our water bed to sleep. He grinned happily and dropped off to sleep. He's one of the nicest babies I've ever seen--so good. So were the girls. Janna went to school at noon.

Lolene shut herself in with the paint fumes to keep warm. If Jennie Hintze hadn't knocked when she did this afternoon, it might have been too late. Lolene was about out of it from the fumes of the oil base paint.

I've never seen a child show such enthusiasm over things he likes or be so silently peaceful over what he must accept as Kendall Paul. He vibrated with his whole body--arms and legs--when I fed him his turkey vegetables. It was like trying to feed a windmill, but the food vanished. When Lolene came for him, he bobbed up and down in her arms, hugging her, putting his face against hers, caressing her hair and face with his hands, and laughing with exquisite joy. How cute he is.

November 18. It froze hard last night. The morning sun brought the leaves down, dropping like rain. One of DeVar's Holsteins and I stood under his mulberry tree and listened to the patter as the leaves fell steadily around us.

I baked bread, beans, and cake and made salad. We had Ann and the children down tonight. This was our first workout on the Golden Wedding program. Gordon really impressed me when he got right up and washed the dishes and put the chairs away. Kathy went over my 1930 music on the organ.

November 20. We went to Summit today. While I visited with Alice Walker and Susanna Dally (Tuesday night temple workers), Brother Dalley helped Ermal butcher two sheep--one for us and one for Dell. On our way up we passed a herd of sheep peacefully grazing in a meadow by Kanarra. "Could you actually eat one of those?" I asked. "You bet I could," Ermal said enthusiastically. I'd <u>never</u> eat meat if I had to butcher it.

November 21. The biggest gambling casino in the world burned today--the MGM in LasVegas. Also, an oil rig drilled through a lake bottom in Louisiana and the lake, rig and all drained through the hole into the Diamond Salt mines.

November 23. What a beautiful Sunday afternoon. We had a family singing practice in the recreation hall--my children and grandchildren, all doing their best. They are a joy to me.

November 24. Over 1,000 people were killed in an earthquake in Italy.

November 25. The death toll in Italy keeps rising. There are 3,000 known dead and they are still digging out. 260 homes are gone in the San Bernardino foothills in a 100 mile an hour wind driven fire.

November 26. The California fires still rage. 15,000 people are evacuated, and 360 homes destroyed. We left for Vegas at 2:25 p.m. DeeDee met us at the car, and hugged me and danced around me. We had a "produce" dinner at Terry's. Terry picks up at two super markets each day for his livestock. It yields some good grocieries as well. Tonight we went to "The Living Planet" at Caesar's Palace.

November 27. A perfect Thanksgiving day. LasVegas sunshine was just right for our dinner on Terry's patio. The tables looked beautiful with their lace coverings. All of my children were there but Shirley's and Lolene's families.

Dee Dee wanted me to pick her up. "You're such a big girl," I said. "I'll just have to give you hugs and kisses."

Later on, she came, reaching her arms up to me. "Grandma, I am little now." I had to try, but it wasn't easy.

November 28. We had a post-Thanksgiving dinner at Wayne's today. Annie, Rass and Kate were there.

November 29. Lolene's birthday. As I walked into her house this evening, Darwin was carrying a stiff body into the kitchen.

"Is there an emergency?" I asked.

"Oh no. Janna Lynn is under the weather, and Darwin is carrying her in to supper," Lolene replied.

I ate supper with the family. When Janna got through eating, she stood up on the yellow bench she had been sitting on. "Carry me back to bed now Daddy," she said. He wasn't through eating, so she paced back and forth, lamenting, "How would you like it if you couldn't walk and no one would carry you to bed." She kept walking back and forth, back and forth, insisting she couldn't walk.

Finally, she got tired of her perch, so she got down and took her stand by the kitchen cabinet. "Carry me, Daddy," she whined.

"Janna, you can walk back yourself," Darwin said.

"I'm too sick to walk," she whimpered.

Ignoring her, Darwin got up, gathered up the dishes and started to wash them, and Lolene went with me into the parlor to record some music for me. Janna Lynn just stood in the kitchen yelling that she needed to be carried to bed. After ten minutes of being ignored, she came hitching herself along on her fanny, all the way from the kitchen, through the living room into the parlor. With great effort she dragged herself along with her feet and seat.

"How would you like it if you couldn't walk and you had to come all that way on your seat?" she asked with a forsaken look on her face.

December 2. Helen went to the temple with us today. I was receptionist when Norman and Ann came in, then followed the session they were on. They were the witness couple. There's a certain, special feeling in seeing your children dressed in white doing the Lord's work. These three looked more beautiful than I can tell.

December 3. Rebecca, Kate and I went to the high school production, "The Sound of Music." Our high school puts on productions that are just as polished as the college plays.

December 4. Ermal went to Cedar to pick up a Singer sewing machine for Rebecca. That little girl is amazing. She has been sewing for two years. I got a copy of my much edited, revised Easter story today. I feel that it has been stripped of all of its humor and charm. But if I want it to sell, that's the sacrifice I have to make. This is the most edited of any story I've ever written.

December 8. Ermal ran the Singer shop in Cedar Saturday and today for Emer Jarvis. Emer and his wife went away to a funeral. I spent the two days in Cedar with Ermal shopping and sewing. This was an interesting change of pace.

December 9. Shirley and Perry's family slept in their new house in Hurricane last night for the first time. They're thrilled with the added closets, cupboards, and the newness. Rick and John are the eager movers.

December 10. We went to the temple with Maxine and Rusty this a.m. Rusty got his endowments. He is going to England on a mission.

Maxine and Rusty brought us a white flocked Christmas tree this afternoon. We've never had one so exquisite.

December 12. Clinton and I hiked along the hog's back from the look-out above town, all the way to the hot springs. There's a narrow place on the hog's back, just above the big bend in the river. From that spot, one can see the Hurricane canal, curving and clinging to the hillside, also parts of the LaVerkin canal. From one side of the ridge one can see Steamboat mountain, and the Kolob peaks. On the opposite side one can see Pine-valley mountain, and the towns of Leeds, Toquerville, LaVerkin, Hurricane and St. George, and Utah Hill. The water of the Virgin River foams white over the rapids below, and sends up its sweet music. If I had millions in the bank I would develop this spot for a park, and plant great shade trees so summer visitors wouldn't cook while they admired the view. I'd make a lovely rock wall, low enough to look over, but high enough so cars wouldn't roll off the hog's back, and have clean, white-tiled rest rooms, and pretty picnic tables, and walks and desert flowers. This would be the Founder's Park, dedicated to Grandpa and Grandma Gubler and Uncle Joe and Aunt Mae, the first permanent settlers in LaVerkin.

This evening we went to Dell's and Corinne's to an open house for their Indian girl, Alberta who has just married Dennis Smallcanyon.

December 13. I made 31 Santa Clauses out of oranges, and 31 bags of popcorn sprinkled with raisins, dried apricots, cashews and almonds, and watched Perry Como's Christmas special, "In the Holy Land."

December 14. This afternoon was our final practice at the church house for the golden wedding program. These Sundays together have been special. After the children had finished this workout, I gave them the oranges and popcorn.

December 15. When Rebecca looked at our white Christmas tree, she said, "But there's no angel on top. A Christmas tree always needs an angel." She went home, but returned a little later, bringing a little angel she had made from cotton, a bit of nylon, and white paper. It is very pretty. Leon helped her put it on top of the tree.

December 19. Tonight we went to the Christmas program put on by Scott's and Rebecca's class. Scott Stratton played the chimes, and Andy Gifford was in the boy's chorus and Rebecca was an angel. The play was the story of the Christ Child and a tree top angel. Rebecca wore her hair in ringlets. Her dress was trimmed with gold tinsel, and she wore a tinsel halo. She whirled with the other angels in a graceful dance as they sang. In the end, when the Christ Child gave the children an angel for the top of the tree, I let my tears flow.

December 20. DeMar had a crazy accident today that has put him in the hospital. A chicken he was beheading almost got off the chopping block, and in the skirmish, DeMar chopped his left hand. Dr. Capel had to patch him up, tying the severed tendons in his index finger and repairing the broken bone with a metal screw. Because of the danger of infection, he is on high-powered antibiotics. There goes one of my three guitar players for the show that is to come off tomorrow. Also, one male soloist!

December 21. Noon. Norman called. He has to make a quick run to Cove Fort to pick up Kathy and Gordon, who broke down on their way home from Orem. Norman is the narrator for our program this afternoon, and he and Gordon are both part of our male chorus. Kathy is one of our pianists, and also sings in a duet. After one month of diligent practicing, it appears that our program is falling apart.

Afternoon. Paulette got sick in Sacrament Meeting and vomited on Shirley. She had to be taken home to bed (Paulette, I mean). Helen is at the hospital with DeMar, and it's time for our final rehearsal in the Relief Society room before presenting our show to the crowds that are already gathering. Six of our cast are missing at this final hour. I have gone to my knees in deep supplication, and a feeling of peace has come over me.

Night: The show is over. Before our warming up practice in the Relief Society room, we had prayer, asking that each person would do his best, and that those that were away would safely return. As the music began, the door burst open, and Norman, grinning and greasy from mechanic work, said, "We're back!" Sounds of rejoicing filled the room. Helen arrived from the hospital, with Paulette in tow. "I'm all better," Paulette smiled. By show time, all but DeMar were groomed and in their places.

The recreation hall filled with old time friends. As the music began, my heart swelled with gratitude at the beauty and sweetness of my children, and for our guest performer, Al Snow on his saxophone. The Lord had heard and answered our prayers.

The program was the story of Ruby's and Roland's courtship, and of their double wedding in the temple 50 years ago, with Winferd and Alice. It began with a hayrack ride, and Leon's solo, "Utah Trail." The entire family sang "Moonlight and Roses," after which Al Snow on his sax, Rick on the guitar and John on the piano did "My Wild Irish Rose." Shirley and Lolene sang "Get Out and Get Under the Moon," "All I do is Dream of You," and "Dewey, Dewey, Day." Kathy and Vina sang, "Sweet Violets," and Rick and John sang "I'm Sitting on Top of the World." Rick, John, Lloyd, Gordon, and Norman sang, "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine." Norman and Lolene together filled in for the solo DeMar was to have sung, "Moonlight on the Colorado," and the male group sang "OOoh That Kiss." The entire family sang "Forever and Ever," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," with the audience joining in on the last number. Norman's running commentary tied the numbers together.

I guess the performance wasn't professional, and I'm sure it didn't go over as big to anyone else as it did to me. The fact that my children rallied around me, and did it, spoke volumes of love for each other. I could ask no greater gift for the 50th anniversary of our wedding day.

December 22. Ermal's posterity had their traditional Christmas party at Corinne's and Dell's home tonight. The family has purchased a new $300 Santa Claus suit, and Edna Gubler was the first one to wear it. She was the jolly Old Saint Nick who passed out the cracker-jacks and gifts.

December 24. I sat in front of the glass door in the kitchen to time the planet Venus as she came up in the east. She came, like a shining gem over the hill, at 6:53. It's a thrilling moment to see her rise. She comes up two minutes later each morning. (That's according to my watch. There is a fraction difference that I cannot measure.) Lolene sang "Star of the East," for me, recorded on tape.

Vaughn baked us a tree-shaped cake and iced it green. How cute of him.

December 25. Ermal's three daughters and their husbands were at our house for hot cakes at 6:30 this morning. At 6:50 I turned off the lights and seated them where they could see the sky in the east, and we talked of the star of Bethlehem. I told them to keep their eyes on the hill half way between the persimmon and catalpa tree. "There she is!" Dell exclaimed. I pressed the button on my recorder, and Lolene sang, "Star of the East."

Maxine's children shelled a gallon of pecans for us for Christmas. What a lot of shelling! Lolene's children gave me an antique doll dressed in blue velvet. The children brought family group pictures, crystal dishes, baskets of fruit, and oh so many things, and us not needing a thing! To have them here, and to enjoy their love is more than enough.

December 28. Winferd's birthday, and one more singing Sunday for my children. We gathered at Lolene's and Darwin's and recorded the program that we did last week. This time DeMar was with us.

CHAPTER 68

Mama's Centennial

(1981)

January 1. Norman's family watched the Rose Parade on TV with us this morning, and this afternoon they went upon the hill with us and DeMar's family to see where I'm going to build a scenic park when I get rich. At the big bend, or horse shoe in the river there's such a lot to see.

Russell requested that we meet with all of Ermal's children at Jim's and Dana's this evening. He said our presence was important. We were there, and so were the other children. He had called us together to break our hearts. He announced that he and Maxine were separating--that he did not love her--that theirs had never been a marriage for love. He seems to have some storybook illusion of what love is--some shallow, romantic conception. He insists there is no other woman in his life.

I am stunned. Russell and Maxine have always been so cute together--so full of life, and fun to be around. To me, Russell has always been handsome, and his good humor, and his big smile pretty special. He's so big! I can't believe he means a word he said tonight. This can't be.

I'll think of something else. Mom's birthday, on August 7th, will mark 100 years since she was born! This year will be her centennial, and it is my turn to host the George and Annie family reunion. The wheels in my head are starting to spin.

January 2. Bare trees make street lights and yard lights more glaring. They blot out the little stars, leaving only the big ones. I wish I had a ten-story high observatory above our house.

January 3. Helen and DeMar took Leon to Salt Lake to an eye specialist today.

January 6. Ermal conducted a mini class in the Virgin Ward Relief Society today on the care of sewing machines. We both ate dinner with the sisters there.

Tonight was my last night as officiator at the St. George Temple. It took great courage to ask for my release. I've so much arthritis that initiatory work was becoming quite burdensome. For the past year I've been praying myself through each session. Tonight I cleaned out my locker and handed in my key, and firmly told myself I would not be emotional about it. (My chin didn't quiver, and my eyes didn't mist, but I cried a little inside.)

January 7. Norman stopped in to say "Hi," and we visited for over an hour. How joyous it was! I am very impressed with how much he looks like my dad. More so every day.

January 8. I had a yearning to hear the ripple of the Virgin river, so I packed a lunch, and Ermal took me in the pickup down the power plant road. Winter hasn't come yet. Sauntering through the sand and willows at the water's edge made my blood tingle with the feeling of spring.

The pickup wheels spun when we tried to come back up the hill. Ermal had to let it roll back down. "Get in the back and sit on those tires," Ermal said to me. "That will give me more traction."

He had a bunch of old tires in the back, and it's a good thing he did. I perched inside of a stack of three of them, and Ermal gunned the motor. Like a tiger, the pickup growled and clawed at the big rocks on the steep incline, and I bounced out of my perch onto the other old tires. I was tossed enough to shake the arthritis out of me. I felt like a rodeo rough rider. But we made it. Ermal didn't even stop until he reached the top, to see if I was still there. I felt very heroic.

January 10. At last, I've done a fanciful thing I've always wanted to do--read a book in the bathtub. The "hot lips" bathtub pillow I got from me to me for Christmas made this possible. I read, "Do Not Go Gentle," a Reader's Digest condensed book. My bath water was bubbly and hot, and as I read I was inspired by one man's fight for life.

January 12. Went to Fredonia with Helen, DeMar and Paulette, and visited with Mildred for a couple of hours. Ermal took me out to dinner tonight. That was nice.

January 14. Blanche and Ianthus Spendlove came to see us today. Blanche looked at my African violets, and showed me how to divide them. Ermal said I'd be better off making a lemon pie instead of fussing with violets.

Elma Eyre, Art Wilcock and Horatio Gubler came tonight to practice a skit we're doing for a ward dinner.

January 15. Mama's centennial is very much on my mind. When I saw a news item in the county paper about the park superintendent at Zion, I knew I had to talk to that man. His name is John O. Lancaster. Ermal and I

went to Zion to see him, and I boldly asked for the use of the old cafeteria building to celebrate my mother's 100th birthday. The superintendent replied that they do not let the building out to individuals--that it is used for nature classes, and festivals, etc. I explained that the building is only a stone's throw from the spot where my mother, Annie Crawford was born, that the doorstep to my grandmother's house, is the red stone on the little knoll near by.

"Crawford" was the magic word. On this very day, Rupert Ruesch's book, the life story of Uncle Walter Ruesch, the first park superintendent, had been submitted to the visitor's center library, and on this very day, a parks book dedicated to J. L. Crawford (our cousin) had been received. Annie Crawford was Lewis Crawford's sister. Mr. Lancaster said the park was very indebted to the Crawfords, and because of it being Mom's 100th anniversary, we would be permitted to use the building at no cost. But we must understand, that this was confidential, and in no way could they set a precedent, that others might expect to use the building for family reunions. I wasn't sure whether I was glad, or scared.

Park naturalist, Victor Jackson, was summoned, and he set up the requested date on the park's calendar.

January 16. Darwin Gifford is in bed with a ruptured disc. Ermal fitted him out in his corsets. Kate was there doing Lolene's dishes while she waited for Clair's little boy Allen to come from play school.

Sovina Foster brought her pretty Romeo and Juliet costumes to our house for us to use in our skit. I took them to Elma Eyre.

We had an earthquake at 3:00 a.m. that registered 3 point something on the Richter scale.

January 17. The temperture stays over 60 degrees. Butterflies are hatching out, and the larkspurs are shooting up flower stalks.

January 18. Mildred and Nephi went with us to a solemn assembly in the temple this morning. Grant Bangeter and his wife, and Brother Metcalf and his wife, who are over all of the temples, were there to talk to us. We got home in time for Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting this afternoon.

January 19. Five-and-a-half hours sitting on hard church benches yesterday has made a wreck out of me. My bones ached too much to sleep last night. I hoed the weeds along the rock wall, and watched an inaugural program on TV. How glamorous! A movie star production for sure. Something new to the White House. Our president and the first lady were simply beautiful! And I loved the whole show! I must say it was not all glamour. There was good talent--the very best, and sincerity, and everything was mighty good.

January 20. We enjoyed the inauguration ceremony of President Ronald Reagan today. The prayer, the address, music, and all were inspiring. I had a very tender feeling for President Carter as they bid him goodbye. He's only 56 and President Reagan is 70, but Pres. Carter looked tired and old.

Iran has been holding American hostages for 444 days. Pres. Carter has worked so hard for their release, hoping to greet them home while he was still in office. Spitefully, Iran did not let them go, until Pres. Reagan was sworn in. On a special news report, we saw the hostages getting off the plane in Germany. I was astonished. Why, they're just kids! So young. All smiling. So happy to be released.

January 21. I weeded and thinned our volunteer lettuce and picked some for dinner, and transplanted goosberries.

January 23. DeMar's hand swelled like a boxing glove. Capel says it needs to be exercised more.

Tonight was our ward potluck party, and we did our Romeo and Juliet skit. Sovina's costumes gave the skit real class, and Elma was a darling Juliet and Duwayne a perfect Romeo. Horatio and Art were funny fathers. Their squirt gun and umbrella fight made the audience howl.

January 24. A scrumptious day. We went to Castle Caves by Panaca, then had dinner in Caliente. The chili was so hot I asked the waitress to cap it up for me to bring home. I'll make a gallon of chili out of my bowl full.

We drove along the railroad tracks and the creek through Rainbow Canyon. Wild gourds looked like lemons spilled along the tracks. We gathered juicy watercress from little islands in the warm creek. It grew clean and stalky, standing eight inches above the water.

We took a dirt road from Elgin and rode 54 miles through a Joshua forest. The dirt road was the only evidence that man had passed that way. Not even a jet streak crossed the sky. The whole world was ours. We came out 19 miles west of Mesquite.

January 26. DeMar got the steel pins taken out of his hand today.

Kay, Valene and Adrian McMullin, and Clinton and Lillian were our home evening guests tonight. Valene brought good homemade pies, and Lillian tender green peas--oh so nice. I had prepared chicken and rice. We had a happy time together.

January 27. Paulette came down through the lot, barefooted and in her nightgown. She asked if she could have some flowers, so I let her have some crocus. She pulled them right out of their little green boots. I put a flower frog in a glass dish, and she slid the little flower tubes right down over the spikes on the frog. (Crocus blooms won't close up if they have a spike in their throats.) Paulette tiptoed tenderfooted back, fascinated as she watched the water in the dish splash. "You're a flower-frog, huh," she said to the frog.

At the temple tonight, Sister Thorley asked me to come to the lounge room. All of the sisters were there except those following sessions seven and eight. They gave me Boyd K. Packer's temple book, and the signatures of all of the Tuesday workers were in it. They looked like angels robed in white. How blessed I am for having had the experience of working with them.

January 29. As I hung clothes on the line I was quite entertained by a feathered flurry in the pear tree. A dozen or so sparrows were fighting over last year's ragged nest. They darted and chased at every bird that tried to claim the nest. Transfixed, I watched and listened to the family feud staged against the backdrop of the stormy sky.

I'm so creaky with arthritis that sometimes I get sick of plodding. I lay in the bathtub and slept. My mother never knew the luxury of sleeping on an air pillow in a foamy bath, much less laying there, taking cream of wheat through a straw. These things are the sweet uses of adversity.

January 30. For goodness sake! This day was a special family day, and here we are, both Ermal and I with the krud! (Crampers, Ermal calls it.) Lloyd and Vina were married in the temple today, and little Rose Ann was sealed to them. I almost couldn't stand to miss it, but I wasn't fit to go. Norman, Ann, DeMar, Helen, Perry, Shirley and Lolene were there. Darwin is still flat on his back.

The children all called with their happy reports about being in the east sealing room in the temple together, and how thrilled Lloyd and Vina were and how cute little Rosie was.

February 1. Our people fasted and prayed for rain.

February 2. Rick and Clayton were operated on today. Rick had cysts removed from the tendons in his wrist, and Clayton had to have a bone in his hand rebroken and set right.

Rebecca, Annie and I visited Lee and Lillis Spencer today. I wanted my little granddaughters to see the Spencers' world treasures. Lilis showed them the beautiful crystal, and china and shells and carvings mostly from Australia, and Lee showed them his rock chimes that are transparent and thin, and rock jewelry. He gave them each a pin. They popped corn for the kids, and Lilis played the organ for them.

Leon brought his baby rabbits to see us. They hopped around on our table and ate watercress and left a wet spot on the lace table cloth. Later he brought a big rabbit that sheds down that floats and flies on things.

February 4. I went with Lolene to see Darwin at the hospital. He is in for a dye check. She took him a milkshake. Big laugh. He was so sick he couldn't even stand the sight of us.

February 5. I visited Russell at his office at Hurricane Sand and Gravel by appointment this evening. I couldn't reconcile myself to the idea that he was actually breaking up his home. We had a good visit, and he seemed very kind, but I realized there was no convincing a man against his will.

February 6. Today is Aaron Gifford's eleventh birthday. It is also Ronald Reagan's and Aaron Burr's birthdays. Aaron Gifford, and his mom are in bed with the flu, and his dad is being operated on today. I stayed with Lolene and her family today. As I went in this morning, Lolene and the six children were kneeling around her bed in family prayer. Lolene was helping Shauna pray for their daddy.

Darwin was in surgery for five hours. They took bone from his hip to fuse his spine.

February 7. Darwin is too full of shots to know much. Lolene and Aaron still have the flu. I stayed with them today.

February 8. Ermal and I spent the evening with Lolene's children while Shirley and Perry took her to the hospital to see Darwin. He was exhausted from so much Sunday company.

February 9. A misty, moist morning.

Ermal's children had a potluck dinner at Dell's and Corinne's tonight, then Dell took us all to the furniture store where he hooked up a movie to five TV sets, and we watched "Star Wars."

February 10. Little Susanna had a tear duct opened up today, plus a hernia operation. I took Lolene, Shauna and Kendall Paul to St. George, and stayed in the car with the little ones while she visited Darwin, then I went in to see Shirley and Perry. Susanna was still sleeping. She looked so tiny. Damp curls were clinging to her forehead.

February 12. Kathy gave Lolene a ticket to "South Pacific," the Dixie College musical, and she and Mimsi Harrison stayed with the children for the evening. She got reservations for both of us. We went early so Lolene could spend an hour with Darwin.

Darwin's mom, Aleath, left a necklace, earrings and a heart-shaped box box of chocolates so Darwin could give his wife a valentine.

February 13. Dixie and Foster Harrison brought a lemon pie with whipped cream on to share with us after dinner. Harrisons went on to their ranch and Ermal took two of his grandsons, Scott and Laron, to Coal Pitts. Our prayers for rain have been answered, and the road up the Coal Pitts hill was slick. The pickup couldn't make it, so Ermal tried to back down, and ran off the road onto the soft shoulder, almost to tip over into the canyon. (Scott's little friend, Ronnie Howard was with them too.) They all had to bail out. It was a long walk back to the highway before anyone picked them up. DeMar returned with Ermal to get the pickup.

February 14. Valentine morning, Jim came early to give us a hug and a kiss. Ermal was on the floor taking his exercises, so Jim pounced on him, tickling him. They rolled and laughed like cub bears.

Shauna stayed with us while Lolene went to the hospital to spend Valentine's day with Darwin. April, Rebecca, Katie and Paulette came, so we popped corn. After the others were gone, I sat in the rocking chair on the patio with Shauna on my lap, and we watched the sparrows, and I sang, "In the Leafy Tree Tops."

"Do you know 'Eency, Weency Spider?'" I asked.

Shauna nodded.

"How does it go?"

"I'm not going to tell you," she said.

"Then I'll have to sing it wrong." So I did, and she hurried to correct me, and sang it all.

We continued to rock and watch passing cars. When Lolene's van came, she hopped from my lap, all smiles.

February 15. Darwin came home today. And today was Rusty Limb's testimonial. He is going on a mission to England. Thora Gubler reported her mission today.

February 16. Rusty was set apart at 5:00 p.m. at home today. All of Ermal's children and their mates were there, as well as the Stake President and the Bishop.

February 18. I went to a luncheon at high school with Shirley, Kate and Lolene. Rick, John and Kelly played "The Rocket Man" while we ate. Watching them is half the fun of listening to them. They're handsome.

February 19. Poor Ermal. He's so full of troubles. He has a sinus infection, and a felon on his finger, and Charlie horses that drive him wild. And his rototiller hit one of my flagstones in the garden breaking a

cog or something, and he got a little bit mad at me. Besides that, he doesn't feel so good. He's going to get rid of his pickup. He isn't going to haul wood anymore. He's not going to cut posts ever again. He's going to sell his chain saw. He isn't going to grow sweet potatoes anymore. He isn't interested in anything.

"Well now, that's a pity," I said. "I saw sweet potatoes in Graffs that have eyes that look like they're just crazy to start growing."

"Huh?" he says.

He kind of eased out of the house. Now he's back and there are three sweet potatoes with tooth picks stuck in them to hold their tips in three bottles of water, and Ermal is peering at them as though he expects them to start sprouting instantly.

February 22. Jim and LaPriel are home from their mission and this evening Wayne, Kate, Ermal and I took our supper to their house. LaPriel fixed a country style roast pork ribs. Clinton wasn't well, so he couldn't come.

February 23. Dr. Callahan gave Ermal a physical examination and said he was fit and fine and charged him $51.00. "A waste of money, since he couldn't find anything wrong with me. Especially since we had to sit in his waiting room for two hours. Might as well been home doing something." Being okay can be dissapointing.

But the trip to St. George wasn't wasted, because we went out to dinner together, and then Ermal went to a dental lab to get two teeth glued into his upper plate. They always fall out when he eats carmel corn.

We cruised to Snow's Canyon. Cottonwoods there are in full foilage. On our way home we detoured to where the Harrisburg creek dumps into the river. Cottonwoods there are in full bloom, and humming with honey bees. I showed Ermal the Indian grinding pots in the flat rock beds.

At home we gathered boquets of almond blossoms from the peach-almond tree down the lane. It's okay to pick these flowers, because the tree only bears peach pits covered with almond hulls. The blossoms are beautiful. I got in the Rambler to take blossoms to Kate, when something whispered, "Take them to Hazel Payne," so I did. She is bedridden. As she smiled up at me from her pillow, I was happy that I was prompted to take the blossoms to her.

February 24. DeMar topped one pecan tree today. I could hardly work in my flower bed, because I had to watch him.

February 25. Clouds are riding in on a south wind tonight. We have had one minute of noisy splats of rain.

February 26. Daybreak, and soft, steady rain. Later: Clouds breaking up make a beautiful sky. Watery sunlight sends rainbow hues through raindrops on the bare branches. The daffodils smile.

I made pizza for dinner, and Ermal was impressed. Normally I don't cook things that take more than one ingredient. I prefer to bake a potato, or slice a tomato or something like that.

Ben Wilkin wrote the editorial for our ward newsletter this month. He told us what precious folks we were, and how much the bishopric loved us. At the end of his letter, he said, "Read Matthew 23:27-40," so we

turned to the Bible and read, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." He called us serpents, a generation of vipers, "how can ye escape the damnation of hell" etc. All that coming from sweet Ben Wilken?

Chuckling, I called the bishop and asked him to check the reference at the end of his letter. The bishop called Ben, and Ben called us, full of explanations and apologies. The reference should have been Matthew 21:37 "But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, they will reverence my son."

February 27. Dell and Corinne had Lolene and Darwin as their guests in the furniture store this evening, where they watched the film, "The Music Man." This was nice, because Darwin could lay on one of the couches and enjoy it.

March 3. I got a permanent today. When I got home, Ermal had bathed to get ready to go to the temple. He was dressed, all but his feet.

"I don't know what happened, but I can't bend my back," he said. He was in lots of pain. I dressed his feet, and he made a fire in the fireplace and lay down in front of it, and I read him to sleep.

While he slept, I ran over to Shirley's and Perry's for a few minutes. When I got home, Ermal was sprawled on our bed, gasping his last. His face was ashen and he couldn't move anything but his hands and his toes. I was scared.

To make him comfortable I had to drag him by the arms and legs, and on a water bed that sloshes right along with the dragging, I had a real task to get him out of his jeans with the heavy, rock trimmed, silver buckled belt, heavy pockets with wallet, keys and pocketknife, pull off his shoes and stockings. I had to pull him into a sitting position to get the bedspread out from under him, and get him in to his pajamas and in bed. He's such a lot of man, and was so helpless. We both felt like this was our very last combined effort.

I called Dell Stout and asked him to get the ambululance. Dell came puffing and panting to see what was up. He talked to Ermal and they both decided something in his back had slipped. (I hoped my getting the man into bed wasn't going to be the thing that would cause paralysis. I only did as he asked me to do.)

Ermal's flesh was twitching, and muscle spasms were grabbing the small of his back. Dell said he shouldn't be moved. He called Dr. Plunkett and he told him to pick up some pills to stop the spasms. Ermal could hardly talk.

Dennis Stout was driving through Provo in a snow blizzard, with a load of furniture. Stouts have some way of talking to their men on the truck, so Dell talked to Dennis, who is a chiropractor, and Dennis said, "Don't move Grandpa. I'll be home at about 1:00 in the morning."

DeMar and Dell gave Ermal a blessing. He is going to get better.

March 4. Dennis came in the night and gave Ermal a partial adjustment. It is interesting to see a doctor jump on a patient in a water bed. Ermal sort of disappeared with each adjustment. Dennis came again this morning and got him on the floor. Ermal got dressed and managed to walk a little. I still had to dress his feet.

The question is, how can a man's back slip out when all he did was get up? Ermal wonders if he picked up that 25 pound bag of potting soil wrong the other day.

March 5. Back to Dr.Callahan we go. This time he didn't say Ermal was fit and fine. He says his blood test shows too many white cells, but he doesn't know why. That helps.

A night wind blows. Ghosts are rocking in our patio chairs.

March 8. Ermal often jests that "baths is weakenin'." I'm beginning to believe him. Getting down in the tub was too hard, so today he took a shower. He barely got dressed when he collapsed on the couch and moaned, "I've got to go to the hospital." This was in the afternoon after conference. I telephoned one doctor after another, but they were all somewhere protecting their day of rest. Oh dear! Ermal's system froze up on him. He couldn't urinate, and he got down on his hands and knees to get some horrible hemorrhoids to go in that wouldn't. By 10:00 tonight we got Dr. Houston in Bloomington, and he said to rush Ermal to the hospital. Dell drove the van for us.

Monday, March 9. Ermal was operated on at 10:00 this morning. Dr. Houston said he was the prize winner for size of hemorrhoids. Whatever Ermal does, he tries to outdo everyone else.

March 12. We brought Ermal home today. I am so glad I don't have to drive to St. George every day and sit in the hospital, even though it has been a social center for our family. Our children have all gathered around us.

I talked to Grant Heber, the physical theparist, and he said a man's back can go out on him doing nothing. He said that Ermal will have to get back to doing the back exercises Capel gave him a year ago, and that he should walk a mile, four times a day.

March 16. "Mother, if you want to be here when John opens his mission call, be here in two minutes," Shirley phoned. We were there. Also, Lolene and Darwin. John works in LaVerkin, but took time off to come and open his mail. While he tore the envelope open, we all made our guesses where he would be called, but none of us thought of South America. John is called to serve in Uruguay.

Lolene sprawled over a beanbag chair and mopped her eyes, and Shirley sat on the floor against the couch where John sat reading. She kept her head bowed, and I knew why. My own eyes were smarting and my spine tingled as John read President Kimball's letter.

Ermal still has troubles. He took a test to Dr. Plunkett and the results are very bad. I walked in the yard and grieved. I felt like this was the beginning of the end. Then a spirit of peace came over me.

March 17. Marilyn phoned to visit. She's excited about the prospects of becoming a grandma. Susan's baby is due on DeMar's birthday.

Oh dear! Christopher Adams, DeNae's and Gary's little boy, was born on 12 January this year! (Christopher, we didn't mean to overlook this!)

The town grader left a ditch one and one-half feet across Ermal's trailer court drive. When Ermal asked the town to fix it, the mayor said anyone with any civic pride would fix it himself. And Ermal feeling so awful!

March 18. Rick took Shirley and me to the Sterling Award banquet at Dixie College tonight. Perry was away, so I went in his place. Rick got a music award. The banquet and the program was nice.

March 19. Paulette came to play after dinner, just when I was ready for a snooze. "Go play with Grandpa," I said. Grandpa was ready for s nap too, so Paulette went home and reported, "My two grandmas are asleep. One of them is on the bed, and one of them is on the floor."

March 20. Leon came tapping at our bedroom door early this morning. "Grandma, what can I wash my rooster's eye with?" he asked. "Norman Gates gave him to me. When I put him with the chickens, he fights the other roosters, and now he can't open this one eye." In his arms he held a fancy gold, red and black speckled rooster. I had him pick some comfrey leaves, and told him how to fix it.

Foster Harrison was in charge of the high priest's pie party tonight, and we couldn't go. Ermal wasn't up to it. He has lost twelve pounds in the last little while.

March 21. Today is a heartbreaking day. Terry phoned that Susan has left him. She has moved into an apartment. The hurt is almost more than I can bear. We're still so grief-stricken over Russell leaving Maxine, and now this.

March 23. I'm working with David Morrill on his first aid merit badge. Today, I asked him what he would do to help an injured companion out in the hills. "I'd pray," he replied. "And then what next?" "I'd get on my walkie talkie and call a helicopter," he said.

March 24. A letter came today from Bonnie Snow in Provo, asking permission to use my stories published in the Friend in flannel board packets. She said already she has seen the story, "Rebecca Repents" made up into a flannel board story. I feel complimented.

March 27. Today was Sherrie's spotlight at kindergarten. John delighted the children with some skipping and hopping piano music. Shirley illustrated the rubber tree song while the children sang, and showed Sherrie's baby pictures, and other pictures. Sherrie gave each child a plastic Easter egg full of candy, and I was happy to be her grandma and her guest.

Tonight Lloyd and Jim were in a ward play. Jim was the villain in a black top hat and cape. Very wickedly he roared and leaped about on the stage.

March 30. Maxine is in the hospital with an ear infection. Shirley, Clayton and I went to see her. Clayton had a pin removed out of his finger--the pin inserted when his finger was repaired. DeMar was there getting a lump removed from his lip. We're beginning to feel quite at home at the hospital. We've certainly had a lot of our family there.

While we were having our dinner downstairs, an announcement came over the P.A. that President Reagan had been shot. Also, the White House press secretary, and an FBI man and a policeman had been shot.

April 1. Terry's birthday. Surely there will be happier birthdays for him than this one. Susan had a miscarriage today. Under the raging circumstances, I guess it's best that this little child rejected to come to their household. Maxine has filed for divorce. To think that Ermal and I each have a child that is losing a companion. It is Satan plus insanity.

April 4. General conference. Boyd Packer talked about divorce. He spoke of the bright hope for the marriage partner who does not break up their marriage, and of the consequences for the one who does.

Tonight our house ticked like a clock for a moment, and the water bed felt like the tide was coming in. Ermal was in the kitchen, and I was in the bed alone. It had to be an earth tremor.

April 5. The news said an earthquake centered at Zion registered 3.2 on the Richter scale, at 10:40 last night.

April 8. While Ermal was at the temple this evening I ate my supper in the back yard where I could listen to the robin's goodnight song and enjoy the crescent moon and Jupiter, Saturn and Sirius. The air was sweet, and I enjoyed perfect peace.

April 9. Yesterday, when Ermal took his walk, he picked up a neatly folded dollar bill. Today, as he slowed down for a stop sign, he saw a dirty green folded paper. He picked up two, one dollar bills.

"What shall I buy with them?" he asked.

"Strawberries," I exclaimed.

He bought frozen strawberries and cottage cheese, and we ate supper in the van on top of the LaVerkin hill where we could enjoy the sunset and watch the white moon turn to silver, and the big stars come out.

April 10. Thin wisps of smoke curling through the branches of the mulberry tree sent me scurrying outside. There was not a sign of smoke anywhere but transparent mists drifted softly through the tree. With the tree trunk to shade my eyes from the morning sun, I watched from the west side. Many puffs of smoke came like will-o-the-wisps--pollen puffing out from the mulberry blossoms. A thrilling phenomenon!

Terry and the children came tonight. No Susan.

April 11. Our front door softly closing awoke me in the early dawn. Getting into my robe and slippers I walked outside. I could see Terry and Tyrone walking along the lane west of Ovando's field. I stood in the road and watched as they went. An apple tree, pink and white with blossoms, grew in the fence. Terry straddled the ditch, so all I could see was his long legs from behind the tree. His hand reached out to Tyrone, and Ty reached for his father's. Terry picked up his little boy and lifted him among the blossoms. Beautiful. My heart yearned for things as they should be.

April 12. Terry has returned to LasVegas. He left Dee Dee with Shirley and Tyrone with Lolene.

April 13. Shirley awoke us at 12:20 a.m. to see the northern lights. They were more brilliant than we've ever seen them. Ermal awoke Jim and Corinne.

This morning, Ermal and I watched the love affair between our male mulberry tree, and the seedling clump of mulberries growing in DeVar's pasture fence across the street. When the green, caterpillar like blossom clusters pop open, pollen explodes in a tiny cloud that drifts on the air current to the seedling trees from the male tree. Bursts of pollen flash rainbow colors in the bright sun before drifting on.

The space shuttle Columbia took off yesterday.

April 14. The pale green blossoms on our mulberry tree are beginning to fall, and the seedling clump in the fence sends back her message, "I love you berry much." She is covered with tiny, green berries.

From the fascination with the little drama in our yard, I go inside and turn on the TV to watch the exciting, great drama of outer space. After 36 orbits around the world in 55 hours, the space shuttle landed at Edwards AFB at 11:22 a.m. right on the second, and exactly on the X at the Air Force Base. Pilot John Young, who has walked on the moon and has made five trips in space, manually landed the shuttle. In the comfort of our home we watched until pilot and co pilot Bob Crippin, disembarked, a thrilling first for the U.S.A.

On our way to the temple, we stopped at Shirley's to pick up John's mission announcement for the Spectrum. Dee Dee asked, "Why do I have to go places? I want my mama." She led me to Sherrie's bedroom and showed me her clothes in a paper sack. "And this is my Sunday dress," she said, showing me her little dress lying on the floor in an empty closet.

"That dress is first in one place, then another," Shirley said.

Dee Dee was seeking security in the few familiar things of her own.

April 15. We went to Clintons this morning to examine a mulberry blossom through his ten power glass. Some pollen explosions took place on the twig, right while I held it in my hand. Clint said he had seen entire juniper trees explode in a cloud of pollen when he was on the mountain plowing.

Shirley called. Dee Dee is homesick, and being very naughty. Tyrone is almost tongue tied. He has a real speech problem. This separation is ruining the children.

April 16. Shirley made Dee Dee a pretty little Easter dress today. Susan called, weeping with loneliness for her children, and recalling grievances from years past.

April 19. Darwin Gifford was set apart as second counselor to Bishop Mack Sanders today. Twelve men, including Gerald, Ermal, Norman and Terry laid their hands on Darwin's head.

Terry and his children ate dinner with us and went to our Easter program. We celebrated DeMar's birthday at his house with cake and ice cream, then visited at Norman's house.

April 21. Paulette discovered how to use my staple machine today, and stapled the papers from my wastebasket to the bedspread in our spare room. Her interior decorating seems to date back to my taping Christmas cards and valentines to the front door, and to the pass-through from the kitchen to the living room. She fastens papers and labels on the backs of chairs, under the table, inside cupboard doors--I find her mark <u>everywhere</u>.

April 23. Marilyn called this morning to announce the arrival of my first great-grandson. Susan's little boy arrived yesterday at 5:30 p.m. (Matthew.)

April 24. This is the year of bounteous bagworms. We went on a cookout this afternoon with LaPriel & Jim, Edith & Gene, Clinton & Lillian, and Kate and Wayne. The cottonwoods all along the creek past the Virgin oil wells are naked, except for bagworms and cottonwood beanies. When we

arrived at our picnic spot, caterpillars were dropping from the trees like rain. The gnarled tree trunks were draped with curtains of worm webs, and a carpet of fuzzy, squirming caterpillars heaped in a mass over the spreading base of the old trees. They moved, escalator like, in a solid sheet across the ground. I was amazed that Jim had put the Dutch ovens on in such a place. He had the sausages and potatoes already cooking when we arrived.

We ate next to the creek. We had to keep stomping off caterpillars that crawled up our pant legs. It would have been crazy to even walk under a tree. The Northcreek crossing is a very pretty place for a picnic when it isn't overpopulated.

April 25. Terry's family came tonight, including Susan. They're here for John's testimonial. When they arrive, we are blessed with snakes and toads. They picked up two snakes on their way up. Brett had one wrapped around his neck when they arrived.

Tyrone never comes to the house when he gets out of the car, but heads straight for the ditch. In no time at all he was gooey with mud tonight, and came to the door clutching a toad in each hand. I hate that dirty ditch, but it's the most important part of LaVerkin to Ty. I wish Terry could hook on to it and drag it to LasVegas.

Dee Dee gathered a boquet for me. It is unique. She gathered sacarty, old sunflower seed heads, weatherbeaten milkweed pods on dry sticks, and a twig of green apples. I put it in a vase on the table for a conversation piece.

April 26. John's testimonial. Perry's and Shirley's talks were full of audience chuckles and to the point. Foster Harrison's was beautiful, and John's was humble and sweet. I talked first of all and the mike wasn't working then, so no one heard me. Lolene and John sang, "In the Hollow of Thy Hand."

May 1. Ermal let John and me out in front of the temple, then he went on an errand. Walking in the temple with my beautiful missionary grandson was a tingling experience. I introduced him to Pres. Bowler, who took him over, then I went to the locker room to dress. Then the family came--Perry & Shirley, Norman & Ann, Darwin & Lolene, Jim & LaPriel, Carl & Vanda Wadsworth, Vina, Kate, Rosalba and Ovando & Edna. We had dinner together in the temple, then went on the 6:20 session.

After the session, Jim, LaPriel, Kate,, Ermal and I went to the trailer court in Middleton to visit Edith and Gene.

May 3. John was set apart by President Beatty. He also came to our testimony meeting to bear his testimony. This was a sweet Sabbath.

Yesterday President Bowler was released as temple president, and President Kimball installed President Russon.

May 5. Lolene and I went to a muscular dystrophy clinic in St. George today. It's a joke. Those guys just have a job spending Jerry Lewis's telethon money. They have us drive to St. George so they can ask us how we are. Some of the paid personnel are strange. After I did situps and windmilled my arms for the guy who examined me, he asked, "Are you bitter because you were born into a family with MD?"

"No."

"You aren't? Doesn't it embarrass you to be seen walking into this clinic?"

"Of course not. Why should it?"

"Because some people are ashamed to have MD."

"That's stupid. There are hundreds of things that are worse--for instance, a bad attitude."

"How do you explain that?"

"Are you LDS?"

"Yes."

"Then you should know. MD is simply a mortal affliction. It's part of our test. Everyone has some kind of a test. If I were to choose, I'd rather have a physical disability than a mental one--but then we don't pick and choose. We do the best we can with what we have."

"An unusual thought."

"Not at all. Haven't you noticed that when a person is afflicted in one way, he is compensated in another--like a blind person having extra keen hearing? When I was in high school, I overheard our principal say that the students in our school with the highest IQ's were the ones from the families with MD. I'm proud of my folks. They're great."

"Amazing!" the young doctor said.

May 7. Last night after our temple session, Dalleys and Walkers of Summit, gave us arm loads of rhubarb. Ermal bought a case of strawberries, and today I've been making pies to freeze and to eat.

May 8. Leah Pearce and I have talked of going to Springdale to visit our cousins, for a long time. Today we did it. Leah picked up Kate, LaPriel and me at 9:30 this morning, and we didn't get home until 7:00 tonight. First we stopped at Elva Twitchell's, and she went with us to Della Higleys. They both went with us to Beulah Hosey's. (Della's son makes boots of buffalo hides, fit to the actual cast of a person's foot. With a gem stone in the fancy tooled front, the boots sell for $1,000 a pair.)

Elva went with us to LaDessa Miller's and she and LaDessa stayed with us the rest of the day. We visited Rupert Ruesch, Ross Rozelle, Leata Olsen, had dinner at Grandma's Kitchen, then visited Sylvia Gifford, Myrtle Winder, Paul Crawford, Jerome Gifford, and Lucy Schiefer. Millers have a strutting peacock. Lucy gave us some hot bread and butter and little pyracantha plants. This was the visitingest cousinest day of my life, and total fun. Leah is a great chauffeur and a tender family person. All of Aunt Mary Stout's children are tender family folks.

May 13. Pope Paul was shot, but not killed. Shooting presidents and popes is satanic buisness.

May 14. My sisters and brothers (all except Mildred and Bill) visited at Annie's this afternoon. Ermal and I returned home alone, after stopping at the Kentucky Fried Chicken Cafe. Evening shadows made the country beautiful as we returned home. We played our Jim Reeves tapes. Mini-vacations are nice.

May 17. As we sat down to dinner, the phone rang. "Could you bring the van to the old South Ward Chapel and take Wayne to the hospital?" It was Darwin Gifford. As Wayne came down the ramp in his wheel chair, the railing came off in his hand. He fell from the chair, landing on his face on the cement down below. His lower lip was cut clear through.

Wayne refused to ride on the bed in the van, so Darwin took him in Wayne's car, and I went with them. The doctor took 25 stitches in Wayne's lip.

May 18. Wayne's accident didn't keep him from our family get-together before Edith and Gene return to Orem. Edith, Gene, LaPriel, Kate, Clint, Wayne, Ermal and I went to Kolob. We showed Edith and Gene the old slick rock road and Lava Point. We ate dinner in the oaks at the foot of the hill.

May 21. Tonight the elementary faculty gave a party honoring Ardella as she retires from teaching school. All of her brothers and sisters were there except Clark and Donworth. Her children, grandchildren and local nieces and nephews were there. A dinner was served by the faculty and the lunch room people. Tributes paid to Ardella were sentimental, cute, and humorous. When Horatio told about Ardella and Dawn Graff burning the barn down when they were little, the fire siren went off and wouldn't quit. It drowned out his story.

May 22. A totally uninterrupted day--not even one phone call or knock on the door. I even played the organ and finished reading "The Bishop's Horserace," by Yorgason. That was fun.

May 26. "Grandma! Come and see the popcorn falling," Paulette exclaimed. The breeze is piling the blossoms from our magnificant catalpa tree on the lawn.

May 28. Ermal and I celebrated our 14th wedding anniversary by taking a jaunt to Bryce Canyon to visit Mildred and Nephi who are working there. Silently, we stood on the rim absorbing the beauty of the canyon. A man from New Jersey softly said, "Sort of makes you know who's boss, doesn't it!"

Tonight we went to Rick's and Marie's graduation exercises. Blaine Yorgason was the speaker. He said it was better to aim for the sun and miss than to aim for a manure pile and strike it. He said that even students' grades were but an opinion. Poor grades do not have to determine one's goals. He failed three classes in high school--Book of Mormon, oil painting and English composition. He went on to become a seminary teacher, has published seven books, illustrates the jackets (I love what he has done with the jacket of the Bishop's Horserace) and has sold movie rights to some of his books. He was not boastful about this, but honest and humorous.

June 3. When I sprayed weeds on the ditch bank today, I got too close to the edge and fell in, sprayer and all. I landed sitting down in the squishy, gooey mud and had to roll over like a pig in a wallow to get out. I was covered good with black slime. I couldn't strip off outside, and I couldn't come in the house either. I was in a quandary.

I took off my shoes and stockings and hosed off my jeans. Annie and Rebecca were in the living room cleaning my china cupboard,so I got them to put my robe in the grainery. There I could strip off and come in for my bath.

I used to love to dust the beautiful things in my Grandma Isom's corner brackets. She had rare ornaments of crystal and china. Now, when my little granddaughters say, "Grandma, can we clean your china cupboard," I'm glad they ask, because I hope they enjoy it just as I used to do.

June 4. In Wayne's upstairs I ran on to a tube with some Cloverine salve premium pictures, ready to be framed. They looked so good to me. I used to sell Cloverine salve when I was little, and for each purchase, I gave the customer a picture. My sisters were at Wayne's the day I ran on to these. I brought them downstairs and asked if I could have them. They all agreed that I should, so today I got the glass cut and had two of them framed.

June 6. An interesting place to see is the old Irontown ruins. We scouted around there today, Ermal, Kate and I, before going to Bill and Virginia Palmer's golden wedding in Cedar City. At the wedding we visited with a host of cousins on the Isom side.

June 7. Brett is at summer camp, so Terry brought his other three children to LaVerkin to stay indefinitely. He's hoping loneliness, on their mother's part, will bring all of his family together again.

June 8. Israel bombed Iraq's nuclear plant at Bagdad yesterday. Is this the beginning of the end?

June 10. Susan phoned. She is being torn to pieces about her children.

June 11. Ermal made me a tepee from steel posts today, and Shirley gave me seven pair of old panty hose to weave my tepee together with. Old nylons make a perfect binding twine for anything that is needed in the garden, like making tepees or tying up grape vines. I planted Kentucky Wonder beans to climb on mine.

Susan came after her children tonight, and I returned to LasVegas with her. Sheldon stayed with Norman and Ann.

June 12. Today we packed a lunch and Susan, Ty and Dee Dee and I went to Scout Camp on Spring Mountain to the Pinion Pine Camp. Terry was already there with Brett. We enjoyed the stake family cookout of Dutch oven beef stew. At the campfire court of honor 80 boy scouts received awards. There were lots of cute skits and fun singing. Tonight I'm back at Susan's apartment.

June 13. This morning Susan had to go to a traffic school because she ran a stop sign. Terry picked me up and we went to Marilyn's for breakfast. I went on a garden tour with Chance, and then on the produce run (the Petunia Pig project) with Terry. He picks up at some of the supermarkets, the fruits and vegetables that are a little less than fresh, and sorts out the best and the rest goes to his pigs, calves and poultry. I thoroughly enjoyed going with him and visiting with him.

I planned on taking the Greyhound to come home, but Chance decided to come to Utah for a load of hay, so he and Terry brought me home. Our trip was a jovial one.

June 16. Terry phoned tonight. He's so alone, and his children are sad, wanting to come home and wanting their mother to come with them.

June 17. I'm working feverishly on plans for the Isom reunion. I've been collecting music and working on a family play for a couple of months.

Ermal helped me build a propagating bed of coarse sand, with a fine mist spray in the middle. In it I've put dozens of cuttings of everything from almonds, jujubes, grapes, lilacs, mums, phlox, figs and roses. I'm excited about it, and the robins love it. They are so pretty hopping under the mist.

June 18. Darwin & Lolene's family went to Oak Grove Monday evening. Today, (Thursday) Lolene discovered they had brought a wood tick home with them. It had latched himself onto Janna Lynn on the hair line at the back of her neck, and he was fat and full.

Janna went into hysterics when she found she was hosting the little critter. She bawled and carried on something awful. Lolene called me and asked what to do, and I told her to daub kerosene on the tick, which she did. The little varmint quit wiggling, but he didn't fall off instantly like they seemed to expect him to.

Janna wouldn't calm down. She was doomed to become a mental case unless they did something, so they took her to the medical center in St. George. The doctor took tweezers and picked the bug off--no charge. They put the tick in a Kleenex and gave it to Darwin.

When they got home, Janna wanted to see it. She opened the tissue, bent her head over the dead little thing and said, "Oh, isn't it cute!" What a climax.

Wayne and Amelia Wilson got me to come to their home and make a recording about my baptism for their daughter Afton Ballard who lives in Miami, Florida. Afton is Spiritual Living teacher there. I've been getting some feedback since I was quoted in our Relief Society lesson manual, on my story in the Friend. I was embarrassed at stake leadership meeting when they quoted me. I didn't know I was in the manual until I got there. That's what I get from not studying my lesson in advance.

June 19. Ermal dashed in to tell me Loren Squire's house was on fire. The Hurricane and LaVerkin sirens were going, and police cars and fire engines screamed past our house. Not even a whisper of a breeze was blowing. Black, thick, fire-spark bedecked smoke funneled straight up and up. People flocked like chickens from all directions, collecting on the church parking lot to see the glowing incinerator sizzling the pecan and walnut trees.

Fortunately Loren's house was not on fire, but it was his workshop in the rear. No one was home. Loren had just gone to St. George to do some shopping, and Amelia was in Salt Lake to a grandson's wedding. The fire department did a wonderful job, because there were a lot of coops and sheds in the back that did not burn.

June 20. I've always wanted to go to a potluck wedding, and now I finally have. Chester Hardy and Laura Wiggins were married today, and they had a potluck reception in Chester's yard. It was very, very good. Chester prepared barbecue beef in his homemade grill--oh so good!

Chester is a welding genius. He has welded hundreds of feet of iron fence around his place, made a steel porch swing, and porch railings and planter railings, a picnic retreat, with the best cooking facilities, table, chairs, etc. and in the yard a handsome merry-go-round that is real tricky and clever, and a mechanical swing that is tall, tall, with a light on top of it, and a set of three swings for different sizes of children. Between his and hers and theirs, they have nine children.

June 21. Father's Day. Pappy reveled in the royal feast set before him of beefsteak and pie, then went to the grape arbor and installed the two nylon hammocks that I gave him. In the afternoon all of our local children arrived, bringing a Vitalizer. They sang "happy Father's Day," "happy birthday" to Alice, and then to Ermal, "happy labor day," "happy Thanksgiving" then stopped before they got to Christmas. This gift was from the whole batch of them, and it sits in the middle of our living room under the cooler blast, inviting us to vitalize everytime we pass by.

Our house bulged with kids, sprawled on the floor in front of TV and the Disney hour, climbing over the planter, and filling the living room. When the sun disappeared, they did too.

June 24. Leon is working in the movies at Grafton. They're filming a show about the Arizona raid on the polygamists.

June 26. I went on a field trip with Lolene and her children today. It began at our house, with Aaron taking charge. After prayer, all of the children gathered around the organ and sang while Lolene played. We saw the first home that was built in LaVerkin, which is the little rock building south of the church house. It was built by Uncle Joe Gubler. We saw the rock garage behind Ovando's house, where the second home was, and the first store and post office. We visited the place where the apostles slept when they stayed at Bishop Wilson's home. In Hurricane, we went to Sheldon Wright's. In his back yard is the grainery that used to be my mom's and dad's first home when I was a baby. It has been moved from the lot where we lived. And we saw the first house in Hurricane, and the house where my twin brother, George, died. Then the children toured Wayne's upstairs. The girls were taken up with the box of hats that we brought home from Kansas.

June 27. Terry, Brett, and scoutmaster Wilson had breakfast with us this morning. Terry is on his way to Camp Dell Webb on Kolob for a scoutmaster's week of training.

Ermal and I went to St. George to see Lolene's Joker-Joker birthday act at Dick's Cafe. Her clowning got a lot of attention.

There was a faith healer from Beal, who said that pain wasn't real. When he sat on a pin that punctured his skin, he said, "I dislike what I feel." (I heard this over the radio on our way home from St. George.)

June 28. Edna Gubler asked that my children sing the same songs for the Gubler reunion that they did for Ruby and Roland's reception. They gathered here this afternoon for a practice. This time, everyone at the reunion will sing.

June 30. Going to the temple on Tuesdays is an established habit, and although I am released as an ordinance worker, I continue to go. Ermal is still on duty. Sometimes I am asked to fill in at the name desk, and sometimes to be receptionist. Often, I walk among the flowers or read while Ermal is in prayer meeting, then I go in to do a session. Today, I sat on a bench in the shade of the giant old tree east of the temple. White clouds drifted in the blue sky and Old Glory, fluttering high on the flag pole against the background of the temple dome seemed to whisper, "One nation under God." Gratitude for this moment flooded my soul.

July 2. My Kentucky Wonder beans are growing and runners are reaching for the nylons around my bean tepee. Beans are breaking through the ground at my bean-wheel propped against the north wall.

July 3. Mace Hardy married Sheryl Nicolas in the Los Angeles temple on the 26th of June. Their reception was in LasVegas tonight. We left home this morning. Katie came with us. We stopped in Logandale to visit Robinsons, who were temple workers with us. They have a red macaw bird from Guatemala. He is very handsome with yellow and blue trimmings. He's a big, parrot like bird that is very noisy, and says "Hi," to people. Katie was fascinated with him. We stopped in Henderson to see Bob Stratton. In LasVegas we stayed at Chance's barn. Ermal's wallet, with $90 in it was missing. He phoned Bob. They had found the wallet on their couch, so after the reception, we took the long drive to Henderson and back before going to bed.

July 6. Anxiety is akin to dodder, the parasite plant that draws vitality from its host. Like a thread of the plant, my family reunion plans have been interwoven throughout all of my thoughts and actions for months--that, and my grief over Terry's situation. The telltale signs have finally surfaced in a shiny bald spot in my hair, the same as when I got uptight in the mission field. I've got to come to grips with myself.

I lay in the hammock in the grape arbor and let the tenseness ooze out of me. I became wonderfully philosophical about Terry's trials, with a feeling that eventually real happiness would come his way. And I gained confidence about the reunion program, feeling assured that it would be good. As I stretched out in the hammock, a feeling of peace, a total relaxation that I've never known before, came over me. All cares vanished. I watched the clouds overhead form, then dissipate. I watched and listened to the swallows skim for insects. A yellow bird, like a splash of sunshine, flitted by.

July 7. I potted 23 begonias from under the mist today. Shirley's family returned from Salt Lake. John flew to Uruguay yesterday.

July 8. For the second time this week a guy has pounded loudly on our door, demanding that we turn our water off. Water in the headhouse is getting low. I didn't realize that he meant my mist. It doesn't take even as much water as a cooler. To turn it off would mean that all of my cuttings would die.

I felt angry. I called Mayor Griffiths and asked if they were going to demand that everyone turn their coolers off. "Oh no, we couldn't do that," he replied.

"Then why do you ask that I turn the mist off my cuttings? It doesn't take any more water than a cooler."

"If you would just turn it off during the day, then turn it on again after sundown," he suggested.

"Hey, during the sunlight is when the cuttings need the mist. It doesn't require any more water than a leaky gasket in a tap. Are you going to have your man run around and check every hose and tap to see if it leaks? Please come and see for yourself what I'm talking about."

"I hardly have time, but we do need your cooperation. Water in the headhouse is low."

"Please come," I urged.

He came and examined it. He was gone before I could go outside where he was, but he left a note, "OK to water. Signed, Mayor Griffith" and pegged it into the sand. Next time, I'll set up my mist in the back where no one can see it.

July 9. Big sigh! I've finished the script for the George and Annie reunion. Shirley, Ann and Norman went over it this evening and cast the parts.

David Morrill and I picked up and burned all of the trash around the grandstand and down our block. David is working on his citizenship merit badge.

July 10. Ermal and I went to a movie on the elementary school lawn tonight. We sat with Shirley and Lolene and their children. The show was "Oliver," a musical. The singing and dancing drove Ermal nuts. He said only a crazy person would produce such stuff, so he took a walk. This added to my enjoyment, because I don't like to see him suffer.

July 11. Today was the George and Alice Isom reunion at Canyon City Park in Cedar. What a neat place! It has rolling lawns, shade trees and a man made brook. The brook is wide and shallow, so even toddlers can play in it, and it has interesting big, smooth rocks here and there with humps and bumps and meandering, gentle curves. This creates music. If the brook ran straight and slick with no resistance, it would never make such musical, babbling sounds.

Our cousins were just as gray-haired and double-chinned as I. I remember when they were young and pretty back in the days when we played together. We never dreamed in those days, that we'd ever look like we do now. But shucks, it doesn't even matter. We can enjoy each other just as much now as we did then.

Terry and his three boys were here. Terry took charge of the reunion. After the reunion, he put up his two hammocks in our grape arbor alongside our two, and I put our rubber mat on the grass. We had a "flop" party, with the added comfort of the patio chairs. DeMar's family and Lloyd and Vina and little Rosie joined us. We sang scout songs and played scout skits, and went to bed happy.

July 12. My children gathered together at the Hurricane City park this evening and rehearsed the reader's theater for the George and Annie reunion, and went over the songs for the Gubler reunion. Although Rick has a cast on his arm that goes above his elbow, he played the guitar with Lolene. We stayed in the park until it was too dark to see.

July 13. DeMar is building a good looking flagstone patio and an outdoor fireplace north of his house.

July 14. Corinne and her children took me along as guide on the same historical tour as the one Lolene and her children took.

We went to the hospital to see Ovando, who had a hip operation yesterday. He said the nurses, one after another, insisted that he put his teeth in a cup. He told them that he couldn't, that he still had his own teeth. "At 81 years old!" each one would exclaim. Also, they marveled that he didn't wear glasses either. Dr. Capel said the new hip socket they put in him fit better than any patient he has had. Edna said they have not had to give him a shot or a pain pill. He is perfectly comfortable. He has had one pill, at their insistence, and that is all.

July 15. A thunderstorm came up today. Our trees whipped and twisted as though in the center of a whirlwind. The sky was purple, but we only got a few splats of rain. A 15 foot wall of water roared down Gould's Wash, and six homes in Hurricane were flooded.

Cal Gubler's home suffered the most damage. The culverts and bridges over the wash were too small to contain the water. It ran down the streets, even into the swimming pool at the high school. The kids said the pool looked like it was full of chocolate milk.

July 19. The Gubler reunion is history now. What a grand one it was. Even Ermal came, and he's very definitely anti-reunion. We camped out Friday night with a host of Henry's and Susanna's tribe. To make it nice, the thunderstorms were over, and a full moon came up through the pines. Saturday morning we ate breakfast together at Duck Creek, with Norman and Ann cooking hotcakes for everyone.

More Gublers, etc. arrived at noon in time for Dutch oven potatoes and chicken. Swarms of beautiful people. Clark cut the tip off of one finger when he pitched his tent Friday, and had to go to the hospital to get it sewed on. He was in a lot of pain Saturday, but was jolly.

Annie baked a little layer cake in her play dishes, and she and Katie gave it to me at the reunion for my birthday. It had 8 candles on it--7 and one for 71, Annie explained.

Edna was in charge of the reunion. She had a big program, and a craft table which was really popular. The kids made very, very cute things out of rocks, paint, yarn, sticks, glue and macroni. Rick made Huck Finn's raft that was a hit. The raft had a cabin on it, and a macroni Huck with moveable eyes. There were lots of cute things, and some funny things and some pretty ones.

July 20. I took everything out from under the mist and set out all that was rooted, which was 34 euonymus, 6 mums, 6 roses, 4 phlox, 7 grapes and 2 pomegranats, 1 bougainvillea and 2 dumb canes.

July 22. A whimpering little pup came to our bedroom door and kept us awake. I got up at 3:30 and gave it some warm milk so we could sleep.

July 23. The little brown pup is sound asleep by our door. It's a she. Someone has dumped it off here. I felt so sorry that it would have to be destroyed. Edna Gubler came by and took it home with her.

I went to the Hurricane library this afternoon to tell the story, "Eddie Had a Sweet Tooth" to the children. The children were very cute and good. Kate's little red-headed Allen was with me. He's very polite and refined.

Tonight, Helen, Rebecca, Ermal and I went to Hurricane to see Roma Stout's original Hurricane Canal play. Roma is an excellent writer.

July 26. My children gathered at the patio behind the church house this evening to practice our reader's theater. The weather has cooled off and it was nice.

July 29. Green beans have completely covered my steel post tepee. It is blooming heavily.

August 5. Cleo Sullivan, Ermal's brother-in-law, died last night. Helen, Ermal and I went to visit him yesterday afternoon. That's just barely making it.

The nation's air controllers went on strike, defying Pres. Reagan's orders to return to duty.

Maxine has opened a fabric store in Hurricane.

August 7. Ermal, Jack, Corinne and I went to Cleo's funeral in St. George. At the cemetary they had a military ceremony in the 112 deg. sun. When the guns fired, a boy collapsed, and they had to stoop near the edge of the grave opening to pick him up. He had stood at attention too long, dressed in full military uniform in the boiling sun.

Tonight, a group in Hurricane put on a flood benefit party for the Goulds Wash flood victims. Lolene put on a clever skit, "Fanny's Flood Fashions." The program was in the fight arena by the legion hall. Maxine Limb, Ronald Stout, LaVon Hinton and Jeri Lawrence were in the skit.

August 8. Went to Clint's and Lillian's to go through their old-time music. I copied down words to some that I needed, then admired Clint's humongous cactus garden.

August 10. A purple sky sent Ermal scurrying to cut down half of our beautiful mulberry tree. The trunk split, and threatened to crash down on the house. The storm broke loose with much thunder, lightning and rain.

August 11. Leon and Vaughn came for a visit today, and discussed the joy of family reunions. Children adore them, parents enjoy them, but groan a little, and old folks wish there weren't so many of them.

We did three sessions at the temple today. At dinner, workers from Moapa Valley, Cedar and Enterprise discussed the devastation of yesterday's storm. A flash flood killed one dairy herd of 400 milk cows and destroyed many farms in Moapa Valley. Lightning burned 1,000 bales of hay in one stack in Cedar. Potato fields and wheat fields near Enterprise were demolished by hail.

August 12. While on the telephone, talking to Betty Guymon about her grape crop, a knock came on the kitchen door. Before I could hang up, I could see my sister Edith, and Gene walking to their car. I stuck my head out the door and yelled, "Hey, where are you going?"

They turned around. Wow! What different faces! From the rear, the curly blonde hair on the woman, and the man's hat looked just like Edith and Gene. From the front, they were none other than the Jehovah's Witnesses. Grinning, they hustled back, happy to be wanted. I almost strangled trying not to look shocked. I <u>had</u> to appear cordial. Oh, dear me. I tried so hard to be understanding and listen to them, which I dearly hated. But it got too much. When the man started on what was wrong with the Mormon Church, I had to tell them I didn't believe a word he said. I wished them a happy day, and told them goodbye.

August 16. One more county fair is over and gone, and dutifully I've made my salads and taken my turn in the booth, and looked and listened and enjoyed it. Exhausted, I stretch out in the hammock and enjoy the patter of light sprinkles of rain on the grape leaves. Cool clouds shade me. A robin softly chirps his appreciation for sweet, juicy grapes. Because I am in the hammock, Ermal does not use his pellet gun. He only says, "Shoo." Robins are my favorite birds.

August 17. "Though deepning trials throng your way, press on, press on, ye saints of God." Bitterly I weep. I've been on family reunion plans since January. Much music copied, and many assignments made. Annie writes that their family will not be able to do their number, because of illness, unemployment, surgery, etc. Kate says their family will not be here. DuWayne is taking his family out of town. Mildred says they never got the material I mailed early in July. Edith isn't coming. LaPriel says her children will not perform. Bill says they won't come if they have to sing. Who is nuts?

August 20. Ermal mowed the lawns. It sure makes the house look tall. After that transformation, we crawled through the garden gathering ground-cherries. We hulled and put up 12 pints, and that's bragging!

August 25. Dear Edith and Gene; This is the tale of a very loony person who thought she could painlessly put over a Great Centennial! Aha! What a lesson she learned. And now--after many moons of sleepless nights, staring into the dark, this person, who has suffered much, has grown in humility and is now considering becoming a philosopher.

Last Thanksgiving, it dawned upon me that Mama's 100th anniversary fell on my turn to spearhead the Isom reunion. I welcomed the thought. Such fun things we would do.

That's when Ruby Webb called about their golden wedding. "The only thing my kids know how to do is play basketball. WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN OUR GUESTS ARRIVE? PLAY BALL?"

"Dry your tears. My kids would love to put on the program for you," I soothed. If Winferd had been here, he would have planned a great party, because he was a dandy at that.

Well, I wrote up a Hayrack Ride program with the old songs of the 1930's, and gathered up my kids, and for the next five Sunday afternoons we sang. Twenty-nine of my children put on the program.

"Mother, we did it for you, because we couldn't turn you down," they said, then added, "but don't expect us to ever do anything like this again." There was a quiver in my liver, because I knew what I was planning for the next August, but I didn't dare tell them.

From that moment on I began dreaming up the old tunes of our childhood. Mildred sent me the words to quite a few. The three I wanted most could not be found, so I had to write the music and the words. At the organ I plunked out a note at a time, and put them on the music staff. It was very slow, so I decided not to want any more songs I had to write down. Then glimmer at a time, ideas crept in for a Reader's Theater. I suffered labor pains. Finally I called my troops together. Some of them groaned, and some of them looked at me in pity, but again, these same 29 got together every Sunday for six weeks and practiced. If I were St. Peter, I'd open the pearly gates wide for every one of them.

Now the agony of it. In May I sent song sheets with special assignments to Floyd Isom, and to Bill's family. Bill never acknowledged or replied. Silence means "yes", so I supposed they were singing and preparing and liking it. Floyd phoned that he had teacher's institute on that day, and he was sorry. So I sent copies to Howard Isom, and he sent word he would take the assignment.

Then I got word that Bill had told Wayne, Kate and LaPriel that if they had to sing, they weren't coming to the reunion. But it wasn't Wayne, Kate of LaPriel who asked them. It was me. Why didn't he tell me? That burned me up. NOBODY HAS TO DO ANYTHING. I didn't want ANYBODY on Mama's anniversary program, unless they WANTED to do it.

For one reason, or another, I learned that I could expect nothing from LaPriel's children, Kate's children, Mildred's children or Annie's children. I was sorry I'd ever started anything. LaPriel saw that I was feeling bad, so she volunteered to give a reading. Kate's Sharon phoned and said she and her girls would sing, "Mottoes on the Wall."

I decided on a "Kiddie's Corner," so I spent days sewing and dressing dolls. I had eleven of them ready to go. I spent two days sanding blocks from the cabinet shop so kids could play with them without getting slivers. I gathered up games--pingpong, bingo, battleship, scrabble, seek, volley ball, etc., crayons, pencils, scratch pads, paint books, and boxes of old hats. Our van was loaded.

I couldn't unwind at nights. It was awful. I worried another bald spot on my head, just like in the mission field. (Fuzz is growing back now.) I was going bananas. For weeks, I've been getting up between 2:30 and 3:00 in the night for a half cup of yogurt, to see if my stomach would relax, and it wouldn't. Then I began to beg the Lord to just see me through August 22, and I'd promise never to do anything again.

Well, guess what! 126 people came. There were so many noisy little folks that we could never have heard the program, but Ricky set up his sound equipment, and after the play got going, the crowd was quiet. I was too numb to know whether it was good or not.

I had planned on my brothers and sisters being delighted to see themselves portrayed on stage, because I knew my children did a good job of acting. And Sharon Stout's song was something wonderful. Her voice is cute and cuddly. She and Shannon and Schrisse were precious. LaPriel's reading was special. And Clinton's girls, singing "Oh My Pretty Quadroon," was lovely.

I forgot to tell you. Howard had a sore throat and couldn't sing Papa's song, "The Bowery." But guess who did it? Wayne. Wayne, who had told me off about reunions, saying the reunion ended, so far as he was concerned, when the program began. He hated programs. So I told him I didn't want him to sing. And I didn't. Then he said, "On second thought--" I think he thought he had hurt my feelings, so he decided to sing. I asked him to sing only two verses of The Bowery. He sang four. Very good too.

And Bill's granddaughter, Tiffany, buzzed around me like a little fly, wanting to sing all through the program. Finally, at the end, I told her to get her mother. Peggy came, and with an injured look said, "We didn't figure on singing because you didn't have our name on the board." WELL! "Peggy," I said, "I got the word that your family wouldn't come if you had to sing." Tiffany <u>wanted</u> to sing, and that's just what I like most of all. So she and her mother sang two very cute little songs. And Howard's little boy gave a reading about Willie the worm that was absolutely precious.

Thirteen of our Springdale cousins that we used to play with when we were little, came. They were WONDERFUL! The food people brought was scrumptious. Oh yes, Annie's family did The Bulldog on the Bank, and that was a fun number. And Mildred's darling children sang.

After the final applause, I couldn't even smile. I'd been uptight too long. I walked out to the van. Darwin and Perry asked me how I was, and I said I was going to drop dead. I visualized spending a week putting away chairs and mopping that big building, and I wanted to die. Those guys said, "We're cleaning the building," and they did. Fern Crawford helped, and she was our special guest. And little Tiffany really buckled in and worked. Fern said she never saw such a wonderful little girl.

The Springdale cousins said the reunion was wonderful and thanked me for the invitation. Clinton stood up and asked for everyone to give me an applause. Shirley said it was thunderous, and that lots of people whistled.

I didn't hear it. I was too numb. None of the other brothers and sisters commented.

Annie's family had such obstacles. Allen DeMille needs back surgery, and has been down for weeks. Still, he came, crawling in on his hands and knees, and laid down all the while he was there, and crawled out the same way. Alene was just out of surgery, hardly able to come, but she was there. Rass's youngest brother, Ray, died. His funeral was in Cedar at the same time of the reunion. Still, Rass came. Dan Winder has had a stroke, and cries every time he talks. Still, he insisted on coming. Annie walks so painfully, but she came. Two of Keith's sons came. Mildred had to drive from Bryce Canyon alone, and had to be back to work at 5:00 the next morning. There were so many obstacles.

Rass, looking like he could drop dead, said, "When are they going to put a stop to these reunions?" That was his only comment.

I was so wound up that I couldn't sleep that night, but thought of all that had gone wrong. I walked in the wind under the stars, then lay in the hammock till morning. When LaPriel phoned, her only comment was, "Oh, that horrible mike. The sound was terrible."

I hung up the phone and went out under the pear trees and sat on a stump by the woodpile and bawled hard, where no one could hear me.

"Heavenly Father, forgive me for trying. Our prophet has instructed us to get together. He has asked our people to have family reunions. I thought I was doing right. I have worked hard since January, and I thought I was inspired, and was thrilled to do it. And it was terrible. Everything was wrong. I ask you, Heavenly Father, is everything I am doing wrong? We have been told to write our life story, and I'm trying. Should I just burn it up?" I wept quarts.

And then I thought back. "Still, Heavenly Father, my children have enjoyed play practicing and singing on Sunday afternoons. Wasn't Katie cute, portraying our mother when she was little. And wasn't Aaron good, when he played the part of Clinton getting his toe cut off, and Clayton, when he took the part of Bill and fainted on the stage. Weren't every one of those kids cute playing the part of my brothers and sisters. Honestly, they were very good. And we had good musical numbers. I love my children, and they love me. And Ermal has been so patient and good." So I counted my blessings and stopped crying.

Ermal came outside and I asked him, "Ermal, where did you sit during the program?"

"Near the outside door."

"Could you hear?"

"I heard it all very good, and I liked it."

Now Ermal doesn't like programs, and he is honest. And he liked this one.

Then Kate called, and she said it was very good. And Annie sent a thank you letter, and said it was a success. My children said everyone had a good time, and that they loved it. If people had a good time, that's all I care.

Next year is your turn, and I know you've got better sense than to let it drive you nuts like I did. The reason I'm writing all of this to you is that I'm merely unwinding. I'm almost run down now. There's no need for you to reserve a room for me at the booby hatch, because I'm recovering.

I hope your back is getting better. If you've read clear to here, you have endurance. Take care. We love you, Alice.

Terry was the only one of my children who was not to the Isom reunion. He and Susan were making one more effort to get back together again, so he took her and the children to the Lindholm reunion in Idaho.

August 26. Kathy got her mission call today. She will serve in the Tokyo, Japan mission.

A terrible accident happened today. A roof fell on Stan Anderson and Corrin Nielson on a Western Auto building they were building. They are hurt bad. Corrin has a broken shoulder, broken ribs and crushed vertebrae. Stan's head was crushed.

Ermal bought me a lovely walnut swivel chair for my "office" today.

August 28. We dolled up and went to dinner at the Driftwood in Springdale, then on to Zion to see a movie at the lodge. The show was "This Land," a story of our creation. It took us back 550 million years. The foolish part is that all of their assumptions were stated as facts--how we began as one celled creatures in the sea, gradually developed lungs, etc. and evolved from fish to dinosaurs and finally to us. Anyone who wants to claim a dino for their grandpappy is quite welcome to, as far as I am concerned. We stuck with the show, because we did see some pretty scenery.

August 31. Put up 10 pints of beans from off my bean tepee.

September 3. I took some fruit and vegetables to Marie O'Neil at Cottonwood Grove today and visited quite awhile. I love her a lot. She gave me a bone china set of three little quail, and a serving tray with a Currier and Ives summer scene.

September 4. We sat on top of the hill tonight and watched the sunset until its fire turned blue.

September 5. In LasVegas, flash floods did a lot of damage yesterday. Winds blew a tree down on a passing car and killed the woman driver. A gentle rain fell here during the night. This evening, clouds blotted out Pinevalley Mountain. We sat outside, south of the house, sheltered from the wind and watched the trees whipping and bending, and watched the boiling clouds, and the lightning and listened to the thunder. Lightning set Graff's hay on fire.

September 8. Ugh! It's one of those days. Ermal went to the temple without me. I took two Tylenols and slept until 4:30 this afternoon. When I awoke, some pink sweet peas were on my pillow beside me. I knew Paulette had been here.

September 9. A pain in my neck grabs me so hard I almost cry out. Goodness!

Paulette brought her monarch butterfly for us to see. We went with her to gather big acorns under our Kansas oak tree. She loves their fuzzy green caps. Then Ermal took me to Kolob to save me from going to the booby hatch. We stopped in Lee's Valley and hiked across the rain soaked sand to the caves in the red sandstone cliffs. One of the caves was spooky. Sounded

like ghosts and goblins "who-hooing" at us. Very eerie. Ermal said the cave was echoing a cow bellering from across the valley, but I knew it wasn't. It sounded like someone, or a lot of someones trying to frighten us away. Ermal scrambled right up to the entrance of the cave, but I stayed back. He came back grinning. Wild pigeons live in the cave, and their voices were amplified like they were cooing into a megaphone.

On over the mountain we saw a family of eight buzzards circling and riding the air current above the dark pines. We gathered a boquet of shiny rose hips and purple asters.

Shirley took Suzie for a walk, and the little pumpkin picked something up off the ground and popped it into her mouth. "Spit it out Suzie," Shirley demanded. Suzie gulped, then looked up at Shirley and pointed to her mouth. "Suzie eat it. Bug," she said.

September 11. Our deep freezer quit last night, so Ermal bought a new one today.

I baked a pie and made a salad and set up the card table under the pear tree, then blindfolded Ermal and led him out to dinner. A rainbow brightened the sky. Horatio was cultivating in the field. As he drove past our rock wall he smiled and waved.

We got a letter today from Donworth and Harriet who are in Israel.

September 13. Today they are dedicating the Phillipsburg, Kansas LDS chapel. We telephoned our congratulations.

September 15. Muscle cramps in the side of my neck were so bad today I decided to forget about the temple and go to bed and suffer. I dozed off, then awoke with a feeling of guilt, so I got up and went with Ermal. When I got there, they were shorthanded, so I worked as checker on the men's desk.

September 16. Dr. Tebbs X-rayed my neck. He took one shot through my open mouth. That ought to reveal something.

September 17. Tebbs is giving me ultrasonic treatments. The X-ray shows a strange thing in my throat, like I had swallowed a bone ring. Hmmm! Wonder if my days are numbered! (No doubt. Whose isn't?)

September 19. We were at the temple with Norman, Ann, Lloyd, Vina, Kathy and John Casperson. Kathy got her endowments today.

This afternoon we hiked to the river, and then went to St. George to the parade and the rodeo. Sititus is excrutiating. Good times are killing me.

September 26. Terry and his scouts came last night. Terry and I visited until 1:00 this morning.

Katie was baptised tonight. When they invited the little children to kneel by the font, little Shauna was the first one there. Then Sherrie and Janna sat beside her. There was a cluster of little folks kneeling at the font. Shauna said, "Baptising is just going down under sparkling water, isn't it."

September 27. We went to Katie's ward today so Ermal could help confirm her. Katie wore a sheer white, long sleeved ruffly dress, with a wide red satin sash, red ribbons in her hair, and red knee length stockings, and long ringlets. Ooooh! Exotic. Leo Reeve bore his testimony and said, "I've

never seen such respect and consideration shown home teachers as we received at the Gifford home. When we went there the other night, their oldest son, Aaron, was stirring a cake for the home teachers. We waited while he put it in the oven. We couldn't stay all the while it baked, but we visited other families, then came back and ate it with them. Kathryn said we could come to her baptism, and we wondered if she really wanted it, but a day later, when I came home, there was a written invitation on our table. Kathryn had made it by hand. I have it in my book of treasures, and will keep it always."

September 28. Leah Pickett and Rosalba visited us this afternoon. This evening, we joined them and Ovando, Horatio, Ruth, LaVell, Ardella and their companions on Rosalba's lawn for watermelon.

September 29. Still going to Dr. Tebbs for neck treatments. Today, I bought a neck stretcher to hang myself onto the door. It's a traction outfit with a pulley and a rope and 12 pounds of water in a bag. That's a lot of pull.

September 30. Today marks the end of the "war on poverty" program started by Pres. Lindon B. Johnson. A lot of bureaucrats lose their jobs today. Pres. Reagan is a man of courage.

Ships, carrying illegal aliens are being stopped on the high seas, ordered to not dock on our shores.

Hanging myself on the bedroom door feels pretty good. I'm reading "The Snowgoose" while in traction. Fifteen minutes passes quicker that way.

October 1. Park rangers Nickolson and Florea met us at the gate to our old homestead on Kolob and let the chain down so we could drive in. Clint, Ermal and I hiked down to the sawmill and back. We found two steel cots where Esplin's corral used to be, and set them up under a pine tree. I relaxed on my pillow and watched the white clouds above the trees. The quakies and maples are bright in autumn colors.

October 2. Ermal has gone peddling apples with Cumon, and I bravely faced the fact that I had to burn old Christmas cards and letters. It's hard, but tomorrow must not be clobbered with yesterday's stacks. I got rid of piles of Reader's Digests too. Resolve: Extract what I want <u>at the time</u> and <u>don't let them collect</u>.

October 3. Norman's, Lolene's and DeMar's families spent the early evening here. It seemed so good. I was hungry for company. Each one took turns wearing my hangman's noose, and liked it.

October 8. Helen made me a very nice new dress. It looks lovely on the hanger. Wish it looked that good on me.

Paulette brought two ants in a bottle for me. "It's a mother and a baby. The mother has lots of babies in her, and if you don't take good care of her, and feed her grass, she will die," she said.

October 11. At conference today our stake was divided. Marvin Ashton was the visiting general authority. We are in the Hurricane, Utah North Stake. Leon Lewis is our Stake President, with LeGrand Klienman and Thell Gubler as counselors. Dean Francis and Horatio Gubler were made patriarchs of our stake. Patriarch LeRoy Foster just passed away. His funeral is tomorrow. When Pres. Lewis was called on to speak, he said, "Cows dry up, and streams dry up, but my tear ducts won't dry up."

October 13. The weather forecast is for frost, so I brought my potted begonias in today. My plant rack is filled with a mass of bloom.

October 14. The lawn was white with frost this morning.

October 15. We went to Coal Pitts to see Jim's and Clint's exciting new Pistachio farm. They have three trees growing now, and are fencing the place to put in more, along with almond trees.

When we got home we learned that Marilyn had been trying to reach us. Chance has had a heart attack and is in the hospital.

October 16. Called Marilyn. Chance has gallstones, a hiatus hernia, high blood pressure, and he had another heart attack after he reached the hospital. But, he is going to make it.

We went to Beaver Dam to visit Combe's desert farm. The gang of us traveled in Clint's and Wayne's cars--which included Jim, LaPriel, Clint, Lillian, Kate, Wayne, Ermal and me. Combe's is a showcase for sure. He prunes and shapes everything that grows on his place, including match brush and chaparral. His pistachio orchard is exceptionally pretty. He has almonds, grapes, pomegranates, figs, pines and many kinds of yucca and cacti.

Pistachio trees like gypsum soil, which Coal Pitts is, hot summers, likewise, 4,000 feet elevation, and flourish in a dry climate, like Coal Pitts. The nuts sell for $4.00 a pound at the farm, and hang on the trees like pinkish, orange-colored bunches of grapes. Very pretty.

We had dinner in the Virgin River Gorge picnic area--a lovely spot.

October 18. Kathy's testimonial. The speakers were Mimsi Harrison, Ann, Norman, me, and Kathy. Lolene, Shirley, Gail Earl, Joyce Hepworth and Vanda Wadsworth did a beautiful musical number with Kim Eagar at the piano. Dinner was served on Edna's and Ovando's lawn to a good crowd.

Our house filled with guests. Little Robin Gubler, Vicki's and Doug's little girl, braved the chattering crowd to bring me a love letter that she had written to me. I was right tickled.

October 23. Ermal has gone deer hunting with Dell and Keith. He doesn't aim to catch a thing, but is having grinning fun wearing his red cap and jacket and carrying a gun.

October 24. My cousin, Clara Frampton phoned today to get some addresses. She's mailing invitations for their golden wedding. Clara said it only takes her half as long to get tired now days, and twice as long to rest.

Mary and Milt Bryant arrived this evening for the deer hunt that ended yesterday.

October 26. We went with Mary and Milt to the Driftwood in Springdale for breakfast, then on through the Zion tunnel, and hiked the rainbow arch trail. We had soup at the Mt. Carmel Junction, then visited the sand dunes. DeMar walked in as we sat at dinner at our house this evening, so he joined us. Milt gave me a lovely rolling pin that he had turned on his lathe, and Mary gave me a little wooden key cabinet. The Bryants always come laden with gifts for us and for DeMar's family. Originally, Milt was one of those California deer hunters that came each fall, and DeMar was his guide. Eventually their friendship developed into being a part of our families.

Paulette came with her jack-o-lantern, and said, "I come trick-or-treating, and here's your treat, Grandma, and here's yours, Grandpa." She handed us each a cookie and left. What a switch.

Edna gave the kids doughnuts. When Corrin Nielson's little ones went there, she offered them each a cup of milk with the doughnuts. Little Stewart accepted the milk and poured it in his trick-or-treat sack with the rest of his loot. The milk ran through onto the rug. Stewart is only three.

Corrin was put in as counselor to Bishop Kerry Gubler. Ben Wilken has moved away.

One little boy's testimony had an interesting twist. He said, "I know that Joseph Smith was a true Mormon." I liked that.

My 20 minutes are up, and I must go. Take care. We love you. Gram.

November 5. Ermal, Jim, and Lee Bassford have been cutting the ash trees down along the canal in the fields, and sawing them up for wood. Ermal brought a load of wood into the yard and dashed in the house for a drink, then went back to unload. He stuck his head in the kitchen door and said, "Alice, come and see."

I followed him back to the pickup. His fresh sawed wood was laced with shining spider webs from one log to another. The breeze quivered the silver strands in the sunlight in a glinting maze.

"How on earth did the spiders do it?" he asked. "I just barely loaded this wood and brought it home."

Spiders amaze me. When I see spiders wrapping the countryside up in their webs for the winter, I think of a song we used to sing. The words go something like this:

> There's a purple tint on the yellow leaves, and the winds are up all day. There's a rustling heard in the yellow sheaves, and it seems to sadly say, "Sweet summer, sweet summer, sweet summer's gone away.
> " " " " " " " "
> In the browning fields the spiders spin, and the lambs no longer play. The cricket now his chirp begins, and the locust trills all day.

There's more, but spiders spinning in the fall always bring back this song to me. They're certainly busy now.

November 7. Dear Grandchildren--At this Thanksgiving season I'm sending my sounds of rejoicing to you.

I am thankful for lightning and the roll of thunder that came in the night, reminding us of His majesty and power, and for the gentle rain that came before dawn. For the rare beauty of low ground fog that lay like an ermine mantle across the fields and foothills, and the awareness that this was actually LaVerkin--not Ontario or some far away romantic place. For the early sun that turned the fog to a powder blue mist as it melted away. For tiny rainbows trapped in raindrop prisms gleaming from the tips of gold and green leaves. For baskets of crisp red apples, and crookneck squash. For pink begonias in my window, and a profusion of mums in our yard, and for catalpa leaves on the lawn that almost bury our ceramic ducks. For our humble, sweet home, of which there is no other place like. For your Grandpa Ermal who rolled out of bed at 4:00 this morning to go to the temple to officiate in the priesthood session. For our beloved children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and for our families, for those who have gone before.

October 27. Deward and Stafeen have a tiny new baby girl--so cute with her mop of black hair.

We did two temple sessions today to help celebrate John Schmutz's 103 birthday. Brother Schmutz broke his hip yesterday, so had to miss his birthday party.

October 28. It occurred to me that I was making myself sick trying to keep healthy, so I cancelled my appointment with the cancer clinic, and with Dr. Tebbs, and had a wonderful afternoon nap!

October 29. Amelia Wilson and I did our visiting teaching today to Ora Morrill and Pearl Cheney. Pearl has 8 house cats, 2 barn cats, 1 house dog, 4 yard dogs, 1 goat and 4 horses--all these for her and Elizabeth to care for. Elizabeth had a fresh warm cake and cool limeaid ready for us.

October 30. Paulette's whimsical smile beamed at us through the glass door as we sat at breakfast this morning. She came hugging an empty instant cocoa can. "I came to get some Indians," she announced.

"Indians!" Ermal exclaimed.

"Yes, to go in my Indian house. See!" She pointed to a door cut in her can.

"Where are you going to get your Indians?" I asked.

"You're going to make them."

Well! I racked my brain, then got out my knitting yarn. I made six different colored Indians to fit their house.

This afternoon Paulette brought Staci. "I don't want her to play with my Indians, so you'll have to make her some."

I surrendered.

November 3. (Letter to Kathy who is in the MTC at Provo)

Dear Kathy, I'm sitting in the van in the temple parking lot. I've 20 minutes to visit with you before I go inside. An old man has just parked his tricycle by our van. I guess the Lord must love the tottering, the bent and weather-beaten, for they pretty well fill up the temple.

I picked up Scott at school today. He phoned and said he had the tummy ache, and your Mom was in Relief Society. We picked some comfrey and spearmint leaves. He said he'd make him some tea and go to sleep.

He didn't come trick-or-treating because he said your Mom said he was too big for that stuff. He would have gone to Lyman's, but he heard they were giving crackers with icing in between them. He thought they might at least have given candy bars like last year. The people who give apples don't get many trick-or-treaters either, because all of the kids tell the other kids what they're giving. Little thugs!!

I guess they liked our suckers, or it might have been our easy location. Both the front and back porch lights were on, and kids poured in at both doors. With our doors wide open, stray cats sauntered in right along with the ghosts and goblins. No one knew who the cats belonged to. There was a spotted white cat, a tiger striped gray, and a fat, yowling brindle tom cat. They came right into the living room, the TV room and kitchen. DeMar said the cats followed the kids into their house, and Lynn Gubler said they came in his too.

To you, and you, and you, I want to express my love for our Heavenly Father who listens to us and returns our love a hundred fold.

John, I appreciate your Mother who reads your letters to me over the phone. I enjoy her sharing them with me. It seems strange that you are just going into your summer. It sounds like you're quite at home with the Spanish language.

Your Mom enjoyed her vacation in Provo papering the beautiful rooms in Vanetta Rowley's house. I had to rush right over and see her porcelain doll. It's a beauty. Your Mom has picked out Rebecca Rowley for Kelly's wife.

Kathy, Laura brought your letter for us to read. We enjoyed the way you expressed the pouring out of your training--that it ran like puddles at your feet to be absorbed later like a sponge. To have to speak a strange language for so many hours every day sounds demanding.

Laura stayed for supper. I had just baked bread. She went through our old Geographic magazines to find pictures for a poster she was making.

Edwin, I visited with your Mom and Dad a half hour on the phone today. Your Dad is coming right along. He even drove the tractor over to the other lot Friday. Your Mom did the shovel work, and he drove.

The day before the big heart attack, he went quail hunting with Terry. When he ran up the little sand hill, carrying his gun, both arms and his chest ached something terrible. He thought he was just out of shape. He was up on a ladder the next day when it really got him. To hear him tell it, it must have been awful.

His diet might sound sad, but the tone of his voice makes it sound funny. No salt. No butter. No milk. No meat. No beer. No goodies of any kind. If the doctors knew how good a drink of water was to him, they'd even take that away! He has lost 15 pounds.

Sunday: Gordon came to borrow our missionary discussions. He's in the mood to start working on them.

Uncle Clark and Aunt Maurine came to St. George on a BYU assignment Friday. We had a family get-together at Aunt LaVell's last night.

Uncle Horatio is one of our new Stake Patriarchs. When Marvin Ashton interviewed him, he told him that all of the old Stake Presidency, and the new, and the other Patriarchs had been strongly impressed that Horatio should be called. When Aunt Genevieve was interviewed as his wife, she confessed that for a long time she had desired this calling for her husband. It is wonderful!

When Grant Langston was called, it was different. Gordon B. Hinckley sat at the front in the Saturday night meeting. Three men came in and sat down. "Who is that man in the middle?" Brother Hinckley asked. He had never seen nor heard of him before, but he said, "He is the one to be called."

Edna is our Stake MIA young women's leader. When asked to select her counselors, Gwen Wadsworth's name came to her mind. She kept pushing it back, because Gwen was a Primary president. When she was handed a list of the names in the stake, Gwen's name stood out in bold letters, and all of the other names dimmed. When she told the Stake President this, he said Gwen had been released from the Primary, and she was the woman for the job.

Clark and Maurine have just returned from Germany, where he has been giving lectures. His expenses were paid, so this was a good vacation.

When we went to say goodnight, everyone in the room was standing. The circle kept closing in, and before we realized it, we were standing with our arms around each other, so it seemed appropriate to have our new patriarch give a goodnight prayer. Uplifting, and sweet.

Monday, Grandpa and I went on a hike to upper Emerald Pool with LaPriel and Clinton. We spent the entire day in Zion. The cottonwoods are gold, and the maples scarlet. We ate dinner under the tall trees at the grotto campground.

Leon bought a new horse that had never been ridden. It responded to him the first time he got on it, and sauntered off without any question. He bridled it, and rode to Babylon Mills for an overnight camp with Bud Iverson and the boys. Vaughn was with them.

I'll send you my love, and bring this to a close. Grandma Stratton

November 9. I took some fruit and flowers to Cottonwood Grove to Marie O'Neil and we had a good visit. She gave me some oh-so-good carob candy and a book on doll collecting.

When Fern and Dew stopped in today, Fern remarked that the reason people are living longer now days is because of air pollution. The air is so polluted, that all of the germs are killed off.

November 10. Today I went to Dr. Ronald Snow to see if he could explain the lightning flashes in my eyes. They've become quite intense. I wondered if I had a detached reina. I didn't. The eye drops, and the bright beam of light he shot into the pupils of my eyes blinded me. "Oh, by the way," the girl said, "are you driving?" When I said no, she seemed satisfied.

They turned me loose, to face the setting sun, to find my way to the temple where Ermal was on duty. I could not see. The hurt of the sun's glare was exquisite. I squinted my eyes to a tiny slit and just felt my way to the temple. I needed dark glasses.

November 11. Paulette helped me carry a flowering begonia and a tiny Tim tomato plant each to Sherrie and Shauna, then we came home where she picked out her begonia. She wanted a plant that was having babies. Helen's baby is due, and that's consuming all of Paulette's thoughts. She lays her head against Helen's tummy and says, "Oh, little Melissa, I love you." She has adopted that name for her little unseen sister, because that's the name of Corinne's baby.

November 12. Darwin Gifford said DeMar passed him up on the road to St. George going 90 per. DeMar grinned and pointed at Helen. His way of announcing that he was on his way to the hospital.

November 13. Dear LasVegas Children - Guess who came to our house to stay last night? Little anonymous Gubler--an eight-pound, six-ounce, black haired, red faced papoose of a girl--born to Helen and DeMar on Nov. 12, at 10:16 a.m. in the Dixie Medical Center--Dr. Bever and DeMar attending. She's cute and plump. Helen did not stay in the hospital, but came home last night.

When DeMar phoned, he said sadly, "It's a girl." "Do you want to give it away?" "Helen wouldn't. But my heart was set on a boy."

Hilda and the children gathered flowers and made a "Welcome Home" sign. Excitedly they waited for Helen to come home, but she came here

instead. When they saw the car, the three girls raced down here, but DeMar wouldn't let them in.

"Why not? That's not fair," they shouted.

"Because the baby's only a few hours old," he said. He held the baby in front of the glass door for them to see. Their eyes danced. When he took her in the living room, they climbed upon the outside cupboards. DeMar pulled back the curtains and opened the window, and they shouted their love and adoration to Helen.

When Leon came home, he dashed down with Rebecca and Paulette. He stood tall outside the door with his little sisters beside him. Helen was at the table, and she held the little papoose so they could see her. Oh my, such love. Such wonderous, adoring love. The children at the door were a beautiful sight to see.

Dana will have her baby on November 20--Caesarean. Then we have to start thinking of Vina and Sheryl.

Mail time. Must run. Would love to hear from you. Love, Mother.

November 16. Today is baby Crystal's happy going-home-celebration. Eagerly, Hilda, Leon, Rebecca and Paulette trooped in after school to carry things home. With a tickled grin, Leon carried the baby. Helen and Crystal have been sweet guests.

November 17. Hillbilly day at school. As we took our morning walk up the hill, we met some interesting folks. Scott Gubler was dressed in his dad's striped bib overalls, his hands plunged deep in the pockets to hold them up. Vaughn was squeezed into Scott's pants that fit like knee britches, held up with a rope suspender.

November 18. Beth and Paul Rowe spent the evening with me. Ermal was in the temple, so did not get to meet them. Beth is Ray Sabin's niece. I've not seen them since Yakima days. What fun it was.

November 20. Dana had a baby girl today. (Shannon).

November 22. I've a single track mind--Thanksgiving. The Hurricane sixth ward Primary asked me to tell of my childhood Thanksgiving--the story that was published in The Friend.

I've felt sorry for Primary teachers ever since the block program, because they were deprived of going to Relief Society. I don't feel sorry anymore. Every bit of Primary this morning was adorable. The teachers are the prettiest, smilinginst people in the ward, and the children utterly precious. The songs and activities thrilled me, and I loved sharing my story.

Becky Wright, their cute little president, said, "If you liked Sister Stratton's story, give her a smile." What a cherished moment--what pretty smiling faces. As the children marched out, one little fellow, not more than four, turned and lifting shining eyes, waved a chubby little hand at me.

While preparing this assignment, I've been researching the story of the first Thanksgiving in America. Corrin Nielson has asked me to tell it to the Cub Scouts and their parents. I've become deeply engrossed. I begin to feel that the Pilgrims are personal friends of mine.

November 23. Tonight I put on my Pilgrim costume and Ermal and I went to Darwin's and Lolene's for family home evening. I rehearsed my first Thanksgiving story for the family. The children were hidden behind the rose

bushes when we drove up. They jumped in front of us and sang, "It's always fun when Grandpa comes."

November 25. The Cub Scout party was tonight. Corrin was hopping around enthusiastically on one crutch. The recreation hall was decorated with corn stalks, pumpkins, and boughs of colored leaves, with an electric lighted campfire. The children were dressed as Pilgrims and Indians. They sat on the floor in a semi-circle around me as I told my story. I had no idea Cub Scouts could be so quiet.

Before the party, Ermal picked and stored in the "little house" baskets of persimmons. They looked like oranges hanging on the tree. They've been so attractive, people constantly stopped by, hoping we would sell them. To keep curious folks from picking them, Ermal has always warned, "They're not ripe. If you ever bite into a green persimmon, you'll never forget it. It puckers your mouth so tight, you go around in a kissing position for a week."

Cumon says green persimmons and alum are a good cure for baldness. Just rub the juice and the alum on the head. It won't cause the hair to grow, but it will shrink the head to fit the hair. Clinton almost met his Waterloo by trying to eat a green persimmon. It puckered his esophagus till it scared him.

Ermal says a better way to cure baldness is to grow the eyebrows long enough to comb back over the head.

December 1. Today I got new glasses to play the organ with. Now I don't have to tip my head back to look through my bifocals.

December 2. Dear Grandchildren - It is Wednesday afternoon--delightful Wednesday, a day I've come to love. This is my day of solitude--the day when Ermal goes to the temple alone, and leaves me with strict orders to <u>not</u> answer the phone, nor the door, but to <u>get my typing done</u>! And that doesn't mean letters, either! But to get on with the BIG PROJECT, of which I often take detours.

I have my Relief Society lesson for next Sunday outlined and prepared, so my mind is free. I've written to Sister Reading about a Thanksgiving story for next year, then to rest my sawdust brain, I've sat looking out the glass doors from our bedroom at the pear tree that is red and gold, and watched the sparrows knock the leaves down, and watched our busy-tailed gray squirrel scamper from limb to limb, and Leon's fat white rabbits nibble our grass.

We have a half-dozen ruby-crested kinglet birds flitting through the ornamental peach trees by our west window. They're only 3 inches long, and cute.

Leon's rabbits live under our little store-house, where they can escape the dogs. They love chrysanthemums. They ate all of my yellow ones first. Now they're eating the white and pink ones.

Sunday night, Shirley asked us to bring our bird book to their place. Rick had picked up a chilled, unhappy migratory bird by Monette's place in LaVerkin. A cat was mauling it, but the bird was pretty big for the cat. LaPriel and Jim were here when she called, so we all hustled over to see what they had.

It was a Western Grebe, headed for the Pacific Coast. The wind must have blown it off course. It has a long, slim neck and a darning-needle sharp long beak, and web feet, and is the size of a duck. Grebes, so the

book says, like to dive under the ducks and jab them with their beaks. The ducks raise straight up out of the water. Well, this Grebe, as soon as it was warmed up enough, began to grab the pant legs of anyone who got near him. Shirley and Perry were concerned about getting him to the coast where he belonged, and considered shipping him by truck to California. However, they took him to the Ivins reservoir Monday. He put on such a show when he reached the water that they stayed for some minutes to watch. The Grebe had a swimming and diving fit.

Thanksgiving was SCRUMPTIOUS! Ermal, Wayne and I had a peaceful, two course dinner at 12:00 noon. By 1:00 p.m. things were all cleared up. Of course, ten of Wayne's 23 kids sallied through, to gape over the table and see what we were eating, and to borrow pie plates, tooth picks, vanilla, and foil. They don't need a grocery store. They've got Wayne. The little Shamo girl said, "We don't borrow. We buy our stuff from the store."

We came home and had a long winter's nap, then frisky, and full of cranberries, we made the rounds, starting first at Norman's and Ann's. I hated to leave. The Millers were there, and the house was filled with laughing fun.

Next, we went to Corinne's. They were living up to their family tradition of putting up the Christmas trimmings at Stout's Home Center.

At Lolene's, the men folks had gone to play basketball on the school grounds, and the women languished in the sun streaming through the west windows, while the kids tumbled in the leaves on the lawn. DeMar's family, Jerri Lawrence's family and Terry Hepworth's family were their guests.

We stopped to check out LaPriel and Jim. What a laugh. LaPriel had said there would be 40 of their posterity there. She had boasted that they'd feed the kids first, then send them to the city park while the old folks relaxed. Big deal! Their house was whooping with delighted, unsupervised kids. The old folks had fled to Coal Pitts.

Shirley and Perry, etc. had gone to Bunkerville. They reported in Thanksgiving night. They'd had a great day. Perry's brother Fred even turned the chickens out so all of the Houston kids could chase them. They had horses and motorcycles for the older ones to tear around on. The old folks sat in the yard swapping stories and shooing flies, of which there was a plenty of both.

Our two new granddaughters are cute and black-headed, although blonde roots are beginning to show in Shannon's hair. I'm glad we've got them, and that I don't have to take care of them. I like <u>all</u> babies to have eager, healthy mothers.

This year the St. George Temple grounds are all lit up with Christmas lights, almost as beautiful as the Salt Lake grounds. Last night the temperature was down to 32 degrees, which made it feel like Christmas.

Keep well and happy. We love you, Grandma

Thursday, December 3. From a Pilgrim cookbook I copied out recipies for journey cake and apple pandowdy. Journey cake is a cornmeal pancake that the Pilgrims could carry in one's saddlebag, to be toasted over the campfire for on-the-move eating. We made some for breakfast, and it's good.

We took DeMar's family to see the temple Christmas lights, and to see the film, "Mr. Kruger's Christmas." Paulette asked, "Is this you guyses temple?"

December 4. Two happy little sparrows, a male and female, flying through the sun, crashed head-on into the reflection of the sky in our kitchen door, and fell with broken necks. A quick flight to bird heaven.

December 7. Ann and the children watched the TV show, "The Child Bride of Short Creek" with us tonight. The children were excited to see Leon in the show. I feel that the show is disgustingly accurate. Of course, some of the scenes are made strictly for show business. When I went with the sheriff we didn't find any pious little group singing and praying. We saw women in pioneer-looking gear fleeing for the cedars. But essentially, the "feel" of the show seemed awful and true.

December 8. If I ever "flip-my-lid" it will be because I force my mental powers. I'm searching through everything I can get hold of that will give me more information about the Pilgrims. Can't seem to stop. Now I've got to make myself do some frivilous thing, like seeing a light-minded show.

December 9. Blue smoke hangs heavy between us and the hill, as the morning sun tries to penetrate it. Beneath the smoke stand the raspy. rusty weeds. But, when I went outside this morning, an audacious meadow-lark sang. As the poet said, "I heard a bird sing in the dark of December, a magical thing and sweet to remember. We are nearer to spring than we were in September." (Oliver Hereford.)

December 11. All Ermal wants to do on "off" temple days, is haul wood or peddle apples. I am a chain saw, pickup widow! I'm longing for a change of scenery--something different than here to St. George, or here to Coal Pitts. I'd take the Rambler and blast off for Cedar, but my bossy protector says I might need a mechanic to follow me. He is very, extremely bossy.

December 12. Ermal cancelled his wood-hauling engagement with Jim and Dell to take me to Cedar. He didn't want to go, and when he told me, I didn't want him to either. But he gave up all that was dear to his heart just to spend the day with me. We were very nice to each other. We looked in many shops, but weren't looking for anything in particular. He took me to Kentucky Fried Chicken for dinner.

Romantically, I suggested we ride up beautiful Cedar Canyon. Patron-izingly he drove up the canyon road. "How far up do you want to go?" he asked. "Go just as far as you would enjoy it," I replied, so he turned around. We visited Neola Stratton, then went to the D.I.

I picked up a cute little 4 inch doll, that would make a nice tree ornament. "You don't need that," Ermal said. I handed it to the clerk, and he paid the 50¢. That was the extent of our shopping. We visited Annie and Rass, then cheerfully came wending our way home.

December 14. Mace told me a week ago that Terry and Susan were divorced, and that Terry had gone away, and no one knew where he was. I have had a continual prayer in my heart for him. Today, my prayer was answered. I had been praying that wherever he was, he would phone home. The call came from Marilyn, and Terry was on the extension.

Terry said that for fifteen years he had given Susan everything she asked for, as far as he possibly could, but a divorce. She had began asking for that when Brett was only three weeks old. After these many years of hearing her say, "I want a divorce," he finally grabbed her by the arm, and marched her to the divorce court, just two days before Thanksgiving, and it was granted. He didn't tell us, because he didn't want to spoil our

holiday. He took a truck driving job so he could get away and think. He will meet us at the temple next Saturday morning.

We took Jack out for a milkshake and to see the Christmas lights on the temple grounds. We were impressed with the many family groups that were leisurely strolling along the walks, enjoying the lights and music.

December 15. It seemed a pity to become so acquainted with the Pilgrims, and not do a story about them, so I wrote Lucile Reading and asked if the Friend was interested. So she gave me the go-ahead. However, I must invent a fictitious family, and tell it from a child's point of view.

My folder of notes grows thicker and thicker. I've researched in every encyclopedia set in the Hurricane and in the County Library, plus reading a dozen history books. The surprising thing is how historians disagree with each other. But then, there's William Bradford's history--his first-hand account that helps keep history on course.

Many myths have grown up about the Pilgrims, but the more I've searched, the more I've loved them. I especially enjoyed "Saints and Strangers" by George F. Williams, who portrays them as lusty Englishmen who enjoyed pleasureable living. They were <u>not</u> anemic Victorians. The Pilgrims should not be confused with the Puritans. They passed no laws against gay apparel. Brewster had caps of many bright colors. He even had a lace cap.

I liked Brewster's sense of humor. "Aye," he exclaimed, "for jesting is lawfull by circumstances, even in the highest matters. . . . The Lord being the author both of mirth and gravity, is it not lawfull in itself for the Truth to use either of these ways?"

My search has strengthened my testimony that our Heavenly Father guides our destiny. Certainly the Pilgrims acknowledged his hand, even in the wind that blew them off course. Nothing was a coincident or happenstance.

Most historians say that the ship Fortune did not arrive until <u>after</u> the first Thanksgiving. I knew I had seen otherwise in a book somewhere. Ermal let me out at the county library today, while he went on to the temple.

I walked down among the tall book shelves, bowed my head and prayed to be led to the right book. I reached for a book in the third shelf, when something seemed to whisper, "Why don't you try the second book on the top shelf?"

I pulled out the book, sat in a chair by the window, and opened to the very page I wanted. On page 30 of "The Rise of the American Nation," second edition, by Lewis Paul Todd and Merle Curtis, (Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.) I read, "In November 1621, the Pilgrims celebrated their first year in the new world by setting aside a period of several days for thanksgiving. They were joined in the celebration by nearly a hundred Indians and by more than thirty new settlers who had just arrived on a ship from England." My heart sang with thanks for the answer to my prayer. I raced on air from the library to the temple to meet Ermal.

This entry made it possible to have a much more thankful, first Thanksgiving. Other historians told about sighting the sail of the ship and of the passengers, but not at this appropriate time. Also, historians disagreed too wildly about the date of this first Thanksgiving. Some said August, some October, some November. The World Book says December 13.

December 16. Tonight was Ermal's last stretch of duty as a temple ordinance worker. His resignation was accepted. As he carried his white suit and shoes into the house he said, "This gives me a funny feeling of remorse." How well I understand the pangs he is suffering. But we will still return to the temple every week. The habit is established.

December 19. Kate and I met Terry and Patricia Wilson at the temple and did two sessions. Later, Terry and his friend came here and had supper with us. I feel so sorry for Susan. Terry has a far greater chance to find happy companionship than she does. Still, this is her choice.

December 21. Tonight was the annual Stratton Christmas party at Dell's and Corinne's. Neil Hardy wore the suit and gave everyone gifts. He was a fine Santa.

Norman's family got home from Salt Lake at 10:30 tonight. Our little girl, Kathy, has flown half way around the world to take the good tidings of the gospel to the brown-eyed children in Tokoyo.

December 23. Ermal put up the Christmas tree and trimmed it all by himself. What a proud beauty the tree is!

LaReta and her daughter Vicki came sweetly singing at our front door. Their smiles, their shining eyes and pretty faces, and their beautiful voices got me all quivery inside.

We stayed up late waiting for Terry, who is to spend Christmas with us. Our three big fat Christmas shoes are on the hearth--one for him.

December 24. This has been the most leisurely day-before-Christmas I can recall--no gifts to wrap. I've written cards, and Ermal has put in the money. Terry came and made the rounds with us as we delivered the cards and boxes of fruit.

When we got home, our house was filled with music. DeMar had hooked up an 8 track tape player to the stereo that our children had given us! The kitchen is heaped with candy, popcorn, nuts, cakes and fruits that have poured in.

December 25. We spent <u>all</u> day at home. <u>All</u> of the grandchildren did special things for Terry. Even little Paulette sewed a bunch of scraps together on the sewing machine to make him a tie, which he wore all day. Our house has been filled with our children. Floyd and Kathy Isom, and their children, Richard, Robert and Mary Ann came to see us. Kathy played the organ and Floyd sang for us. By 10:30 Terry led us in family prayer and our house was quiet.

December 26. The divorce has left Terry without a home or a car. Mr. Graff let him have the glass out of an old wreck so he could fix up a 1946 panel car. He has installed the glass, and covered the seat with canvas, and helped Ermal put up our new florscent kitchen light, while I have spent the day mending Terry's clothes.

December 27. Lillis and Lee Spencer brought their Australian slides to our home and entertained all of my children with their very excellent and very humorous presentation.

December 28. I was up and at the sewing machine by 5:30 to get all of Terry's things ready for him. Seeing that he was well outfitted gave me real joy. I kissed him goodbye at 10:00. He's off for Washington D.C. via the southern route. That old, old car, and weather warnings will keep me praying him over the road.

CHAPTER 69

The Trench Diggers Are Coming, A-Ho, A-Ho!

(1982)

January 1. We went to Zion today, planning to hike up the narrows. As we parked the car where the trail begins, a clap of thunder surprised us. Before we could get into our coats and gloves, there came a great roaring of wind down the narrows, driving ahead of it curtains of snow, sweeping in gossamer folds as it whipped around the bend. Fascinated, we watched. Sleet pelted the van. We were in a funnel of snow. A twister took off a garbage can lid and paper cups spiraled out of sight. When we finally left the canyon, we drove out on white packed roads.

In Rockville we stopped to see Fern and Dew, and to eat their good pumpkin pie. When we reached Cottonwood Grove the clouds had broken away in great hunks and were aflame with the setting sun. Marie O'Neil's house was a picture nestled against a white hill and a scarlet sky. The river, and the puddles on the road mirrored the sunset colors.

January 2. I walked to Ina Gifford's funeral today in the snow. A profound thought struck me. To each person there comes a time when an entire congregation will stand and pay homage to him. That is when they wheel in the casket!

Ina's funeral was exceptionally sweet. Her little grandchildren are almost as cute as mine. They sang, "I Am a Child of God." That is one of the best songs ever written, but I think I want a change. Ever since I was old enough to listen, I think "Home, Sweet Home," has been my favorite. I should say, "Home, Sweet Home," has been my longest-time favorite. The world is full of beautiful music that I love.

January 3. Marilyn phoned that Terry arrived safely at Washington D.C. ahead of the storm. That is good news.

Crystal and Shannon were blessed today in church. 37 little kids and 10 adults bore their testimonies. This evening we went to the hospital in St. George, where Deward's wife Stafeen is. There in a side room, their little girl was blessed. Kimberly is her name. Stafeen's parents are returning home to Europe, and they wanted to be to the christening of their first grandchild. Because Stafeen is in the hospital for an infection, the baby had to be blessed there. The grandparents are leaving in the morning.

January 4. Leon's horse died during the night. Cause unknown.

January 5. Norman and Ann got their first letter today from Kathy from Japan!

It is raining. Our country is suffering the worst storm in 35 years. Mud slides in California have buried children in their beds. The wind chill factor is 75 degrees below zero in Montana. Tornados are creating havoc in the southern states, and there's 14 feet of snow in the ski areas and many roads are closed.

January 6. The rabbits are eating off the parsnip tops, getting down to the parsnips themselves. When Ermal went to dig some for dinner, he brought some in that looked like little lids--no tops and no bottoms. The rabbits had eaten the tops and the gophers the bottoms. I wonder what would happen if a rabbit's and a gopher's nose met when they were eating the same parsnip. Ermal says the rabbit would get bitten.

January 7. We had the shattering experience of witnessing a car accident today. We were going west out of Hurricane, and the little red car was headed east--both of us approaching the bridge across the Gould's wash. The little car hit head on into the cement abutment of the bridge, crumpling the car and bursting the doors open. A hysterical little mother jumped out, crying, "My baby! My baby!" A little child was thrown onto the hard ground, and an infant was wedged under the dashboard.

Cars and people came out of nowhere, and paramedics instantly appeared. They lifted the children onto the bed in our warm van. A cold wind was blowing. After the ambulance took them to the hospital, we went on to the temple.

After our temple sessions we checked at the hospital. The baby was so badly hurt it had to be flown on to Salt Lake. The mother, and the older child were released. Mary and Gary Cox of Hurricane are the parents.

January 9. Cumon gave Ermal a front quarter of beef today. What a lovely gift! Ermal has cut it up into roasts and steaks.

January 13. A letter came today from Terry. He is happy with his new job and his new location, and he loves the gospel.

January 14. Somebody contributed two fancy speckled hens to DeMar's flock. They don't know who. They look beautiful with his big red chickens. The pasture gate has been open all winter, and the chickens scratch in our yard and dust their feathers in the loose dirt under our desert pine. From my grandstand seat at the kitchen table I thoroughly enjoy the chicken show.

January 18. John Schmutz died today. He was 103 last October. He wasn't released as a temple ordinance worker until two years ago.

January 20. My Pilgrim story will come out in two installments in the Friend. I got the first installment in the mail today. I had a real struggle to bring out the courage and suffering of those people from a child's point of view.

Shirley, Clay, Annie and Sherrie took me to the Southwest Symphony and concert tonight. Oooooh, that sound! With the first notes of their full harmony I thought I had floated into a celestial sphere. The voices were angelic and all of the instruments magnificant.

Darwin Gifford brought five of his children, freshly combed, crisply dressed and smiling. Lolene had a sore throat and couldn't come. Darwin was to have been to a leadership meeting, but he felt it was more important for him to take the children to the concert. He is a very wise, and very neat father. The children were very good, and enjoyed the concert. We had to pry Clay out of there. He was hypnotized with the big brass kettle drum.

January 21. At 3:00 a.m. I jumped out of bed thinking it was morning. There is no moon, but it was so light outside. We've a blanket of new snow. The plum tree under the street light is in full bloom. (Snow flowers.)

January 22. Tonight, under Coleen Hardy's direction, the ward had a Mother's and Daughter's program. Carol Ann White planned the program. Edna and Patty Gubler did blackout numbers between numbers. This was a real treat. Paulette and Staci, in their twin dresses and ringlets, sang a lusty number about grandma. Rebecca accompanied them on the piano, and I sat upon the stage looking real sweet and white-haired.

January 24. Proudly I am wearing a miniature Eagle Scout badge, pinned on me tonight at a court of honor by my grandson Ricky. After he pinned his mother, he pinned both of his grandmas. Dora and John Houston came from Mesquite to see Rick get his award. After the court of honor, we went to Houstons for a family dinner.

January 27. When we came home from the temple tonight we found a puddle on the bathroom floor. Troubles!

January 29. Steve Stout put a new bottom unit in our waterheater today. I've used up a whole cabinet full of bath towels to blot up the rug.

January 29. We were on the go at 5:00 a.m. to do sealings at the temple. Oh, my arthritic knees!

We shopped every men's clothing store in St. George, looking for a dress suit for Ermal. We found a very nice one, but Ermal stoutly refused to spend that much on himself. I can't think of anyone better to spend it on.

Norman and DeMar have been blasting for Stratton Brothers on a sewer pond for Toquerville, LaVerkin and Hurricane. Now they are hauling clay to seal the pond with. They tell us the days of the septic tank are over. City ways are overtaking our little country towns, for better or for worse.

When I went to Norman's this afternoon, Scott was raking the yard. He said he had to get something done before Daddy got home, or he was going to get thumped. Ann said when Norman left for work he was in "one of those moods." He warned them that when he got home, he'd better not find one of them with a book in their hand, or a Rubick cube. That made me grin. I remember those moods, when I wanted to make men and women out of my kids. Now I had the feeling that I had just tossed a hot potato.

February 3. Ermal went to Caliente with Jim this afternoon to haul equipment to the men who are putting in telephone lines. This is his third trip. Each time they have brought back big wooden spools to use for picnic tables.

Before they went, I collared Jim, and told him not to bring his dad back through St. George without a new suit. It worked. Ermal came home with the new brown western dress suit from Jolley's Ranchwear. It's excitingly good looking.

When Ermal comes home from riding in the truck with Jim, the house vibrates with his booming voice. He and Jim have conversed above the roar of the truck all day, and the shouting goes on when he gets home. I put my fingers to my lips and say, "Shh. Not so loud." Grinning, he puts it down one notch.

February 5. Ermal wore his new suit to the sweethearts dinner tonight. He felt self-conscious about all of the fuss and the compliments. Linden and Phyllis Heaton were chosen as the sweethearts of the year, and their life sketch was given, plus the flowers and plaque. The party was a pretty one, with the scouts and young girls waiting tables.

The temperature is down to 8 degrees above zero, and the wind blows. And I suppose the aphids are warmly sheltered deep in the ant's nests.

February 7. We went to Sacrament Meeting in the Hurricane 5th ward. Ermal helped confirm Dorene a member of the church, and ordain Aaron a

deacon. We went to dinner at Darwin's and Lolene's after church. Gerald and Aleath, and Aaron's great-grandpa Kendall Gifford and his new wife were there.

February 8. Last night, Bishop Gubler's and Bishop Howard's dogs killed three of Bishop Wayne Wilson's sheep. One other dog was involved, but it got away. They don't know its owner. No doubt the dog occupied a high position too.

Speaking of dogs--Gordon was teaching his bulldog Preston to jump through a tire today. The dog's head bumped Gordon's jaw and broke an eye tooth. The dentist had to dig out the root, because it couldn't be saved.

February 10. Tonight, Bill and Virginia Palmer brought their beautiful slides of the Pacific Islands to share with the family at the Stake Relief Society room in Hurricane. I'm quite content to be an armchair traveler. This was lovely.

Arthritis makes the difference in whether you want to sit at home and see faraway places, or whether you yearn to get up and go. I lumber when I walk and my head hurts. I hope it will not be my lot to stay here forever just to learn patience. The reason I slip in my little gripes and complaints here and there, is because I've heard my sister Annie wonder if our ancestors ever hurt. She'd like to identify with them. "I wish they had just mentioned it, so we'd know." So I've mentioned it. I'm no physical giant, but am quite capable of murmuring.

February 11. I wanted to make lots of beautiful valentines tonight. I still feel the same sense of wonder and delight that I did as a child at the sight of a box of watercolors, and an art pad. I did exactly one valentine for Terry.

February 13. An MIA fund raising project this Valentine season was making cookiegrams. Ilene McKell delivered some to Emil and LaVerna Graff for us. The phone call we got in return was fun. Ilene is a sunny little messenger, and the cookiegrams were nice.

Shirley read President Reagan's message given at the annual prayer breakfast to me over the phone. Surely he is a man of God.

Tonight we went to the square dance jamobree in St. George to see Norman's and Ann's family in the promenade. Ann made pretty matching outfits for all of them--four western shirts, and four dresses--one for Liberty Iverson.

February 14. It seems that we all got in the valentine mood this year. We got singing valentines from Darwin's and Lolene's family, and from Dell's and Corinne's family, and homemade valentines from the children both in their art work, and in cookies and heart shaped pies, and silk flowers. I even served Ermal's mashed potatoes to him in the shape of a heart. He always goes out and buys me a fancy valentine "To my wife." He's a sweet guy.

February 15. Tonight we had a great big, scrumptious birthday dinner at Edna's and Van's, to celebrate Ovando's and Horatio's February birthdays. The table was laden with all of the lovely food that goes with a roast turkey. Shirley, Lolene, Vanda and Quinta crashed the party and did some barbershop singing. Don played the guitar, and all of us sang, then he played the autoharp and sang a beautiful Russian song. Good party. Good folks.

February 16. The town of Hurricane is a sloppy, muddy mess. It is all dug up to lay sewer and water lines, and the rains keep coming. It is difficult to drive anywhere.

David Morrill phoned and asked how I was. He often calls me. When I told him I had a cold, he said, "Alice, get on your knees and tell Heavenly Father to make you better. I felt bad while I was working, so I hid behind boxes in Lyman's store and kneeled where no one could see me, and told Heavenly Father to help me so I could work, and he did." David has a pure spirit.

February 20. Today we got a good letter from Terry and a beautiful picture of the mural in the Washington D.C. temple.

February 21. Because of my cold I didn't go to church today, but I should have (I guess). I fell off a chair when I went to reach in the top of the cupboard and wrenched my right arm and clobbered my left hip. After all of the moaning I've done, now this!

February 22. I've been racing against a deadline to get the second installment of my Pilgrim story to the Friend. Today I finished it, and wrote a letter to Lucile Reading to accompany it, then my typewriter quit. It had had it. It was finished. Thank goodness my faithful Olympia hung in there until the last word. Now it needs a vacation, and so do I. I'm tired tonight, and happy.

February 23. Ship ahoy, we're off to fulfill Ermal's long-time dream of a trip to Death Valley. This is the beginning of assorted jaunts planned by the "Big Four." (Ermal, Roland Webb, Elmer Hardy and Cumon Stratton, that is.) We stopped in St. George to leave my Olympia with Jack Pectol to be made good as new, then took the Enterprise road.

Ermal and Elmer are the ones who have the good CBs, so Ermal took the lead and Elmer brought up the rear, with the others in between. We had dinner at the Clay Cathedrals near Caliente. Water, seeping out of the crevices, made the clay slick as grease. Roland slipped and sat down in it. His clothes were plastered.

February 24. Last night we camped in the desert about 30 miles before coming in to Warm Springs. We camped by a gravel pit. There were no accommodations. The desert was bleak, and the wind cold. Eight of us scrunched in Roland's camper and played games until bedtime.

Our van is raw metal, without any insulation. The minute the sun is down, it is cold. Last night was the coldest night of our lives. The water in our jugs froze. Ermal lit the gas stove to warm us, and we ran out of butane. We cuddled so close under our mountain of covers that we ached. Our breath turned to frost on our pillows. We had no gas to cook breakfast with. We had to go visit Ruby and Roland for breakfast.

Anyone who goes camping in the desert in February deserves to shiver and shake.

Night. Here we are at Stovepipe Wells, just a few feet above sea level. It's warm, and oh so good.

We got butane and petrolane at Tonopah, and ate dinner by a joshua clump outside of Goldfield. We visited Death Valley Scotty's castle this afternoon. The guide was very witty, and the castle boasting of much elegance in its dark and shrouded gloom. I'd dearly hate to live there.

The window curtains are made of leather. The guide said that when the old prospector's mules became stubborn, he'd say, "It's curtains for you." The castle is elaborate and unliveable. The music room is wonderful. It has a beautiful pipe organ.

February 25. At the Furnace Creek visitor's center we saw a slide show of Death Valley, and I bought a star chart. Death Valley is awesome. I doubt that we'd want to take this trip in the summertime.

We traveled to Tacopa, and Leona took Ruby and me into the women's bathhouse. Venice wouldn't come because we had already told her people went in without bathing suits. Shamelessly, nude women lolled on bath towels all over the floor and on benches like an ancient Grecian painting.

A woman, swinging like a chimp from a bar above the water was singing in grand opera style, "How Great Thou Art." Such touching devotion. I couldn't help thinking that if her Lord was looking at her while she sang, he would surely think how great she art.

We parked our outfits under the dusty tamarisk trees in front of the Tacopa store, and Ruby cooked a pot of beef noodles. All of us spread out our goodies together and we had a family dinner. This would be our last camp together in the desert. The men all took their baths with the herd of naked men. We played "Crazy 8" in Elmer's camper until bedtime.

February 26. We said goodbye to Elmer and Leona and left them at Tacopa. In LasVegas, Marilyn was our guide, and we all went in the van to see "Strange Uncle" at the Omnimax. Marilyn, Ermal, Roland and I laughed uproariously at the show. Cumon got seasick and kept his eyes shut. Venice peeked out of one eye once in awhile, and Ruby watched with Rolands big handkerchief wadded over her mouth. Cumon and Venice came on to LaVerkin.

February 27. Marilyn went with us to the D.I. Ermal bought some leather boots, and Roland bought a tool kit, and Ruby found some clothing. I got a complete set of Friend Magazines that had my stories in. We bid Marilyn goodbye at noon. The four of us stopped in Mesquite for dinner at the Western Village. We were home by 4:00 p.m. and had traveled 794 miles. Scotty's castle is 411 miles from home.

March 3. A storm put the power out at 9:30 tonight. By 10:00 it was still off, so Ermal took a flashlight to the TV room to watch the news. He felt real foolish when he realized what he had done.

Oh dear! I failed to note that another little angel from Heaven has joined our family! Lloyd and Vina had another little girl (Sarah) born on February 24th.

March 5. My springs are broke. I'm totally dead-x. (I could have said 'broken' but the very word has too much spring in it. Mine are broke.) I was Katie's partner at a girl scout dinner tonight, because Lolene is sick. My bod was practically mummified with arthritis. When the girls were to dance the Virginia Reel with their partners, I wondered wildly what I 'd do. I got in line, opposite my smiling pretty little granddaughter. I could still smile and clap, and kind of let people whirl around me, but I was scared of what would happen when Katie and I had to sashay up and down and whirl everybody. I watched Ruth Nielson do it with her little granddaughter, and she was as springy and bouncy as a kid, and she's older than I am. I could almost have howled in rage. Don't ask me how I got through it. Mostly with an ungenuine smile I guess. Katie skipped happily.

The trench diggers are laying sewer pipe along the highway through LaVerkin now. The trenches look frightfully deep. The little man in the bottom looks so endangered, with the heavy equipment up above, digging and dumping.

March 6. Shauna called me on the phone. "Thank you Grandma, for putting us in a story." My story, "Will Robins Go To Heaven," just came out in the Friend. Katie said, "Grandma, my hair is long and dark, and the artist made me bigger than Aaron and Andy." The kids were tickled.

March 12. DeMar dropped in this morning to share some witty and some inspirational parts of his J. Golden Kimball book. Surely, he was a man who believed like Brewster, that God is the author of both mirth and gravity.

I left the Rambler in front of Wayne's house today, and went with him to see Edith and Gene at Middleton. We took a tour of the Bloomington Hills. When I got home, (back to Wayne's) Ermal had left a note on the front seat of the Rambler. "The front door is unlocked. Fancy Pants." Fancy Pants is Ermal's CB handle. Mine is Moonbeam. (Christened by Ermal.)

March 14. Stake conference today. John Groberg was our visiting authority. Shirley was one of the speakers--a missionary's mother. She was very good.

March 15. Edith and Gene are in a St. George trailer park, supposedly soaking up the Dixie sun. We've had constant rain. Now they both have the flu.

My typewriter is still at Jack Pectols, not fixed. It's too muddy outside to do anything. I hit rock-bottom today. I cut out quilt blocks. To me, cutting out quilt blocks is the very most desperate form of boredom. Three years ago, on a similar desperate day, I started to cut out a round-the-world pattern out of polyester dresses that refuse to get old. Today, I finished cutting out the top. If I ever get this bad off in the future, I might sew them together. Ermal says, "Who for?" "For some poor soul," I answered.

March 16. Yesterday, a heavy piece of artillery rumbled up our street cutting a sharp groove in the hard road surface. Today, great backhoes, both large and larger, are digging up our road and laying sewer pipe. Our house rumbled like an earthquake.

Ermal parked the van and the Rambler in the lane in front of Gates's, before the trench marooned us. The little Grand Canyon they dug in front of us sort of cut us off the earth. I walked through DeMar's lot, then on up the road to Donworth's house, telling Ermal I would go around the south end of town and up the lane where I could get my car. I needed to go to

Hurricane. Now that sounds simple enough, but it wasn't. I had to prod myself for every step I took, because in spite of the wonderful, marvelous and exciting things we're doing to be so healthy, my motor wants to sputter and quit!

After I visited Harriet and Donworth, I laboriously made my way around the long block and back up the lane. The Rambler wasn't there. Neither was the van. The sewer boys had filled up the chasm in front of our place and moved on, and my precious husband returned the cars to our yard. BUT, between me and home--there in front of Gates's, was still a high, sticky, impassable barricade of clay. I had no choice but to go all the way back, around the long block! #*#%¢&"@$@!! (that means inexpressible rage). Blithly, Ermal beckoned above the upheaval, "Come on, come on, the car is home!" Such love, such devotion, I cannot forget!

Leon drove out of Gates's drive. "Want a ride, Grandma?" He's not old enough to drive, and prefers not to go on the highway, but that was the only way he could get me near our house--going out by Howard's and around north of Pansy's and part way down the back lane. I was still barricaded by mounds of wet earth at the intersection, so I had to climb the fence and wade through the wet plowed garden. Ermal had vanished by the time I got to the house. It was a good thing. His hearing is so poor he often gets our messages all mixed up. And he'll never admit he did anything wrong. If only he'd say he was sorry, it would be easy to forgive him.

March 17. The sewer diggers cut a telephone cable at our corner. They also broke a water pipe.

7,800 people are homeless in Indiana because of floods and tornados.

March 18. Oozy, sticky, sloppy mud. No road work or sewer work because of the storm. Clay heaps and hollows melting to muck almost confound us. By gunning the motor, we just barely can get out of our drive. Our road is ugly, ugly.

Shirley and Susanna are here. Shirley is preparing the walls in our TV room to be papered.

March 19. Shirley papered the TV room today and ran out of paper. We need one more roll.

I baked apple pies, and made a fruit cocktail cake for the ward dinner tonight. Neil and Coleen Hardy have served so long as our activity chairmen, and have done far above and beyond the expected. Tonight, as Coleen dished up my potatoes I said, "I hope you live forever."

"I love our bishop," Coleen said, "but I can hardly wait until he is released."

They'll keep right in there pitching until that day.

March 20. Ermal reared up in his sleep. "I had a terrible dream," he said. "I dreamed somebody stole my woodpile." I chuckled the rest of the night. His woodpile is his great joy. He has had such fun hauling it. It isn't near the fun to split it and burn it, so the pile gets bigger and bigger.

Mt. St. Helens erupted both yesterday and today and an earthquake shook Japan. And I got a check for $377.50 for my Pilgrim story and a nice letter from Lucile Reading.

March 22. Ann went visiting teaching with me today. Pearl's big dogs leaped upon us in a pack. Blouses, skirts and nylons don't have a chance under these circumstances. When I came home with runners in my new nylons, Ermal forbade me to go again unless something is done about those dogs.

Some little wild bees are swarming. They were attracted to the sheets on the line. I shook, and shook them before bringing them in the house, still I got dozens of bees in the bedroom.

March 24. I deposited my check for the Pilgrim story in the St. George Trust to draw interest for missionary fund. It's a good feeling to know that if I want to help a missionary, I can. Now I'll want to write more so the account can grow.

Sewer mud has dried to dust. Cars passing our place keep a perpetual dust cloud hanging over us. My phlox and daffodils are blooming, but their colors cannot be seen. Every leaf, the patio chairs, our cars, are under a thick layer of dirt. Nothing outside is pretty. Bird songs are drowned out by the sound of big backhoes digging, groaning, and digging. This will always be remembered as the dirty spring.

March 25. Last night Ermal brought two bowls of sweet cream from Jim's and Dana's. I put it in the deep freeze, thinking someday we'll have an ice cream party. But we're getting such a lot on hand.

"Why don't we have an ice cream party while Edith and Gene are here?" I asked.

Ermal made a growly sound in his throat that wasn't real words, and got that look in his eyes.

"Why don't you like my suggestions?" I asked.

"Because I don't like parties."

"I wish you'd go out of town so I could have a party. The most fun I've had for a long time was when you went to Texas with Jim and we had a party."

"Well, that's appreciation for you, to wish I'd leave town," he complained.

"Oh, I love you very much, but a party would be fun." The subject was dismissed.

This morning, when he kissed me goodbye before going after wood, I said, "I'm glad you're going to be gone while Shirley and Barbara Adams are here today. Shirley is going to finish the TV room, and show Barbara how to paper. We'll love not having you here to get nervous while we talk all we want to."

"I like Barbara and Shirley," he said.

"I still wish you were going overnight."

He grinned mischieviously. "We're making a party," he said. "I've filled the deep freeze with pans of water for ice."

Goodness! I guess he'd rather have a party than to have me wish he'd go out of town. I couldn't help giggling a lot when I hugged him.

Today I made an important discovery--that even our trials have their charm, like dust, for instance. Since dust is what we'll be breathing for this part of eternity, I am happy to have found beauty in it.

As I sat at the breakfast table this morning (the meal prepared by Ermal) I looked out the window toward the morning sun. When the school bus rumbled by, I was charmed by the buoyancy of the ground. Dust clouds, backlighted by the sun, rose up and up. Generally speaking, the main advantage of dust is to show which direction the wind is blowing--but this was different.

Amazed at the density of the cloud, I went to the window for a better view. The long, puffy brown cloud stood in suspension, undecided, like a jogger jumping up and down in one spot. So the cloud bounced, little wisps milling, then drifting into DeVar's pasture, with a breeze coming barely north of east. Midway in the pasture, the cloud playfully swirled, like starlings in mid air, and went back toward the hill from whence the breeze had come. Cars enough go by--dust enough flies high, revealing the fickle wind. This is a swirly, whirly day.

Vaughn was in a pensive mood as he peddled his Grit papers today. He confessed what a wayward sin had overcome him--his fascination for the video game machines at Chicken Time. He says he dosen't have money anymore for show tickets or even enough for an ice cream cone. His video obsession is robbing him of everything, and he has resolved to stay away from them.

The Ben Franklin store had their grand opening in Hurricane today. Ermal took in the affair. He said everyone was there but me.

Ruby Webb and I went to the Continuous Entertainment Dinner and Mellerdrammer, "No, No, A Million Times No," at the high school tonight. Never has $5.00 brought more fun. Drama director, Janice DeMille needs to be congratulated for putting on one of the prettiest, cutest and fun parties the school has ever hosted.

The multi-purpose room at the elementary was set up with small tables, seating for four, all over the room. The ushers were the drama class boys, in their red striped vests and Panama hats, who gave an arm to each of the ladies, escorting them to their tables. Leon was one of them. The enchiladas were delightful. We were entertained with good music and dancing.

Then came the play. William Brady is always super on the stage, and Sandra Brown as Birdie really captured the audience. I felt wonderfully refreshed after such a long, hearty laugh.

March 26. The dust has turned to soup--so soupy in fact, that LaReta had to drive her car across the street to see me.

We went to April's baptism tonight, and then the family collected noisily at Maxine's for ice cream.

March 29. Kate phoned. She heard it announced on the radio that Lucile Reading had died. I am in a state of shock. My last letter from her was dated March 17. She died unexpectedly at her home in Centerville on the 22nd.

In her letter to me she said, "In some respects it is not too bad to grow older, but in other ways, it is what the young people call 'the pits' with its dimming eyes, difficulty in hearing, etc. etc. However, when I begin to complain, I am ashamed for truly I have been greatly blessed. It is just that when I don't <u>feel</u> old, it annoys me to look old and have to put up with various senses blurring instead of being razor sharp as they once were."

There certainly must be things going on on the other side to have called a woman who was so busy here. She didn't even get a chance to slow down a minute. How honored she must be to get her call when she was so loved and desired here! To me, that would be absolutely wonderful.

A very old volcano in Mexico erupted today, killing 12 and causing 20,000 people to flee from their ash-covered homes.

March 30. I spent the day with Wayne and Edith and Gene. Wayne took us on a tour of Santa Clara Heights, Ivins pond, Gunlock, and Snow's Canyon. All of those hours of sitting were miserable. I couldn't even stretch my legs out. Wayne was so good, and Edith and Gene seemed so happy I hated to groan or moan, but I hurt.

When I got home I learned that Norman was in the hospital with a heart attack.

March 31. We had made a date with Edith and Gene to go to the Western Village in Mesquite for dinner, so we picked them up, then Ermal drove to the hospital so I could check up on Norman. Because I was his mother, they let me in his room one minute. Five nurses and doctors had stayed with him until 3:00 a.m. trying to get oxygen through collapsed arteries. His blood pressure was down to 67/40 and they got it up to 120/70. I could only stay a minute.

After dinner at Mesquite, we admired the desert flowers, and came back to the visitor's center at the temple to enjoy some of the films. I went back to the hospital, and Norman looked much better. The doctor said they were lucky to get him there when they did.

April 1. Norman was taken by air ambulance to the Veteran's hospital in Salt Lake this afternoon.

Tonight is Lolene's Super-Star night at Weight Watchers. She has achieved her goal of losing 50 pounds. This means an extra diamond chip in her pin. She has tinted her hair, and looks so sharp. Darwin says she makes him feel fat and old.

April 2. NEWS FLASH! Mace just called from St. George. He and Sheryl have a brand new son born today. Mace said, "Spread the news!" (Chance Nicolas Hardy).

Lolene said the family had a belated party for Kendall Paul's second birthday. The little fellow was filled with delight to think that even Daddy, and Aaron and Andy played ring-around-the-roses with him.

April 4. General conference. Both Saturday and Sunday such warnings about evil and conspiring men--about deceiving, get-rich-quick schemes, honesty, etc. --about the power of prayer and the importance of families.

I was impressed when Brother Tanner, so terribly handicapped with past illnesses and the ravages of years, bore his testimony. To speak was terribly difficult. And then, President Kimball bore his testimony, his first time before the world in a year. I wondered if this was a last time for both of them.

When conference adjourned, these dear old men, assisted by many loving hands, left the stand. Brother Tanner, President Kimball and LeGrand Richards all had to be helped. President Benson hobbled with a cane. He has had hip surgery.

According to averages, these special servants of the Lord are old men. I have felt rebellious that I have had to limp or hobble at times with a swollen knee or throbbing hip or a stiff neck. Being old certainly is not my favorite sport. I'm not good on my feet for long, and I'm not good on my seat for long. I like to imagine myself lively and full of vitality. Reality shocks me. Was the Lord trying to put over a point when these old men, his beloved servants, hobbled off the stand before the whole watching world? Is there a glory in the way infirmities are born?

April 5. Tonight we had the ice cream party that Ermal had frozen the ice for. My sisters and brothers and their companions all were here except Bill and Annie. Ron Herman and his wife and little boy were also here.

April 6. Ermal and I stopped at Lloyd's Lab on our early morning walk to congratulate Helen and Lloyd Howard. Their son Richard has brought real honor to his family and to our town. He is at the nation's capitol in Washington D.C. where he is cited as the airman of the year for our nation. There were 89,000 candidates for this honor, and Richard was selected.

April 8. I've been asked to take the cancer drive for our part of town. When I asked Betty Owens, Melba Beams and Sue Tippets to each take a beat, they cheerfully accepted. I love willing hearts.

April 10. We had planned a tribal powwow on Coal Pitts for an Easter outing. Ermal surprised me. He and Jim Stratton lifted my brother Wayne into the van along with his wheelchair, and brought him with us. He is a very thoughtful person. After the cookout, the kids played softball in the open field at the Gatcho Rancho. Ermal and his children have made a real nice picnic area on the six acres he bought from Wayne. They have a cement patio, tables and benches, and rocked up fire pit. They lack a stream of running water.

Tonight Marilyn phoned that she was too tired to drive up for the picnic. She's been working hard, helping to put a roof on Mace's new home before the next storm.

At ten tonight, Mace phoned from their apartment in St. George. He wanted Marilyn to come and take care of the baby, because Sheryl was asleep and the baby was driving him crazy. I told him she was tired, and wasn't coming until tomorrow. He couldn't see why she should be tired, and he was going to call her.

"Don't you dare," I said. "She has gone to bed. She's getting up at four in the morning."

"I need her to come and relieve me. Besides, she doesn't go to bed this early."

"Don't you dare disturb her now. She is worn out hammering nails in your house."

"Oh well, I guess I'll live," he said.

"I guess you will. You'll live a lot tending your baby without your mother," I consoled.

Norman is home from the hospital. The cause of his heart attack is undetermined. He has damaged arteries that need to heal.

April 12. Gordon came to borrow the rototiller so he and Scott and Vaughn could put in a garden. He says Norman's illness is pulling the family together, that they were pretty much doing their own thing before.

As I glanced through the book, "A Story to Tell," I came across a verse from Psalms 100:1-2:"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before his presence with singing."

Makes me want to run out in Horatio's barley patch and warble.

Oh yes. A joyful note I failed to mention--at our Easter picnic, Maxine spread a pretty cloth on one of the tables and placed a potted Easter lily in the center. I marveled that anyone would do such a pretty thing out in the wilderness. But then, Maxine is always doing the extra special things. When we went to come home, she gave the lilies to us for an Easter gift. Our house is filled with the sweet perfume.

April 14. The weatherman tells us that the Mexican volcano, El Chicon, sent a plume of ash more than 19 miles into the upper atmosphere. He says we will have a cooler summer.

April 16. Last night I hit the bottom. I hurt so much I didn't know what to say to the Heavenly Father when I kneeled to pray. I've discovered there's no use complaining, because there's always someone who can outsuffer me. So I just had to kneel and think. Hazel Payne's worse off than I am. She can't even get out of bed. So I got to thinking of a bunch of things to be thankful for, and I said my prayers.

This morning, Foster Harrison dropped in and he helped Ermal give me a blessing. He said I would get better, and that I would enjoy the spring. (That scared me a little bit. I wondered about summer and fall and winter.)

Well, I did the thing that seemed most enjoyable of all to me. I went back to bed and slept till noon.

April 20. DeMar is off work today. He has been working on a building by the sewer pond. A strong north wind has demolished the building. I think of how weary he has come home each night from laying those heavy cement blocks. And then, this howling north wind blew down a wall, wrecking his trusses, and sending Winston Stratton into a rage. Strattons had wanted to save expenses and not grout the wall until they reached the top. Then this! They were lucky the wall fell when no one was on the job. The wall was up 20 feet. Now it is down to the 13 foot level.

April 22. A red letter day. I sat on the bridge over our west driveway, with my feet in the cement ditch, which was dry, and watched a great show. Dell Ruesch operated the backhoe that lifted the culvert out of the waste ditch that crosses our lane. It has been embedded there for at least 50 years, and was filled with tons of earth. It had to be clawed out bit at a time.

For 15 years I've waged a lone fight to get this mosquito infested, weedy, unsightly ditch covered. Our little corner of the earth sits precariously here waiting for a flood-time to muck us under. The moving of the culvert has not made our corner any better looking. It has cut off the lane to all traffic, and we've a clay hill on each side of an open swimming pool now. Children are flocking here already. However, this is the beginning of hoping for better things ahead.

April 23. A sobering, sad day. A group of happy, care-free high school students, speeding along the airport road, rolled their car over, and two of them were killed. Details are sketchy, but this is the report we received. The car was driven by Tracy Stratton. With him was a Vietnamese student, Heen Ha, Paul Keene, seriously hurt; Gail Ruesch, Donette Gubler, also seriously hurt; Diane Gubler, killed; and Tim Wood, killed. The two that were killed were from LaVerkin. How frail our existence.

Lolene and Darwin are off on a honeymoon trip, possibly to see the Omnimax in LasVegas. They've divided up their children with the family, and we get Aaron and Andy, after they have practiced the piano and delivered their papers.

April 24. Sakes alive! I had plum forgotten about the energy of youth! Aaron and Andy fairly zoomed when they got up. They changed the sheets on their bed, and tidied up the room. After breakfast they jumped up to do the dishes, but I told them I'd rather do the dishes if they'd hoe the weeds out of my flower garden. It's been a long time since I've seen weeds fly like that. They did the entire area in front of the house.

Then they wanted to clean the Rambler. Such scrubbing, vacuuming and polishing! They stopped long enough for dinner, then went back to wax the car. That didn't turn out to please them, because the paint is almost all gone.

This afternoon Aaron and Andy went to Little League ball practice. They were on their own, when they returned. I was busy cutting Ermal's hair, and then we had to watch the news. The boys were attracted to the yawning cavern of mud and water where the culvert had been dug up. They wallowed in it, shoes and all. When I went to call them for supper they didn't look like super kids at all, but like boys--ordinary, muddy, dirty boys. I had to hose them down before they could get near the house, and they ate supper in their pajamas.

Lolene and Darwin gathered up their children at 9:30 tonight. They had enjoyed their vacation. Darwin said he was glad they went to the Omnimax, but they wouldn't go again, because it made him dizzy. It bothered Lolene too.

April 25. I was released as Spiritual Living teacher today. Mona Ketchum was released as Relief Society president, and LaReta Gates was sustained. My new assignment in the ward is to be a visiting teacher supervisor. Being released gives me a put-out-to-pasture feeling. In other words, this is an end-of-the-line-job. It's an armchair, telephone job. It's a kind one. I asked to be released, because I've taught this class for four years.

To be a Spiritual Living teacher in Relief Society is a great experience. This class can only be taught by the Spirit. For four years I've practically taught this class on my knees. I've been blessed, and now it is time for someone else to receive this blessing. I will teach one more lesson, and then a new teacher will be put in.

April 26. We're going fishing! Roland and Ruby came down tonight, and Ermal and Rolly took their flashlights out on the lawn to catch night crawlers. Those guys did as much whooping and laughing as if they were in a Jerry Lewis movie. They did a lot of leaping and grabbing to get the crawlers before they oozed back into their holes. I suspect catching crawlers is more exciting than fishing.

April 27. So here we are at Lee's Ferry. The Colorado flows glassy bluish-green, except for the reflection in the water of sunny red hills. Elmer, Leona, Roland and Ermal are on the river fishing, and Ruby and I are in camp. It's dusk, and I'm hungry.

Later: The fishermen have returned. Ermal said they all laughed when he pulled out his first fish. They said it wasn't as big as the worm he caught it with. They laughed again when he caught the second little one. Then Elmer caught one that was still smaller. He gave it to Ermal. He said he'd be embarrassed to be seen with a fish so small that he'd have to carry it in his pocket. Ermal made them sound important. He said, "They are pan-sized speckled trout." He gave Rolly two, and we're having the other one for breakfast.

Night crawlers sell for $2.35 a dozen at Marble Canyon. Ermal regards his bucket full of them as profoundly as he would a bucket of gold.

April 28. The fishermen are off for the day. Ruby and I watch the river runners take off in their rubber rafts. Cumon and Venice arrived at noon. We went with them to visit the John D. Lee farm and orchard. The log houses, with their sturdy timbers and thick walls were built to endure.

I hiked back to camp alone because there was no place to sit, and standing for hours in the sun waiting for the fishermen to come in was too much for me. We were 30 minutes walking away from camp. I'm not sure about this theory of forcing my legs to go. It was a beastly, throbbing task, but still it beat standing. We had come this far in Cumon's pickup. I was glad to get back to the van and put on some Hawaiian music.

The gang came later. Ermal had two more trout. We sat in the moonlight by Elmer's camper until bed time.

April 29. Home again. I <u>love</u> this place.

April 30. Ermal and I went to St. George to see the movie, "Suvannah Smiles." It's a cute story of a neglected little rich girl and two escaped prisoners.

May 4. 2:45 a.m. Can't sleep. Left arm aches too much. A twister whirled through the kitchen door and scattered every loose thing across the floor. Thunder rumbles along the hill.

England declared war on Argentina about ten days ago. Ships on both sides are being torpedoed, and lives are being lost. All over a rocky, wind-swept island.

May 5. I bought a pair of Nikes today. Oh, my goodness, gracious me! What feather-light comfort! Already I'm addicted. I wish someone would make dress shoes that feel as elegant as Nikes!

Paulette came skipping into the yard, carrying a yellow plastic wash basin. "I'm going to catch a bird," she said. "When I see a bird, I'll put the basin on it like this!" (Plopping it upside down on the grass). "Then I'll sneak my hand under like this, and pick up the bird."

She walked all about the yard, and the birds chirped safely in the trees overhead. "I guess I'll quit. I can't find a bird on the ground," she said.

May 7. My teaching district has been changed, because Ermal has spoken. I will not be going back to the Cheaney dogs again. Amelia is remaining true blue. She will keep the district. Helen Howard is my new companion.

May 8. 5:52 p.m. Home from a beautiful flower tour above Zion--Ermal's Mother's Day gift to me. We hiked to the rainbow arch above the tunnel, then to the weeping rock, and had broasted chicken for dinner. Wild flowers are in profusion.

May 9. Helen is the new Mother's Training teacher in Relief Society. Her lesson today was on the extended family. The honors she gave me as she brought out some of my art work and writing should have wafted me right into the Celestial Kingdom. And so it was on this Mother's Day.

A month ago, when I was in Boulevard Furniture in St. George, I skidded to a stop in front of a beautiful crystal table lamp. As I ogled it, I was transported back to childhood and to the delicate finery of Grandma Isom's home. Well--today Jim came toting the elegant thing into our living room, where our children were gathered. Shirley had spread the word, and our combined children pooled their money and bought it for me!

Our kitchen table is covered with roses and sweet peas that the grandchildren have brought. What a day! I'm convinced that Mother's Day is essentially Grandmother's Day. When I was a mother, before I earned the prefix of "grand" it would have been impossible for so many folks to make such a fuss. Laron's homemade card to "Grand Maw" said it just right.

May 10. Ermal picked Paulette and Stacy up at the store where their mothers were trying to shop. I was on the phone to Shirley when he brought the little destroying angels in. When they began to pilfer the desk drawers in front of me, I said, "Hey you kids, that's no place to play. Put things away and close the drawers. "

Shirley said, "Mother, you're too nice. Just say, 'get out of there and leave things alone.'"

Ermal, seeing the situation, said, "You kids come along with me."

"Where are you taking us?" Paulette asked.

Gruffly he said, "I'm going to throw you off the bridge."

Giggling, they grabbed hold of his hands and skipped out with him.

Just as he made that rash statement, Shirley was telling me of Norene Gubler when she had three of her little granddaughters with her. When a clap of thunder rumbled the house, one of them asked, "What's that, Grandma?"

"It's the devil," Norene answered. "If you kids don't get upon the couch and sit still he's going to get you." All three of them hopped up and sat down.

Norene and Ermal can both make harebrained statements and keep a stern countenance, except for a twinkle in the eye. Dire as it may sound, the little ones cuddle right up to them.

May 14. When Helen gave the "extended family" lesson, she passed out cards to each of us, with "Challenge" written on it. We were to each write down our own challenge, and then to carry it out. When I learned that the fathers and sons in our stake were having an outing tomorrow night, I decided to have a granddaughter party while they were away. Ermal said, "You're off your rocker!" So on my card I wrote, "My challenge is to have a grandma-granddaughter slumber party while the men are away, and convince Ermal that I'm not crazy." "You're crazy," Ermal said.

I asked Boyd Hepworth about borrowing 10 folding chairs from the ward for my slumber party. "I'll deliver them to your house," he said, and he did. Boyd is a second-miler.

Ermal cut and trimmed 20 water willows from Chance's field for weiner sticks for my party.

The lights are on on the square tonight. Baseball season is here.

May 14. Ermal glumly disapproved the idea of my granddaughter party. He's certain I'm going to keel over dead before it's over. But, like a good guy, he helped me with my grocery shopping, chopped cedar wood for the weiner roasting fire, and set up the spool table in the grape arbor, muttering all the while at my stupidity. Oh dear! Then he went on an over-night outing with Jim and Scott.

Fifteen of our granddaughters came with their pillows and sleeping bags. For the fun of it, I'm going to name them. There was Sherrie Houston, (Annie was sick and couldn't come), Julie, Alice and April Limb. Katie, Janna and Shauna Gifford, Marsha, Dorene and Melissa Stout, (Carolee was in Salt Lake), Hilda Quintana, Rebecca, Paulette and Laura Gubler, and Staci Stratton. Now that's the makings of sompin' special!

Lolene, Helen, Dana and their babies were with us while we roasted our weiners and ate supper in the grape arbor. Patty Gubler spent an hour with us directing fun action songs. The girls surrounded her, lustily singing and doing all of the motions. They wouldn't let Patty quit.

Our living room was a picture, filled with adorable girls, singing, swaying and bending. To cap it all off, right while everyone was whooping it up, Vina and Sheryl appeared, each with a little infant strapped in front of them, and little Rosie beside them. What a sweet surprise! Besides granddaughters, two little great-granddaughters, Sarah and Rosie, and one little great-grandson, Chance, were added to the party. Vina and Sheryl entered into the fun and singing with the rest, and little Rosie imitated all of the action.

After the activities, the granddaughters spread their sleeping bags all over the house, and armed with stacks of storybooks, read to each other. Finally, I read the story, "Paradise for Children," by Percy B. Shelly. This has been a favorite of mine since childhood. Lolene knelt with us and offered the family prayer, then she and Kendall Paul went home. The others, with their babies,left when the sleeping bags were rolled out. By 10:00 p.m. everyone was bedded down. Hilda slept with me.

May 15. We put the extensions in the kitchen table this morning. Between Saturday morning cartoons on TV and relays at the breakfast table, we managed quite well. Julie cooked the eggs to order. Ann, Mimsi, Lolene, Kendall Paul, Shirley and Suzie joined us for breakfast.

Ermal got back from the father's and son's outing much, much too soon. We were lolling in the happiness of each other's company, completely relaxed and full of chatter, when whose form was that that loomed so ominously in the kitchen door? None other than the man of the house.

His eyes swept the scene--the upheaval of pillows, sleeping bags, uncombed kids still in pajamas and nightgowns, dirty dishes and his sweetly smiling wife. "This place is a mess!" he roared. "Get it cleaned up right now!"

Like scared rabbits the little ones began gathering up their things. The older ones gave Grandpa a "How could you" look, and his sweetly smiling wife said, "You shouldn't be home. You should still be out in the hills with the boys. Our party isn't over yet."

Ermal gave me his glaringest look, rumbled something in his throat and wheeled out the door. He had spoken. Sudsy water bubbled in the sink and dishes began to clatter. Sleeping bags were rolled up, and storybooks put away. By the time our guests left there was only a spool table left in the arbor and ten folding chairs and the coals from last night's fire to show that we had had a party.

And I didn't drop dead. I suspect that Ermal was a wee bit disappointed that he didn't have to nurse me back to health.

I'm glad I'm a grandma, and I'm glad Grandpa stayed away as long as he did. I'm glad the party happened. And I'm glad Grandpa lives here. (Simply gladiolus, isn't it!)

Pearl Cheney died in her sleep today. That's wonderful. It's a pity I didn't endure the dogs to the end. I liked Pearl a whole bunch, but not her cats and dogs. Pearl and I even had fun playing her grand piano together. I'd play the melody and she'd chord. She had a keen ear for chord changes and for rhythm. Last time we were there she said, "I want my Mama. I am homesick." I am happy for her now.

May 16. Irrigation water is running underground between DeMar's place and ours where the sewer pipe was laid. The road is caving in in spots, and damp spots appear on the hard surface of the road in other places. Norman Gates walked to church with us this morning. We were leery about stepping across from our driveway onto the road.

"Norman, be careful. There's an underground stream here. If you step on this side of the road you might drop out of sight," I said.

"Well, if I have to go, I'll have to go. I've fought a good fight," he said.

May 17. I walked to see Edith Gubler today. Some drastic thing has happened to me. My legs seemed heavy as lead, and they tingled. I had to force each step I took. How frightening!

May 18. I went to Pearl's funeral at the Metcalf Mortuary in Hurricane. Pearl's grandchildren are classy, stylish, and have that fresh-from-Hollywood look. Beautiful! But I had a struggle to make it from the car and back. Why all of a sudden I cannot walk? What happened to me?

May 19. We did one session at the temple today, and I made it on my own power. I was very aware of the people there on crutches and in wheel chairs.

At home I packed my knees in ice and wrote letters. Helen sent us a mess of green peas and Ermal shelled them all through Roger Mudd, Dan Rather and KSL news.

May 20. I hit rock bottom today. I considered what the rest of my life would be like if I could not walk. Not a nice consideration. Then we read McConkie's conference talk about the power of the priesthood. And I remembered the blessing Foster had given me, that I would be healed according to my faith.

Shirley came and I took her to see my little potted pistachio trees. To my astonishment I saw the bougainvillea--a dead, naked potted stick that I had thrown away three months ago, covered with little new leaves. The impact it had upon me was great. Give up? Who, me? Not by any means.

May 21. I sat forever in a chair today getting a permanent. I crystalized. Painfully embarrassing. I couldn't move. Debbie Jensen had to help me down the steps and all the way to my car.

May 22. At 1:00 a.m. I got up to go to the bathroom and could not walk. I grabbed on to chairs, door frames and walls. Critical. Back in bed I lay staring into the dark, conjuring up visions of wheel chairs and crutches. Big gloomy fight. Talk about exercising faith, I discovered it is an exercise indeed--a very strenuous one.

I got up and stood still in the dark. Silently, I said to myself, "Walk, walk, walk. Don't reach out for support. Just do it." The first steps were scarey, but slowly I walked down the hall, through the living room and kitchen to the outside door. Then I walked around and around the table and back to bed without touching a thing. Back in bed I felt happy. The gloom was gone.

This afternoon I returned Wayne's laundry to pick it up no more. I have been doing it since 1965, with time out to go on a mission. I am sorry to quit.

May 23. Carol White sent us a banana cream pie. How scrumptious!

Ermal and I went to Sunday School at Birk's Rest Home. I told my story, "Mama and the Heavenly Father." Ruby Hall is a patient there. She was born and raised in Springdale, and the story brought back memories to her. She's of Crawford descent, and was touched.

I spent the rest of the day at home in bed.

May 25. Ermal decided today was a right day to celebrate our 15th wedding anniversary. Celebrating, to him, is taking a trip. We went around the loop up through Zion and over Cedar Mountain, stopping often for me to get out and walk and admire the wild flowers.

Ermal's eyes are as sharp as a circling buzzard, when he goes through Longvalley. He is alert for every clump of rhubarb. Betty Esplin's sister, an Adair woman in Orderville, gave him some. At Hidden Lake, Jack Chamberlain gave him all he wanted if he would just go down the row and pull off all of the flower stalks.

We picked up three men on Cedar Mountain who were having car trouble, and took them to Cedar City, and we visited with Annie and Rass.

Ermal had told me he would be taking me out to dinner that evening. I couldn't understand why he wanted to get me a hamburger or fried chicken when it was only five in the afternoon. He kept pressing the issue, but I told him I would wait. That was my mistake. If only he had warned me.

He had planned a surprise party at Corinne's. Shirley and Lolene had made ice cream, and Dana, Ann, Helen and Corinne had made cakes and cookies. I really thought he was taking me out to dinner, and was looking forward to something warm and nourishing. Even a cup of warm water and a crust of plain bread would have been so comforting.

But the surprise he had planned was so lovely. Ruby and Roland and Elmer and Leona were special guests, as well as our children.

Leona gave me seven lovely knitted roses. I have never dreamed of a knitted flower, but Leona is a master at the art. She can create anything with her knitting needles. These are very pretty.

The crowning event was Ermal giving me a matching crystal lamp, like the one the children gave me for Mother's Day. This is our crystal anniversary. As Ermal puts it, now we have something beautiful around the house besides him.

May 28. Minersville reservoir. We're on a fishing trip with Hardys and Webbs. There are many yellow-headed blackbirds and seagulls on the shore, and swarms of great mosquitoes that must eat something besides people. They light on us, but don't bite. Elmer's son James and his family are here. We spent the evening around their campfire. It's a moonlight night.

May 29. Home by 10:00 p.m. and Ermal is cleaning his six trout. The men spent the full day on the water. Also Leona and her children. Ruby and I read and slept. An exhausting day. One day of fishing is plenty for me.

June 2. Lucille Basford said a woman cured her arthritis by living on raw cabbage. Someone else knew a man that cured his by living on raw potatoes. That's the only thing I like about arthritis. When you tell folks you have it, they always come up with some interesting cure. (Correction: Lucille didn't say the woman cured herself of cabbage, but the woman claimed she did. I like raw cabbage. I'm going to eat a lot of it.)

I bought a book on arthritis. It recommended going to a clinic in Sweden for a year. I really can't do that. At this clinic, patients eat a baked potato every day, and drink a glass of tomato juice. Then I borrowed Ruby's book. It said to not touch the night shade plants such as potatoes, tomatoes, egg plant and peppers. Well, well, quite contradictory I'd say. Also, at Sweden the patients get lots of high enemas. That would make me very angry. I did not like either one of these books.

For the record's sake, I'll enumerate a few of the cures that have been suggested to me: Eat nothing but raw fruits and vegetables. Never eat eggs, meat or dairy products. Drink a glass of water with 2 teaspoons of vinegar in it before each meal. Or 2 teaspoons of vinegar and honey. Upon arising each morning, drink a glass of water with one teaspoon of peroxide in it. Drink 2 quarts of wild sage tea daily. Drink chaparral tea. Go on a raw juice diet. Get the honey bees to sting you. Wear a copper bracelet. Take vitamins, minerals and codliver oil. Soak in the hot springs.

Ermal says, "Hon, I like to buy new things for you." Today he bought a Sunbeam shredder for $80. Also, a head of cabbage, fresh peaches and a cuke. Our life on salads begin.

June 3. I am very impatient. About all I've accomplished today is one temple session. It's too hard to walk. If the Lord doesn't take me until my work on earth is done, I'm going to be around too long.

Besides that, I'm sick of dirt. Every leaf and flower in our yard is filthy. We keep the house shut, but dust sifts in. When, oh when are the contractors going to oil the mess down?

June 4. I love our salad maker. We've had raw vegetables for every meal since Ermal brought it home.

Ermal bought me a fishing pole today. Said that would cure everything.

June 6. Julie had a baby boy on the 20th of May. He was blessed today. (Michael)

June 7. After so much salad, cooked food tastes wonderful!

June 8. We went to LaPriel's for lemon pie. I sat with an ice pack on my knee, and Ermal and Jim both got charley horses in their legs. Only LaPriel was normal.

June 11. Janna Lynn said she wanted an African violet for her birthday. I looked at my plant rack full of them. I've loved them, kept them washed free of dust and fed, and they're full of flowers. But all at once they looked like work. We loaded the entire rack of them in the pickup and took them to Janna Lynn, along with the plant food and the watering pot. Our kitchen seems bare without them, but right now bare looks beautiful to me.

Ermal took me to dinner in Cedar, then we went to the Ashcroft Observatory. Scott Stevens was our host. Through the telescope we saw Jupiter with its four moons, Saturn and her rings. Mars looked like a bright moon. We saw Hercules M-13, a very beautiful cluster, the ring nebulae, which looked like a smoke ring, with an infinity of pin point stars behind it, and a star, which was actually four stars, broken down to two double stars in the scope.

June 12. Sam Segler died today in his own bed. He just simply did not get up to milk the cow. His sisters, Betty and Ursula and their children were all there, so Sam was not alone.

June 14. Donworth and Harriet came to DeMar's tonight to give a slide presentation and discussion of Russia. During the presentation, Leon answered the phone. Betty Guymon said, "Look outside. Your house is on fire." Just then, a gust of wind swept a shower of sparks past the kitchen door.

"Dad, the house is on fire," Leon shouted, running outside. We all bolted out. Strong winds were whipping the power line that went to DeMar's house, like a jumping rope, sending forth a shower of sparks. Flames were licking up the roof to the gable. DeMar grabbed the garden hose, and from a small step ladder, scaled the wall. The howling wind whipped the trickle of water back on DeMar, and as he grabbed the conduit to help him upon the roof, it tore away from the house, sparks flying all the while. In terror, I knew I was seeing my son being electrocuted. But he was not. With a leap, he was up on top, still pulling the hose. By that time, the fire truck had arrived. Betty had sent in the alarm.

This is the <u>third</u> time the volunteer firemen have come to save DeMar's house. They cannot be praised too highly.

By the time the fire was extinguished, our yard was filled with our children, their husbands and wives, and our grandchildren, and neighbors and friends. We visited until 11:30. Helen and the girls slept at our house, and DeMar and Leon slept home so they could keep watch.

June 15. Sam Segler's funeral was right enjoyable. I even enjoyed my own talk. Lolene's songs, "Dear Hearts and Gentle People," and "From this Valley They Tell Me You're Going," were warm and tender. LaMar Gubler, Reed Wilson and Walter Church spoke. They were earthy and honest. There was no kidding, or glossing over of facts. Through their talks came Sam's dry

humor. Betty's talk was a classic. She said, "Hey, Sam this is the last time I'll have a chance to talk to you." She recalled things that they had both enjoyed together. It was the most homespun, fireside chat I've ever listened to. The theme of the funeral was based upon Sam's observations from his chair under the pecan trees by his house. I loved it.

When Ruby Webb told Lolene she wanted her to sing at her funeral, Lolene heartily replied, "I'd love to." Then she apologized for sounding too enthusiastic, because really, she wasn't in a hurry for Ruby to die.

June 16. Ermal took Ruby and me to Cedar to an arthritis clinic this evening. A man from the Arthritis Foundation lectured to a group at the hospital. I took my pillow to sit on. I do that now days. Church benches and folding metal chairs torture me. In fact, they cripple me.

The lecturer made it clear that no one knows the cause or the cure of arthritis. What they do know is that more money is spent on quackery than on research. And the main ingredient of most pain killers is aspirin. It comes under many names, and at high prices, but aspirin is still the best treatment known for arthritis.

He said Piroxicam (feldine) and Oraflex are no magic cure. They are pain relievers with side effects and a money maker for the Lily Company. He gave us a leaflet that had a long list of quack cures that people fall for, including running to LasVegas and to Mexico to quack doctors there. Copper bracelets, codliver oil, vitamins, herbs, special diets, etc., etc., are all quackery. The final conclusion was, "Go to your doctor. He can help you." Hah! Help you get rid of your cash! If the foundation knows nothing, why go to a doctor?

June 17. We're in Orem tonight. Jim and LaPriel came with us in the van. LaPriel and I rode in the back in our swivel chairs. Ermal stopped often to let me get out and walk. That helped a lot. Edith prepared a banquet for us tonight.

June 18. Edith & Gene, LaPriel & Jim, and Ermal and I went to the new Jordan temple today. After the session, when I was dressed and carrying my little suitcase down the aisle, I stopped to decide which way to go. The electric sign in front of me said, "Exit." So I did. I found myself in a small enclosure with another exit sign in front of me, and the door I had just come through firmly locked. I pushed the door in front of me open, and found myself locked outside at the rear of the temple. An alarm went off, letting me know somebody had done something wrong--namely me. I had to lug my suitcase clear around to the front of the temple, and I begrudged every single step.

Re-entering the temple again, I presented my recommend and said, "I got lost. I need to find my family." Edith and LaPriel grinned at me from the lounge waiting room.

At the temple dining room we ate platter sized trout and a thick, heaped up piece of fresh strawberry pie! Oh, so goood!

June 20. FATHER'S DAY! Like destroying angels, our children came laden with caloric goodies for their well-upholstered Pappy. The list is impressive. Corinne brought apple pie. Shirley brought a cherry delight, smooth and rich with cream cheese and whipped cream, Lolene brought pumpkin pie with whipped cream, and Dana brought chocolate brownies. Oh, how Pappy <u>loves</u> it! Flowers on the table are from Maxine. Ann and Norman's family are in Texas to a reunion, or there would be more goodies. Now Father has

sampled everything to his satisfaction, and slumbers on his big-foot pillow on the floor, lulled by the music of Moe Bandy, a country-western tape from Helen and DeMar.

June 21. Marilyn phoned. She put Terry's three boys on the plane on the 15th to send them to Washington D. C. to be with their dad for the summer.

June 22. The guy who shot President Reagan was declared "not guilty" by the jury today, on the grounds of insanity. It sounds to me like the jury is insane. This verdict is an outrage!

June 23. Ermal watched a small jet fly under the bridge for a movie, then we were off in the van, and Cumon and Venice following in their camper. We went to the Coral Dunes, where the big yellow flowers are starting to bloom. From there we went through Kanab, then on to the ghost town of Johnson, and through Johnson Canyon. A farmer there has a cave of solid rock for a hay barn, and there are herds of white cattle.

We followed an improved dirt road, coming in to Alton the back way. We passed green meadows where black-faced, black-stockinged sheep grazed. We saw chubby little donkys, and little shining lakes and wild ducks, and tall spruce and hemlock trees.

Leisurely we went on over Cedar Mountain, past mirror bright Navajo Lake, and stopped at the Cedar Canyon campground. There are good rest rooms there, cold tap water, many birds in the tall trees and wild flowers.

June 24. Clinton puts nitrogen on his cactus garden. The plants are a rich green and plump. Very pretty.

Leon and DeMar left today with Corwin and Richard Beaumont on a motorcycle trip to Glacier.

June 29. I picked over and bottled two quarts of gooseberries today while Ermal did twenty quarts of apricots.

I hobbled to see Genevieve Gubler this afternoon and Ruby Webb came while I was there. We all three commiserated with each other and Horatio endured us. Won't the millennium be nice?

June 30. "How can you put splints on something as small as a baby mantis?" Helen asked.

Paulette crippled one when she stuffed it in a bottle. To all creatures we should send out an alarm, "Beware of little girls carrying baby food bottles." Lolene's little girls and Paulette will cap up anything that wiggles.

Ricky is going to marry Lori Hoopes! I went with Shirley to Leeds today to arrange for music for the wedding. While Jessie Eagar played the xylophone for us--while we were relaxed and entertained, Perry was home fighting fire. An old barn over the fence burned down. A wind spread the fire in the weeds and burned Shirley's and Perry's cherry trees. Perry had to fight to save their home.

July 2. We picked our first elderberries today. Ermal's corn is on, and we've had corn-on-the-cob every day this week.

My newest form of entertainment, when my work is done, is to stretch out on a foam mattress on the patio on the east side of the house. The air traffic overhead is teriffic. The setting sun gilds the underside of robins, swallows, blackbirds and kingbirds as they flit by. The flight pattern of each species is distinctively different. Dragon flies, hummers and bats add

to the display.

DeMar phoned Helen from Lake Tahoe. The fellows have been in rain and snow on their entire trip.

July 3. The fire siren rang at 2:44 a.m. The wind had whipped the piles of charred cherry wood into flames again at Shirley's and Perry's place.

July 4. Fast Sunday. What a weakling I am. I stayed to Sacrament Meeting long enough to bear my testimony, then came home. The church house was a deep freeze. With my bogus legs, it was a long walk home. I came and crawled in bed. Before we broke our fast, Donworth came and helped Ermal give me a blessing. One thing was made clear, I am not appointed to death. So--the other alternative is to get better.

The Lord has said, "He that hath faith in me to be healed, and is not appointed unto death, shall be healed." (D&C 42:48). That's it.

July 5. When the firemen put out the fire a second time for Perry, they hit him up to buy tickets for their 5th of July breakfast. Perry bought them for the whole family and two extra for us. So we ate Lynn Sanders' good cooking in the Hurricane city park this morning with the Houston family.

Tonight Marilyn, Chance, Susan and little Matthew are with us.

July 6. Last night we watched the eclipse of the moon. It was total. We watched until 1:30 this morning. The eclipse made the big stars more apparent. Yesterday was the coldest day on record for this time of year. It only warmed up to 65 degrees. My winter coat felt good as we watched the moon.

Tonight we had a fun Relief Society. Carol White gave a lesson on nutrition, and Sheryl Reeve demonstrated campfire cooking. There was only a small group of us on the church patio. Elaine Gubler made Dutch oven peach cobbler, Beth Segler made Dutch oven biscuits, and Sheryl made the bacon and potatoes.

July 7. Helen Howard is an adorable teaching companion. One lady on our beat said, "Oh, don't bother to come see me. Just give me the lesson over the phone."

"I can't give it to you. It's Sister Howard's turn ," I said.

Helen said, "We can't treat her like that. Let's just go."

I felt a little scared when we knocked on her door, because she didn't want us. But when she answered, I held out some big yellow peaches to her. (Chance brought them from LasVegas.) When she saw the peaches, she couldn't shut the door in our faces, so she asked us in.

Helen used flip charts to give the lesson, which was on eternal joy. At the conclusion, she gave the woman and her husband each a Joy candy bar, which had "Eternal" written on the wrapper before the Joy.

"You two beat the Dutch," the man said. "We've never seen teachers like you. You're welcome any time."

July 8. Marilyn's high school graduating class is planning their 30 year class reunion. She and I worked today, copying an old 1952 "Hurricana." Ermal, Chance, Jim, Scott and Grant Lang went rabbit hunting on Coal Pitts tonight. We've had a splat of rain, and things are pretty cool.

July 9. 4:00 p.m. We just got home from taking Marilyn and Chance on a trip around the loop through Zion, on around to the Coral Dunes, and Cane Beds, Short Creek and the Caanan Gap. The big yellow flowers that cap the dunes are still blooming. Marilyn and Chance had never seen the Indian petroglyphs at the Gap before.

July 11. Today the mother education lesson in Relief Society was "Preparing Children for Baptism." In the manual was a quote from my story published some time ago in the Friend. So Helen used the story in our ward and I was invited to Marilyn Shamo's ward in Hurricane to give my story. It was a bit of fun.

Hilda brought her boyfriend Chuck Nackos to meet us today. This was a fine family day. Marilyn's brothers and sisters came to see us all while she was here, along with their husbands, wives and children. Donworth and Harriet were with us too. A large, satisfying afternoon.

July 12. The van is vacuumed and scrubbed and all packed for a trip to the Great Northwest. The Seattle temple is Ermal's goal. I hope to con him into going to Vancouver Island besides.

July 13. The Manti Pageant just 'happens' to be along our route. Here we are in Manti three hours before pageant time. We've visited our old friends, the Moseman's, who used to live in LaVerkin. They live across the street from the pageant.

The temple lawns look like one big sleeping party. Chairs are already set up for thousands of guests, but people are toting their own nylon chairs, blankets and pillows onto the lawn.

Later: At 9:20 the show began. Such splendor! Such powerful music! No show on earth can exceed this for beauty and depth. I am speechless. My heart swells within me. The gospel is Joy.

July 14. We took Wayne's good ripe figs to Edith and Gene at Orem and had a good visit. On to Salt Lake we visited the Hansen's Planetarium and saw the science fiction show, "The Last Question." It was lousy. Very lousy. Planetariums have taken a plunge in my estimation. Tonight we're camped at a gravel pit outside American Falls, Idaho.

July 15. This is beautiful farming country. We chased rainbows past miles of sprinklers spraying the potato fields. The potato vines were white with bloom.

Tonight we're in a gravel pit near Hermiston, Oregon. Ermal loves sleeping in gravel pits. In fact, whenever we drive past a gravel pit he automatically starts yawning.

July 16. A beautiful journey today from Hermiston, to Yakima to Seattle. I'd almost forgotten the jagged height of the alps of Snowqualamie, the canyon depth, and the dense bright green. It was past noon when we saw the sign "Bellevue."

"We'll probably spend the rest of the day finding the temple and a motel," Ermal remarked.

We rounded a big curve on the freeway, and there, dead in front of us, with the angel Moroni shining golden in the sun, was the temple.

"There it is! Ermal, there it is," I exclaimed. We were there, exactly at the exit.

"I can't get over it. I simply can't get over it," Ermal said again and again.

Just below the temple grounds is the Long House Motel. It is owned by a church member and the rooms are very nice. We got a room and had our baths and were at the temple in good time to catch an afternoon session.

I didn't say anything to Ermal, because I was ashamed of complaining, but walking into the temple was next to impossible. Ermal had gone back to the car for something, and I went ahead to rent my clothing. I could hardly stand long enough to pick them up. Getting to my assigned locker was tough.

Once inside, behind my closed door, I sank down on the bench and buried my face in my hands and let the tears fall. "Oh Heavenly Father," I cried, "why don't I have enough faith to be healed? Never for one moment have I doubted the power of faith. I know the blind have been made to see and the lame to walk, and people raised from the dead.

It has been almost two weeks since Donworth gave me that wonderful blessing, and I've been tested and tried every single day. I have not complained, because I recognized it as a test. I have refused to be discouraged. I didn't even let Ermal know how my body crystalized when I sat so long at the pageant. Please, please bless me so that I can walk!"

I sat with my face buried and sobbed. Then very quietly the words seemed to penetrate, "If you want to walk, then you must walk." And in my mind's eye I saw the road leading from our house up the hill and over the canal. I knew that little hill was my conquest.

I met Ermal in the holding room. A peaceful looking, pretty woman was brought in in a wheelchair. I could not imagine myself looking peaceful in a wheelchair. A white-haired lady was softly playing, "More Holiness Give Me" on the organ, and part of the words came to my mind, not necessarily in their order, but conveying their message, "more patience in suffering, more pain at his grief. More meekness in trial, more praise for relief." The organist must have seen me coming.

The Lord really didn't say we would be healed instantly if we had faith, did he! Actually, he did not say when. I'm through crying.

July 17. At our Long House motel, Ermal pored over road maps. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd rather not go to the islands. Let's just head down the coast to the Redwoods."

I stifled a pitiful wail. Old disappointments loomed fresh in my mind--being 20 miles from Stanton Island and not going on--of leaving Niagra Falls just three hours before they turned on the colored lights. But I'd have a stroke if I had to drive in such traffic, so I had no right to complain.

So now, instead of throwing myself on the floor and kicking my feet and howling, I just turned and looked out the window. "So near, and yet so far," I said to myself.

Congested traffic, and layers upon layers of loop-the-loop freeway overpasses and underpasses that stack on top of each other cause Ermal's eyes to glaze, his tongue to swell, his throat to go dry and his heart to quiver. It's that bad. I took the map from Ermal, and folded it with the exit to the Redwoods on my clipboard. I am the co-pilot. We checked out of our motel and took to the freeway.

Then came the surprise. Ermal didn't take the exit I had marked on the map. He had something else in mind. With a mischevious quirk at the corners of his mouth he announced, "I've decided to go to the San Juan Islands. Happy birthday!" That man! He'd almost feign an epileptic seisure if that was what it took to surprise me.

We drove two hours through lakes, forest, ferns and flowers to Anacortes, and were first in line for the Sidney Ferry going to Vancouver Island. For our cherished position we had to wait from 12:15 p.m. until 3:45 p.m. But wait we must, for all of the lanes soon filled with passenger cars and campers.

The waters of Puget Sound have never laughed more merrily. Our boat was a big one, carrying 150 cars, some of them very big campers and even semi trucks. The floors of the upper decks were freshly polished. Hundreds of passengers could be seated in their soft, padded seats. There were good restrooms and a cafe, a glassed in window space to cut the cold sea breeze for the softies, or lots of open deck for those who like the wind in their hair.

Ermal looked pleased and interested at the many lovely islands as we passed. "This is all right," he grinned.

We arrived at 6:20 p.m. in Sidney. A clerk in a grocery store drew a map for us to help us find the L.D.S. chapel. We're snugly parked on the church parking lot, ready for Sunday morning. It is like coming home.

July 18. The Sidney ward members welcomed us. There were four visitors there from Orem, Utah also. In sacrament meeting, a young elder who had just returned from a mission in LasVegas, Nevada reported his mission.

The sister who gave the Cultural Refinement lesson in Relief Society said she had a hard time remembering anything. When she tried to retain what she studied, it was like pouring water in a basket--it ran right through. But she comforted herself with the thought that water pouring through left the basket cleaner, which was a refining influence.

This afternoon we visited Butchart's Gardens. Superlatives are inadequate. We were bathed in beauty beyond our ability to absorb.

We drove on down the island to the harbor to get information about tomorrow's schedule, and found ourselves in line for the 6:30 a.m. departure. Ermal was tired, and welcomed the invitation to park there for the night. We were surrounded with facilities for our comfort, and could enjoy the lights from Victoria playing on the waters of the harbor.

July 19. A cloud bank engulfed us for most of the 90 minute boat trip from Victoria to Port Angeles, but we did get to see two cargo ships at sea. From Port Angeles, we drove down highway 105 under a slate colored sky. Dense forests made a tunnel of trees for many miles. It seemed good to come to open country and a blue sky at noontime.

The sign said, "St. Helen's view point."

"Oh look, Ermal. Look! Look!"

Steam boiled up hundreds of feet from the volcano. Motorists cruised along the highway, calm and unexcited. We could hardly contain ourselves. Why weren't people alarmed if the mountain was going to blow her top again? We drove to the visitor's center, and there we learned that the billowing eruption was from the Warehauser Sawmills. They periodically burn their

waste. Their smoke arose, blending in to a big white cloud that was already hovering over St. Helens.

Tonight we're in a motel at Woodburn, Oregon.

July 20. In Woodburn, we visited for an hour with Ann and Fred Mellon. (Ann is my cousin. We called her Iantha. She and Ianthus were Aunt Mary's twins, that prompted my sister Annie to pray for my arrival with my twin brother George.) Ann and Fred are caring for their daughter Ranada, who has multiple sclerosis, and they have adopted Ranada's little boy Bobby.

We've traveled in timber country all day long. Tonight we're the guests of a square dancing party who gave us a parking place in their forest camp at McCloud. Mt. Shasta looms white above us. Ermal asked if we could stay here for the night, and they said, "Sure." Ask, and ye shall receive.

July 21. We've traveled 540 miles today. We're no longer in the paradisiacal land of lakes, ferns and flowers, but we're in the utter barren waste of alkali flats and desolation of Nevada's endless torment. Tonight jackrabbits scurry into the sage to get away from us.

We went downtown into Reno and disgustingly heaped food on our plates at the Circus Circus buffet. My appreciation for the casino was nil. The next town is Eureka.

July 22. Coming down the hill toward Panaca, the van began to rumble and shake. We could see no bulge on a tire and we had no flat, so we proceeded slowly. Then the noise grew ferocious. The tread broke loose inside a front tire and like to have ripped through a fender. The sound heralded our entrance into Panaca, where Ermal parked in the shade of a tree and changed the wheel.

We rode into a downpour as we came to Cedar City. Every street was flooded. Ermal stopped at a dress shop and bought me a new dress for a birthday gift. We were home by 6:00 p.m.

Mimsi Harrison and Shirley pulled into our drive the same time we did. I was tearfully happy to see them. Shirley brought the flowers I am to wear at Rick's wedding reception.

Leon announced he's getting a new brother. Hilda is engaged to Chuck Nackos. In the mail was a letter from Terry announcing that he is getting married to Diane Repasse.

Julie and little Mike, Jim, Dana and their children, DeMar and his three girls and Hilda and Chuck arrived. Home is a happy, busy place.

July 23. Cleaning up from having been somewhere is harder than getting ready to go. The fun has already been had.

This afternoon we squeezed into Shirley's packed house which was full of folks we did not know, to see Bishop Harlan Harrison perform the wedding ceremony for Rick and Lori.

This evening Marilyn arrived and went with us to Rick's wedding reception at the LaVerkin recreation hall. The Gifford orchestra furnished the good, good dancing music. Mimsi was the master of ceremonies. The evening was excellent.

July 25. Our home teachers, DeVar and Stacy Gubler, brought us a bucket of peaches and plums tonight.

July 26. Dawn Graff Setzer's funeral was in LaVerkin today. It was not sad, but very nice.

July 27. This day started out different than any day in my life. I went to Shirley's to see "Tammy and the Bachelor" on cable TV at 8:00 in the morning. I've never watched a show in the morning part of the day.

But it's just as well. I'm a wreck. Ever since I've fasted and prayed to be healed, I've been tested and tried almost to the limit. I can't stand on my feet five minutes. I shut the bathroom door and cry sometimes, but I'm being very stubborn. Old Nick isn't going to discourage me. I'm putting all of my trust in the Lord. After all, who else is there to trust? Doctors are quite helpless in some cases.

July 28. I prayed hard for a pain free night and my prayers were answered. We hustled off to the temple to do two sessions this morning, forgetting that the temple was closed.

Ermal looked at the empty parking lot and said, "Blast my hide. I just wasted a bath."

We went to the Yellow Front store and I bought Ermal's birthday present. I've written on the front of the paper bag with a magic marker, reminding Ermal that he must not snoop, shake or rattle the sack. but he's just got to suffer for the next nine days wondering what his present is. He taught me this tantalizing trick. He likes to put packages in conspicuous places around the house with similar warning signs.

July 29. I made an elderberry pie today, and that's bragging. I'm proud to have been on my feet that much. Now I'm going out on the patio and lay on my back on my foam mat and watch the swallows and bats.

July 30. We tried to watch a John Wayne show on TV. Jim and Dana and the children came, but I did not turn TV off, because Ermal worships John Wayne. Resolve: Never, never, never leave the TV on when there's company. My nerves are jangled, and I think I hate TV.

July 31. Chuck and Hilda came to show us the pretty diamond he gave her. It is exceptionally nice.

Eureka! I walked clear to Norman's and Ann's. A major accomplishment! Yesterday I walked up above the canal and around to Donworth's place. What a big girl I am!

August 1. Terry and his four boys arrived from Washington D.C. last night. Terry's three sons, and Diane's boy Chris makes four.

A rousing thunder storm and rain washed our dusty trees. The wind whooshed and things clattered and flew. It blew down Ovando's east barn, and water ran into Shirley's and Perry's basement. Susanna said she liked to hear the toads bark.

August 2. Terry's car has transmission troubles. He drove from Beaver to here in second gear.

9:30 p.m. Terry worked on his car all day, and is now finally on his way to LasVegas. Chris adopted all of us, and we adopted him. He's going to be a fine new family member. Brett, Sheldon and Ty were eager to see their mother when they got back to LasVegas.

Chris said, "I really want to meet your mother, but she won't want to meet me."

"Just don't tell her who you are," Brett said.

August 3. When I was a kid, we didn't have anything in our house that could spring a leak and soak the carpets. In fact, we almost didn't have carpets. But for the third time in as many years, we've had drenched rugs. First, there was the kitchen water heater that dripped all night, even into the TV and living room. Then the bathroom water heater ponded the carpet there. Today, something in the washing machine started to drip, and we're soaked again. Ermal turned the water off and went to Grand Canyon with Jim. He's smart.

Eva Lou Beatty gave a lesson on burnout syndrome in Relief Society tonight. Ann was there with me. The things she taught were conclusions I had already reached from my own experience. I should get more exercise, and have a ball playing the organ.

August 4. Wayne gave me some foam pillows. I'll have this town upholstered by the time I have pillows every where I would like them.

August 5. We went to see Dixie and Foster this evening. They were making freezer ice cream. What perfect timing on our part.

When we visited at Clinton's and Lillian's, Clint showed us a cactus that he has grafted on to a night blooming cereus. It's growing like crazy.

August 6. Ermal's birthday. Norman and LaReta Gates' family are having a reunion. Early this morning, as Ermal and I were returning from our walk, we saw our neighbors having a sunrise flag ceremony. Their son Paul sang the National Anthem, and the family saluted the flag as it was raised. I ran in the house and brought out our flag and raised it in salute to theirs. As I raised it, Paul played Reveille, and the Gates family saluted our flag. Oh, those sweet smiling, beautiful people. What an outpouring of love we felt both coming and going across our little street.

The power company made Ermal's birthday a great day for him. He had asked them to raise the power lines that crossed our back yard and go up through the lot to DeMar's house. A whipping wind could set our place on fire the same as it did DeMar's. They came today and put in two tall poles.

The power company has a piece of equipment called a "polecat." It can pick up tall poles and hug them with its arms, on the end of a crane, and drop them in holes that have been drilled out with a thing that works like a brace-and-bit. They tamp the dirt back in with a tamper that works like a jack hammer. Ermal was so fascinated with the operation, that come noon time, I had to go out and ask the guys if they could spare him long enough for me to feed him.

Our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren had a party for Ermal in the Hurricane city park, and he got to open the paper bag from Yellowfront. When he took out his altimeter and floating car compass, he said, "I knew all of the time what it was." Smart bird.

August 7. Staci trotted into the kitchen with a fist full of flowers. "Well, Grandma, here's your flowers. I picked them all for you. Tomorrow there will be some more, and I'll come pick them all again."

August 8. Paul Gates reported his mission to Japan today. His little brother Daren, and both of his parents talked, and his four sisters sang. The spirit of the meeting was very sweet.

Dorene, Carolee and Roger stayed with us this evening while Dell and Corinne went to Cane Beds to do their home teaching. We made a scarecrow

that has real class. She's wearing one of my long sleeve blouses, my blue jeans, shoes and my Sidney, Nebraska wig head and wig, and Ermal's straw hat. She looks like a real somebody relaxing in a patio chair in our grape arbor.

August 9. The birds have stayed out of the grape arbor today.

August 10. I went to a Mary Kay cosmetic party at Shirley's today. Carol White was the sales lady. LaRue Pearce, Julie Wilson and I gave ourselves facials. All I wanted was some cover makeup to hide a few brown spots, but I had to buy a kit to get it. Shirley said, "Mother, you look nice. Honest. Very pretty." Darwin and Lolene said I looked pretty. Ermal said, "Of course you look nice. No different than always."

Now to justify the investment, I have to use the stuff. I feel worlds more refreshed with a soap and water lather, and a touch of lotion.

We went to Cumon's orchard after peaches, and the mosquitoes adored me.

August 12. Shirley got a letter from John's mission president, telling her that John is the new district leader.

August 14. County fair time. Terry is here with six boys from Las Vegas. Today was our cousin, Dan Winder's funeral. I felt tickled for him because it was his turn.

We ran into Thelmer Stratton at the fair. (Ermal and I were on guard duty at one of the display rooms.) Thelmer had snake rattlers in his hat band. He said a person who wore rattlers in his hat would never get a headache. He said the reason Ermal doesn't have headaches is because once he wore rattlers. Well, if he wore them now, I'd see to it that he <u>did</u> get a headache.

August 16. Gordon got his mission call today, to the New York, N. Y. mission.

Tonight we went to a sweet party on Rosalba's beautiful lawn, to help celebrate Bill Nielson's 79th birthday anniversary. Bill's daughter, LuDeen Lundin was in charge of the preparation of the Mexican elegance. Goodness, but these really are dear hearts and gentle people.

August 19. Another new great-grandson on Ermal's side of the house. A baby boy was born today to DeNae and Gary Adams. (Corry).

Terry's new boy, Chris, gave me three stuffed dogs that he got at the fair. When Shauna and Paulette came to play today they were tickled when I gave them each a dog. Shauna's is blue, and Paulette's pink. I still have the red one.

August 22. Helen Howard's Cultural Refinement lesson in Relief Society today was on "The Renaissance Literature." Helen always has an element of surprise in her lessons.

Margaret Howard entered, beautifully costumed as Juliet. "Romeo, Romeo, where art thou?" she called.

Hugh Howard, handsomely dressed as Romeo entered, and quoted a poem, comparing Juliet to the sun, a bright angel. Together they sang a duet.

The next was from a Spanish drama, "Life is a Dream." Gaye Lynne Wiser,

costumed as a Polish prince, Segismund, answered the question, "What pleases you most of the things you've seen in the world?"

"Woman," Segismund replied, "since she is a tiny heaven, having as much more beauty than a man as heaven than earth."

The final presentation was about the danger of pride. In Christopher Marlowe's play, "Dr. Faustus," he makes the point that no man can offend heaven and escape divine punishment.

Lloyd Howard played the part of Dr. Faustus who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for knowledge. The Howards created their own recorded background of great moving music and sound effects, even to popping corn for certain sounds. Lloyd was so dramatic that he made our spines tingle, when in Faustus's final agony he wished the earth might gape and swallow him.

When the gong sounded the fatal twelve strokes of midnight, the hour Lucifer was to appear, Lloyd surprised the class with a sudden switch from heavy drama to humor. He kicked the bucket--literally kicking a small plastic bucket to the ceiling.

Helen surprised Lloyd with her own touch of humor. As he fell dead upon the floor, after kicking the bucket, Lucifer appeared in his black suit, carrying a pitchfork. Ermal was Lucifer. In his booming, gruff voice, he said, "Come on buddy, it's time to go," and he nudged Faustus from the room with the tines of the pitchfork.

August 23. Coming down from Cedar today we were caught in a cloudburst on the Black Ridge. The storm was so blinding many cars pulled off the road. Ermal came slowly on, and we rode out from under the storm into a bright, dry world. But the storm followed us.

By the time we parked the van and unlocked the house, the downpour came. Lightning, thunder and rain were as fierce as it had been on the Black Ridge. Within thirty minutes all of our ditches were full, and a lake began to form. Ermal waded, with water half way to his knees, to rescue a basket of pears in the yard. Our entire lot--yards, garden and all are under standing water, which ponds continuously across the road and through Pansy's apple orchard.

The rain started three hours ago, and is still coming down. It has subsided to a gentle patter.

August 24. Ben Lott's basement is flooded for the third time. Dave and Doris Libby's basement is flooded, and they are in California. Eric pulled the rug out, and Elmer Payne will try to dry it on his lawn. I gathered a load of muddy clothing to wash and dry.

August 25. School started today. We have three little granddaughters in kindergarten--Paulette, Staci and Shauna.

Shirley's Susanna says they've been going around in tirkles and stepping in muddles and eating chud. (Going around in circles, stepping in puddles and eating fudge.)

August 26. We worked at the welfare cannery in St. George on the evening shift tonight. The peaches were specimens--the lovliest we've ever canned. We had a big crowd of happy workers. We were mighty glad to be there.

August 28. Ermal and my boys were at the priesthood session in the temple this morning. I heard a clunking sound in the lane and went to see. Joe Oliver from St. George was in big trouble. His car had dropped in the sewer line, that was supposedly finished. He was in bad.

"I can't imagine a town that would permit things like this," Joe said.

"I can't either," I agreed. "It's a mess. I'll try to find help for you."

"If I had a couple of poles I might pry myself out," he said.

I led him to Ermal's post pile, then got on the phone. Besides my own menfolks, the neighbor's menfolks were at the temple. I ran out in the street and flagged Dick Prince. He drove his pickup around the block and backed up to Joe and pulled him out.

Yesterday, Ann's car dropped to the axial in a sink hole that had been supposedly fixed with a load of rocks. The sewer people had to pull her out. Progress is distressing. Shirley is disenchanted with Ideal Waste also. The big garbage monopoly won't even pick up a cardboard box.

Ermal's Jim delivered a load of pea gravel in our east drive which is a help to our waterlogged place.

August 31. It appears that someone discovered we were out of cats. Suddenly at our door is a mother cat and five kittens.

September 3. Hilda says the cats belong to Carol White. Their family is on vacation in California. When I baked bread and cookies today, the smell brought all six cats yowling at our door. I took warm biscuits in a paper sack and called the cats. Hungrily they followed me through the yard and down through the garden. When I climbed the pole gate they almost clawed me, but I made it to their feeding dishes in Carol's yard. They snarled and clawed each other, fighting over the biscuits.

Diane Repass flew from Washington to LasVegas, and Terry brought her to LaVerkin to meet the family. They arrived at the odd hour of 2:30 a.m. because Terry had stayed to help Chance finish one of his projects.

September 4. DeMar took a spin out on the square on Leon's motor bike, and hit the irrigation water. It sent him skidding on his shoulder. He hurt! Ermal and Terry gave him a blessing.

Diane is getting a good exposure to our tribe. Marilyn, Chance and all of my children were here this evening to enjoy Helen's good apple pie.

September 5. Our family had a special fast today for Jamie Gubler who is very ill, and for Clair Stout who is going to have eye surgery.

September 7. Ermal has gone peddling with Cumon. Marilyn went with me to Helen's to watch Hilda model four wedding dresses--Sheryl's, Vina's, Marilyn's and Dorene Houstons. They all fit just perfect. My guests have all departed now and I am alone.

September 8. It was on April 22 when the town dug up the old culvert at our corner. In its place, clay mounds and two crooked ditches have been a swimming resort for the little kids in town ever since. They've splashed like mud ducks. Today, a new cement culvert was installed. The fun is over.

Ermal has taken the County Assessor upon Coal Pitts today to show him that the Gatcho Rancho is <u>not</u> agricultural land. I'm sure the black lava, juniper and cactus should impress him. As I've said before, it's my idea of the Telestial Kingdom, especially during gnat and rattlesnake season.

September 9. Vina and Lloyd have moved to California. We missed them at the temple this afternoon when Gordon went through for his endowments. Norman, Ann, Grandpa and Grandma Miller, Helen and DeMar, Gordon's Aunt Dora, and Ermal and I were there. We did a second session to be with our ward members who were there to celebrate Bishop Kerry Gubler's birthday. We had a good crowd and enjoyed cake and ice cream in the dining room afterwards.

September 10. Paulette asked me to help find some breakfast for her lizard. We turned over every flagstone under the pear trees, but could find nary an ant nest. I was impressed with what a complete job I've done of destroying them. However, we found one slug and twelve pill bugs.

"Will the lizard peel the peel bugs before he eats them?" Paulette asked.

President Reagan visited Welfare Square in Salt Lake today, and saw the members at work in the cannery. He liked what he saw, and hoped to gain ideas of how to make the people of our nation more self reliant. While he was here, both the house and the senate vetoed his budget cutting bill. Our nation doesn't want self reliance. They want government handouts.

September 11. Summer is over. A night rain, swept away by a north wind, has ushered in the cold weather.

Julie Limb and Scott Lewis, and Randy Limb and Shellie Wright were married in a double ceremony in Maxine's back yard. What an extravagant and sophiscated affair! President Leon Lewis performed the ceremony. The yards were just beautiful, but the cold wind wouldn't leave the flowers and table covers in place. I became so purple with cold that I had to leave.

September 15. The Stratton Brothers called Terry at LasVegas and asked him to come and work for them. He will stay with us for awhile.

September 17. Edith and Gene are here. This was reason enough for a get-together with my brothers and sisters. We took our picnic to Kolob Canyons today. Ermal, Jim and Clinton wheeled Wayne in his chair up the steep, rough path to a picnic table among the trees. The weather has warmed up, and this was a beautiful day.

September 18. Wedding bells again. Another garden wedding, but this time the weather cooperated. Ronald Stout married Myrna Christensen in Dell's and Corinne's beautiful back yard. The light breeze brought down occasional fluttering leaves from the big mulberry trees, which lent a feeling of peace and beauty. Bishop Mack Sanders performed the ceremony.

The unique thing about the receiving line is that the grandparents were first in line, both his and hers. (We had high kitchen stools behind us so we wouldn't marbleize.)

We enjoyed greeting the guests in the serene outdoors. As they went down the line, the greeters got younger and younger. First were the grandparents, then the parents. Next was the bride and the groom, followed by the maids of honor and best man, then finally, the cute little flower girls. Normally I would run like a rabbit from being part of all of this fanfare, but tonight we shook hands with such interesting folks that it seemed absolutely jolly.

September 19. Gordon's testimonial today. Speakers were Laura, Vaughn, Lloyd, Ann, Norman, me, and Gordon. All were brief. Scott gave the scripture reading and prayers were by Grandpa Miller and Marie. There were some tears, some fond memories, and looking ahead with the gospel, and a fine, good spirit.

The greatest moment of all to me was when my three daughters and my three sons sang, "In the Hollow of Thy Hand." Gayle Earl played the piano.

"Dear Lord, who blesses us with love, please send this day, thy spirit from above.
As this thy son accepts a call from thee, help him we pray, to learn humility.
Direct his footsteps every day, and keep him ever walking in thy ways,
Inspire him as he spreads the gospel plan, Lord hold him in the hollow of thy hand.

"In the hollow of thy hand, as he grows from boy to man, help his understanding deepen and increase.
In the hollow of thy hand as he grows from boy to man, let him know the special blessing of thy peace.

"Dear Lord, who hears and answers prayers, please keep thy servant always in thy care.
As he prepares to teach his fellowmen, oh keep him safe and bring him home again.
Protect him from all worldly ways, and always send thy spirit when he prays.
Give him the courage of a righteous man, just hold him in the hollow of thy hand." (Words and music by Monita Turley Robison and Janice Kapp Perry.)

"Oh Winferd! Winferd! Look at them. Your beautiful, precious children. Winferd, have you ever heard more beautiful music?" These words silently burst from my heart, to a dear one whose presence was suddenly a certainty to me. How many others of our family who have gone on were in that unseen audience, I'm not certain. Logically it seems that my son Gordon, and Norman's son Jerald would have been there, but of Winferd's presence there was no doubt. This was a transcendent moment that would span eternities.

As we left the chapel, many people stopped to shake our hands and to comment on our sweet family. Old friends said, "As your children sang, we felt the tingling sensation that Winferd was here."

Lolene said that as they practiced just before church at Gayle's house, tears came to their eyes for they knew their father was with them.

After church family and friends came to our place for punch and cookies. Isn't the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints wonderful!

September 20. Dell's and Shirley's birthday. Our combined families had a surprise party for both of them--a cookout in Shirley's yard. Everyone was there but Dell.

September 21. Terry is still with us, working night shifts on the gravel crusher for Stratton Brothers.

September 22. Tonight we're camped at Otter Creek with Elmer & Leona and Ruby & Roland. We've had a great day, going up Beaver Canyon and over the mountain to Puffer's Lake. We followed a logging road across the mountain to Junction. The maples have turned scarlet.

Thursday, Sept. 23. A lady at Antimony gave us a sack of good sweet corn, and we gave her the few pears, figs and grapes we had. We all went to Bryce Canyon and visited Sunset and Fairyland points.

Coming back, we were surprised to have an air horn blast at us. It was Jim Stratton. He is working for Russell near Bryce. We stopped and gave him an ear of corn and some cookies. Ermal lights up something wonderful at the sight or sound of his boy.

September 24. Stratton Brothers' gravel crusher broke down, so Terry helped DeMar finish up a job he was on at Silver Reef, and now he has returned to LasVegas to dispose of all of his earthly possessions and return to Washington, D. C. He left today, and Susan and the children arrived tonight. She is staying at Norman's. Their ward will be picking apples at Rockville in the morning.

September 27. Salt Lake has been flooded for two days--the worst in its history.

September 28. Ermal put his boots on to pick the tomatoes. They are rotting on the vines.

Tonight, as I came down the grand stairs in the temple, Ermal happened to be just ahead of me. He didn't know I was there. With eloquent gestures he stopped to make some jovial remarks to Sister Susanna Dalley, and a broad smile crossed her face.

Amused, I said, "Don't believe a word he says."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "He was just telling me how good looking I am."

"Oh believe him, believe him," I said, and we both had a good laugh.

September 29. Today a woman backed her car right through our new post office, knocking in a wall.

Our skies turn a beautiful rosy red each night after the sun goes down. The upper atmosphere is full of volcanic dust from the volcano in Mexico.

Shirley said Susanna was buzzing around her like a fly, so in exasperation, she said, "For Heaven's sake, Susanna, where did you come from?"

"From a monster," Susanna smiled.

October 2. We listened to general conference on TV today. President Kimball presided, but did not talk. We missed LeGrand Richards. He has had surgery and couldn't come. He's 96.

This afternoon I went to see Marie O'Neil. She gave me a lovely Currier and Ives art book. My finest china is from Marie. Also, the beautiful art book of Maxfield Parrish.

October 4. 6:40 a.m. I just bid Terry goodbye. This was hard. We do not know when we will see each other again. He is driving an old 1947 (or 1949) truck that used to belong to Ovando and Horatio. Sheets of plywood inside the high racks hide the strange assortment of his earthly goods. The truck looks like a toppling monster. Behind the truck he is towing his pickup with the cement mixer and air compresser in it. Such a precarious load--such questionable traveling equipment to be crossing a continent with.

I went out in the chilly wind at daybreak to bid him goodbye. We had knelt together in prayer before he left. "Father in Heaven, I've done all I know what to do. Now I need thy help. Thou knowest how much I love those I'm leaving behind," he prayed. He put his arms around me and kissed me goodbye.

I watched the big hulk of a truck, towing its load, as it pulled off into the darkness. The wind whipped my robe about me as I stood in the middle of the road watching through my tears.

Back in the house I kneeled and asked Heavenly Father to send legions of angels to help push that old truck up the long, Hurricane Hill, and for those angels to safeguard Terry all the way. Brigham Young has said that we can call down legions of angels to help us when we need them. I thought perhaps some of those angels might be members of our own family. A feeling of assurance and peace came over me. I knew my prayers had been heard.

October 5. We were guests of the senior citizens today on a wagon ride to the head of the LaVerkin and Hurricane canals. Woodrow Jepson's bay horses pulled Jay Frazier's covered wagon. Woodrow was the teamster, and he let me sit up front to watch his elegant horses. The airy, shady wagon rode pretty nice over the rocks and the rough road. Instead of iron tires like the ones I used to know, these are silent rubber ones.

Dorothy played the accordian as we jogged along, and the people sang. When we stopped at the canyon above the river, I told them briefly about the building of the canal.

Woodrow, who rides the canal today, says the upkeep of the canal would not be possible now if it wasn't for federal help. The very existence of the town of Hurricane depends on that canal, and the upkeep is constant. We had a picnic on top of the hill.

October 6. Tonight was a town complaint meeting at city hall. The sewer diggers have done a disgraceful job. They didn't even settle in the dirt after they dug us up. Instead of restoring the hard top road, they've covered it with dirty chips. Our children and grandchildren have a real burden to bear.

October 7. DeMar is bricking up his back porch today. It is going to be very pretty.

We've picked over seedless grapes to fill the dryer. They've been small and slow. After the dryer was full we drove out into Grassy Valley to watch the sky turn red. The red doesn't show up at sundown, but comes as an afterglow, getting more intense as darkness comes. A cold wind blows tonight.

October 8. Terry phoned from Rockville, Maryland. "I am here. I am okay." I am impressed with the total peace of mind I've had about him ever since he left.

His outfit broke down in Nashville, Tennessee. He had picked up a hitchhiker, who turned out to be a great help to him. He called up a Mormon bishop and told him his troubles, because he had arrived after all of the garages were closed. An LDS airplane mechanic and the bishop and other members came to his rescue, and even fed him and gave him a place to sleep. He had to replace a carburetor and some other parts of his truck, but with all of the good help, and after a good rest, he took to the road again. When he got within fifteen miles of his destination, he had a flat tire. Terry was humble, grateful and happy.

October 9. Many of our family attended the temple today to be with Hilda and Chuck when they were married. Even our children came up from LasVegas to go through the temple with us--Mace, Sheryl and Susan Mangum. Marilyn came with them to tend babies and to go to the wedding dinner.

Laura and Nick Nackos, Chuck's parents, and Chuck's sisters served dinner in the basement of the old white church house in Hurricane. The wedding reception was upstairs in the recreation hall. (Hilda and Chuck were married in the rose room, the south sealing room, by President Jack Lemmon.)

Hilda was as pretty as any little Mexican senorita can be--so striking in our area of blue-eyed blondes. She was a feast for the eyes. Of course everyone in the receiving line was sumpin'. Helen's blue dress that Shirley had made was even prettier than I could have thought up. But what made me smile clear through was to see DeMar with ruffles on his bosom. He is the epitome of an outdoor man. The ruffles looked fine with his western cut suit. When I commented, DeMar grinned and said Chuck brought him the shirt to wear. The reception was in the afternoon, because of stake conference.

Tonight was the first stake conference held in LaVerkin. Regional representative Andrew McArthur was with us.

Sunday, October 10. Since Ann is the mother of <u>two</u> missionaries in the field, she was one of the conference speakers today. She said, "If I talked about the joys of being the mother of a missionary, I would cry, and if I talked about the sacrifices or the many, many blessings, I would cry. So I'll try to put these things in here and there while I talk about the M.T.C. (Of course, you still don't have a guarantee that I won't cry.)

You know, if every member is a missionary, then every home in our church is a missionary training center. My name is Ann, and I'm sort of the Mother Superior of the Norman and Ann Gubler M.T.C. There have been as many as 8 trainees (10 counting my husband and myself) in our residence at one time."

Her talk was very specific about training missionaries in the home from the day they were born, emphasizing that the home is the heart of the gospel.

October 14. LaPriel said, "I told Shirley I needed to take you and Kate shopping at Pykette's so we could get you out of your baggy pants."

I have a faded green denimn pair of pants that bags in a most comfortable way. I wore them the day we all went to the Kolob canyons when Edith was here. Kate wore some sort of a get-up that was about as fetching as mine. LaPriel and Edith looked sharp like tourists. I like my green pants because they don't snag on every bush, but I have other jeans that don't bag.

In the night I got to thinking about what LaPriel said. I thought about my white hair, my wrinkles and my bulges. I considered how hard I have tried to look nice, realizing that I never do. I work hard to look my best, but I don't seem to have a best. Clothes never look good on me, but I'd look worse without them.

I got up at 5:15 a.m. with a lump in my throat. I felt something awful. I got down on my floor mat and took my exercises, sort of crying all the while. I walked upon the hill side and sat on a cement wall and cried good, because I hate to look a mess. I felt <u>very</u> sorry for me.

Then I thought of Marie Thornton and her blue dress. It always looks new and fresh, and hangs perfect. I need a style of my own like she has. I came home and phoned her and poured out my woes.

"Why don't you fasten your skirts to an underwaist," she asked. "That should keep them from riding up in front and sagging down in back."

Marie made me feel worlds better.

October 15. Ermal has been feeling punk. I insisted that he get a physical. I took my book and waited in the van while he was in the medical center from 10:30 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. His rent for sitting in the waiting room all of those hours was $70.75, and his mind was made up that he was never going to have anything wrong with him because he couldn't afford it.

We stopped and harvested Wayne's pomegranates on the way home. What a disappointed bunch of birds there are going to be. They had already left a lot of empty pomegranate shells hanging on the bushes.

Our home teachers, DeVar and Stacy Gubler, brought us a generous bag of fresh pinenuts. I remember two years ago when it took Ermal and me hours and hours to pick up ten pounds of nuts. Imagine giving them away!

October 17. Darwin Gifford has been going to a training school in California for Kelty for a few weeks, and now he's almost through. Today he took Lolene with him so she could enjoy LosAngeles while he was still there. They have divided up their children among the family. We get Aaron and Andy.

October 18. I was sort of wakeful all night for fear I wouldm't get my boys off on the bus in time this morning.

Today was chilly, but Ermal decided we needed to check Kolob out. Clint went with us. The leaves are all frozen and brown. It frosted too soon, so we won't have any colored leaves.

Aaron and Andy each have to practice piano and deliver their papers. They weren't ready for me to pick them up until 7:00 tonight. Leon spent the evening visiting with us. Having three boys again seemed so good.

October 19. It's real cold today. Ermal brought his cider press in the kitchen and squeezed out 12 quarts of pomegranate juice.

I made corn bread with cream and it was too rich and it fell. I made apple salade with cream and it was too rich too. I made a pair of pink pajamas and there's nothing wrong with them. Now that's nice!

October 20. Aaron had a practice at Hurricane at 6:00. He was up and eager by 5:00. I took him to his practice, then took my hillside walk in the dark. As I fixed Andy's breakfast he said, "Grandma, there was frost last night."

"Oh no. It's too warm for frost," I replied.

Andy is such a peaceful lad, he wouldn't dispute his Grandma. He simply said, "I guess it's just frozen dew."

I looked out. DeVar's field was white with frost.

Paulette joined us this evening. She played the zither and we sang along. Aaron and Andy challenged us to a game of Jumpins and they beat us. Grandpa petered out on us when we played Scrabble.

October 21. Lolene phoned Shirley from California. She's having so much fun that she said she might just stay there and let us keep the children.

October 22. Aaron and Andy stayed with Ermal while I went shopping to Pykette's with LaPriel and Kate. The boys were supposed to mow the lawn, but they told Grandpa they couldn't do it until they went home to get clean sox so they could put their shoes on. They absolutely won't put on yesterday's sox. So Grandpa took them home, and that was the end of that.

"Hey," I telephoned in the evening, "what are you guys doing?"

They had friends at their house, and they hadn't delivered their papers, so I talked to them just like I used to, to my own kids--told them to send their friends home, and to get their papers out, and then call me. By 8:30 they hadn't called, so I did. Their papers still weren't out, and their parents had arrived. Oh dear, dear.

Now about the big day of shopping for right clothes for Kate and me. Everything at Pykette's is orchard run. Sizes are for people without problems. LaPriel looked good in everything she tried on, because she is slender. Kate too. They both bought new things. What fits my middle is sloppy at the shoulders.

LaPriel is concerned about what a mess I am, in a very kind way. I always get depressed when I try on clothes. Kate tried to comfort me. She said, "You should not grieve. You have lots of friends." What a lift!

But a funny thing happened after I got home. Rebecca, Paulette, Katie and Vaughn came to visit me. Those kids had no idea of the torture I'd gone through trying on things. Agony is one thing I try to forget quickly.

Katie said, "Oh Grandma, I want to look like you, you are so pretty."

But before that, when I stopped in to see Shirley on the way home, she said, "Mother, you look very nice. You are beautiful." An unsolicited compliment. She had no idea how low I had rated myself.

"Cheer up, old girl," I said to myself, for after all, there was someone to think of besides myself. Vaughn had come to be comforted. Laura and Scott had teased him, and he had begun to wonder just how smart he was after all.

All of the kids discussed the times they had felt picked on, and they got to giggling. Every one of us could see how funny these I-feel-sorry-for-me moods were and we had a good laugh.

October 23. Made apple pies and took one to Wayne.

October 24. Melanie Hardy is our new Sunday School teacher. She's a jewel.

October 25. Our ranks are getting thin. I went to my cousin Hazel Spendlove Maxwell's funeral today.

October 26. While Helen Howard and I were visit teaching Dora Hoops today my Rambler slipped out of gear and rolled into the back of LaGrand's diesel truck. I knew for sure the Rambler would be dented and my lights broken, but it was not so. My little rattle-trap was okay. It was LaGrand's big shiny truck that was hurt. The pretty bar on the rear of his truck was bent. The Rambler wasn't even dented.

While I was feeling badly about LaGrand's truck, I was also looking at the Rambler with new respect. I didn't know the little old wreck had it in her.

"I have liability insurance," I told LeGrande.

"Naw," he said. "I'll just get a post and bend the bumper out again. It has been bent before."

I still felt so worried that I called Perry and told him my tale. "I just didn't realize the Rambler's strength."

"It's no big deal," he said. "That wide rear bumper is mostly for looks. It's light and bends easy. Now the front bumper is quite a different story. If you had bent that you'd have something to worry about."

October 29. We went to the elementary Halloween parade today. From the ranks of toads, fairies, witches and goblins often came the greeting, "Hi Grandma and Grandpa." We had quite a crew of our own in that parade--namely, Katie, Janna, Shauna, Sherrie, April, Dorene, Carolee, Roger and Staci.

October 30. I must have hoof-and-mouth disease. I got sumpin' anyway. Went to Dr. Heaton and now I'm on penicillin.

November 1. Read "A Soul So Rebellious" by Mary Frances Sturlaugson. What a gripping, inspirational book.

November 2. Election day. The race between Orin Hatch and Ted Wilson was our prime concern. Hatch won. He brought his entire family, wife, children, granddaughter, and mother before the news camera. His father couldn't be there because he had pneumonia. Beautiful people. We're so lucky to have Orin Hatch working for us.

Ted Wilson was magnificent in losing. If he had been as gracious in running as he was in losing, he would have run a closer race.

I went to the dentist and he gave me the ultimatum. I have to have my six remaining little lower teeth that have served me well since I was in kindergarten extracted. I figured they'd serve me for the rest of my days. The problem is, two of these teeth are capped, and they hold my partials. This means my mouth will have to be completely remodeled.

November 4. Vicki Gubler's little preschool group came by today with their little bags of warm cookies. Three of them knocked on our door and gave us their cookies. Now that's one of the fringe benefits of being among the elderly.

November 5. 1:37 a.m. Why do thoughts harrass the night?

6:58 p.m. It's because a virus has you.

Ermal and Dell went after wood today, and they took little Roger and Ronnie along. When Ermal went to eat the hearty hamburger and egg sandwich he had made for his lunch, it wasn't there. Roger and Ronnie had become hungry first. He had to be satisfied with a twinkie.

Carlene Hare came today and washed the living room curtains, and cleaned house. She's a whirlwind. I sewed. I'm making a Pilgrim costume for a school assignment.

November 6. I finished my dress and re-wrote my Pilgrim story into first person so I can tell it in school.

November 7. A rotten, good-for-nothing Sunday. Throat sore. Can't sleep. Don't want to read.

"Now I get me up to work. I pray the Lord that I won't shirk. If I should die before the night, I pray the Lord my work was right." I got that from a BYU devotional on TV. It's a more positive aspect of, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

November 8. Sky overcast. South wind sends leaves flying. Ermal is picking his persimmons and it's a good thing. Bright orange fruit bending the limbs down is driving passers-by crazy. Everyone is trying to buy our persimmons and they aren't for sale. They're an aggravation to those who lust after them.

I have an appointment with Dr. Felt in Salt Lake to have a new mouth built. I anticipate it, and I dread it.

Today was a zero day for me. Spent it mostly in bed. Ermal brought me flowers and candy. (Mums from my garden, and an Idaho Spud candy bar.)

November 9. A misty rain. Ermal went to Cedar to get the van tuned up. I wasn't up to it. I soaked in the tub trying to shed my iniquities. Afterwards the bed looked enticing so I snoozed. I awoke with a cold sweat. I wasn't certain whether I was hot or cold, so I put on my sweater and sweat trickled out of my hair and ran down my glasses. I tried to sew but it wasn't too great.

Ermal came home and fixed dinner and the food tasted funny.

"Come on," he said, "I'm getting you out of the house."

He took me on a colored leaf tour. The clouds were drifting away in white patches and the sun shone on the colored pear and apricot trees in Toquerville. We toured the fields in LaVerkin and Hurricane. Ermal bought me a crisp meat burrito and I wolfed it down. Mums and marigolds are everywhere. Next year I'm going to grow flowers.

November 10. Perry and Shirley and their family went to LasVegas to meet John who is returning from his mission in Uruguay.

"Mother, we're back," Shirley phoned. "John was on the plane 18 hours and came 7,000 miles as the crow flies. We met him at 11:00 a.m."

"Did you cry when you saw him?"

"What do you think! He looked so gorgeous. I still can't get control."

Ann came yesterday to get our autograph on a welcome-home-John banner.

Welcoming a son home from the mission field is one of life's greatest moments.

November 11. They launched the space shuttle the Columbia on its 5th mission today. And Leonid Brezhnev, the general secretary of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. died today. And so did Orin Hepworth, one of our long time LaVerkin ward members. Homer Englestead and DeLon Bradshaw both died this week also. Our World War I veterans are vanishing.

November 12. I was to have been on a program tonight in the 2nd ward, but I'm still not fit for society. We watched Red Skelton in a TV show, "Neptune's Daughter," instead. Laughing is good exercise.

November 14. Our families all went to Shirley's and Perry's ward to church today to hear John report his mission. Michael Gubler reported his in the same ward. Dutch Workman and Russ Ketchum both reported theirs in our ward at the same hour. In the afternoon all four of these returned missionaries were with us at Shirley's for cake and ice cream.

November 15. We got a wedding announcement from Terry and Diane today.

November 17. I wanted a light-weight wind-proof jacket, so I went to Suzies and picked up some sleeping bag nylon taffeta for 25¢ a yard. (It's that cheap because it needs washing first.) For 25¢ a yard I'm not afraid to sew.

My pattern is a good one, and the black taffeta did up just lovely. I was careful, because this was to have been a tailored creation. I worked carefully and long, almost going blind working on black. My mistake was in trying to line the jacket with brushed nylon. The lining crept and refused to stay true to the pattern. The jacket is finished, and very ugly. I have wasted my day in creating a monstrosity. I felt very bad about it. Then I got to thinking about some other ugly things. I wondered how the Lord felt when he made toads. My jacket is useful. I can wear it to Coal Pitts.

November 18. They had a ground breaking ceremony today in the field north of us for the building of a new elementary school.

November 19. I took an apple pie to LaGrand Hoops today to thank him for being so nice about me bending his bumper. I didn't think the Rambler was hurt, but it has one headlight that shines on tree tops at night instead of on the road.

November 21. I told my story, "The Not So Pitiful Thanksgiving," in one of the Hurricane wards today. After I sat down, a little tiny boy in a dark dress suit marched up the aisle and onto the stand where I was. "I liked that story," he said, then marched back to his seat.

We went to Jim's and Dana's to share Shannon's first birthday cake. She clapped her hands all the while we sang happy birthday to her.

November 22. My cousin, Bill Palmer had a fatal heart attack today.

November 23. We sent to Gurney's today for lime-green-kiss-and-never-tell onion seed.

Shirley, John and Suzie came to see us today. Suzie promptly asked for the dolls. I keep eight of them in the toy box, both large and small, but Suzie wants the three I keep in the top of a closet. She lines all of them up along the couch and is happy as a lark with them.

Crystal has been walking since she was 9½ months old, but today was the first time she walked all the way to our house. Paulette put her white furry coat on her baby sister and held her hand. She looked so pleased when she appeared at our door. Crystal's eyes, with her long lashes, looked dark and shining. And her smile was shining. Baby's lips are usually wet, and they shine when they smile.

November 24. Corrin Nielson teaches the second grade in Hurricane. Janna Lynn is one of his students. He had her invite me to be their guest for their Thanksgiving party. Janna Lynn met me outside and ushered me in. I was dressed in my new Pilgrim costume, and there were twenty-plus children dressed as Indians and Pilgrims. I told them the story of the first Thanksgiving. The children were gathered around me in their chairs.

November 25. Thanksgiving Day. DeMar's family went to LasVegas. The rest of us went to Shirley's for dinner. (My local children, that is, and Wayne). As Shirley and Lolene dished up food in the kitchen, Susanna bolted in, howling as if a bee had stung her. Kendall Paul had his arms wrapped around Shirley's leg, saying, "This is my mama." So that was why Susanna was screeching so. When Shirley laughed, Kendall looked up and saw that he had the wrong leg. He ran and grabbed Lolene's leg, and Susanna stopped bawling instantly.

Ermal and I went dressed as Pilgrims, because we've got the costumes, and now's the time to wear them.

After dinner we crashed the Thanksgiving parties of other families, and got great receptions. At Owen Sanders' home were all of Thora's sisters and brothers and companions. They were surprised when we appeared, and we liked that. At Ovando and Edna's, she met us on the pathwalk with outstretched arms. Patty said, "Now I have something to enter in my journal for today." On to John Segler's we went to partake of their heartiness and finally to Lloyd Howard's. They took our pictures and made us feel wonderfully Mayflowerish.

Terry capped the day off with a happy telephone call. He and Diane were married this morning. There were 37 people at the little chapel in Sterling, Virginia and the ceremony was at 8:00 their time. Terry was bubbling with joy.

November 28. Night finds us in a Motel "6" in Ogden. We've driven with our lights on most of the day. Fog hangs thick. Tomorrow is my dental appointment with Dr. Felt.

November 29. Oh, that salad bar at The Sizzler! Keewees, pineapple wedges, avocados, cantaloupe slices, plus all of the things at a regular salad bar, and then something new--crisp, white slices of something juicy and barely sweet. I asked the girl what it was and she said it was a root that grows in Mexico and called a hick-a-ma. (Jicama).

This morning a family left our motel the same time we did. We happened to meet at Denny's for breakfast. The young mother came to us and said, "Won't you join us for breakfast so we can be a family?" What an irresistible invitation. They are Matthews from Tacoma, Washington, and are headed for Denver, Colorado. They're very nice, and jovial. Their two children are polite. I couldn't get over what a cute idea of being a family with strangers when traveling. We enjoyed every minute of their company.

Dr. Felt took impressions of my mouth and worked on it this morning and this afternoon. He is in Ogden the first two days of the week and in Salt Lake the other days.

November 30. In Salt Lake the oral surgeon, Dr. Walker X-rayed my mouth. He says I need two root canals and four extractions, and that I will have to let them heal before Dr. Felt can complete his work. That means going home for two weeks after the extractions, and coming back. That's awful!

Salt Lake is pretty at Christmas time. The weather was quite warm for roaming about Temple Square enjoying the lights and the Tabernacle Choir.

December 1. I hit rock bottom this morning. I had anticipated so much getting all of my dental work done on this trip. Now I would be going home only half outfitted. Rebellion reared its ugly head. "I'm going to forget the whole deal and just go back home," I said, trying to swallow the lump in

my throat. "I'm sick of the whole thing."

"Look, honey, that's no right attitude," Ermal said getting his electric razor out of the case.

Yeh, yeh, counsel and advice is so easy to give when you're not the one faced with the problem. I picked up Talmage's book, The Articles of Faith, and opened it at random. My attention was caught by the words "spirit of darkness and depression." That was me. My depression was so bad I just wanted to chuck the whole thing. Brother Talmage said priesthood blessings could dispel feelings of darkness and depression.

"Ermal," I said after he finished shaving. "I want you to take me to the Church Offices and find someone to help you give me a priesthood blessing."

At the Church Offices, we were taken to Melvin Bashore's desk in the Historical Department. Ermal annointed me and Brother Bashore sealed the annointing. In his blessing he said Heavenly Father would supervise what was done for me today, and that he would guide the earthly hands that operated on me, and that right would be done. I was at peace from that moment.

Dr. Crayton Walker had me in the chair for 2½ hours. Feeling began to come back in 1½ hours. Root canals are a lot of hard work. When one of the teeth that he was going to save flipped out as he hammered to remove the cap from it, I thought of Heavenly Father supervising, and was entirely at peace. I thought it might not be worth saving. But the doctor went ahead, removed the cap, and did all that he had to do to it, and sewed it back in my mouth.

He made an incision in my lower lip "for better fit" and sewed it up. Hmmm. I've heard the expression "stiff upper lip," but never "tighten your lower lip."

Through the sweating, hurting, pounding, sawing and stitching of that last hour I would have gone beserk, except I knew that right was being done.

Now I'm back at our motel, and have been under ice packs for six hours. President Eldon Tanner's funeral was in the tabernacle today and we watched it on TV. He was a great, great man, and so beloved.

At the University of Utah they started operating on Dr. Barney Clark at 10:00 tonight. He will receive the first artificial heart implanted in a human being.

December 2. Home. Goodness. The world isn't bad at all. The ride home was beautiful--roads clear, but every bush and tree bending with snow. I'm on penicillin again, and on something else to reduce swelling. Well! My arthritis has vanished. I can turn my head as easy as an owl, and my arms and legs and back are limber. IT'S GREAT!!! Who cares if I have to eat baby food! It's a funny sensation to try to chew and there's nothing on the bottom to chew on. Different. But I don't <u>look</u> like a gummer. Too much swelling.

Leon and Stacy Gubler came nigger knocking on our front and back doors. We caught 'em, and they came giggling in and shared the reaction of different people to their pranks.

When I couldn't sleep last night in the motel, I went to the bathroom so the light wouldn't disturb Ermal and wrote a story, "The Gift of the Holy Ghost." I've wanted to do one on that subject for the last five years, but was afraid to tackle it. I just pretended I was my little granddaughter Janna Lynn, and the story appeared on paper, and the doing of it was fun.

December 4. Thanks to the root canals I'm spared the drawn look I had feared. I chucked my plans to go into seclusion. Last night we went to the Relief Society's annual Christmas dinner, and Carlene Hare sent out my special plate of scalloped potatoes, and Ermal gave me his jello.

Today we did our regular temple session, and tonight we went to the ward Christmas play, "Rented Christmas." There was a large cast, with Phil and Debbie Jensen playing the lead parts. Everyone did excellently. It was an old fashioned play about an orphanage, and a rich man who falls in love with their matron and they marry and adopt all of the kids. How refreshing it was to see something so unrealistic, and old fashioned with such a happy ending.

I like what Dr. Felt has done for me. When I smile, I show teeth. Albert Hutchins made my first set 37 years ago. Back then, the aim was to install an even row of tiny pearls. When I smiled, my upper lip elongated and hid them. I accepted my fate, supposing I had collapsed muscles.

I was in a comedy play once, and gave a funny reading about Paul Revere. Loren Squire and Hazel Sanders doubled up in the aisle with laughter. I thought I was so funny, I got better and better with all of the audience feedback.

After the show, both Hazel and Loren said, "You're the best sport we've seen to go on stage without your teeth." WITHOUT MY TEETH!!! Why, I wouldn't do that even for the queen of England! Just nobody gets to see me without my teeth as long as I'm conscious!

Then I realized what stage lighting had done for me, throwing shadows from my squirrley fat cheeks to my deep mouth creases, plus my hidden tiny pearls. My stardom turned to ashes.

Now, thanks to Dr. Felt, I have teeth that show when I smile, and no droopy upper lip. I wonder if I could recite Paul Revere's ride, how he galooped and galooped. "It hain't the 'eavy 'auling that 'urts the 'orses 'ooves, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway."

December 6. I wrote the University of Utah today to tell them about the two prescriptions I am taking and about the wonderful release from arthritis. Perhaps this information will be valuable for medical research.

December 7. Ermal says he is going to get rid of TV because the world news is too depressing. As I listen, I hear the voice of anger and hate coming from all nations. And of world depression, jobless lines, and of natural disasters such as deluges submerging homes on the west coast, tidal waves demolishing the Hawaiian Islands, swollen rivers driving thousands from their homes in the east. So much human suffering.

And then, there's Barney Clark, the first recipient of the artificial heart. His great courage and personality has already made him the hero and the darling of people's hearts around the world.

Ermal asked what I wanted for Christmas, and I told him I wanted a shortie coat. My winter one is so long. Before we went to the temple today we checked out Garner's in Hurricane and they had a nice one that fit, but Ermal said, "We're not buying until we've seen every coat in all of the shops."

After we came out of the temple, we went to every shop in St. George. We found one at Evelyn's that cost $100 more than the one at Garners, and I knew I couldn't have it. My mouth is costing us $1,300, and that will have to be it. I have resolved, that at 72 years old, I'm not buying anything

less than the best. I prefer to go without. I've gone second class all of my life. Now, if I make it to heaven, I hope to go first class.

December 9. I stopped my car in a downpour to pick up a little kid that looked like a drowned rat. It turned out to be my own little grandson, Scott Gubler. He had missed the homecoming bus because he was absorbed with programming the computer. He showed me one of his discs and tried to help me understand it, but youngsters now days are far beyond me. Instead of paying attention to what he was telling me, I was mainly thinking how cute he was.

December 12. Shirley and the children came, bringing us a Christmas centerpiece for the table. It really does give us a festive spirit.

Darwin and Lolene brought the children this evening to help me with the finishing touches of my Holy Ghost story. The children were especially helpful. We changed a word here and there to make it sound more like them--for instance, Janna Lynn says instead of saying "the greatest" we should just say "it's neat." I'll mail the story to The Friend in the morning.

December 13. Katie invited us to Polly Stirlind's singing and dancing Christmas program which was tonight. Katie was in it. She was very attractive in her red and white dress. Her hair is shiny black and long. The program numbers were very animated. It concluded with Polly's original words and music, her "Hurricane, Utah" song. It is a hit!

December 14. Salt Lake. We brought Leon with us to see Dr. Goodart for an eye checkup. Leon's vision needs correcting. He cannot even see his horse if it's standing in the shade. We expected to put Leon on the bus and send him home after the checkup, but the doctor got Helen on the phone and they agreed to check Leon in to the Holy Cross Hospital for surgery. And we're back in the Motel "6".

We came all the way on snow-packed roads and low fog. Many cars and trucks had slid off the road. One semi load of cement was tipped over.

December 15. Leon's right eye was operated on today. Before we left him at the hospital yesterday we took him to the church offices and Jack L. Pickrell, coordinator of meeting house libraries, helped Ermal give him a blessing.

Dr. Felt finished my dental work today, but hoped we'd stay in Salt Lake long enough for me to discover the spots that needed re-touching. We spent much of the day at the Holy Cross Hospital, but Leon was in such a deep sleep he didn't know we were there.

We went Christmas shopping, searching for a Cossack fur hat for Ermal and a coat for me. In Salt Lake we can pay $100 more for the same coat I looked at in Garner's in Hurricane. Also, at the Crossroads Plaza, men's belts (alligator) sell for $90.00. Ermal wondered what kind of pants a fellow would have to wear to go with a $90.00 belt. Also, ice cream cones were $2.25.

We found just the right Cossack hat, and this was great, because we've looked unsuccessfully in many stores.

December 16. Orem. We've had fun looking through shops with Edith and Gene today. We're staying with them tonight. We couldn't stand to leave Leon all alone in Salt Lake, so decided to stay over, so we can bring him home.

December 18. We had sunshine and clear roads all the way home.

December 19. Bishop Kerry Gubler's little children announced they were giving all of the ward a Christmas gift. Usually they go carroling, but this year they will not be able to, so they invited everyone to a Christmas program prepared by them.

Tonight, the ward members packed the recreation hall. The bishop's wife was at the piano, and the children performed on stage. Even their little three year old did a solo number and recited the Christmas story from the scriptures. The five children performing were Kimberly, Matthew, Micah, Nicole and Melissa. What a cute, lovely gift this was. They even made cookies for everyone.

December 20. Ermal bought me the coat at Evelyn's today. The one that was too expensive. The one that made me decide I'd go without a coat the rest of my life unless it was this nice. He knew all of the time he was going to buy this one, but he likes to tantalize me.

December 21. Tonight was the Stratton annual Christmas party in the LaVerkin Town hall. Such a mob of livliness! What an echo chamber that hall is for noisy children.

December 22. Our neighbor, Doug Gubler, has been in a cast for a long time with a broken leg. Today his very littlest, red-headed boy, knocked on our door and handed me a loaf of fresh, hot bread. "My daddy made it for you. Merry Christmas," he said.

Helen Howard and I took good dilly bread, made by Dorothy Frazier, to the sisters we visit teach. Ermal got Dorothy to make dilly bread for the families where he teaches too. Dorothy is our favorite baker. That is, she was, until Doug set his hand to it. Now she has competition.

December 25. Christmas. Dell and Corinne and their children brought a load of their gifts to our house to open, and we served breakfast to sixteen. I'm simply not that frisky anymore, and wondered if I was going to make it. I think of that donkey in the fable that ran away into the woods because he was getting old and his master was about to kill him.

Our roving children all checked in today, and Terry and Diane called. They've been married one month now, and life is glorious.

I can't help wishing Christmas didn't mean material gifts.

December 27. Marilyn is here with us. She is going to have surgery.

December 29. I waited in Marilyn's hospital room, 427, for them to bring her out of surgery. When they brought her, she was in so much pain they kept her heavily sedated. I stayed with her until 3:30. She had a hysterectomy.

Dr. McGregor called Chance to tell him that Marilyn came along just fine. After he hung up, Chance called back to ask Marilyn where his pullover shirt with a hood on it was, because it is cold.

December 31. I ironed Wayne's shirts and delivered his laundry to him. I wanted to get all of 1982 put away. I am too tired to be sentimental about the old year going.

CHAPTER 70

O M E G A !!

(1983)

January 1. HAPPY NEW YEAR! Ermal arose with the spirit of celebrating, resolved to watch the Cotton Bowl and the Rose Bowl parade on TV. And I resolved not to be sidetracked, no matter how many times he called, "Hey, hon, come and look at this float," because everytime I rush to his summons, he says, "Oh, you're too late."

The year begins on Saturday, so I determined to give the place a quick slickup, because Ruby and Roland are calling for us at ten. We have a date with them.

Well, my poor spouse! He has flipped the TV on and off with much lamenting and murmuring. "There's nothing but school bands, and all that yacking and chit chat between the announcers." Between the flipping the switch on and off he has paced the floor. He might as well have had a dust cloth in his hands while he paced around. Finally the Rose Parade really began and he settled down to his constant calling, "Hon, this is a pretty one, come see." Or, "Hon, you gotta see this one." I gratified him by sticking my head in once in awhile. But I just barely got the place slicked up when the Webbs called for us.

We headed for Mesquite to have dinner at the Western Village. Roland stopped at the hospital in St. George, and I ran in to see Marilyn. She was 100% better. I was happy to see that she was her old smiley self.

At Beaver Dam we turned off the road and went up a little draw to where Harold Blackmore and his two wives Gwen and Florence were working on their underground house. The wives hugged all four of us, although I'd never seen them before. They made me feel like I was a dear old relative, and Harold gave us a big hearty handshake.

The underground house is really on top of the ground, but built back against a hillside, with dirt scraped up on two sides and partly on top. Gwen and Florence were full of talk, witty and lively as crickets. Gwen gave us each a bag of fresh, raw peanuts. I think I never stopped chuckling while we were there.

Western Village was full of people who heaped too much food on their plates because they could get all they could eat for $3.49. We saw many folks from home.

On our way home we toured Bloomington and Santa Clara Heights. This, that was a barren desert so short a time ago, is newly landscaped and occupied with many elegant homes.

January 2. The first fast Sunday of the year. I made some New Year's resolutions. One of them was to not be such a weakling when it comes to fasting. I'll confess, that in all of my 72 years, I've secretly not hailed fast day with joy. I'd get gaunt just thinking about it. We're supposed to fast with a purpose, so today, I fasted and prayed that I'd enjoy fasting. And I really did.

We went to the hospital with Donworth. When we got there, Marilyn was visiting in Harriet's room. Harriet has pneumonia. Marilyn will be released tomorrow.

January 3. My new visiting teacher partner, Ora Morrill and I got the new year started out right. Our visiting teaching is done. Our families are Pearl Allen, Betty Owens and Anna Mae Halterman. Ermal went to the hospital and brought Marilyn home while we were out.

This afternoon, my teachers came. They are Pam Lind and Joy Gubler.

January 4. John brought Clayton with him to our house tonight and showed us his slides of Uruguay. It makes me appreciate our living conditions. But John says those people are happy with their life style.

Marilyn and I visited until midnight.

January 5. Chance made a hydraulic wood-splitter for DeMar. I watched as he split big saw logs as easily as if they were chips. Chance is very resourceful. He can create anything that can be done in welding and mechanics.

DeMar's little baby, Crystal Lynn stood fascinated watching the splitter. Wherever DeMar is, Crystal wants to be. And DeMar is flattered by her devotion. He adores her. She runs into his arms every time he comes home.

Having Marilyn with us is a joy. Tonight John, Kelly, Clayton, Mimsi, Helen and DeMar came to see Kathy's slides and to hear her Christmas tape.

January 6. Leon says, "I just love Aunt Marilyn, because she's intrested in everything I'm interested in." He brought a magazine advertising fancy chickens to show her. They decided to go into business together. She will order the baby chicks, and Leon will raise them out for half.

Leon has 30 baby chicks in their furnace room now that he hatched out from 30 eggs.

Jan. 7. Convalescing is taxing Marilyn's patience. She wants to be up and doing, but doesn't have the vitality. "I want to make an apricot cobbler," she said.

So Ermal, Marilyn and I made a united-effort-apricot-cobbler. Marilyn wrote down the recipe, and supervised and measured. I gathered the material around her, heated the oven and greased the pans. Ermal stirred the batter and licked the bowl. We made two cobblers, because Marilyn wanted to give one to Uncle Ovando.

Shirley and Lolene and their little ones had dinner with us. Later DeMar and Helen joined us.

This evening, while Ermal went with Horatio to a priesthood session in the temple, Marilyn and I took the cobbler to Edna and Ovando. There was hugging and laughing.

January 8. Chance took Marilyn home today. Our place seems empty.

January 10. My Holy Ghost story was returned from The Friend with suggested alterations.

January 11. We bought our new scriptures today, and we're all excited about them. I re-wrote my story and returned it to the Friend. I like this version more than the original one.

LaPriel and Jim returned from their month long vacation in Hawaii. There's a volcano going on over there that has been spewing lava for days.

In November, the islands had a devastating hurricane and tidal waves. Jim's and LaPriel's vacation was sandwiched in between.

LeGrand Richard, our beloved apostle, died today. He was almost 97.

January 12. Ermal and I went to town board meeting tonight to see if any relief was coming from the cloud of dust that hangs over our town. I have to hose off the Rambler each time, before I drive it. Dust is so bad, that if I don't hose off the car, within five days it begins to slide in sheets down the glass. There's no need for a blade of grass, or a green leaf to grow, or a flower to bloom under this pall.

At the meeting, they told us that eventually the roads would be fixed. How eventually, they do not know.

January 13. Paulette was our little girl until time for the noon bus. I wanted desperately to write. It seems like something comes up every day so I can't. So I left Paulette in front of TV and came to my room.

My conscience said, "Shame on you. It's seldom that you have a little granddaughter with you. What's an hour and a half in terms of eternity? Don't leave her in front of TV."

I approached her. "Paulette, which would you rather do, go for a walk or watch TV?"

"Watch TV." She never took her eyes off from it.

I returned to my typewriter. Then Paulette shouted, "It's off!" So was my typewriter. The power was off. So we went for a walk.

We went above the canal, along the hillside to the tunnel, then down the road past DeVar Gubler's. DeVar's big black dog joined us. He was feeling foxy. He'd growl and scratch up the earth, then trot ahead a bit and do it again. At Gay Lynn's little dogs met us and tumbled with the big black dog.

"Go home, Herm, this isn't your territory," Gaye Lynne said.

We just got home in time to make a peanut butter sandwich with red jelly on it, before the school bus came. After school, Paulette was at the door wanting to take the same walk again, but I was scrubbing the kitchen. She stayed for supper and I walked her home and told her the names of the few stars I knew. The sky fascinated her.

January 15. Tomorrow is my sister Annie's 80th birthday. Today Alene had open house for her. Annie was radiant--simply beautiful. Her pink dress accentuated the pink in her cheeks. She has the face of an angel.

January 16. Dennis and Sandy had a baby boy born today. (McKay). Ermal and I were guests of the second ward Primary on their sharing time this morning. I told the children the story of the Primary children fasting and praying for Ermal's grandmother when she was blind, and of her sight being restored.

Having our families around us livens up our days. DeMar drops in often to share a hot muffin he has just baked, or a tape of music he especially enjoys, or a picture, or a joke in a magazine. Always he has a little girl or two with him. He plays Paulette's make-believe games with her when she hides under the table.

"Daddy, where am I?" she'll call.

"You're in a doll house," he answers.

"Nope."

"You're in a castle."

"Nope."

"You're in the apple tree," etc. Finally, he slides her out by her feet, tickles her stomach and says, "Come on mischief. We've got to go."

Vaughn comes selling the Grit and stops to visit. Leon comes with a rooster under his arm to discuss his meat-growing project. His 30 little chicks are living in his outdoor fireplace with a light bulb in it.

I listen as Lolene reads her letter to the editor of the Spectrum about rotten movies, and Shirley calls to see how we are, and over the phone Susanna says, "Hello, Grandma." Our families are what really count.

The exhaust from the chain saw melted the leg of Ermal's polyester pants. When he felt his leg burning, he moved the saw. I was sick of that pair of pants anyway.

January 17. Dana wonders how she ever deserved a little tyke like Shannon. Today, after she bathed and dressed her, the phone rang before she emptied the baby's tub. Shannon climbed back in, shoes and all.

Scott left his bedroom door open when he went to school, and the bottom drawer of his bureau was left open. Shannon climbed into the drawer and the bureau tipped over on top of her. The fish aquarium, which was on top of the chest of drawers, crashed to the floor, breaking glass everywhere. Shannon screamed. She was pinned under the drawers with the broken aquarium on one arm. Gravel, water and flopping fish were on the floor. Dana is ready to go on vacation.

Ermal fixed LaPriel's sewing machine, and tonight Jim brought a lemon pie with whipped cream on it with her thanks.

January 24. A letter came today from John R. Ward, M.D., professor of medicine, chief, division of rheumatology. This was in response to my letter to the University of Utah about my wonderful release from arthritis after I had been to Salt Lake for mouth surgery.

He says, "In terms of your response to penicillin after your root canal procedures, I notice that you were given dexamethasone, a cortisone derivative. . . . It is my prediction that once the dexamethasone is discontinued that you will have a flare in your arthritis.

It is clearly demonstrated that cortisone derivatives are effective in controlling the symptoms of many forms of arthritis but are associated with some potential severe side effects if continued in high doses for prolonged periods of time. . . ."

I appreciate very much his kind letter and the information which is certainly correct. My total freedom from arthritis has already vanished.

I returned Wayne's laundry tonight, and LaPriel will take over again.

January 27. Ermal is talking about trading the van for a motor home. I'm simply <u>not</u> interested. I told him I'd much prefer a car that I can drive with comfort. The Rambler is a beast, when it comes to shifting gears, sometimes balking badly when I try to get it into second. The Armstrong steering is pretty bad, when the arm isn't strong. I <u>need</u> power steering. The Rambler has been sun-baked for 18 years and is falling apart.

January 28. This morning I put on a pot of chicken backs, necks, wings, gizzards and hearts. I explained to Ermal that I was going to simmer off some broth, so I could make some exotic onion soup, like Sister Morrill demonstrated in Relief Society. Well, my hearty husband didn't listen to me. When I got home, he had dinner on. He had dumped noodles into that pot of bones! It looked quite revolting.

He had also steamed parsnips. His crop this year is the smoothest, whitest, biggest, sweetest parsnips he has ever raised. And we have parsnips three times a day. That's how our menus go. When the green corn is on, we have corn three times a day. When the squash is on, we eat squash three times a day. We eat one thing until its cycle is finished. Ermal grows it, and fixes it, and bursts with joy at the fruits of his labors. And I love and adore, and endure him.

Lolene, Kendall Paul and Shauna ate with us. Lolene proof-read 60 pages of my book for me. Today was her top production.

January 30. Scott Stratton was ordained a deacon today. Roger came with Corinne to be there for the event, and then he came to "play" with Grandpa and Grandpa. He played two tunes on the zither, then opened the Jumpins game and fiddled with it about two minutes. He decided to read story books. It took him five minutes to read the whole shelf of books. Then he ate two suckers, and walked in and out of the house twice and was all through playing with us. Ermal took him home, because our house was too quiet.

January 31. Our Stake Relief Society has introduced "A Better Me in 83" program into each ward. It seems to be in our stake only. Marilyn does not have it, neither does Lolene. It is a goal setting program, with new goals for every month in the year. All of the ideas are good, and some of them, like saying your prayers, and reading the scriptures, quite necessary. The program is hailed with joy by most of the sisters, and is doing much good.

But I am one of the sisters who must be a trial to my maker. When I read in those goals, the suggested scriptures that I go in depth in each month, that I'm even supposed to write about in my journal, I almost lose my hair from nervous tension. I simply cannot stand anyone else setting goals for me. I feel like I'm tied down, with my mouth pried open, and someone is cramming the whole thing down me. It takes the spontaneous joy out of the gospel.

We're having so much fun reading the Ensign as it appears in our post office box each month, and in reading the scriptures that go along with our New Testament class in Sunday School. We love the free and openness of our discussions.

We are goal setters. In thoughtful meditation at the beginning of the year I wrote down the things that matter most to me, and wrote down the things I wanted to overcome, and the things I wanted to accomplish, and I knew that would fill the coming year. And then this packet was handed to me. Everything in it is good. Very good. But it almost squashed the breath out of me. I simply gotta work out my own salvation.

When Carol White gave her darling lesson on homemaking last Tuesday, she touched on our goal setting program. She's so pretty, I like to watch her face all the while she talks. And she makes everyone laugh with her cute wit.

In her lesson, she discussed January's No. 2 goal, "I will select one Long Range Goal that will help me be a better Homemaker, and I will write it down. Next, I will list the Short Range Goals that I need to achieve in order to reach that Long Range Goal. Then I will take each Short Range Goal, one at a time, and write down the steps I will take to reach that goal. By achieving my Short Range Goals, I will come closer to achieving my Long Range Goal."

At the dinner table, I discussed our Relief Society class with Ermal. I always make him part of Relief Society. He almost burst with ridiculous goal setting ideas. The spirit of the clown rested heavily upon him, and I scribbled down his thoughts.

"Ok, hon, I want you to give Carol a good report at her next class," he said.

February 4. Lolene and Darwin are in LasVegas tonight, where she is presenting her original music to the entertainer, Lovelace. And while she was away, Barbara Rassmussen's music was introduced on Prime Time Access on KSL TV. Shelly Osterloh introduced Barbara as the lady who hopes to make Nashville. Lolene and Debby Walker were the two who presented Barbara's music. Their singing was very pretty.

February 5. It's a wet, wet world. The hills are white. We went to Zion today to see the snow on the ledges and down in the canyon. On our way home we stopped to see Fern and Dew Hirschi. Fern gave us a sack of Jonathan apples.

We saw a blue crane standing in the edge of a pond in Rockville, quite aloof from the ducks and geese. We walked through the willows and brush along the river's edge, and each time the going became rough, Ermal reached out his big firm hand taking hold of mine. I like that.

February 6. Hilda is all a twitter. The doctor says she is going to have a baby. Hilda told us she would have a blue-eyed, black-haired girl on September 16. It might even be twins.

Ermal and I, and Dave and Doris Libby were set apart today by Bishop Kerry Gubler to be ward missionaries. Since I get all up tight about these things, Bishop Gubler blessed me that I would relax, and as I relaxed, my mind would unfold, and I would have great joy in this calling.

February 7. Today has been a people day. Joy Gubler and Pam Lind came as my visiting teachers. Then Shirley and Susanna came. Shirley is enthused about a tole painting class she is taking. She brought a little board decorated with flowers. Susanna lined all of the dolls up on the couch and ate crackers.

After they left, Venice and Cumon came and we talked of far away places and all sorts of things. A fire danced in the fireplace, which usually is a springboard for discussion. Ermal has this disease that flares up every time someone says the fireplace is pretty. He has this strange malady of planning to plug the fireplace with an insert. It would burn less wood. Then he begins to rationalize. The insert would cost so many hundred dollars. Besides that, he'd rather haul wood than to burn it. He guesses he'll not get the insert now. It's easier to turn up the thermostat than to worry about a fire. He likes hauling wood most of all, but he's not hepped up about splitting it, and carrying it in, and cleaning out the ashes. He just wants to cheer up the house with a fire when it rains or the wind blows.

So the insert-disease is under control for the moment. Cumon yawns and guesses they ought to go visit Ruby and Rolly.

J. L. and Fern Crawford came next. They're cousins of mine. They asked me to prepare a skit for Ermal's 50 year class reunion in August. Ideas are brewing in my head.

Rebecca and I went for a walk above the canal, and discussed different art projects for school, then I came home and made cookies. DeMar and the children came for family night. Helen had a bad cold and didn't come.

February 8. Ann's birthday. When I went to see her, she had gone to Kelty's in St. George for a job interview.

Our home teacher, DeVar Gubler, had a heart attack and is in a hospital in Price.

February 10. As I was walking up the hill, Leon stopped in their little blue pickup and offered me a ride. Riding is no way to be walking, but I couldn't resist my grandson, so I went with him to feed his horses. The baby colt is really growing.

From the field where the horses were, I continued my walk up the hill to Norman's. The rat-a-tat-tat of a snare drum greeted me. Vaughn was in the yard giving the drum a workout. From inside came the blare of the slide trombone. Scott was diligently practicing. He did a couple of songs especially for me.

Laura had just returned from taking Preston for a walk. It was the other way around. Preston was so eager that he took her for a walk. I read and enjoyed letters from our two missionaries, Kathy and Gordon.

On my way home I stopped to say "hi" to LaFell and Cleone Iverson. They made me feel like I was the breath of spring.

February 11. LaPriel wanted to show us a pretty place along the river, so we picked up Clinton and the four of us rode past the Hurricane Industrial park down a rocky road to the river. The river drifts around a big bend past jagged red pinnacles. There are Indian ruins on the flat.

Marilyn arrived just in time to go to the Sweetheart's dinner with us. She looked beautiful with her hair in shiny loose curls and her pretty blue dress. She was a sweetheart for sure. Horatio and Genevieve were chosen as the sweethearts of the year.

After the dinner we went into the chapel where Edna led in community singing, while the tables were cleared away for the dance. She called Marilyn up front to help motivate the singing. Katie Burdett was at the piano. Edna kept calling more key people up front to sing, until we had a lineup of enthusiastic folks in front of us. We couldn't help but sing.

The popular Gifford family furnished the dance music, Gerald, Aleath, Dean and Jerri.

Ermal cuddled both Marilyn and me on his lap for our sweetheart's picture.

February 12. A letter came from the Friend today saying the staff was highly pleased with the last story I sent them. I'm highly pleased when they are.

My three daughters, and Lori, Rick's wife, were here for dinner.

Of course Shauna, Janna and Kendall were here with Lolene. The children preferred eating hot buttered biscuits outside in the sunshine, to being at the table with us.

Shirley brought her tole painting for Marilyn to see. She has laquered and painted flowers on the old coffee pot that she found some time ago, in the sawdust at the sawmill on Kolob.

Lolene is scheduled to do a Joker-Joker birthday act for some movie actor in St. George, so she entertained us with a rehearsal. Her originality is mighty fetching.

Katie won first place in the Hurricane intermediate school, with her entry in the national P.T.A. cultural arts contest. Janna won first place in the junior division in Hurricane in writing.

With our hearts in our throats, we watched DeMar swinging in the pecan tree tops knocking down nuts. Every year I've prayed him through this task.

February 13. We went to the rest home in Hurricane to Sunday School this morning. Jim Cornelius called to tell us Lolene and the children were furnishing the program. Kendall stood wide-eyed and silent beside his three sisters as they sang, "Let Us All Press On." Then they sang, "I Am A Child Of God." Lolene sang, "How Great Thou Art," and "Red Hills of Utah," (by special request) and the children sang, "As I Have Loved You." Lolene talked in between numbers.

February 14. Maxine had the family to her house at 7:30 a.m. for a Valentine breakfast, served on her red glass plates and in her red drinking glasses. She gave each of us a delicate little blown glass valentine.

I made Ermal a lemon pie for a Valentine. I put it under the browner in the microwave oven and burned the middle. I skinned out the dark circle of meringue and cut daisy petals out of marshmallows to cover the spot and lightly toasted them. Ermal thought it was just beautiful.

Venus is in her brightest phase in the western sky above a crescent moon tonight. Beautiful.

February 15. A neat thing happened. The United Parcel Service left a shiny new, stainless steel 24 quart stock pot at our door. Our children gave us one for Christmas three or four years ago, then a couple of years ago, when we were doing tomato juice, we filled it too full. When we brought the big coil on the stove up on high, a little dribble of the center core of our Volrath pot melted and ran out. Naturally I felt badly about it. But it took me two years to get around to telling the company, and without a question, they sent me a new pot. This one is supposed to be improved so we won't have the same trouble again.

February 18. While Kate and I were in St. George today a wild south wind hit the town. Twisters sent trash in the sky like white birds flying. I tried to drive home, but the wind threatened to blow the Rambler off the road. Shingles were being peeled off roof tops, and neon signs were shattered.

Splats of rain plastered red mud on my windshield so I could not see. I pulled off at Washington to clean it off and wait for the storm to pass. The wind blew down a radio tower and all of the towns in Southern Utah were out of power for four hours.

February 19. The giant whirlwind that ripped through on its destructive way north yesterday seems to be bent on returning. We've had a steady, cold north wind the whole day through.

"This is just what we needed so I could see how good the black taffeta shirt is that you made me," Ermal said. "Not even a whisper of wind gets through it."

He vacuumed the house and cut up the last of the Jonathan apples from Ferns for apple cobbler for supper, then took me out on a date. All his idea.

Riding west into the twilight was peaceful. I relaxed with a contented "Ho hum," looking out at the sunset through one little clear spot on the windshield. I couldn't see out the side windows. They were too wind and rain splattered. I tried not to notice that.

Ermal took me to a funny movie, "Sting II."

February 20. Our Relief Society presidency, LaReta Gates, Joy Gubler and Elaine Gubler were released today. Gail Earl, Sheryl Reeves and Patricia Gubler were sustained.

February 22. Carol White gave the homemaking lesson in Relief Society today, and as Ermal requested, I gave my report on my homemaking goals. Ermal said, "It makes me sound kind of silly, but I want you to give it anyway." He is an inspirational bit of nonsense. Here's how it goes:

A BETTER ME IN '83

After Carol's last homemaking lesson, I decided I had better set a goal. When LaVell Turner called this goal setting program the PAT program, meaning Pain, Agony and Torture program, I thought she hit the nail on the head.

I've been setting homemaking goals for over 50 years, and at times it's been real pain, agony and torture. But, after listening to Carol, I sat down and thought and thought.

Finally, I came up with a goal, and I wrote it down. At dinner I said, "Ermal, will you listen to the homemaking goal that I've set for a better me in '83?"

"Fire away," he said.

"My long range goal is to have a cheerful attitude. My short range goal to help achieve this is to stop feeling guilty because I can't do things like I used to do, like getting the bed made before sunup. Anyway, there's something to be said about letting the bed air all day. And, besides that, an unmade bed is more inviting if a person has a notion to snooze."

"Hon," Ermal says, "that's real good, but an idea just popped into my head that I think is even better."

"Oh?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Your long range goal should be to see that your husband is comfortable in every way," he began, "that he is well cared for, and that all of his needs are supplied, and do it with a cheerful countenance so there will be no contention. This could be a lifetime goal. Your short range goal to

help you achieve this could be: No. 1. Pat him on the head when he needs to be comforted. No. 2. Build up his ego. Tell him he is beautiful--an exceptionally nice man--the most choice among all men. No. 3. Never, never nag him about anything."

"Good enough," I said. "I will write that down."

That was a month ago, so now I shall evaluate my progress. This is kind of how it was (almost). I began by patting him on the head and said, "You're a great big, beautiful doll," and he grinned and flexed his muscles. "Ah," I gasped, "you look as strong as an army tank. I just love to see big machinery in action."

"You do?" he asked. "If the wind wasn't blowing, I'd take you to watch a gravel crusher."

"But the wind is blowing," I said sadly. Then brightening, I said, "I'll tell you what. Let's pretend the vacuum cleaner is a big bulldozer. Would you like to operate a big bulldozer?"

"Pretending is fun," he said galloping to the closet after the vacuum.

"I'll watch while you run it," I said. "You're so handsome and strong."

He grinned, spit on his hands and rubbed them together, then flexed his muscles some more, and turned on the vacuum. He went over the rugs with such vigor that every little fiber stood straight up. "That was fun."

He sat down and panted while I wiped the sweat from his forehead, and patted him on top of the head again. "Honey, you're lots more fun to watch than any big equipment," I said, popping a marshmallow in his mouth.

"Honest?" he grinned.

"Honest. I wish every woman in town could see you in action. They'd all envy me."

"Honest?" he said again." If the windows were clean, maybe they could look in and see me."

"They sure could. And they could see you while you were washing them," I said.

"No fooling!" he exclaimed.

Dust from our potholed, dug up, sewer roads, layer everything so deep in dirt, that occassionally we have to run outside and rub a spot on the glass for a peek hole so we can see who is going by. But now he grabbed a bucket, the window washer and towels, and you never saw such a polishing as every window in the house got.

He has been so impressed with all of the head patting and ego building that he has been a whirlwind around the house and yards, and with all of that exercise, he is feeling great. He is happy, and when he's happy I am happy. And I have gained my original goal of having a cheerful attitude.

And sisters, the most effective part of it all is Ermal's No. 3 short range goal to never, never nag. I've learned that bragging sure beats nagging.

February 24. As we watched the news on TV this evening, a baby crawled into the room from the kitchen. We couldn't figure out who the little stranger was. I jumped up, and there, hiding by the refrigerator, was Mace and Sheryl. Baby Chance was full of smiles and wiggles and is taking his first steps alone. He's an outgoing, loving little fellow.

February 25. Ermal is one of the twenty-nine garbage rebels in La-Verkin. It isn't the $5.00 a month that counts, it's being forced to pay for something he did not order and he does not use. He'd like to haul his own trash to the landfill as the need arises. He isn't interested in the Ideal Waste monopoly that is big and far reaching, even into Canada. The idea is, that if we don't have a phone, we don't pay a phone bill. But garbage seems to be different. We're not given a choice, even though our town isn't even signed up with Ideal. So, there's a squabble, and our bill grows $5.00 bigger every month. Notice has been served on the twenty-nine.

Norman dropped in to get me to type some legal papers on the issue. Barry Anderson saw Norman's car, so he joined the session. Don Hare saw their outfits, so he came in. Ermal and those three guys congregated in my office (our bedroom). As I typed, Norman raced back and forth to Dr. Tebb's office down the block, to run copies. They're loaded now with ammunition to deliver to the County Attorney, Ron Thompson, and the garbage chairman, Reed Wittwer, and to Judge Owens.

To spare myself a nervous breakdown, I walked down the lane to visit Pearl Allen. The sunshine was golden and the sky blue. It's a good thing the old world is all right. Some of its people aren't. Pearl was downright depressed. She said she was glad I came. We read and enjoyed her patriarchal blessing and discussed it and the power of prayer. There's so much happiness in knowing how good the Lord is. Pearl walked home with me.

Owen Sanders came to share his latest poems, "Because I Love You I Have to Say No," and "I Taught You How to Pray." They are lovely. Owen always brings a lot of happiness with him.

Darwin Hardy came in wet and cold from riding his motorcycle through a rainstorm. He lit the fire in the fireplace, then got in the tub of hot water while I fixed him some hot soup. Ermal was still out with "the boys."

February 27. Blue skies and sunshine are so temporary. It's raining again. The daffodils are blooming. Paulette brought me one little phlox blossom without a stem, and one yellow mustard flower. "Here Grandma, these are for you."

"Thank you. A mustard and a phlox flower."

Her eyes lit up. "A fox flower!" she exclaimed.

February 28. Still raining. DeMar answered 14 ads in the Science Magazine, and I addressed the envelopes and typed his form letter. He's trying to find another way to make a living beside being a brick mason. His back hurts.

A love letter came from Gordon today. He and his companion have just baptized two people that they found by tracting.

March 1. Still raining. The California coast is hard hit with rain, tidal waves, and a tornado in downtown L.A, and a small earthquake.

March 2. Lolene brought Shauna and Kendall with her when she came to proofread today. Shauna had warm buttered biscuits before catching the school bus. That's all she ever wants--that and a drink of milk. The rest of us had pizza. Kendall ate his and wanted more, but it was all gone.

He eyed all of the empty plates and then looked at mine. "Somebody has got some," he said longingly.

"That's Grandma's pizza, and she's going to eat it," Lolene said.

That was fair enough to Kendall, so he made no fuss. Later, he wanted to watch TV so Ermal turned it on for him, but he wandered off into another room, so I turned the TV off. Kendall returned, gave me a sober look, then shouted to Lolene, who was in the bedroom, "Mama, somebody turned the TV off." Somebody turned it back on.

The elements are not at rest. In Hawaii, the lava flow from nine weeks of volcano is coming to villages. Earthquakes, floods and tornados still are rampant. It has rained here all day.

March 3. Ermal went to a garbage court today while I went to the county library. We both did a temple session after that.

March 4. Mimsi got her mission call today, to go to Finland, the land of her mother's people.

Little Sherrie said, "Mama, there's a girl in school who eats free lunches every day but she can afford dancing lessons." (Observations of a second grader.)

March 5. A trucker had to unload 2,200 pounds of big potatoes at the weigh station, so he called his cousin, Tom Lovland to come and pick them up and give them to the ward members. DeMar brought some to us. They are outsize spuds with a crack in the middle, but very good eating.

March 6. I went to Primary in Lolene's and Corinne's ward today to tell the story of my baptism. This was a special Primary to me, because I had seven grandchildren there. I called them up front for all to see. There was Andy, Katie, Dorene, Carolee, Janna, Shauna and Roger. We pinned pink ribbons on every child in Primary who had had the joy of having been baptized, and green ribbons on all those who were young and growing toward the day of their baptism.

March 8. Oh happy day! I ordered new draw drapes for the kitchen door today.

March 9. A sunny day.

We never buy prepared foods, but Lynn's Market had a special on today, and tonight we have nine frozen pizzas in our deep freeze. We're going through the change of life.

Venus is our star of the west and Sirius our star of the east in the evenings now.

March 10. My fate is regulated by the bathroom. Ermal beat me to the one labeled by him, "Ladies" this morning. That's where my curlers, my toothbrush, my cold cream and lipstick are. We were to be at the temple by 6:45 this morning, and I was locked out, so I couldn't get ready. I was frustrated, upset, and all those things I shouldn't be when I'm going to the temple, and disaster struck. In trying to get ready in a makeshift way,

I sped to the "Manager's" bathroom (labeled by Ermal), and in a clumsy, freak accident, I broke my new $1,300 lower plate in two like a piece of glass. The world stood still while I stooped to pick up the pieces. What, oh what to do? They were depending upon us to be proxies in the initiatory rooms, so I went lisping, without my lower plate.

I got sicker and sicker, doing initiatory work. I got nauseated, and my nose ran and my back hurt and my smile was forced. Ermal took me to Dr. Walter Snow, and he took me in. He put a metal pin in the broken plate, and made the whole thing smooth as in the beginning. I came out better than new. And I'm not sick. I'm not nauseated and my nose doesn't run.

Ermal has gone to a garbage meeting with Norman to St. George tonight.

March 11. The guys didn't get home until after 11:00 last night. I was concerned. I wondered if they had thrown them in jail. But Ermal came in whistling. He gave a glowing report of the meeting. A good spirit prevailed. Norman was spokesman for the twenty-nine. Ermal said Norman sounded like a knowledgeable laywer, and was shown real respect. He feels that much good was done.

Ermal and Dell are sawing trees by Lloyd Howard's place. Dell had dinner with us today. This afternoon Ermal and I walked down the lane and gathered almond blossoms to take to Hazel Payne.

I'm reading a relaxing book, "Applesauce Needs Sugar," by Victoria Case.

March 12. Max and Ellen Woodbury's golden wedding reception was in our recreation hall this evening. What a good assembly it was of old timers and young folks too. Very good.

Following this was our Saturday night conference in our chapel, which was packed. Brother Jacob deJager of the Seventies was our visiting general authority. He presented the gospel with power in a most delectable manner. "The key word to missionary work is relax, and be happy." He made the burden seem light, at the same time reminding us of our responsibilities.

March 13. A good conference. We enjoyed the Happy Dutchman. The whole theme was to be happy in the gospel while serving others.

After conference, Ermal led me to the kitchen and slid a chair under me. Solemnly, he said, "I have something to tell you."

I felt the color drain from my face, because I wondered who had died. Ermal stooped and kissed me. "I love you," he grinned. Brother deJager had said we needed to hear these words from our spouses more often. We are not to be like the Scotchman who said to his bride, "I love you. If I ever change my mind, I'll let you know."

March 14. The day dawned drizzling. We left the breakfast dishes in the sink and went waterfall watching in Zion, for this was the time and the place.

March 15. I went visiting a number of folks today, and skidded off the road into the slick clay by Pearl Allen's place. What a mess. Pearl stuffed tumbleweeds under my wheel and gave me directions so I got out.

DeMar brought a book on Butch Cassidy down and read aloud to me about a little boy lost on the plains. Tears streamed down his face as he read. DeMar is very tender and loving.

March 17. A thoroughly good-for-nothing day. Gray skies. Rain. I have the miseries. Mildred and Nephi came for grape cuttings, but I couldn't even visit with them because of the flu bug.

March 18. Here hath dawned another no-goodink day. Dark. Much rain. The world's biggest earthquake, registering 7. something, hit New Guiana. The power just flicked off. . . . The power is back on. The news said a bird flew into the works.

Ermal's a good boy. He took me for a ride to see the peach orchards, so I'd forget my grumpy cold. The only bad thing is that I went along with me. Could not run away from myself. But Ermal sang, made jokes and bought strawberries for supper.

March 21. 5:30 a.m. I've had enough of the bed. This is the first day of spring. There's not a star in the sky. A passing car lights up the raindrops on the window. I've read myself blind. My cold seems to have settled in my eyes. They hurt when I even look at a book.

Last night I just listened to music to give my eyes a rest. I decided that if I had to choose between being blind or deaf, I'd take blind, because the music was so good. But then, I couldn't live without good books. It's no use to torture myself with such thoughts. Nobody ever said we'd get to choose.

Speaking of good books--when a body needs wholesome good humor, something to relax on, I recommend Jean Webster's "Daddy Long Legs." I regretted coming to the end of that one. "Applesauce Needs Sugar," was a treat too.

The LaVerkin Second Ward was reorganized yesterday. Walter Church was released as bishop and Dr. Cowley sustained.

March 23. An early morning thundershower filled all of the potholes in the road with water, so instead of walking down the back lane to do our visiting teaching, I took Ora with me in the Rambler. The sunken roads in our town have reached a ridiculous stage, almost beyond description. If it wasn't so tragic, I'd say it was hilarious. I felt like I was giving Ora a ride on a bronco instead of in a car. Mud splashes everywhere.

The big old mulberry tree by Pearl's house is split through the trunk. Half of the tree is leaning against the roof and the other half threatenes to crash through her camper. Ermal finally got her to park her car some where else.

March 24. Barney Clark is dead. After living 112 days on the artificial heart, he died last night. He was a great, courageous man. The medical team will give a report on why he died. I think the real reason is that the Lord has said, "Barney, you've had enough. Come on home."

Carlene Hare came today and put up my new draw drapes in the kitchen. Now that's a nice improvement. I made window valances to match, and it perks the kitchen right up. It's still raining.

March 25. The school has a head lice epidemic. They claim the eggs can waft through the air from kid to kid, and the lice hop. They can go from coat to coat as they hang in the halls. The scare is a boon to the shampoo business.

Shirley cut out a new spring dress for me today.

On our country music radio station in Washington, they told a little story that is good for today's chuckle. There was a guy who always caught loads of fish from the river, when all of the other fishermen caught none. The game warden was curious to know how the guy did it, so he asked if he could go fishing with him. When they were out in the middle of the river, the guy took out a stick of dynamite, lit the fuse and threw it into the water. After the explosion, big fish floated up and the guy filled his boat. "That's illegal! That's against the law!" the warden exclaimed. The guy quickly took out another stick of dynamite, lit the fuse, then thrust it into the warden's hand. While the fuse went "zzzzzzzzzz" the warden held onto it shouting, "That's against the law!" "Hey, Warden," the guy said, "are you going to just sit there and argue, or are you going to fish?"

March 26. Chuck and Hilda watched as Ermal started a fire in the fireplace. Chuck was quite impressed with what just a few pitchy chips can do. The match flame blazed up like it had touched gasoline.

March 27. On the John Houston TV program, Houston said a person should not work just for money, but should choose his work like he would choose his wife--for love. And money. (This is not my grandson John.)

This is the day of infuriated mothers and lousy children. The louse epidemic in the elementary school has reached great proportions. Shirley called to report her fury that the school does not close. The extent of fumigation and shampooing is going to be great in every home. Lolene has been going from door to door inspecting children. Maxine is angry at the situation. Our grandchildren are among the victims. The county nurse is insolent and hostile at the angry parents. The school is holding a louse meeting in the morning.

We visited at Wayne's tonight with our brothers and sisters. Edith and Gene are returning home from Apache Junction where they've been for a month or so. Edith gave me her sketch she has written for her "I Remember Mama." Clinton has given me some real good notes on his. Now, we've got to tie Kate down and get hers.

March 29. Shirley phoned, "I've just got home from the lyceum." "Did they have it in the licalation room?" Sherrie asked. (Isolation room.)

They figure the lice invasion arrived with a family that has come across the border from Mexico. They don't seem to savvy sanitation. The school has agreed to have a head-check of the students every second day. The bug can live five days without a host. It likes fibers--rugs, beds, coats, etc. It takes a special shampoo to kill them.

Ermal just burst in. "Lock the doors. Get out the guns. A revolution is on its way."

"Who is coming?"

"Two carloads of mad mothers. They're at Maxine's shop now, and they're really mad about these lice."

The county nurse was indignant about the lice meeting. She said, "I've got more important things to do. I have a well-baby clinic this afternoon." Tough! She said she was wasting her time. What about all of the time folks have spent, and dollars, fighting this thing.

We were both ready to go to the temple, but at the last minute, I felt like I simply couldn't make it. I was plain tuckered. I thought we might wait until morning, but Ermal said, "I'm not going to waste a bath," and he blasted off without me. He'd be quite a temple worker if I could dunk him in the tub everyday!

March 30. LaPriel called at 1:00 a.m. Edith and Gene were in an accident going home. Their trailer started to whip going down a hill, and they rolled over. Edith's neck is broken and she is paralyzed. In the long, wakeful night, our hearts are drawn out in prayer.

Night. LaPriel talked to Edith's daughter-in-law, LaNece. She says Edith has two broken vertebrae and is in intensive care in the Valley Medical Center. The good news is that she is <u>not</u> paralyzed. Gene is badly bruised and in a shoulder brace.

March 31. We have a new great-granddaughter. Ronald and Myrna Stout had a baby girl born to them yesterday.

April 2. Easter Saturday. All of our local children, with the exception of Maxine's and Shirley's families, went picnicking on Coal Pitts. Ann's folks, Brother and Sister Miller, and Stan and his family were there. They played softball in Ovando's meadow of thick June grass. The kids dug little wells in the saturated earth. Water came up in the holes when they got down 18 inches deep. The air was sharp and sunshiny and the day lovely.

April 3. Gray clouds and a cold wind without. Ermal snoozes in front of the fire. We've listened to the morning session of Conference. President Kimball and President Romney were absent. Those two empty seats were conspicuous.

Brother Petersen says the world was created for a higher destiny than to merely be the abode of mortal men. It's a good thing. Johanson and his sewer crew have made an awful mess of this little part of the world. We thought our roads were bad a year ago. Potholes are more numerous and deeper now. As Brother Petersen talked, I mused over the thought that we won't be worrying about mud, dust, potholes, oil, chips or Johanson when the earth is celestialized. But the earth needs loving care now.

Later: We had a good conference this afternoon. I want to watch for Brother Brewerton's talk on profanity in the May Ensign. It was special.

April 4. Many homes in Northern Utah are dark tonight. A 104 mile per hour wind twisted and blew down 60 steel power poles. People were unable to go to work at Hill Air Force Base.

April 6. We're planning a desert tour and getting ready to go is quite unsettling. What I've accomplished today is mostly to make a mess. Even the cream cake I made was too rich and it fell. It's a white brownie. I've packed helter-skelter, and to think! When we come home, I'll have to put all that junk away.

Oh yes. I did too do something today. I sprayed out two tanks of Roundup on the foxtails and pulled some grass, changed the sheets and put out the laundry, and went visit teaching. I should be more appreciative of me. And tonight we watched a National Geographic on TV about earthquakes and volcanoes. It was a great show. Incidentally, the volcano in Hawaii is still sending hot lava from 600 to 1,000 feet high, and Etna in Italy is still at it.

April 7. I phoned Ron Herman. He says they brought Edith home from the hospital yesterday. Her neck will be in a brace for six months, but she can sit up to the table at meal time.

Lolene and Shirley are the head, head checkers at school. They've assigned two checkers to each classroom to work with them. They met with Dr. Cowley today. Aaron got into the act, and made a poster for the family entertainment. It reads: Proffesional lice check, 50¢ a head. Phone 635-2043.

The day is done, and the night comes on. We're off across the burning desert for LasVegas.

April 8. Burning? It never got above 40 degrees in the van last nite. And no electric blanket!

We went to Susan Gubler's apartment to see the children last night. Elmer, Leona, Marilyn and Ermal waited in the van while I ran in. (Ran? Like a turtle.)

Susan was expecting us. Her apartment was shiny clean and the children fresh scrubbed and pretty. She had plates set out with freshly baked cake, strawberries and whipped cream waiting. But no one came in but me.

Brett came in from his room. "Grandma," he said, "when I heard you were coming, I started practicing some music for you. I would like to play my violin for you."

How pleased I was. Marilyn stuck her head in. "Papa's getting antsy. Shall we go ahead and you come with Susan?"

"Yes," I replied. "I want to hear Brett's music."

We had planned the evening at the Omnimax. We're hooked on it, you know.

Brett played three selections from Mozart. I watched his beautiful face, his posture, his suppleness , and enjoyed the vitality of his selections. I loved him. I was thrilled that he wanted to play for me.

Tyrone had a pet snake crawling on the counter, and Susan made him put it in its pen. Then we all went to the Omnimax. The show was, "The Fliers." It was chilling, and thrilling and too short.

We're camped tonight a few miles down the road from Oatman among the blooming ocotillos. It has been an adventurous day.

Marilyn is traveling with us, and Elmer and Leona are in the lead in their camper. At the Davis Dam we rode on little ferry boats, three of them, that had comfortable padded seats, crisscrossing the Colorado River, to go upstream to the DelWebb Nevada Club, to enjoy their sumptious smorgasbord. The boat rides are free, because the river clubs like to lure in the travelers with the silver in their pockets. The food is good, and all you can eat for $2.50 each.

The river is green and clear, and the tamaracks are in bloom.

We traveled on through Bullhead City, then took off to a quaint, tumbled-down ghost town--Oatman. The antique shops are very old, and burro food is advertised everywhere. Burros roam the streets and munch from tourist's hands. I fed a white burro a slice of bread, and he seemed to think he deserved it.

April 9. Not one car passed our camp during the night. Peaceful. Pretty.

Today we've traveled past the Parker Dam and Parker City, and the Yuma Proving Grounds. Every five miles is a sign that says, "Watch for animals the next five miles." It gives motorists something to do. Marilyn saw one rat and one snake.

As for desert flowers, one scarcely sees them as he rides along. To see them, you must get out and walk. Roaming reveals endless varieties of delicate beauties of every color--most of them low growing.

Today's skyline was sawtoothed and needled and the road roller-coaster like. About two miles from Lake Martinez we saw a chained in burial plot with about fifteen women and children in it, mostly unidentified. The marker was put there by Yuma's Women's Auxilliary in 1977. I wonder--are these the Mexicans who were led over the border, robbed and left to die of thirst by a wicked man we heard of on the news a few years ago?

Tonight we're in a Motel "6" in Yuma. How good it is to have a shower and to stretch out!

April 10. We went to church in the Yuma Stake Center today. Elmer suggested that we sit kind of to the back, next to the wall, because he said the roof might fall in with him being there.

We left the shiny new church building to visit the old Yuma prison. What we saw there made me sick, sick, sick. It was too much for me. We traveled on to Gila Bend and tonight we're camped in the desert.

April 11. We visited the mile-wide Ajo copper pit. 99.7 % of the material they process at this mine is slag. It takes a heap of dirt to get a cube of copper.

We shopped for groceries at the Ajo Plaza. As Ermal loaded the groceries in our van, I missed our sack of garbage. "What happened to it?" I asked Ermal.

With a mischevious grin, he said, "I figured that the guys that gather up the grocery carts needed some return."

Organ Pipe Monument was our final destination on our tour. April is the right time to see it. The vegetation has a tropical density, and the countryside is gloriously in bloom. We passed through miles of saguaro forest. These stately cactus are sentinels of the desert. The organ pipe cactus are not the giants the saguaro are. They grow in a cluster, like the pipes of an organ.

The visitor's center is only five miles from the Mexican border, so we went on, just to say we'd been in Mexico. There's nothing on the Mexican side but some insurance offices. The restrooms are filthy and foul smelling. Leona washed her hands there, then reached for a paper towel.

"There's no paper towels," she exclaimed.

A Mexican woman there said, "Drip dry."

I walked back across the border. "Are the restrooms on this side better than those over there?" I asked.

The man on duty grinned, "I should hope so." My, oh my, what a difference! I can't see why it couldn't be just as clean on the Mexican side.

Organ Pipe was our turn-around-point on our trip. Not the final destination. We traveled on to Kitt Peak. From the foot of the mountain, we climbed up, driving 12 miles to climb one mile in elevation--to 7,500 feet. The observatory on top of Kitt Peak is actually a world university. Students come from many nations to study here. It is claimed that here is the world's biggest solar telescope.

We arrived on top of this freezing, windy peak at 5:00 p.m. Everything closed at 4:00 p.m. We had planned to do some star gazing after dark, but we learned that a solar telescope operates in the daytime, and naturally for scientists and students only. The "just anybodies" would be contaminating to the delicate instruments. We were too late to even see a film at the visitor's center. And such a climb it had been! But what a view, with infinite vastness down below.

We camped at the foot of the mountain.

April 12. This morning yapping coyotes and birds warbling in the mesquite jungle awoke us.

Fourteen miles from downtown Tucson, is Tucson Mt. Park. There is the finest museum we've yet seen. In fact, it is the only living museum that we know of. If ever we should travel that way again, hopefully in early spring before it gets too hot, I would want to plan an entire day there. It is a living museum of desert plants and animals of great beauty. On this April day, the flowers were at their best.

The entire area, for miles around, is the desert in its richest abundance. Armies of saguaros, tall and stately, march up and over every little hill. White, waxen spikes of yucca flowers are like candles of the desert. Vegetation is lush with flowers of every hue.

Of special interest to me was the aviary, big enough, and high enough for birds to fly free among the trees. In fact, birds on the outside were trying to get in. Inside were birds in brilliant red, green, blue and yellow plumage, and many other colors. I sat on a bench and watched, while the others roamed around.

Those compassionate, understanding little birds saw me, and knew that I was tuckered, so they came to see me. Those pretty little fellows hopped upon the back of my bench and when I reached out to them, they pecked at my fingers.

In the museum is a lovely garden, showing the adaptation of desert shrubs and flowers to home landscaping. This was especially fine.

We visited the Indian ruins at Coolidge, Arizona--the Casa Grande ruins. (Charlois).

April 13. Last night we camped in an "L" between the railroad tracks and a cement canal somewhere between Whittman and Wickenburg. I had a terrifying mental image of seeing myself step out of the van in the night and slipping down the steep, cement embankment into the rushing water of the canal. It scared me so I urged Ermal to move the van at least a few feet away from it, which he did. Three loudly whistling trains rumbled by in the night.

And now we're homing pigeons. We bid Elmer and Leona goodbye over our C.B. and they left us for Willow Beach. There's always a twinge of loneliness at parting. We got in heavy traffic at Hoover Dam, and it seemed a long

way from there to Marilyn's house.

Marilyn has been as cheerful and lively as a cricket on this trip, guiding us to the best places, and mothering us all. After we kissed her goodbye, Ermal said, "She has been a delight." To that, I'll say, "Amen."

Of all the places I've ever been, home is the best. I look at our gleaming white bathtub, and sigh with great contentment and joy.

We always file our flight plan with Shirley, so of course, we always call to report that we're back. And she reports the latest goings-on on the home front. Clayton has a new cockroach control. He squirts the beast with airplane glue. It makes it go crazy. It flips over on its back and dies. The only catch is that it is glued to the floor. Shirley was astonished at what she discovered in Clayton's room.

April 15. The news on TV says Spanish Fork Canyon is in trouble. The mountain is sliding down, destroying the highway and railroad tracks, and could dam the river. That would spell trouble for the town of Thistle.

Helen and DeMar left with their friends today for a motorcycle trip to Death Valley.

April 16. Norman's and Ann's Marie is working at Pipe Springs. She says it seems good to be a guide--to be showing tourists around, instead of being one to follow along.

A package came today from Terry and Diane containing a jar of clear candy in different colors, a box of wedding bell candy, and one of their wedding napkins, and some honeymoon pictures, and pictures of their snow. These things were wrapped in a towel and two money bags. One says, "U.S. Mint, Phila." Once it held $50 in cents--1975. The other belonged to the U.S.Treasurer, Wash. D.C. dated 1974. Both were empty! But interesting. Now wasn't that package a heap of fun!!

April 17. David Howard reported his mission today. The three main things the mission taught him, he said, were to work hard, love people, and rely upon the Lord. His brother Richard talked of his tender memories of LaVerkin. The meeting was very good.

The mountain has slid down into Spanish Fork Canyon and the homes in Thistle are vacated, and flooded.

April 20. Raining off and on. Sunning off and on too. The redwing blackbirds are making happy sounds.

Ermal and Dell have been cutting down the ash trees by the old south ward chapel in Hurricane. A woman came along and asked, "Why are you cutting down those beautiful trees?"

"The bishop's wife told him she wanted to have a little son, so he ordered the trees to be cut down," Ermal replied.

April 21. Tonight is the elementary school dance festival. There isn't seating at these events for all of the parents, who labor long to make pretty clothes for their children, let alone grandparents, so today I went on a grandchild tour to see their lovely things. Lolene's three girls danced and whirled in their swirly skirts to the music they were playing. Corinne was doing Carolee's hair in a French braid, but I saw and admired Carolee's and Dorene's dresses, and Roger brought out his new shoes, shorts, socks, shirt and pants. The girls have shiny patent leather slippers. I went to Shirley's and saw Sherrie's angelic, sheer blue dress,

then on to Dana's and Helen's to see Staci's and Paulette's red dresses. What a show.

Instead of trying to cram the bleachers at the elementary, I went with Ann, Laura, Scott and Vaughn to the high school musical, "Heidi." My grand niece, Heidi Wadsworth played the lead part of Heidi. She was very fetching. The play left the audience chuckling and happy.

April 22. Ermal took Kate and I down to the Babylon Hills by the river. We walked down to the Indian ruins. Ermal was nervous about getting the van turned around at the precarious place where he had parked, so he hiked up the hill ahead of us. Kate and I took our time, visiting, and climbing up the hill in slow motion. Ermal said that we came so slow that he had to magnify our motion through the binoculars and sight us against a bush to see if we were moving. He yelled at us to be careful and save our energy.

April 23. We went for a cookout with Norman's and Ann's family up to the cracks just before sundown. The evening sun, shining on the river and the two canals were beautiful.

April 24. Corinne was set apart as Primary President, and Lolene was set apart as YWMIA President.

April 26. I'm caught up in reading Gene Stratton Porter's "Harvester." A fairy tale for sure. Purely escape literature, and I'm loving it.

We had a nice surprise visit from Deon Gubler. He's in the Air Force in Oklahoma. A rare treat.

Our new neighbors, Michal, Lori and Ginny Paramour called in to see us. Lori is taking the discussions from the missionaries.

April 29. Rain. Much rain. DeMar and Crystal came visiting. Crystal's first words were, "My daddy." DeMar is mighty pleased at this. He reviewed a Matt Warner book he has been reading. He's an enthusiastic, colorful story teller.

April 30. Crystal and Shannon escaped from Helen's and toddled stocking-footed to our house. Shannon was sucking on her bottle, and Crystal was grinning over their great feat.

Ermal stepped to the bedroom door and said, "Come and see who's here."

Startled to see the two babies, I exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake!"

It startled Crystal. She dropped her all-day sucker in the grass, and went howling home. I couldn't stop her.

April 30. Norman's family went to California to meet Kathy, who is flying in from Japan today. Shirley, John and Mimsi are having fun fixing up a welcome home room for her.

May 1. Our Relief Society lesson today was on honoring the priesthood. Pearl Allen confessed to me that when Ermal told her to get her car out from under that split mulberry tree by her house, she obeyed, because he held the priesthood. The tree came down with a crash. She would have been without a car for sure.

May 3. Norman's family arrived home last night. I baked a cake and went to see them today. Ann was at work, but Grandpa and Grandma Miller, and Norman were at the house. And Kathy, that cute little mite of a Kathy.

California was shaken by a major earthquake last night near Fresno. Buildings in San Francisco and LosAngeles swayed. 90% of the business district of Coalinga was wiped out. Pictures on the news are devastating. The miracle is that no one was killed. Only 12 people were hospitalized, and they are not critical. And Coalinga is a good sized town.

Sid Lindholm, Susan Gubler's brother, came and moved Susan and the children, all but Brett, back to Spokane. Brett remained in LasVegas to finish school.

May 4. The law of the survival of the fittest is a very real thing around our place. The jungle of trees east of our house clamor for the sun. It isn't a matter of which tree got there first, but which one can out-grow the other. Edith gave me a seedling maple a few years ago, and steadily it has been growing, but Ermal wanted quick shade for the Rambler, so he planted a catalpa tree beside it. "The first one that shades the car can stay there, and the other one has to go."

Big deal! A catalpa grows as fast as a squash. I wanted to pull it up when he wasn't looking, but I'm a good wife. I didn't.

Then a seedling pecan came up beside both trees. "That's a good place for a pecan," Ermal said. "I'll bud it when it's big enough."

Well! (A most exasperated well!) The catalpa tree grew instantly tall and began to deform the maple that was honestly striving to become a beauty. The pecan took on the gnarled sturdiness of a cedar growing out of a rock.

Now along the ditch bank where these three trees contended, grew our only brag point, when it comes to flowers. Early each spring (before sewer dust) pink phlox have bloomed and spilled down over the bank, and people have stopped to admire. I planted them there. For some reason, my amiable, hearty, domineering husband has regarded the things I plant with a humorous point of view. It is very funny, to be laughed at, and then disposed of. Like the rose hedge, for instance. So now, he says the phlox have got to go. Because wild sweet peas are coming up among them. And he doesn't like wild sweet peas. And anything he doesn't like, he sure doesn't.

I thought of my struggle in hot weather to even keep the phlox alive, because they're in a hard-to-water situation, so I decided if he wanted to keep the ditch bank clean, I'd surrender. So I called DeLores Bice and told her to come and get the phlox for her rock garden, and she did. Then I looked at my maple tree leaning sidewise, and I rose up in great majesty and said, "Ermal, that catalpa tree, and that pecan tree have both got to go <u>today</u>." (I said it the same way he did about the phlox.)

The glory and the wonder of it is that he went right out, and with his chainsaw, cut the catalpa down. It made a pickup load of timber. Then, with a log chain, he hooked onto the pecan tree and tried to pull it out of the ground with his pickup, but the gnarled little thing wouldn't budge.

Just then, Doug Gubler came along with a loader and Ermal got him to lift out the tree. Now that was a fantastic sight! It looked like pulling a tooth. The long taproot was bigger around than the tree trunk, and as tall, and very straight. Most impressive. And at last, my maple tree is free.

We took a spin upon the hill to gather sego lilies. They look lovely in my pink vase. But my ears and arms itch where the no-seeum gnats have nipped me.

May 5. A little patch of phlox still remains on the opposite side of the bridge where there aren't any sweet peas. It's not likely that Ermal will want to get rid of them, so I decided this morning to clean the grass out of them. I went out, and put a pillow on my little stool, because that's the way I weed now days. With an old butcher knife, I dug and dug in the sticky, gumbo dirt, and only got a handful of grass. And my back ached. When I tried to get up, I almost couldn't. And I hurt. Suddenly I felt very angry about getting old. I hobbled into the kitchen and said bad things to Ermal. Really bad. And I felt ashamed while I was saying them, but still it felt good to say them. And Ermal said that was no proper attitude. He said I should rejoice and be glad for all of the things I can do, and to forget about the things I can't do.

So we decided to plant periwinkle everywhere besides the lawns and the vegetable garden, and to forget about fussing with flowers. Periwinkle will stay pretty if it is mowed once a year. And Ermal said he would vacuum the floors for me, and once in awhile in the winter, when his hands are cold, he'll even wash the dishes. And he said I'd better read some good thing to change my attitude. So, I read Neil Maxwell's conference talk about folks who pout and doubt and I repented.

Marilyn's children went to American Fork this week to get Mark's and Susan's stuff, and to get cabinets for Mace's new house. They went in two outfits. Mace was pulling the furniture in a trailer behind the pickup, and a tire blew. The trailer came loose and ran down the road ahead of the pickup, and over an embankment, making splinters of all of Susan's stuff. Luckily, no one was hurt.

May 6. Ermal's Mother's Day gift to me was a trip through Zion, Longvalley and over Cedar Mountain. Our world is so water logged, that every seam of the sandstone mountains above the tunnel glistened in the morning sun. The meadows through Longvalley lay under a glaze of water. Snow banks on Cedar Mountain were as high as our house in a place or two, and a total cover of white--deep and silent, lay over the entire mountain.

A snow storm came up, laying fresh new snow on the dark trees. A south wind picked up the snow that was already on the ground, making it rise like steam. Many small birds flitted in the snow. I wondered what they found for food.

At Cedar, Annie and Rass gave us fresh rhubarb and asparagus.

May 8. Mother's Day comes to a close for '83. I gave a short talk in the Sunday School program this morning on mothers who have impressed me in the past and in the present.

I wondered, as a child, why my mother never went to Sunday School to hear us sing, "Oh, I had such a pretty dream, Mama." After all of the work she had done to curl our hair and to dress us pretty, so we could sing to the mothers, she stayed home and finished the chores and separated the milk. I couldn't understand why she should say she wished Mother's Day would never come. And then--I became a mother. And a grandmother.

All of the fuss has been bestowed upon me today to more than compensate for the years of hustle and hassle in the past of being a mother. It began with a hot breakfast delivered to our table by Corrine and Maxine. The troops have come bearing many gifts and love notes. Even Marilyn was here, and Terry phoned.

And now at the close of the day, the weary mothers of our grand-children make their sad confessions. Shirley felt upset and neglected. No one did any special thing for her today. She was left alone to eat her simple fare of macroni and cheese on her crystal plate. Helen was upset, because she couldn't join the gang at our house. DeMar and the children were here, but she had to stay and "muck out" the kitchen from their dinner. Corinne was upset. Out of her twelve children, none of them did the little specialties for her. They just acted normal, letting her take over.

"It's just that we expect something different, because it's Mother's Day. I guess we expect too much."

I pondered this. Actually, your children have to have children, before they realize what it means to be a mother. The only comfort I could give my girls was that when they are 72 years old, someone will make a fuss over them, and that will help compensate for being 72 years old.

At Norman's house things were different. When we went to share strawberry shortcake, to celebrate Kathy's homecoming, after her lovely mission report, Ann and her mother were having a nap, and Norman and Brother Miller were cleaning up the kitchen.

And now, I want to share some thoughts from my darling daughters. I am so grateful for having three precious girls, and four precious sons.

" Dearest Mother, thank you for accepting me as a daughter. Thank you for your genuine love and terrific example all my life. Thank you for teaching your children the Gospel, and then being an example of your teachings. Thank you for the hereditary and ancestral blessings and challenges that have come through you, for the rich heritage of decency and goodness you have passed on. Thank you for choosing Daddy for our father. Thank you for overlooking so many of my weaknesses and still offering me your strengths. Thank you for Marilyn, Norman, DeMar, Gordon, Terry and Lolene to share my life. I love you, and all you stand for. Shirley.

P.S. And thank you for not expecting much from a daughter on Mother's Day. No car and no money and not much time accounts for this card. But I do wish you a heartfelt "Happy Mother's Day.""

And then, the following: On Mother's Day, 1983.

I dreamed about you last night, Mother. And now I wonder!
Was it just a dream? Or some eternal glimpse that God permitted--
Some celestial intimation of future joy?

You see, Mother, in my dream you were young again
And indescribably beautiful,
Better even, than those faded photos of your college years,
Your prime years.

In my dream your skin was smooth, unlined.
Firm-fleshed and arrow straight you stood,
No longer stooped and drawn down by earthly woes-and gravity!
Your hair wasn't white anymore--but a rich, deep, shining brown,
Just like the heavy braids you always kept (tucked away safely in bureau drawer) lopped off by an over-exuberant barber
In your 18th year.

You held out your arms to me, and your hands. . .
Oh, Mother, those poor arthritic excuses for hands

That won't permit of piano or knitting, or twisting lids off jars--
Your hands were young and supple and moved with easy grace
To beckon me upward. I joined you.
You held me close then, and in that brief moment,
I tasted pure joy.

It was then I think I finally comprehended
Your ageless and eternal calling (and mine)
As a wife, a companion, a helpmeet, and a Mother.
We two were inseparably linked in the everlasting chain
Of womanhood--motherhood.
You imparted to me of <u>your</u> gifts and I to my children,
And on it goes,
Each weaving our own individual pattern in the grand design--
No beginning, no end. Then the dream was done.

Ah, well, I wax poetic,
But one more thing I must tell you before I'm done.
An apology--to you and all Mothers.
I used to feel cheated somehow,
Because my patriarchal blessing (received at the age of 8)
Didn't ramble on for pages about earthly honors I might aspire to
Or ratify my own good opinion of myself in maybe loftier terms.
"A chosen daughter of God" it said,
"A Mother in Israel" it said,
"Oh, pshaw!" I said, "Is that all?"
"Anyone can be a Mother," I said to you, "I want to be <u>somebody</u>!"

Oh, that I could take back foolish words uttered in youthful ignorance.
Not realizing that the term "Mother"
Is the highest appellation I could strive for
Both in this world and the next.
A Godly name--for a Goddess.

Thank you, for being my mortal Mother--now, and forever.

Lolene Gubler Gifford

May 9. Dixie and Foster had supper with us tonight. We had Dorothy Frazier's good dilly bread with asparagus and rhubarb pie. Harrisons made me feel like I was a scrumptious cook.

After they left, we went for a family home evening at Donworth's. He showed us his slides on Russia and told about the people there. How glad I am that I'm an American.

May 10. I planted my bean tepee today and set out a row of phlox on the north side of the house. When I mention doing any yard work, I am bragging.

May 11. Puddles everywhere. North of the Black Ridge there is much, much snow.

How the heavens must weep over the world news--of Russia's mass killing of Afghanistan civilians.

May 12. We got a happy letter from Gordon today from Wilmington, N.C. Janna Lynn and Katie shared their entries in the elementary writing contest with me today. They are <u>very</u> good. They each got a purple ribbon and gold loving cups and certificates. Lolene's children are all talented.

May 15. Tonight Venus and a crescent moon make a pretty sight riding side by side in brilliance through the clouds.

May 16. I got to wondering if I've been complaining about the wrong thing. Perhaps I do not have arthritis. That persistent pain below my left hip could be some internal monster growing inside me. So I went to Dr. Fawson, with my mind made up to do everything he told me to do.

I told Dr. Fawson I didn't believe anything could help arthritis, but give temporary relief only, and promptly he talked to me like a father. He said aspirin is an anti-inflammatory and retards the progress of arthritis. (I'm only writing this information with the thought that it might be helpful to someone else.) I agreed to take 12 aspirin a day--3 with each meal and 3 at bedtime--and report back in one month. He gave me a cortisone shot in my hip for my sacroiliac nerve, joint, or whatever it is, and within ten minutes, the pain that has been so constant for so long, vanished.

Fawson said I must have lots of rest. Big deal! I'm almost motionless already. Oh yes, he said I must take exercises. Well, I do. I have a very neat set of gymnastics that I do every morning.

May 17. Riding high on the suppleness of cortisone. I've buzzed through my housecleaning with the joy of youth. I'm making the place pretty for Rebecca's MIA Oriental party.

In the living room Ermal has helped me construct a low table out of milk crates and plywood. Covered with white linen it is very nice. I've made a pretty salad, decorated with flower petals of yellow peaches (fruit petals I mean, made out of the peaches) with marichino cherry centers, and pineapple and pears. (And parsley). Very Oriental. Copied from Kathy's Japanese cookbook. I've made a double batch of sukiyaki, some dinner rolls, and put on the teapots and blue willow dishes. The mint is picked for the steeping of the tea.

Later: Ah, what a pretty party! Gaye Lynne Wiser came with her class of ten girls, all with flowers in their hair and wearing kimonos and slippers. Kathy was the special guest. She was beautiful in her kimono and her hair done up with an Oriental back comb. She asked the blessing in Japanese and taught the girls how to eat with chopsticks. All of them did it, even to cleaning up the last grain of rice from their plates.

The girls sat on pillows on the floor around the low table. After dinner, Kathy taught them a Japanese game that occupied the rest of the evening. Our living room has never been more adorned than it was with all of those girls in their kimonos and flowers in their hair. They were radiant and beautiful.

Before they left, every dish was washed and put away, and the low table taken out and the house completely restored. Ermal said, "I would not have consented to you having in a group of boys, but I knew it would be this nice with girls."

If Rebecca had not asked, this lovely thing would never had happened. However, she was supposed to have done the work, with the help of her committee, but DeMar and Helen took their family to LasVegas and didn't get back in time. How glad I was that the miracle of yesterday's shot made all things possible for me!

May 18. Oh dear! I wanted to be a perfect patient and do exactly as told, but 12 aspirin a day are consuming me with fire, inside and out. My face is burning red. I called Fawson, and he said to cut down to 8 tablets. I'm starting to itch all over.

On our way to the temple we stopped to admire Clinton's cactus garden. It is beautiful. Exquisite. Wonderful. Blanche Spendlove, Eulalia Slack and June Stanworth were there. June said it made her think of Southern Arizona, where everything you touch sticks in you.

May 21. I've had it! Even my store teeth are on edge. Besides the internal flame, I'm nauseated. I called the drugstore.

"Gordon Stirland," I said, "is life just a choice between miseries? My arthritis doesn't hurt. In fact it has vanished, but I'm being consumed from within." Then I told him my sad tale.

"If you take any more aspirin, within a day your stomach will be in shreds and hanging out on a fence. You better come in and get some Ascriptin. It will do you the same good, but will not be so harsh," he said.

I'll give it a try, but for now I'll take nothing but milk and toast for a day or two.

Tonight Marilyn went with us to the regional dance festival in the Dixie Sun Bowl. It has been a long time since we've had such a thing. The best number was the cloggers from Cedar, but the funniest was Lolene's group of six trampoline performers. Corinne and Lolene were both part of the team. They were well synchronized, and real high-kicking, twirling performers.

May 22. This morning Marilyn, Ermal and I went to church in Virgin to hear two wonderful speakers, Ermal and Alice Stratton. Bishop Jay Lee asked me to come and tell the story of Ermal's grandmother, Emily Stratton having her eyesight restored when the Virgin Primary children prayed.

We arrived just in time to see them ring the bell in the church tower. It brought back happy childhood memories when the church bell in Hurricane announced the starting time of everything.

The Virgin ward members welcomed us like dear old relatives, and we stayed for the whole three hours. I was only kidding about those wonderful speakers. Actually we were quite normal.

May 23. Tonight we went to Ardella's pretty birthday dinner under the deep shade of the big trees on their patio. Their yard is a landscaped dream. All of Ardella's local brothers and sisters and spouses were there. My, my, such bounteous and lovely food. Such happy, happy talk!

May 25. My granddaughter Laura was my visiting teaching partner today. She had 13 books to return to the bookmobile. That kid reads practically a book a day.

Japan was hit with a 7.7 earthquake tonight.

May 27. Our 16th wedding anniversary, and Ermal's cold is too punky to celebrate. Otherwise, we'd be off to goodness knows where.

I think of the difference he has made in my life--of the countless little things, like the red apple, or the candy bar, tucked under my typewriter cover, of his serenading me while he runs the vacuum cleaner; of his tireless scouting the ditch bank for asparagus, because he knows how much I love it;

of the afternoons he has spent shelling pecans in the shade of the persimmon tree, the shining rows of bottled fruit that he enjoys putting up. The list is endless. All of my material needs are supplied. Inside and out, our place is more comfortable because of him.

The most sentimental part of it all is that he'll even cancel a date for sawing down trees with the boys if I want him to go with me. That is, if I don't want him to go to a symphony, or a ballet, or a Shakespeare play or something he dearly hates. If it's to go boondocking, he scuttles along in glee. And if ever I feel moody, or broody, or sorry for myself, he puts a stop to it, because he'll have none of that.

Shirley and Susanna came visiting today--a rare and lovely treat.

May 28. Shirley and I spent two hours in the boiling sun at a memorial service in the Virgin cemetary. We lived through it, because we took our umbrellas and nylon chairs.

The program would have been enjoyable if it had been in the church house under the cooler. Here there was nary a spot of shade, and the air was seething and still. The different speakers represented the original families of Virgin. Under the merciless sun, the merciless speakers doggedly went into their family history, bogged down with dates and genealogical data--oh yes, and cane seed cakes and molasses. So, because of the suffering of our ancestors, here we were, being tortured.

Shirley represented the Isoms. She was well prepared, and well cooked when her turn came. She got up and said, "I've prepared a 15 minute talk." Pause. "No groans? You're supposed to groan." The people laughed. "I have four great-grandparents, two grandparents, two aunts and other assorted relatives in this cemetery. I am proud of my people, but it's too hot to make you suffer any longer." She sat down. She was the only speaker that everyone applauded.

After the services, the longest winded speaker came to her and said, "Shame on you. Why didn't you tell about your people?"

Darkly, I thought "Shame on you for having no mercy."

This evening, while Ermal luxuriated in the brimming bathtub, I strolled to the church house to hear the Gifford orchestra as they played for a ward dance. I was impressed. Our ward dances are cute and happy parties.

"If you go in there, you'll have to dance," Terry Earl said to me as I walked up the ramp.

I chuckled. "Not me. Not in slacks and Nikes."

"Oh yes you will," Terry grinned, "everyone in there dances."

As soon as I stepped inside, Neil Hardy led me out onto the floor. "Oh, Neil! This scares me to death. I do good to walk, much less dance. Aren't you scared to be out here with me?"

"Of course not. Let's see what you can do," he replied.

Well--it could have been better, but it could have been worse. It was better than I expected. Terry was right. There were no sitters in the dance hall. Everyone danced with everyone else--dads, moms, grandparents, teens, children and babies. And it was everyone's choice. No one sat on the sideline waiting to be asked to dance. Even little people asked the old folks to dance.

Little Rachel Gubler, Lynn's little girl, took a shine to a gray-haired stately gentlemen who came with the Giffords. After she danced with him, she led him to first one woman, and then another in the hall, and smiling, he'd introduce himself and say, "Rachel thinks I ought to dance with you." His evening was a success.

My grandsons, Leon and Scott pleased me by asking me to dance, but the music was too fast, and I hoped for a slow tune. I had the last dance, a slow waltz with David Segler. I couldn't believe that I actually went without Ermal and had so much fun.

May 30. Ermal found one of Norman Gates' real estate "for sale" signs in the weeds, so he propped it up by one of our rock posts in front of the house. "Everyone else has a for sale sign," he said, "so I thought we should too."

When Paulette realized what it was, she said, "If you move to Coal Pitts, I'll <u>still</u> come and see you."

The news tonight reminds us of how water-soaked we are. A big mudslide came down in Farmington Canyon, covering ten homes and threatening others. Reno had a mudslide into a lake that sent a 15 foot wall of water that washed away campers and a home. Salt Lake has rivers running down State Street and other streets.

June 2. When Betty Owens saw the "for sale" sign by our place she said, "You guys can't go away."

Ermal said, "We've got the place up for $250,000."

"Well, if you sell for <u>that</u> much, I want to borrow your sign," she said.

Our ward had cake and ice cream in the temple dining room after the session tonight. Neil Hardy sat by me, and he recalled how mad I got when he gave Terry a Mohawk hair cut. It's lots funnier now than it was then.

As we came out of the temple, Melba Mendenhall said, "Alice, you haven't deteriorated a bit!" I almost couldn't quit laughing at that one.

I went to Squire's Print Shop today to see about publishing my book. They quoted $3,600 for printing 100 copies, and that's not even bound. Good grief! What am I writing for? Who has $3,600? Not me!

June 6. Katie had a talent show today on their front porch. Shirley and her younger children came to the show, and so did I. Wayne was there in his wheelchair along with a raft of neighborhood kids. Janna Lynn was the announcer and Katie the director. Kendall Paul whooped and howled when Katie and Shauna came on stage singing, "The Sweetheart Tree" without him. So they took his hand and he strolled with them while they sang.

Shauna did a command performance of the Wide Mouth Frog that was worthy of a TV audience, and the other singing and dancing was good. Good little Andy was the magician. He poured water into a bottomless cup into a mixing bowl, and the bowl remained dry. And he put a carrot into a hat and pulled out a rabbit. The real magic of this one is how he stuffed that big white, kicking, squirming rabbit back down through the little stovepipe hat into the box below. Aaron didn't get into the act at all until the cookies and punch were served.

After the cookies and punch were served, I asked Janna why she didn't sing or dance.

"I was going to do a dance," she said, "but the director cancelled it."

Kendall said, "My mama is going to make me a red dancing dress and buy me some black slippers and I'm going to dance on the cesspool." (He undoubtedly means the Sunbowl.)

June 11. Today we made our first visit to the Swap Meet at Washington. Oh my! What a lot of stuff we don't need! Some very pretty, too.

On we went to the Stringham reunion in the St. George city park. This reunion is on Ermal's side of the house. Earl Stringham and Kate Fredricks danced on the table. It takes a foxy feeling for the older generation to do that. Johnnie Carpenter has compiled a fine Stringham book.

We slipped away from the reunion, because slipping away from reunions is what Ermal likes to do. We went to the open house at Kelty and Kellwood. Our guide was that handsome Darwin Gifford. Darwin can walk backward and lecture faster than I can walk forward. Lolene and her children were in our group. The tour was very nice.

June 14. "There's Mrs. Robin out on the lawn listening for a worm." Ermal peered out the west window.

"How would it be to have hearing so keen we could hear worms crawling underground?" I mused.

"Oops, she missed. Now she's cocking her head on the other side. Oops, missed again. Now she's got one. She's got one of my big fishing worms."

"If she got it at Marble Canyon, it would cost her 20¢, wouldn't it."

"Yeh. She's having a time biting him in two. (Pause). Now the blasted varmint has got another one."

"That will cost her 40¢."

"I don't mind her having <u>one</u> worm, but blast her hide, she doesn't have to git hawgish. Now she's taking off with it."

June 15. While Lolene was off to Zion Canyon with "the girls" to celebrate Corinne's birthday, her children had a yard sale at home. Lolene left written instructions with things to keep the kids busy until she got back, but their own ideas were far more remunerative.

The kids put $1.00 price tags on their good toys that they no longer used, and large sugar cookies sold for 3¢ each. They took enough money so Katie could go to Ben Franklin's and buy herself a pair of $4.00 clogs.

The kitchen was horrendous, stacked with dirty utensils. All of Lolene's paper plates, paper cups, packages of punch powder and cake mixes were used up. Undoubtedly this was neighborhood bargain day. Lolene could write a fine Mother's Education story about this one.

June 17. Helen asked me if I would tend their parakeet while the family goes on vacation to Colorado. "Sure," I said, "bring it down." A half-hour later, Paulette called. "Grandma, you won't need to bother. Our parakeet died." Well! I'm thankful it died <u>before</u> they brought it down, instead of after. They figure Crystal might have been a little over-affectionate with it.

Ermal came in from the garden. Grabbing my hand he said, "I want you to come and see." Leading me through the furrows, he held back the leaves of an eggplant. "See! The blossoms aren't falling off anymore. Where I used the paintbrush to fertilize the flower, a little yegg is settin' on."

On through the tomatoes he led me. "See how big that tomato is! And this'n and this'n."

"Aren't they pretty," I responded.

"I like you to admire my garden," he said.

And I did. It's free from weeds, orderly and healthy. The potato vines are absolutely beautiful, covered with lavendar flowers. And the onions, parsnips and carrots are thrifty. Up one furrow and another he led me, making happy comments all the while, showing me how big the beets and carrots are.

"Look, I got me another tree tomato from Darwin's. Now I've got one in the pot and one in the garden. And another jicama has come up. Five, out of your nineteen seeds came up."

"Isn't it amazing how many weeks it has taken those seeds to germinate?" I commented.

"Hon, it's fun to have you walk in the garden with me."

I got to thinking about our bantering with each other the other day. I was sewing, and he came into the room and kissed the back of my neck. "It's not every woman who puts up with what I do," I teased.

"Why there's hundreds and hundreds of women just aching to put up with what you do," he said, sauntering toward the door.

That stopped me. How true, how true. My friends who are alone say, "Alice, you've got such a good man." And I have. I have.

Still in my house slippers, I pattered into the kitchen. He turned, and I walked into his arms. I'm an inch shorter in my slippers, and my head just fits on his chest when he hugs me, and it makes me feel adored.

Chuckling, I said, "Honey, you are so right."

"Ok," he grinned.

Shannon adores him. "Bampa, Bampa," she shouts as she runs to him. Today, Ermal was in the yard talking to a man when Dana and Shannon came. Shannon came into the kitchen and looked up at all of Ermal's hats hanging on the wall by the deepfreeze. "Bampa, Bampa," she said pointing at them. Then she climbed onto the table and pulled down Ermal's new straw hat that he just bought today. "Bampa," she said, putting it on.

Ermal walked in. "Bampa, Bampa," she said, taking his hand.

"Here," Ermal said, "you wear this hat. You've already sat on it."

He hung his new hat where she couldn't wreck it and put the tattered one on her head. Besides it being mashed by Shannon, the chainsaw ran through part of the crown, so the hat came clear down to Shannon's shoulders. Tickled, she clung to Ermal's hand and led him out to the hammock and he put her in it to swing.

There's an underground cavern by Jim's. Milton Hall fell into it on his loader when he was coming out of the field from the sewer pump.

June 19. Yesterday, Ermal said, "I need something to give our boys. Tomorrow is Father's Day."

"Give them a Twinkie and a root beer," I jested.

"I'll do it," he said, trotting off to Lyman's Market. On Mother's Day he had given each of the girls a fresh pineapple. "Imagine that. Lyman didn't even have a Twinkie. I had to buy fried pies," he said on his return.

This morning he was off knocking on doors by 7:00. He was back in a half hour. "Can you beat that! All of the fathers in our family were still in bed. Since DeMar is still away, I took his present to Foster Harrison and told him all of the fathers in our family were getting a present and Foster said he was glad he was in our family. Ann and Lolene got a kick out of it when I knocked on their doors."

Our kids gave Ermal a Black and Decker rechargeable spotlight--just what he has been hankering for. This was a day for our roving troops, and cherry pie and ice cream.

June 22. I pause briefly for a medical report. Hopefully, through me shall come a great discovery that will benefit all of mankind. Well, Ascriptin isn't the answer. Dutifully, I've taken it as instructed, but finally the flame was kindled once more in my insides, and today I'm broken out with burning hives. I had to quit.

A letter from Edith reports her progress. She says, "I have a very stiff-necked outlook on life and have to look straight ahead and not up or down. It sure does handicap you more than it looks to others. The doc hasn't told me I can do anything except go for a little walk and to be careful and not trip on rocks."

June 24. Dr. Fawson removed a cyst from my chin today, took a blood test and started me on Clinirol.

When I removed the cover from my typewriter to write letters to Gordon and Edwin, there sat a shiny red nectarine. These fun gifts from Ermal always bring a chuckle.

The space shuttle with five people aboard landed at Edwards AFB today. "Robert Crippen, Frederick Hauck, Sally Ride, John Fabian and Norman Thagard returned from 6 successful days in space. They brought back the first satellite retrieved from orbit--proof of capability no other nation has." (UP 6-24-83) Sally Ride is the first woman in space, and that's important.

June 22. Ermal and I were speakers at Sacrament Meeting in Kanarra today. LaPriel's and Jim's boy Dale Cornelius is in the bishopric there, and he's the one who asked us. The good part of it was the get-together with all of the Cornelius children, except Sharron's family, around the big dinner table under the apple trees at Dale's place. I am impressed with those neat, witty people.

"Aunt Alice," Tony said, "of all the many talks in church I've heard, your two were the best."

"Tony, what I love about you is that we can swallow every word you say," I retorted.

Grinning, he said, "We're a gullible lot, aren't we." He doesn't specialize in spending too much time in church, but he's a riot to be around.

DeMar and his family got back from their Colorado vacation today. Crystal's cheeks are red as apples.

The Newhouse Hotel in Salt Lake City was demolished at 7:00 this morning. Pictures on the news tonight were spectacular. Sunday morning was chosen to bring the grand old structure down while traffic was light. (That's what they thought.) Thousands came to see. The dust cloud was immense.

That hotel held many fond memories for me of my political career. Our County Official's Conventions were held there every year as well as the Municipal League Conventions. A glamour and a glitter clings to recollections of those days. And there was a stateliness about the hotel as it sunk from its stalwart height, crumbling to rubble in a magnificent cloud--its final burst of glory. And so the good earth claims its own.

June 27. "I need you for two things," Ermal said this morning. "I need you to type mortgage papers for those guys who want to borrow money, and I need you to go to Glen Canyon Dam with me to see all of that water." Well now, that was quite all right. I did both.

We went up through Zion. On our way we stopped at Cottonwood Grove to say "hi" to Marie O'Neil.

The morning was cool and the flowers along the highway fresh and lovely--spikes of yucca bloom and penstemons. The yellow sand dune flowers are blooming too. All of the scenery smiled. Dinner at the Four Seasons in Kanab was mighty satisfying too. I'd recommend that place to anyone.

Seeing the high water of the Colorado shooting through the big pipes at the dam, also rushing out the spillway, churning greenish white was spell-binding. A man there said the water was shooting at a speed of 150 miles an hour, and that it was peeling cement.

We went over the river to Page and on around the loop, up Kiabab Mountain to Jacobs. The lavandar honey locusts are in bloom. Coming back in the evening past Pipe Springs, the Big Plains and the Caanan and Rockville hills were rich in the sunset. We topped the day off by going to Lillian's birthday party and enjoying her good, good chicken and dressing,

June 28. Shirley helped me pick our gooseberries this evening. She said last evening she went to the basement to play the piano. John joined her and they were playing and singing. Annie left the supper dishes on the table, so she could be with them.

"It will only take you a few minutes to get your dishes done Annie," Shirley said, "and then you can come back."

"Sherrie, I'll give you a dollar if you'll do my dishes," Annie said. Annie tends babies, so she has money for such emergencies.

Tickled, Sherrie rushed to the kitchen and slicked up the dishes. When the kitchen and dining area shone, Sherrie proudly said, "Dad, will you give me a dollar for doing the dishes?"

Perry was absorbed in a TV show. Good naturedly he dug in his pocket and fished out a dollar. So now Sherrie had <u>two</u> dollars. She went to the sewing machine and sewed up a little cloth bag and wrote, "Sherrie's Money" on it. She carried the little bag around for the rest of the evening.

July 1. Ermal took me to the George and Alice Isom reunion at Cedar today. It was a great sacrifice on his part, but he actually seemed to enjoy it. I was very impressed with the good turnout from Aunt Mary Campbell's family. Five of Alice Platt's daughters were there.

Tonight, as we drove to the stake building to Janna Lynn's baptism, the tailpipe to the Rambler came loose, dragging under the car with a terrible clatter. We made it into the parking lot and Ermal found some bailing wire to fasten it up. The Rambler has been baking in the sun for 18 years. The plastic insides have split and the dome-light and the dashboard light gave up years ago. The floor mats have disintegrated, as well as the upholstery, and we've worn an extra set of seat covers to a thread. But the motor still chugs along, and the mileage isn't all that great--scarcely 80,000. The muffler has a hole in it and the motor has a wonderful roar.

The other day Ermal saw squash bugs on his summer squash, so he used the only spray material he could find on the place--dieldrin. Ermal thinks abundantly. If one-half teaspoon of the stuff to a gallon of water kills vermin, then two tablespoons to the gallon would really get 'em. He sprayed the squash, cucumbers, cantaloupe, my green beans, and because he spied a strange bug on his bell peppers, he gave the whole row the works.

He so much enjoyed using his new spray outfit, that he went to Jim's and Dana's and doused her summer squash good too. And they had a crop ready to pick.

He picked up the phone and called Dana. "By the way, when you pick the squash, you'd better rinse them off," he said.

"You're kidding!" I exclaimed. "You <u>didn't</u> spray right on the squash."

"Sure I did."

"Any kind of spray tells you not to use the vegetables for a certain period of time--say three weeks after." I grabbed the bottle and began reading. Good grief! Dieldrin was never meant to spray vegetables with in the first place. I called Dana. "Don't use that squash at all. You'd better call Poison Control first."

After Dana called Poison Control, she dialed us. "They said to pull up every vine and destroy them, that dieldren is absorbed by the plant and the fruit."

Oh, how awful! The vines were so big and beautiful, and so productive.

"I don't believe it," Ermal said. "I'm not going to pull up my stuff."

"Well, I'm not going to eat any of the stuff," I replied. "If you want the word for yourself, we'll call Poison Control Tuesday."

This was Saturday.

July 3. A churchy day. We went to Lolene's ward in Hurricane. Ermal helped to confirm Janna Lynn. We hopped back to our ward for Relief Society and Priesthood meeting, and half of Sunday School, then went to St. George, where Ermal stood in the circle with ten other men to help Ronald bless his little daughter Elise. I sat by an 86 year old lady who wanted to visit all during the prayer, the Sacrament and the testimonies. "I'm all alone," she would say, "My dog ate cockroach poison and died. This new bishop doesn't look as much like a bishop as our old one. I hope no one talks as long as he does." On and on.

THE 4th OF JULY - And breakfast with the Lion's Club at the Hurricane city park. Ermal and I climbed aboard the fire truck and rode along with the little kids around the block while the siren blew.

Doris Gubler was in charge of the program in LaVerkin, and it was mighty fine. LaVerkin's first, first graders (to be in the new building this fall) sat across the stage front and sang, "What's More American Than Cornflakes." They wore Yankee Doodle paper caps and sang with vigor. Donworth's talk on the blessings of living in America was deeply moving, and Craig Gibson's song, "The House I live In" thrilled me. Virgil Bice's essay, "Why I Like America" had a refreshing twist. He liked America because we tolerated atheists and taxes and tax collectors and told the important reasons why.

The fireworks tonight put on a far greater show than expected. They were set off from the top of the hill, and three grass fires were started that created some excitement. We tried to watch from our own driveway. Cars by the hundreds streamed past our house that kept the dust in suspension.

I wonder. Can I survive the noisy, dirty traffic so close to our door? And yet, this is home. There's no other place on earth where I want to live. I would long to come back, should we move. Progress is like a drug. It has terrible side effects.

July 5. We called the Poisen Control center, so we could get first-hand advice about our sprayed garden. We were informed that dieldren is residual and should never be used on foodstuff.

"Well, I'm not sure I can accept this," Ermal said. His garden is too beautiful to destroy.

"I'll tell you what. When Horatio is home this evening, let's ask him. He's a farmer of experience. We can depend on getting good advice."

This was agreed upon, so we went to the temple and filled our assignment, then on to Dr. Fawson who took the stitches out of my chin and gave me the report on my blood test. I do <u>not</u> have lupus or rheumatoid arthritis. My arthritis is due to wear and tear of aging and Dr. Fawson says I should not stop taking clinirol. I feel drugged all of the time, and I don't like it.

We called Horatio tonight, and he confirmed what the Poison Control Center said. The garden stuff has <u>got</u> to go.

July 6. While Ermal was still asleep and the early morning breeze was rustling the trees, I went out and heartlessly yanked my green bean vines down from the tepee. Last evening, after talking to Horatio, I took my hoe to start the task, but Ermal stopped me.

"Don't pull them down," he said, "they didn't get much. I used the weaker solution on them."

I put down my hoe and ran my fingers under the clusters of waxen white bloom, and looked at the tender green tendrils reaching, winding and climbing to the top. Such lovliness. Silently, I walked away.

But now I must set the example, and do the thing that must be done. Ermal awoke. "Pulling 'em up, are you?" he said, sticking his head out the door.

"Yeh," I replied.

He dressed, then came out and backed his pickup up to the head of his garden, and started pulling up his bell peppers. "It's a shame. A dirty shame. Look at all those green peppers that are ready to pick."

The bushes were loaded with beautiful crisp peppers. Next came the summer squash. "It's a shame. There's six big squash on this one vine ready to eat." He carried the squash vines, one at a time, hanging upside down, exposing their yellow fruit. The bushes were bigger and taller than he was, when carried out by the roots. "It's a shame, a shame," he said each time.

The sight of him, and the sound of him got me to laughing. At the sound of my laughter, his lamenting grew louder, and with great effort, he struggled to look more tragic. But underneath it all, I could see him suppressing a grin.

We worked fast to get all of the contaminated plants out of our garden and to get it replanted before the sun got above the pecan trees. Now my bean tepee is replanted, and I've dropped kernels of corn into each hill as Ermal spaded up the soil, and he has put in new squash and more beans. I think we'll still get a crop.

Shirley gave us zucchini squash to cook for dinner, and Ermal bought two large cukes from the store for 20¢ each. "When I can get cukes like this for so little I don't feel as sad about having to pull up my vines," he said.

July 8. I had a good visit over the phone with Terry today. His wife, Diane is just recovering from surgery. Terry has been real good to keep in touch with us all the while she has been ill.

Tonight, the beans I planted early Tuesday morning are sprouting above the ground. I'm astonished. They didn't pop up like that when I planted the first ones in May.

July 9. Helen's Mother's Education lesson today was encouraging creativity in children. Well--her own children certainly proved their creative ability this morning. Rebecca and Paulette came to our house, and I put vegetables, green fruit, flowers, flower seed pods and fuzzy grass heads on the table to see what they could make for their mom. Under their sharp imagination, everything took on animation. We had a jolly lot of fun.

I walked with the little girls when they delivered the tray of vegetable and fruit animals and people to Helen. Helen burst into laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, for cute!"

Crystal reached for them, screeching and grabbing. She could wreck in one second the whole works. Helen tried to let her see them, without her touching them. The screaming continued, until Helen let her hold one ruffled hollyhock doll. She sat on the floor and ate the goosberry head off from it, and was satisfied.

Leon was the youth speaker in Sacrament Meeting today, and Kathy reported her mission to our ward. She radiated the joy of missionary work and her love for the Japanese people. John accompanied Lolene on the piano, and she sang, "Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant." Church was lovely.

July 10. In our Relief Society board meeting tonight, Gail Earl commented that the sisters complete a higher percent of their visiting teaching

than the brothers do. "We haven't had home teachers for months," she said.

"You should do like Ermal does," I suggested. "When Clyde DeMille and Clarence Sanders were our teachers, and the end of the month rolled around without their visit, Ermal grabbed my hand and said, 'Come on. Let's go to their places and get taught.' That was a real happy evening."

Laughing, Gail said, "Wouldn't that startle our home teachers if all nine of us called on them!"

July 11. A birthday letter and package from Susan Gubler arrived today. In her letter she says, "We moved to Washington in May. It is so green and beautiful. . . There is a big hay field out our back window and we are surrounded by hills that are forested. We can see the church from our house and the grade school and junior high. There are lots of hills and meadows. We love it. . . . I am on a three month's training program at the VA Hospital and then in January I'm taking some classes at Spokane Community College to be a ward secretary. Right now I'm working on 6th floor with the doctors and nurses as secretary. . . . Brett is going to a music camp in Post Falls, Idaho. It is a one week camp. . . . Brett and Shelden got to go to the Seattle Temple and do baptisms last month. They both really liked that, and then they spent half a day at a dude ranch in Seattle. DeDe goes to pre-school when I work. She is doing good. . . . Ty is busy catching bugs and polliwogs. He caught 50 polliwogs and about 10 of them turned into baby frogs and then we let them go back to the pond. . . ."

Big sigh! I'm so thankful that they all sound happy.

July 15. Sherrie's birthday. And today, she became "Aunt Sherrie." Rick and Lori had a 6½ pound boy this morning. And then--at the same hospital, Randy and Shelly Limb had a 5 pound boy. (Christopher and Randall). Ermal and I <u>each</u> got a new great-grandson today.

My second daughter's second son had his first son. Ermal's second daughter's second son had his first son. These little guys grandmothers are Shirley and Maxine. Unique?

July 17. My birthday. Our patio was as full of people and chairs as it was after Gordon's testimonial. Our youngest guest was Christopher Houston. What a surprise to see that black-headed little Indian, only 2½ days old, come with his mother to my party. Mildred, Marilyn and Terry all telephoned. Sunday birthdays are mighty lively.

Terry reports that Diane is doing real well after her operation. Diane wrote thanking me for having such a wonderful son. I'll relay the thanks to a Heavenly Father who sent him, and my six other children. So glad they're ours.

Yesterday, Ermal took me to Kolob. There's still a cable and padlock on the gate to our old homestead. More impressive still, is the sturdy post planted in the middle of the road, bearing a sign that says vehicles are not allowed beyond this point--only horses and hikers. Ermal drove the van up to the gate where we silently read the sign, and then he backed away. Painful thoughts went through my mind. Never again would I see the place I have loved above all other spots on earth. In a small measure, I felt what Grandmother Crawford must have felt when the park boundary swallowed up Oak Creek and she was ousted out of her home. She only lived a short while after that.

The old homestead on Kolob is not under the Wilderness Act. It is only being managed as such. I feel the injustice of it all. In no way does it hurt to let vehicles into our life-time campsite. Trail riders and backpackers should not be placed above all other people.

We went on to Lava Point and enjoyed it, but there is no other spot on the mountain that can replace the meadow where we used to play. That spot is sheltered by little colored hills. The trees, the trickle of water in the white sand wash, the ferns--that place is home to me. I feel heart-broken.

We gathered sego lilies and bluebells for a pretty arrangement for our table.

July 19. We went to LasVegas today and gathered Marilyn up and took a spin over to Hoover Dam to see the water going over the spillway. What a sight! Lake Meade has never been so high. Glassy green water glided over the great spillway, breaking into a rainbow spray of froth. A lovely sight.

Tonight the moon and Jupiter are only a yard apart at the top of the southern sky. Venus is a glowing beauty in the west. In mythology, she is the goddess of love.

I learned a new word today, "huggermugger." It does not mean dancing cheek-to-cheek. It means confusion, like in congested traffic.

July 25. 1:00 a.m. I've listened to the rumble of distant thunder for hours it seems. Night thoughts mull through my head--problems both great and small. Oh, my aching back. Growing old isn't the problem. Staying young is the sticker.

I go to the kitchen for yogurt and pineapple juice. Cup and spoon in hand I stand in front of the open window in the TV room. Our flag, the stars and stripes, waves in the breeze, its colors lit by the street lamp. The quaking leaves of the aspen tree rustle. Moon magic through the clouds shrouds all I see in beauty. The police car, on its nightly vigil passes my window. This is my country. This is home. I'm going back to bed.

July 26. DeVar and Joy Gubler brought two buckets of fresh, ripe fruit to us--one of peaches and one of plums. Jim and Ermal worked until late installing sprinklers north of the house.

July 27. The end of a perfect day. If only memory would paint it with colors that never fade. Ermal and I went to see the flowers on Kiabab Mt. We lounged in the guest chairs at the lodge on the north rim of the Grand Canyon. A thunder storm rolled across the canyon, spilling misty sheets of rain for our scenic delight while we watched from our cozy chairs in the cool sunlight.

The meadows and wooded slopes are decked with patches of pink, white and blue flowers. At Fredonia we enjoyed Mildred's porcelain doll show.

At home, Ermal said a funny thing. "You know, I think I enjoy you more since you've had arthritis. I've had to do more for you and be more concerned about your comfort, and I've developed a great affection for you. We love those we serve."

July 28. Carolee and Micki Oliphant, with the help of their sisters, put on a talent show this afternoon in Stout's back yard. Janna Lynn, Katie and I were the audience. They did skits, and turned a little black dog into a white one, and sang cute songs. The Harris children were part of the cast.

Maxine's fabric shop closed Saturday, and today she and Alice, April and Ronnie left on a vacation for Oklahoma.

July 30. I was assigned to give the three minute spotlight in Relief Society today. When I picked up Bryant Hinkley's book, "Not By Bread Alone," a book marker fell out from page 43, so I decided that should be my spotlight.

Brother Hinkley says those who disburse good humor bless the world and gladden the lives of others about them. A story a day will brighten the way. Lincoln once said during the Civil War, "With the fearful strain that is on me night and day, if I did not laugh, I would die."

I'd like to know the guy who said, "If a straw tickleth a man, it is an instrument of happiness."

August 2. GREAT DAY! Ron Lind and his children are here to paint the house! This is the first time we've ever hired it done. I painted it the last time, but it would be a shabby job if I did it now.

Clouds have prevented my evening vigil with the stars. I thought I understood Venus's schedule so well, I could almost predict when she and Jupiter would converge. Oh, how meager is my understanding. This evening, instead of being high above Hardy's pecan trees, where her two minute tardiness each day would put her, she was setting in the red afterglow above the low hills. And she was no longer a magnificant blaze, but merely a big star, showing her light before the lesser stars appeared.

In frustration and sadness, I bid her goodbye. It will be a long time before I see her again.

When I timed her daily, when she was a winter morning star, I knew almost to the second when she would pop up above the hill in the pre-dawn. I would race to the kitchen window in the darkness to hail her arising.

As an evening star, I first spotted her in February, and when the skies were clear, I checked her out each night, and saw her increase in brilliance until I stood in awe at her beauty. And then, instead of being two minutes higher in the sky each night, she seemed to go in reverse. And so tonight, as she settled in the west, I sensed a sad awareness of how much I do not understand.

In my astronomy book by Prothero, Capriotte and Newson, I learned tonight that Venus has phases like the moon--crescent, quarter and gibbous. We cannot see the new or full phase of Venus, because at these times she is in conjunction with the sun and lost in its glare. However, I have seen her, when I've been on the shady side of the house, high overhead in the afternoon. And I have stretched out on a flat rock in Zion Canyon and seen her overhead in the daytime.

So I've been watching her now through the phases of crescent, quarter and gibbous. (I've learned another new word. Gibbous means bulging, protruding, rounding--in that phase in which more than half, but not all of the disk is illuminated.) My scout book says she is believed to rotate slowly backward and is never more than three hours ahead of or behind the sun.

Sky gazing is rewarding, whether it's drifting clouds, sun, moon or stars, there is peace up there. And it's clean. All of the junk on earth is of man's creating. Even in a dump, a person can raise his sights to beauty.

Ermal and I have speaking acquaintances with a number of constellations, but my favorite of them all is Orion. That is the most beautiful of all star clusters. Ermal likes the red star,Betelgeuse, and the bright one, Sirius. To him, they are Beetle Juice and Cyrus.

August 3. Ron Lind must have found his children in the city of Enoch. They're gentle and cute with each other, and they're transforming our house.

August 5. A birthday letter from Edwin to Ermal came today. He says, "Dear Grandpa, My Grandma is a woman of excellent taste, she only picks out the best; like when she goes shopping, the best quality is all she buys. She gets the things of the highest quality, she passes up the rest; "speaking of the highest quality," like when she makes some fruit pies.

So when my Grandma happily married a man a few years ago, I knew that only a wonderful man would marry my Grandma; and over the years since then has he proved it to be so, because you are a very wonderful guy, Grandpa.

I hope you enjoy every day like if you were the guest at a major resort. And especially this coming Saturday. Have a very happy birthday.

Love, Edwin."

Night time-- Here we are, camping out on Kolob. We're in the clearing in the oak grove at the entrance to the old homestead. Darwin and Lolene and their family have their tent pitched close by.

After supper tonight, we walked through the oaks to the edge of the hill that looks down on Lower Kolob. The sun had just set, and the sky was aflame over the blue end of Pinevalley, and above the dark pines and yellow fields of June grass and colored hills. When the children shouted, the hills echoed back. They giggled and called, listening for their voices to bounce back.

Lolene bedded the children down in the tent. They were zipped behind a screen door inside and we all kneeled down with them for family prayer. Our lantern light shone on their six sweet faces, as we kneeled with their parents on the outside. This moment was a bit of heaven.

Lolene and Darwin carried their lantern to their pickup and we carried ours to the Van. Norman and Ann and the children saw our lights and drove in for a visit. They had come to the mountain to have dinner with us, but missed us, because we were supposed to have been at the Lava Campground, but it was full.

August 6. Ermal's birthday. Aaron had made a birthday cake for him, and the other children gathered wild flowers and pine cones and made birthday cards with them on paper plates. He was handsomely fussed over while the breakfast hotcakes were frying.

We moved camp to a clearing under the tall pines about a half mile up the road, where the George and Annie Isom family was to gather for a reunion. No, not for a reunion. For a birthday party for Mom. I stayed in camp, and Ermal and all of the rest took a hike to the ice cave. They were gone 2½ hours.

My brothers and sisters arrived, all but Bill, Mildred and Edith. We had moved our camp back from the trees, because a rumbling thunderhead loomed up in the east. The storm broke loose just as the family arrived. Clinton had struck off alone down toward the ice cave, just before the rain came, so he was out alone in all of the downpour. Darwin's tent filled with children and the grownups all took to the cars.

The storm was too noisy for conversation, so Ermal and I propped up on our pillows in the van and watched the water cascade down the windows, and shivered with pleasure at the thunder claps that came simultaneously with the crack of lightning. (And I prayed silently for Clinton. Ermal said I didn't need to worry, because he was a smart guy and knew what to do in a storm.)

The storm rumbled by, and like magic good hot food appeared on the tables, and Clinton returned grinning, happy and only damp--not dripping like I had expected. He took shelter among some trees that he could see had never been hit by lightning. A ponderosa that's been on the earth as long as I have, across the road from our camp, was split by lightning. We shivered, got out our coats, and had a wonderful time.

When we arrived home, a birthday cake was in a box by our door. On the lid was written, "Mr. Stratton--Here's a birthday surprise from the Frosts, Christians, Goodriches, and Rose Corbett. Enjoy many happy returns." Ermal helped these people find a place to live when they came to LaVerkin a month ago.

August 7. This afternoon Shirley brought Ermal a freshly made birthday card, "A little something from our garden to yours." Artistically arranged on the card was a redroot seed head, a wisp of Johnson grass seeds, squash bugs secured with clear tape, a finger sized, blighted summer squash, and a fat, green, tomato worm that was determined not to stay put. It took repeated applications of tape to make him understand. A card to be remembered.

August 8. A flashback to camping out with Lolene's family. It seems that Kendall is a family project. When he needs help to go out behind the bushes, or a drink, or to be lifted out of the back of the pickup, which he is everlastingly climbing up into, the family members take turns in supplying his demands. Darwin says, "Grandma, think of a number between one and twenty." The person guessing closest to the number, takes care of Kendall this time.

Somehow, Kendall became deeply offended with Aaron's attitude when it was his turn, and he howled his protest.

"Aaron, love him," Darwin said.

Instead, Aaron looked at him with disdain, and Kendall howled louder. Andy dropped to his knees and gathered the little fellow into his arms. Kendall laid his head against Andy's chest, then seeing Aaron grinning at the two of them, he raised a tear dripping face to him, and with a woebegone expression, pointed an accusing finger at Aaron.

"You're the one who's supposed to be loving me," he bawled.

Ermal's birthday goes on. Ann sent him a coconut cream pie, and he trotted in with fresh cinnamon rolls someone in Hurricane had given him.

August 10. We bought the book, "The Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball" today. We're a blessed people to have available the teachings of a living prophet.

August 11. When we left Hays, Kansas, we bought 50 ladies fancy dress hats from the thrift shop, for 5¢ each. These were the Easter bonnets that sophisticated ladies wore in the formal churches there. We thought they would be fun to have for parties. Of course they were crushed some in the packing, but they were still attractive, and we've used them for numerous parties, then stored them in Wayne's upstairs. Different wards have used them, as well as our grandchildren for their talent shows. Now they are battered and jaded. Today I gathered them up and gave them to Robin Gubler and Jacinta Wiser to play "dress up" with. When I saw those little girls parading past my kitchen window dressed in their mother's finery, it seemed to me that that was where they belonged.

August 12. Robin raced to our house this morning wearing a little white hat over her curls. She was a doll. This afternoon, still wearing the hat, she came to visit.

"Jacinta and I divided up the hats, and when I went to bed last night I decided to not shut my eyes, but to watch my hats. Then I got tired, so I put out my hands to touch them while I slept, but it wasn't comfortable so I just went to sleep. I let my cousin Autumn wear one to her house and back while I carried a half a watermelon home from Grandma's. The melon was heavy. Mama said I should give Autumn one of my hats and I said I would think about it."

Ermal's 50 year class reunion was tonight in the pretty Plaza dining room in LaVerkin. Being involved is fun. I put together a skit that was acted out by Ermal, Donworth Gubler, Jasper Crawford, Leah Wadsworth, Ina Imlay and Lorraine Condie. They were so cute I laughed as heartily as all of the rest of the class members.

The dining room was filled with happy people. Byrd Terry and his wife Laura, both former teachers at Hurricane High were there. Laura was the first type teacher Hurricane ever had and Byrd was the music teacher. He still sings like a bird.

August 13. Rosalba Fuller and her children hosted the Gubler family reunion at Oak Grove today. I'm amazed at how many of Henry's and Susanna's children are new to me.

August 14. Terry and Sheryl West reported their mission today. The audience was deeply moved by their sweet talks.

Barbara and Vee Adams gave us a lively visiting session this afternoon. Barbara is a great-granddaughter of Uncle Freeborn Gifford. The first time I ever saw her, as she walked into the church house one Sunday, I thought, "That girl simply <u>has</u> to be part of our family," so it was no surprise when I learned she belonged. She's a vivacious entertainer, and we're prepared to be pepped right up when she's on the scene. We persuaded her and Vee to take our potted loquat tree home. Ermal has always had a grudge against that tree. Vee picked up the big old thing like it was a nothing, and put it in their trunk. They even acted tickled to get it.

August 16. Just think! We finally have a doorbell--installed by Dell and Laron Stout. When I'm in the bedroom typing, I never hear a knock on the glass door.

August 29. Great day! I can open my south windows again without being choked with dust. The road by our house was paved with blacktop today!

September 22. I've been frantically indexing my book to meet a deadline I have set for myself. I've been caught up in a whirlpool of worry, almost to the point of disintegrating. In fancy, I could see myself walking under the stars at 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. and blubbering to the Almighty, "Help me please. I don't want to lose my sanity."

Then, as I lay in bed, I decided I absolutely would not get up and have a fit. It was time to get a grip on myself. And a wonderful thing happened. A thought struck me. What ever made me think I had to do all of this indexing myself anyway? For my final scrutiny of this humongous book I have written, I can simply read it, and with a red pencil, underscore the carbon copy of all of the names of the people who appear in my story, and Laura can index it for me!

Laura! My granddaughter Laura! She persisted in my thoughts until I dropped off into dreamless sleep.

This afternoon she came and pitched in. I am so thrilled I could sing and dance (if I could sing and dance). Laura will save me from the booby hatch.

The interesting thing is that she told me she had been daydreaming one afternoon, and in a picture thought she saw herself helping me with my book!

Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you! It's families. That's what it is. My heart pounds with a love that has grown rock solid through the years for our children. Let me see! Let me pause right here to count the arrows in my quiver.

First comes Marilyn and her household. Marilyn is the homemaker who manages the menagerie on their pocket-sized farm in LasVegas. She tends the goats, chickens, cats and dogs, and runs a short order house for stray people. She's a professional butcher, meat cutter and packer, but she never eats the stuff. With her Geiger counter she finds buried treasures, and her eye is single to the value of old bottles that turn blue or purple on her roof. She haunts ghost towns. She loves camping and hiking, and warbles like a bird over the beauties of the desert and the mountains. She's cool and capable of administering first aid. Presently she is the music librarian in her ward, also a visiting teacher and genealogical ward checker. Anything she makes up her mind to do, she can do it.

Her husband, Chance Hardy is a heavy equipment operator for Charlie Brown Construction Company. Chance is a genius with a welder's torch, wrenches and saws and other tools. He can create anything from a windmill to an orchard spraying machine, or a dune buggy or antique car. He plays the accordian and sings. He loves hunting, fishing and camping.

Their oldest son Darwin inherited his father's inventive mind. He figures with ease exact measurements for cutting the steel for a spiral stairway, and in building bridges and freeway overpasses. His pickup sports much chrome decor, and his motorcycle shines. He belongs to the 50th Ward, a special interest LasVegas ward. He's a bachelor. There's just Darwin and his dog.

Their second son, Edwin is a lover of western novels, and can do a pretty sharp job of writing when he applies himself. His current interest is architecture, and drawing house plans for country and suburban homes. He sent me a house plan for a home with nineteen bedrooms--as sumptious as Death Valley Scotty's castle. Edwin is also a bachelor.

Next comes Susan, who is a happy wife, and the mother of two little boys. She is assistant ward librarian in the LasVegas 47th ward, LasVegas South Stake. She sings in the ward choir, and is a home teaching companion to her husband. She works part time as secretary in her husband's business. Her hobbies are camping, singing, embroidery work, and going on dates with her husband. She says, "I had to go to northern Utah to find my wonderful companion and eternal sweetheart. Being a wife and mother is a challenging, enjoyable job. I love my little family."

Susan is married to Mark Gene Mangum. He is a seventy, and enjoys missionary work, and has filled a full time mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Mark is vice president, and part owner of "Family Computer Learning Center." He teaches computer courses to adults and students of all ages, and in private schools in LasVegas. He is working for a degree in the computer field, a B.A. in computer science. He attended the BYU and is presently attending UNLV. He enjoys hiking, camping, backpacking and taking Susan on dates.

Their children are Matthew Hardy, who goes to nursery on Sunday and loves to play outside and ride his little cycle. He loves to read his little books. And Raymond Chance, who crawls all over, getting into kitchen cupboards. He pulls down the plants and eats them. He is a happy baby.

And last of all is Mace, Marilyn's fourth child. He is a full time student at UNLV, majoring in secondary education. He is an assistant teacher in Mutual, and filled a mission for the church in Texas. He is an independent contract handyman in LasVegas.

Mace is married to Cheryl (Sheryl) Yvonne Nicolas, whom he met while they were both students at Dixie College. Cheryl is a food and storage specialist and fits perfectly into the Hardy Rancho setup, quickly learning to milk goats, tend chickens and put up fruit. She is secretary in Mutual, and she sells Princess House Crystal. Mace and Cheryl have a little boy, Chance Nicolas.

Next comes Norman, with Ann, and their household of eight children. Norman is the family politician who keeps us informed on the issues before the legislature, and of our duty to write to our congressmen. He is versed in legal matters, and interested in the affairs of our nation. He's a comedian, entertainer, and the life of family gatherings. He and Ann are masters with campfire and Dutch oven cooking.

Norman is the genealogy coordinator for the Elder's quorum and teaches the Valiant B class in Primary with Ann. He is an expert powder man, and specializes in building chain link fences. We're indebted to the Air Force for the girl he married. She was:

Ann Miller. Besides teaching with Norman in Primary, she is a visiting teacher. Her outstanding talent is listening, when her children want her attention, and loving them. She radiates warmth and tenderness to her family. Now that her children are growing up, she works full time in St. George, sewing high class camping equipment at Kelty, to help support a missionary. Eight children were born to Ann and Norman. They are:

Kathleen, who was the first grandchild living close enough to us for us to enjoy. She was a family pet to all of our children at home. She was tossed from one to the other of our children, giggling and laughing and cuddled almost beyond endurance. She recently filled a mission for the church in Japan, and is presently working in the children's ward at the state hospital in Provo.

Lloyd. Lloyd and his family have recently returned from Cucamonga, California, where he has been selling and installing fine kitchen cabinets for the Eyre brothers. But the red hills of Utah have called him back home. He is living in LaVerkin and working in construction. He is married to Alvina (Vina) Mills. Alvina was born in Morrocco, Africa when her father was stationed there.

Lloyd and Vina teach the Valient A Primary class, and Vina sells Princess House Crystal. She's an excellent homemaker and mother. They have two little girls--Rose Ann, who was my very first great-grandchild, and Sarah.

Marie. Marie is a professional baby sitter, and on the days when my eyes rebel about proofreading, she reads for me. She's a talented reader, and a joy to me.

Gordon. Gordon is the sole representative of our combined families in the mission field at present, serving a full time mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in South Carolina.

Laura. As Laura's mother says, "She's sweet sixteen and dreaming of getting her driver's license." She loves school, and has undertaken the mighty task of indexing my autobiography. She's efficient, and digs right in. She is also a great joy to me, as she is by my side helping.

Jerald Paul. His call came early to assist his Grandpa Gubler and his Uncle Gordon in the spirit world. His assignment must be very important.

Vaughn. Vaughn is in his first year at Hurricane High and is taking Seminary. He is an Explorer and is working toward his Eagle.

Scott. Scott is president of his deacon's quorum, and is playing the trombone in the school band.

Next is DeMar and his household. DeMar is a self-employed contractor and builder, specializing in masonry, rock-work and fireplaces. Besides his family, his current love is his Honda Gold Wing, and the exotic places it has taken him to. He's a teacher in his elder's quorum, and a home teacher. DeMar has a dedicated guardian angel. Gordon Stirland once said the reason the Lord hadn't taken Norman and DeMar already was because he wanted someone to entertain him here on earth.

DeMar's wife, Helen Stratton is the keen little manager who keeps him almost out of debt. If it wasn't for her, goodness knows where he'd be. She gives wise direction to her household. She is a clever seamstress and does custom sewing, and also is a Princess House Crystal ware dealer. She teaches the Mother's Education lessons in Relief Society, and is a visiting teacher. Their children are:

Ivy, who was called back to heaven early to help prepare for our coming.

Leon is the animal lover, especially horses, chickens, rabbits, dogs, pigeons, pheasants and all other creatures, both large and small. His application has gone in for his Eagle award. He is a home teacher, and his animal world is beginning to dim, because, like his dad, he too owns a Honda Gold Wing. But he still takes dudes trail riding with Jay Frazier's horses.

Hilda Quintanna is Helen's and DeMar's foster daughter, who came to them from Mexico, and has been here for all of her highschool years. Hilda is married to Chuck Nackos who is a construction worker, and they have a baby girl, Laura, who is the very newest arrival in our combined families. Laura Nicole was born this morning at 8:00.

Rebecca's favorite class in school is homemaking, and next is math. She dreams of someday owning a cafe with her cousin Annie Houston, specializing in fine food. She loves school and takes pride in getting good grades. She is a good dressmaker, and takes good care of her little sisters. She loves being with her friends.

Paulette is giggly and outgoing, and enjoys the whole creation. She especially loves her sisters and takes good care of Crystal.

Crystal slips out of her house and runs like a streak for our place. She appears at the door with a pleased, expectant look, like we should break into the Hallelujah Chorus because she's here, and we almost do. We enjoy having a baby next door.

Shirley's family comes next. Shirley's current interest is in going into the Singer business. She says, "Lolene sings, but I'm a Singer." She has often thought of going into interior decorating, because wallpapering has held a fascination for her. Some of her finest furniture she has earned by trading wallpapering for them. She has a love for quality furnishings, and can recognize the best without looking at the price tag.

First of all, Shirley is a wife and mother. Because of her childhood, of coming home where there was no mother, she has clung tenaciously to home. When her children come in from school, she wants to be there. She is a doll collector, having some of the finest in her collection. She's an artist, and can put action into cartoons, and beauty into landscapes. She loves singing in trios and quartettes and playing the piano, and making pretty dresses for her daughters and mother.

Shirley is married to Perry Houston, who is in the trucking business. He is one of the best diesel mechanics. Perry is good natured and never complains about how his household is run. He's never perturbed if a meal is late, for he's quite capable of fixing a good meal for the family himself. He's hearty and generous and a music lover.

All of the Houstons have to be music lovers, because of the children that were born into the family, like their oldest son John. John was a born musician, and can play any instrument. He turned down a scholarship before he went on his mission, for fear he would become sidetracked. He also turned down the chance to go on an international tour with a music group for the same reason. The group went to Europe the same time John went to Uruguay on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

After he returned, he worked in a music store in St. George, and is now in college at Cedar City. When he inquired about a scholarship, he was granted one with full pay, which was even better than the one he had turned down. He was blessed, and his entire family was blessed for his having gone on a mission. John has had a dance orchestra since coming home and his three brothers have been playing in it with him.

Ricky, the second Houston son, lives in Dixie Downs. He's always been a favorite of older folks, because he likes to visit with them. He's full of ambition, and was out job hunting by the time he was ten. He was a good yard man, and store clerk, and works now for Jones, Paint and Glass in St. George. He has a keen sense of humor, and is an Eagle Scout. He is married to Lori Hoops. Rick loves the guitar, and made his first one from parts found in a trash can. Rick loves people and is sensitive to their feelings.

Lori is a sharing and giving girl. She accepts people as they are and enjoys the idiosnycrasies of the interesting people around her. She dearly loves Ricky, and their little son Christopher LaVon. Christopher loves food. Shirley suggests he should go in to the restaurant business. Lori is a happy little wife and mother.

Kelly is next. With John and Rick away from home, Kelly is his mother's right hand man. He's cooperative and dependable and doing good in school. He is concerned about always doing his best. He plays the base guitar, and Rick plays the lead guitar and John is the keyboard man in their orchestra, and they all sing together.

Clayton plays the drums with his brothers. He goes to the New Life Christian Academy in St. George and loves it. The family loves Clayton's school and wish they could afford to put all of their children there. Clay is the family artist. He loves to draw. He quit his piano lessons after he had played,"Over the Waves" for four months, trying to master it.

Annie was the first of the Houston daughters. She has a flair for hair spray, makeup, nylons and high heels. She's betwixtand between that and dolls. She is a good student, and is taking singing and dancing in Polly Stirland's group. Once she was going to become a teacher, but now she likes to cook and says she's going to own a restaurant with Rebecca.

Sherrie has a talent for dancing, especially ballet. She loves music and plays the piano. She's mostly sweet, but does like to tease Suzie.

Susanna is the last of the Houstons. She's the family cyclone. She's extremely intelligent, and shocks her mother with her bright remarks. She says frogs bark and pheasants ring. She knows how to get the best of everyone.

Gordon was the fifth child in our family. His field of activity is in a different realm than here. We know he is doing great as a mission companion to his father. We're all going to be glad to see him again and get an up-to-date report.

Terry is our number six family member. Presently he is living in Sterling, Virginia and is driving truck for Gray Drug Fair, delivering to their stores. They are hoping to acquire a home in Falls Church, Virginia soon. Terry is Assistant Scoutmaster in his branch. He filled a mission for the Church in Australia. He says the thing that makes his truck route pleasant is the beautiful scenery he passes through in that green country.

Terry married first, Susan Lindholm of Deer Park, Washington. After fifteen years of trying to make their marriage work, they were finally divorced. Following is Susan's first hand report on their family.

"Brett is a life scout and a sophomore. He is running for student body vice president. He has joined an orchestra and is taking a class in fiddling and learned to play the guitar.

Brett and Shelden are both counselors in their deacon and teacher's quorum. Shelden is a Star Scout and goes to Junior High in a brand new two story building that has computers, a pop machine and elevators. He is in the seventh grade and loves it there.

Tyrone is in the third grade and learning to do handwriting. He has got real tall this summer.

DeDe started kindergarten this year. She goes at 12:00 noon. She is in tap and ballet dance class. We found an old upright piano for $200, so we are having fun with that. I am working at Veteran's Hospital. I am secretary in intensive care. I am Adult Transition in our ward." Susan and the children are living in Spokane, Washington.

Thank goodness broken pieces can be picked up and mended. Terry is happily married now to Carolyn Diane Repass. Diane was his supervisor and trainer when he went to Washington, D.C. to work for Greg Barlow in the Barlow chain of car-washes. Diane is a little package of efficiency, and when she heard the gospel message, she became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, she asked Terry to baptize her. She is a beauty operator, and hopes to open up her own business soon.

Her children are: Dana, who is married to Richard Green. They have a baby coming, which will make grandparents out of Terry and Diane. Then there's Christopher, who was also baptized a member of the church. Chris is interested mainly in chasing girls. Or, more correctly, in letting girls chase him. Their telephone is constantly ringing for Chris. Altho' he's only 13, his red hair and easy grin and happy-go-lucky disposition makes him a natural for a multitude of friends.

And now comes the final little chick in Winferd's and Alice's brood of seven, Lolene. Lolene has been president of the Young Women in her ward for six months, and has learned to really love and appreciate young people. She is composing music, and is taking piano lessons from Abraham Neighbor. She has been pounding the piano keys ever since she was a little girl, and we think she's very good, but Mr. Neighbor has started her clear back in the second grade. At first he was so strict she didn't even like him. Now she is so excited about the new techniques she is learning that she loves him. He is the "man of the hour."

Lolene enjoyed being skinny for all of last year, and now she's enjoying getting it all back. She says she's on a perpetual diet. She adores her family, as will be seen by the following summary which she has given of them.

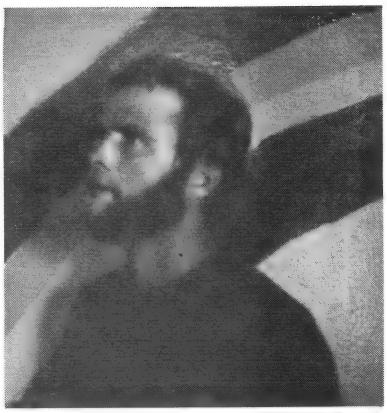
There's Darwin Gifford, her handsome, jovial husband. He is the production manager for Kelty. They make "top of the line" backpacks and hiking gear. Darwin is in the Stake High Council, and is over the Varsity Scouting program. He plays the drums in the Gifford Orchestra for the senior citizen dances, and brings Lolene stale, foil wrapped sandwiches home from the dances. (Lolene loves stale sandwiches. She says the flavors are blended and mellow.)

Their first child Aaron is Mr. Computer. He loves computers. He says, "I know the makes and models of computers like some kids know cars." He hates his paper route, but he loves the money it brings in. He has been able to save enough to buy an Atari 400 computer, and is buying the accessories to beef it up. He plays trombone in the school band. He likes math, science and speech classes, and loves to read science fiction.

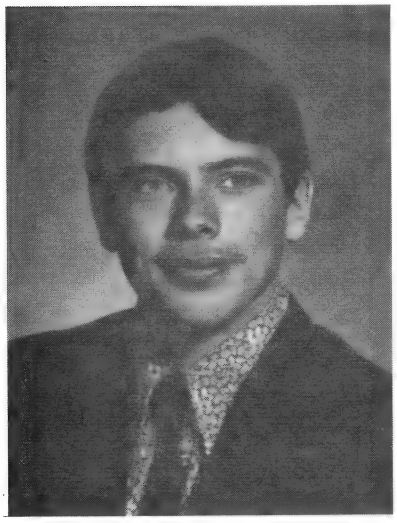
Andy is in the seventh grade in the middle school and is on the high honor roll. He's a conscientious student and gets good grades. He loves his sisters, and is good to them. He takes them with him when he collects for the papers on his route, and stops and buys them ice cream cones. He is kind to all little children, and is a good story teller. He baby sits for the neighbors. He has acquired his Grandpa Gifford's trumpet and plays in the school band. Grandpa's trumpet is a very gifted trumpet. Andy is doing great on it. Both Aaron and Andy pass the sacrament in church.

Chance and Marilyn Hardy's Family

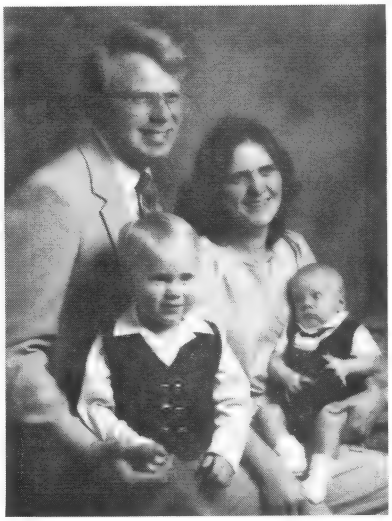
Marilyn Chance



Darwin

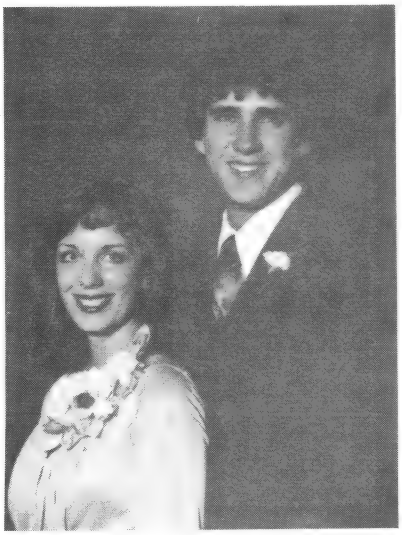


Edwin



Mark and Susan Mangum, and their children, Matthew and Raymond

Chance Hardy Jr.



Cheryl and Mace Hardy

Norman and Ann Gubler's Family

Front: Vaughn, Ann, Jerald, Scott, Laura. Center: Norman. Back: Marie, Kathleen, Gordon and Lloyd

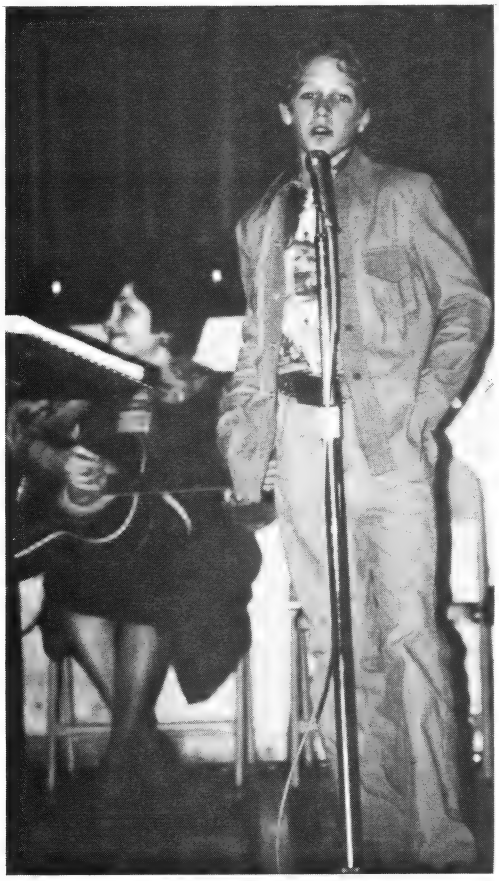
Lloyd and Vina and their children, Rose Ann and Sarah

Kathleen and Vina singing in Ruby

DeMar and Helen Gubler's Family

Ivy

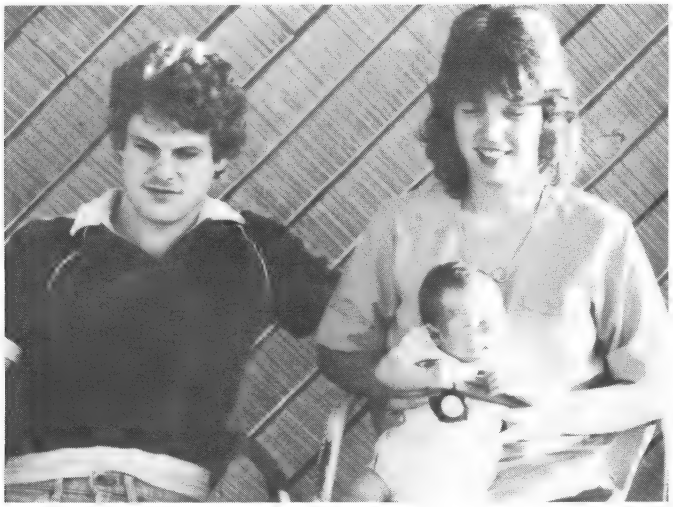
Front: Crystal, Paulette. Center: Rebecca and Helen. Back: Leon, DeMar and Hilda



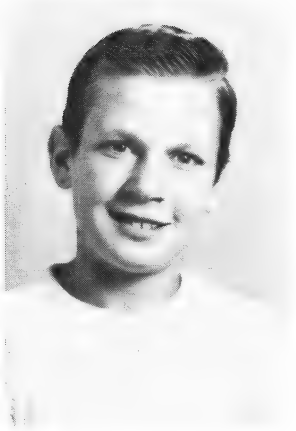
Leon, singing in Ruby and Roland's Golden Wedding reception.

Chuck and Hilda and baby Laura Nackos

Front: Susanna, Sherri. Center: Annie, Shirley, Perry, Clayton
Back: Kelly, Ricky and John.

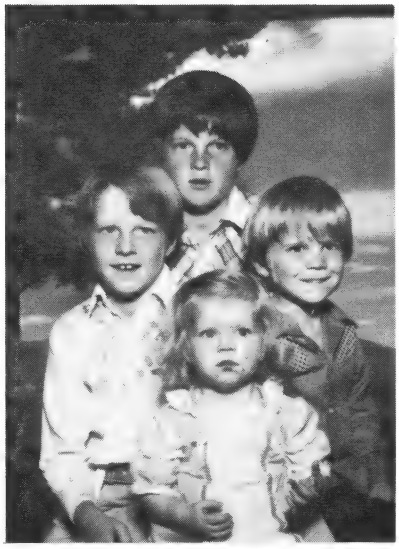


Ricky and Lori and baby Christopher



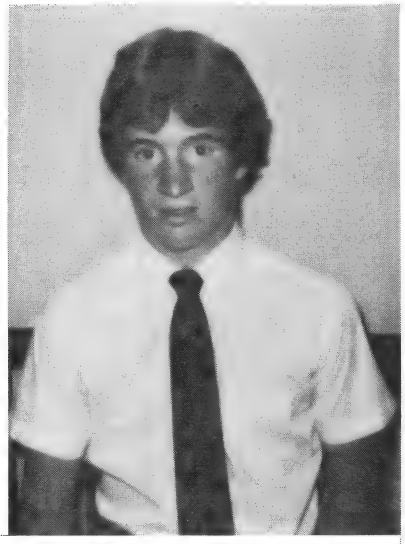
Our son, Gordon Gubler
(Winferd and Alice's)

Terry's first wife, Susan
and Sheldon Gubler



Terry's children, Doretha
Sheldon, Tyrone and Brett

Terry and his wife Diane

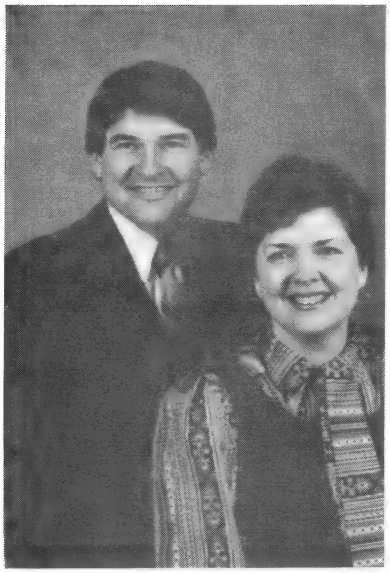


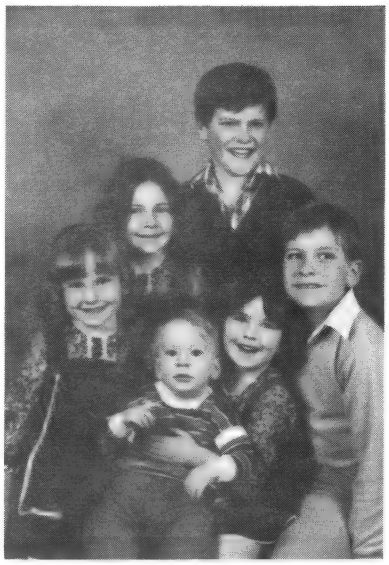
Diane's son, Chris Repass

Diane's daughter and husband,
Dana and Richard Green

Lolene and Darwin Gifford's Family

Darwin and Lolene





Reading from the top: Aaron Katie Janna Andy Shauna Kendall

Richard Clark

There's so much to sing about.

Terry and Lolene

"Get Out And Get Under The Moon."

Shirley and Lolene

"It's a Grand Night for Sing-ing."

At the age of ten, Katie has discovered boys and makeup. She enjoys clothes and lots of friends, and wishes she had a horse. She likes to read, and won't let her mom cut her hair for her. The current fad is to wear it long and kinky. Katie can do her own hair, and she goes to school looking cute. She likes sports, especially football and kickball. She wants to be a cheerleader someday, and already knows all the gestures.

Katie is very thoughtful of other people. She and Janna Lynn baked cupcakes in their own little dishes and took them to Dr. Last (their bishop) who is at home with broken ribs. Dr. Last hugged them both. Katie always cleans her room without being reminded. She takes singing and dancing lessons from Polly Stirland.

Janna Lynn is the precocious one. Although she's only eight, she doesn't settle for children's books. She prefers grownup books. She's quiet and reads a lot. School comes too easy for her. While Katie is very vocal about her wants and wishes, like wishing she had a horse, Janna Lynn rarely expresses her wishes. She does want to be an artist. She can make an excellent chocolate cake from scratch--one that is moist and tender. She takes singing lessons from Polly Stirland. The dancing lessons will come later. Janna Lynn is loving and likes to be cuddled.

Shauna is the hearty one, with a quick and rollicking laugh. She is a very positive person, and excited about the first grade because she is learning to read. She likes pink. She learned to ride a two-wheel bike when she was only four. Every single night she calls, "Mom, will you come and tuck me in?" After she has been tucked in, she might want to get up and get a drink or go to the bathroom, but that's all right, because she has already been tucked. She takes singing lessons from Polly also, and piano lessons from Abraham Neighbor.

Mr. Neighbor said he had a dream about Shauna, that she was a concert pianist. When Lolene took her to him, and he watched those little fingers go over the keys, he said, "She definitely has got it." At first he didn't want to take a child who was only six.

Kendall Paul is the only brown-eyed one in the family. He's a peaceful little chap at three, going on four. He plays quietly by himself for hours every day. Because everyone else is in to music, he has set up his own little program. He sits up to the piano and practices every day--not the ordinary pounding of a child, but he takes finger exercises. He has a very persuasive way of getting what he wants.

His cousin Susanna, whom we called the little cyclone, can lead Kendall around as if she had a ring in his nose. To her, he is like a gentle breeze. They're a real compliment to each other.

Winferd and Alice's seven dearly beloved children have added to our household their eternal companions and thirty-six grandchildren, counting Helen and DeMar's dark eyed senorita, and seven great-grandchildren. And before this account is published, there will be more.

How dear to my heart are these precious children. How happy I am for the bright hope of the eternities.

Now these are the arrows in Ermal's quiver. These are the children that were sent to bless his and Isabel's home.

First, comes Corinne. Presently, she is the Primary President in her ward, and sales manager for Bright Music. (Brite.) This music, by Janeen Brady, is joyous music for children to develop enthusiasm for the gospel.

Corinne loves to travel. She says as soon as Melissa is married, if there is any money left, she is going to stay one month every year with each of her children. (DeNae says she'll take her vacation when her mother arrives. Corinne says she'll give DeNae one week, if DeNae will give her three.) Corinne says she is a Jane of all trades. She does a fine job of it, because her talents cover all areas in homemaking and child care.

She is married to Dell Stout, chief executive of Stout Home Center. Dell is a member of the High Council, and has special jurisdiction over the building programs of the stake. Dell is a dynamo. Whatever he undertakes, he does it positively and vigorously, whether it be business, sports, or family projects. He definitely is not a fence sitter, but knows which side to get off on.

Their No. 1 child is Dennis. He is presently cooking at J.B.'s restaurant in St. George, but hopes to get back to school. He is an Eagle Scout, and filled a mission for the church in Kansas, and presently teaches a Sunday School class.

He is married to Sandy Jones, who teaches the Sunbeams in Primary, and works for Dr. Hamilton, of the Dentist Association. They have four little ones, Orion, Troy, Bryce and McKay.

No. 2 is DeNae. She is married to Gary Adams, who is track coach, and assistant basketball coach, and history and German teacher at the Roy Junior High. Gary is an Eagle, and has filled a mission for the church, and is presently first counselor in the Young Men's presidency, and is over the Teacher's quorum. DeNae is Primary chorister. They have two little boys, Christopher, and Korry.

No. 3 is Deward. He is married to Stafeen Thom of Aberdeen, Scotland. They were married in the London Temple. Deward is also an Eagle and filled a mission for the church in Minnesota and Wisconsin. He is presently the executive secretary to the Elder's quorum, and works at Stout Home Center. Stafeen takes care of the home, and their little daughter Kimberly.

No. 4 is Keith. He is going to college full time and works at J.B.'s. He filled a mission for the church in Washington D.C. and is an Eagle. Keith belongs to the group of desirable bachelors.

Ronald is the No. 5 child and the No. 4 Eagle. He's a law student at Dixie College and his big interest is restoring old cars and girls. (Oh my!) Two girls especially consume his interest--his wife Myrna (Christensen) and baby girl Elise. He yearns to travel, and loves fried potatoes, spaghetti, watermelon, popular music, and dancing with Myrna. Myrna has a new sewing machine. Her current hobby is sewing. Elise likes to make a noise.

These are the married children of Dell and Corinne. There are still seven children at home. Kelly goes to the East Elementary School in St. George, and rides the bus every day. Marsha is the young lady about the house, and busy in social activities at school. She's efficient, a good cook, and her mother's "right arm." She plays volleyball, and is mascot for Hurricane High. She takes home economics in school, and brought home a sample of her good biscuits. She is a real caring person and is interested in the other person's problems. She is taking piano lessons.

Laron plays football, and has completed his hunter's safety training. He's looking forward to the day he can go hunting. He's a fine cook too, and capable of completing any project that is assigned to him, whether it's helping in the house or doing yard work. He is taking piano lessons.

Dorene is a very quiet little girl, but can be very outgoing too. She is taking both piano and violin lessons, and enjoying it.

Carolee's teachers say she is a delight to work with. She is a very concerned and caring little person, and doing well with her piano lessons.

Roger is in the first grade and learning to read. He's conscientious, and insists that his home work be completed every night, or early in the morning before he goes back to school. He is doing good on the piano. This makes five of the family taking piano lessons, and they are all doing good. Corinne dreams of the day she can take lessons again too.

Melissa is the only little chick left at home when the others are all in school. Her job is to take care of her mother.

Dell and Corinne have a Lamanite daughter, Alberta Maize Smallcanyon. She grew up in their home and went to school with their children, graduating from the Hurricane High. Later, she attended the BYU and married Dennis Smallcanyon and they have a little daughter, Jessica. Alberta has been to summer school at the BYU working on her teacher's certificate, and Dennis works for the power company.

Next in Ermal's family is Maxine. Presently she is employed by Anthony Motors and delivers cars out of St. George to Salt Lake and LasVegas. She runs a fabric shop at the Bargain Barn in Washington. She married Russell Limb, but they were later divorced.

Maxine is preparing to enter a Christmas tree in the Festival of Trees at the Salt Palace in Salt Lake, to make a contribution to the Children's Hospital. Her theme is "A Gift of Love From the Raggedy Family," and will be decorated with dozens of ceramic and cloth Raggedy Andys and Raggedy Anns. This is a family project, with the children helping to paint the dolls.

Her summer recreation has been mostly fishing, and taking a class in photography from Lynn Clark. She is coordinator for the mini classes in Relief Society.

Her children are, first Julie Lewis. Julie is married to Scott Lewis and they have a little boy Michael who captures the hearts of the German people as they ride the busses and go shopping there. Scott is stationed in Germany and will be there for the next two years in the U. S. Army. Julie loves Germany and the people there.

Rusty is at Dixie College studying for a stockbroker management position. He is an Eagle and served in the missionfield in England and Texas. He loves athletics and plays baseball and basketball. He's a music lover and is full of life. He likes to be where the action is. His special interest is Shirley Squire, a student at Dixie and a granddaughter of Loren Squire of LaVerkin.

Randy is employed by his father, working for Hurricane Sand and Gravel. He is married to Shellie Wright, and they have a baby boy Randall. Randy operates heavy equipment, and is a good mechanic. He likes machinery, and enjoys mechanical toys. He has a remote control army tank, and diesel with a trailer on it. He is good at making things with leather, and enjoys fishing. Shellie plans on going to a cosmetology school in St. George, but in the meantime, her love is homemaking and being a mother.

Alice is a sophomore at Hurricane High. She is on the Tigerette drill team and enjoys performing before people, both in athletics, dancing and singing. She enjoys running and jogging and cooking. Her favorite class in school is seminary. She plans on going to college, going out in child psychology, and going to a beauty school.

April is in the fourth grade. Her favorite class is math (and art). She enjoys her piano lessons, and likes to cook and sew. She makes little things that are easy to do, like purses and doll dresses.

Ronnie is the youngster that likes to help around the house.

Helen is Ermal's third daughter, and since she's the one that is mostly responsible for me being my own son's mother-in-law, she is listed with DeMar among my children.

And finally, comes Jim, Ermal's only son--the one to carry on the Stratton name. Frankly, I don't see why a man has to have such a fit about having a son, because daughters nuzzle up to dads and hug and kiss them and bring them much happiness. But a man seems to feel a robust, brawny, stout-hearted, macho, vigorous, wonderful pride in having a son. And Jim's it!

Ah, well, I'll grant Ermal this pride. Jim is married to Dana Koenig. Their children are Scott, Staci and Shannon. When Jim's off duty (He works for Hurricane Sand and Gravel) he always has a child in tow. He is an exceptional father and husband. He's genuine. He does as he feels, without having to live up to anyone. He's generous, always doing for others. He is in the Sunday School superintendency, and is ward membership clerk. He likes strawberry shortcake, and horseback riding is his favorite sport.

Dana is a cub scout den mother, and is enthused about the things they plan to do, like making a flashlight in a medicine bottle, and making a sundial. She is on the town planning commission, and quite concerned about how hard a little town has to hold on to a rural atmosphere. She is a home-bound teacher for the Hurricane and LaVerkin schools, and hopes to eventually dedicate her life to teaching. Rearing and teaching children is her prime concern. She enjoys cooking, sewing and tole painting.

Scott is Deacon's quorum president. He is spiritual minded and enjoys church activity. He plays football and baseball.

Staci is a tender, sensitive little girl, wanting to please everyone and to make people happy. She likes school, and loves to sing.

Shannon is the mischevious one. She's the family showoff, the clown. She likes to be laughed at, and will perform for applause, while her sensitive sister's eyes fill with tears if folks laugh at her.

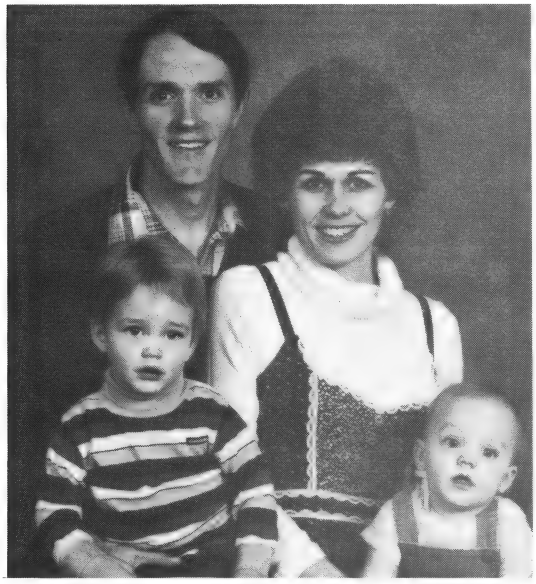
And this rounds out Ermal's posterity, until new arrivals come.

Dell and Corinne Stout's family

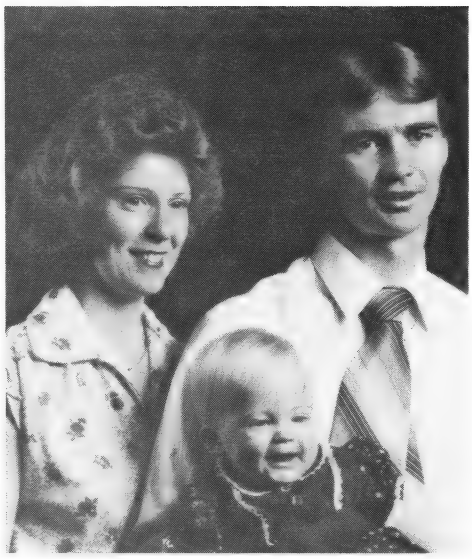
Front: Laron, Melissa, Dell, Corinne, Carolee, Dorene
Back: Roger, Keith, Dennis, DeNae, Deward, Kelly, Marsha
Ronald

Dennis and Sandy and their children, Orion, Bryce, Troy and McKay.

Dell and Corinne's Children



Gary and DeNae Adams and children, Christopher and Korey



Deward and Stafeen Stout and Kimberly

Alberta and Dennis Smallcanyon

Jessica Smallcanyon

Myrna and Ronald Stout and baby Elise

Maxine and Russell Limb's Family

Front: April, Maxine, and Ronnie on Russell's lap.
Back row: Alice, Randy, Julie and Rusty

Julie and Scott Lewis

Michael Lewis

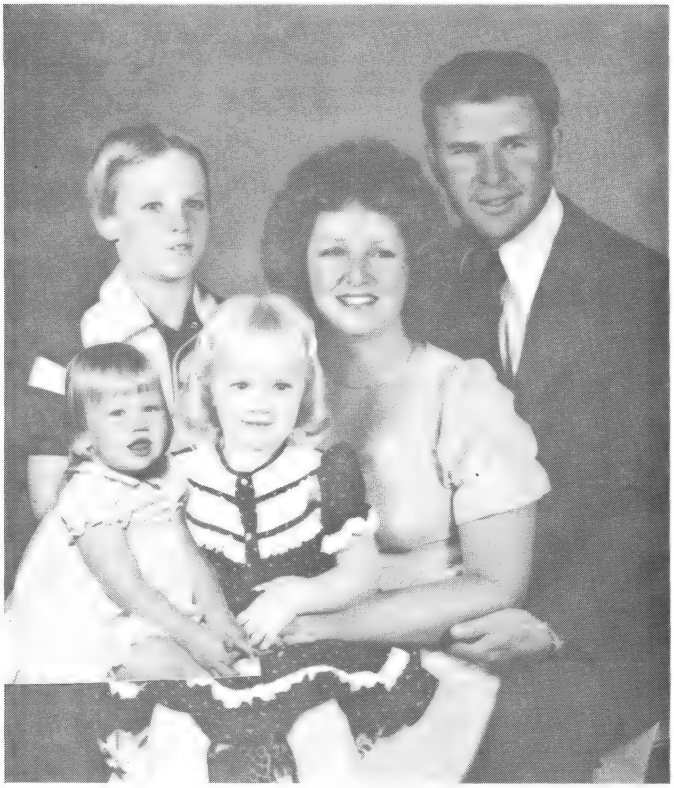
Shelli and Randy Limb

Randall Limb

Helen and DeMar Gubler's Family

Leon, DeMar, Helen, Crystal, Hilda, Rebecca & Paulette

Jim and Dana Stratton's Family



Jim and Dana and children, Scott, Shannon and Staci

September 23. A hearty day. The fun started when I made a garden doll with late birthday wishes for Shirley. The ear of green corn, with sturdy brogans made of warty carrots, and skinny green bean arms and corn husk hat made a fine looking fellow. From Houstons, we took off under a purple sky for a tumultous day of storm chasing. A gully-washer and a toad-strangler obliterated the world around us, so we pulled off the road by Cane Beds and cooked our dinner in the van to the din of pelting rain on the metal roof. Clapping thunder added to the glory of it.

The downpour passed. Sunshine burst through a marvelous contrast of colors. Different cloud levels ranged from sooty purple to dazzling white, between patches of blue. After a visit with Mildred and Nephi at the Kanab Hospital, we went on to the Mt. Carmel Junction and down through Zion. I'd have a fit on paper if I tried to recreate the vision of the bright, rain-scrubbed world.

At Rockville, Fern gave us home-churned buttermilk and sweet cream, and we rode home to meet a white sheet of rain that hung as if from curtain rods very high in the sky, draping the mesa and hills to the north in a strange ethereal glow. We pondered the eerie light behind it, as breathlessly we rode into it. The sky was falling. A frothy, boulder rolling flood thundered down the red foothills of the Mesa. We got out and stood on the little bridge just before the Mesa road, to feel the shivering excitement of the water and boulders rumbling beneath us. At home, we fried cornmeal buttermilk hotcakes for supper. Umm good.

September 24. Hilda's baby is a beauty. I made gooseberry and apple pies and sent one to Gordon Stirland because he is so everlastingly good to us. He comforts us and graciously answers our questions when pesky health problems perplex us.

Here I was, with the house finally cleaned up for Sunday, and my aching back looking forward to the recliner under the reading lamp and a good book, and guess what! Ermal trudged in, a grin on his face, lugging a bushel of heath clings that "must be bottled tonight."

"In my clean kitchen?" I wailed.

"These are clings. White clings, don't you savvy? These are the best things what they are, and they gotta be done <u>tonite</u>! You jist clear outta here and I'll do 'em."

"And mess up my cupboards and the floor!"

"We gotta have clings!"

So they can't wait until Monday! "Now you jist go listen to the women's conference on TV and don't mind me." And that's what I did.

September 27. Ermal is squeezing concord juice in his press. That press is part of his personality just like his pickup and chainsaw. I went to an alumni assembly with Lolene. She says that just being with the school kids is a "youthifying" experience.

Back home. While Ermal squeezed, I steamed concords. The steamer yields three times the juice the press does. He is aghast! Think of the gallons of grape juice he has put in my compost heap!

September 28. Crystal came cheerily chirping at our door, holding a fuzzy, floppy newly-hatched chick in her tight little fist. "Bampa, Bampa," she said.

Clearly, that little chick was finished with its mortal estate. "You've crushed it! Throw it away. It's dead," Ermal shouted.

Crystal began to cry. "There now, take it to Daddy," I said gently.

She smiled, and trotted home with the tiny mortal remains. DeMar was working in the yard. Then we heard DeMar's gruff voice, "CRYSTAL!!" and unhappy cries from a little kid who has to learn what to cuddle and what not to cuddle.

Later, after Ermal had gone peddling apples with Cumon, I was in the bathroom. "Bampa, Bampa," Crystal called from the kitchen. "In here," I replied. She went past the bathroom door singing, "Dollie, dollie," then all was still. When I came out, she had vanished. Pretty soon Helen ran in, returning one of my porcelain dolls! A definite "no, no." Crystal had kidnapped it while the coast was clear.

When I returned the doll to the dresser, brightly printed on the dresser scarf and the pillows on the trunk, were Crystal's sandy, red hand prints, and knee and footprints, where she had climbed to get the coveted doll. Our sandpile is damp where she had been playing.

Today is Jack Stratton's birthday. Today he fell and broke his hip.

Sunday, October 2. Terry phoned. He and Diane are flying into LasVegas tonight. Six years ago Terry was involved in a highway accident. The trial is finally coming up. There were only four witnesses for the defense, and two of them are dead. That leaves Terry and one other guy.

Cumon, and Venice Stratton's Golden Wedding reception tonight was as fine as a reunion could hope to be. I just loved visiting with the people that I once knew long ago. Ermal says when he's 104 years old we'll have a fine party like this one.

October 4. When we got in the van to head for LasVegas this afternoon, it backfired like dynamite and a smoke cloud rose above the house. Ermal kept turning the key, and the van kept doing its thing. DeMar hustled down and laughed and laughed at us. I tried to get Ermal to stop before we blew up, but he's a stubborn man. I piled out and sat in a patio chair to watch the final explosion. At last the motor started and Ermal said, "git in" and DeMar said it wouldn't kill us so I got in. We had more troubles than dirty gas. Ermal didn't dare stop between here and Vegas--just kept going.

Seemed like I couldn't stop hugging Terry and Diane. Terry's "I love you so much Mother," stirred me, and Diane's embrace was so satisfying.

October 5. The court trial is scary. The prosecution has been going on for two and one-half days. They're even sueing for all of the back salary of the girl that was killed six years ago. Her husband needs her support.

October 8. Terry and Diane had to fly back home. The jury hasn't come in yet with the decision.

October 10. We got a call this morning to be in Virgin within 45 minutes to meet with Stake President Lewis. We were set apart as stake missionaries, to teach only by request, and not as proselyting missionaries. I am free of all concern about not doing our part. I go only as Ermal desires. I will do no pace setting, but am to relax and be happy. I am to enjoy being casual and sociable. But we're to study daily and never neglect our prayers. Now this sounds like a fine assignment.

Nephi Morrison died at 4:00 this morning. I'm happy for his release. He has been so very, very sick.

October 13. Helen phoned. "Mother, someone is at your back door. You'd better hurry." I ran out. At our bedroom door was a calf enjoying our basket of apples. It had a chain on its neck.

"That's Carol's calf," Ermal said, leading it home.

Carol phoned. "I don't know why he'd go eat your apples, when he has a whole orchard of his own dropping on the ground."

"What I can't understand," I said, "is how he was so smart as to split them exactly in half."

"Oh, they're tricky. We had a dog once that would spit out the peas, and slick up all of the rest of the vegetable stew."

Nephi Morrison's funeral was a fine farewell. Beautiful music and fine talks. The miracle of it was that all nine of Mom's and Dad's children were there. It has been many years since this has happened. We weren't even all there to Mom's funeral, because Ermal and I were in the mission field. It took Nephi to get us all together. Bill came from Riverside and Edith and Gene from Orem. Edith has the brace off her neck and looks good. We had a nice talk fest, all of us at Wayne's last night. I suspect the next time we're all together, there'll only be eight of us. Whose going away party that will be is an interesting guess. (I'd like to get out of going to my own funeral.)

October 14. Shirley made me a dress today , while Lolene proofread, and I fried chicken and made salad and Susanna and Kendall tunneled through the sand pile.

October 15. I was at the guest book for Myrtle and Perry Asay's golden wedding tonight. They pinned a pretty corsage of pink silk flowers on me. I like golden weddings. Especially the old folks that come to them. Time has done interesting things to my contemporaries.

October 17. Shirley takes the midnight bus to Salt Lake. She's going to a Singer school. She has stayed closely at home always with her children. Now, she's preparing for a career where she can take Susanna with her until she is in school. Hopefully, this will be a family project.

When I cleaned my typewriter keys today, two keys locked in the up position. After I pried them back, the "6" key persisted in staying up each time I struck it. The typing I was doing was all figures. Constantly I had to release the "6" by hand. I had supposed it would limber up and behave, but obviously it was not going to. And I had so much to do. I wondered if I had bent the stem to the key. If so, it meant knocking out the day, and paying an $18.00 repair call to Pectol's repair service. I couldn't stand the thought. I leaned my head down on my typewriter and prayed for help. Then something seemed to ask, "Have you done all you can?"

I raised my head and looked at my typewriter. Removing the frame, I peered at the key. Perhaps I could bend it slightly. Shining a spotlight down into the mechanism, I scrutinized it. Up and down, up and down I worked the key. It looked absolutely true, still it stuck. Hmmmm! "Sometimes, a speck of grit at the base of the key can cause it to be sluggish," my thoughts whispered.

"Of course," I said out loud. I blew onto the base of the keys.

"Use your blow-dryer," came the instructions.

"Why didn't I think of that?" I said out loud.

One whoosh with the blower, and the key released. "Oh thank goodness," I exclaimed.

October 19. I took a pot of beans and new bread to Lolene's at noon, and had dinner with her. She is laid up with a foot operation. It's the first time she has seen her toes straight since she had polio when she was little.

Andy stood in the bedroom door with a beautific smile on his face, before returning to school. "That was a good dinner," he said, "I liked it."

Appreciation is sweet. Right after he thanked me, the phone rang. Ermal said, "Hon, I just wanted to thank you for the dinner you fixed for me before you left. That's the best chicken noodles you've ever made." (He could have added "in years." Seldom do I fix chicken and noodles.)

Anyway, I liked Andy's and Ermal's comments. They were both cute about it. Ermal took off for Coal Pitts with Clinton, and came home with good sweet melons.

October 22. The opening day of the deer hunt. Perry and Darwin and their boys camped out last night under the "hunter's moon." (Looks just the same as a harvest moon.) The news said there were 250,000 hunters out in the Utah hills. Darwin and Rick both got their deer.

Ermal and I walked to Donworth's tonite to take an apple pie. Harriet is having a rough time. Donworth played his beautiful new organ for us. Oh my! He urged me to play it. I promised Harriet I'd learn a piece to play on it by Christmas. I hope I keep my promise.

The door to the recreation hall at the church house was open, and music from Gifford's orchestra spilled out. Ermal and I sat on the retaining wall in the moonlight and listened to Gerald sing, "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You." We wished we were dolled up, so we could go inside.

October 24. Ah hah! Today was <u>my</u> turn to go to Coal Pitts with Clinton. What a refreshing thing to do. We walked everywhere admiring the almond and pistachio trees, and the tomatoes, beans, cauliflower and carrots--all dry land. Clinton harvested butternut squash, cants, and some blue-green squash, and we ate the core out of an over-ripe watermelon. The wind blew and I hugged my Coal Pitts coat around me. I've had five new coats since I got this corduroy coat at the D.I., but when it comes to ample, soft, wrap-around comfort, I enjoy this jaded old creation best of all.

Clint showed me how to cook the butternut squash when we got home, and I'm an addict now.

October 26. 5:22 a.m. I did not see Venus come over the hill, but she is just 2 or 3 minutes high--daylight saving time. We are going to have a Christmas star!

Pardon me, but the stars and I are very good friends. I'll not go into detail about the ones I'm familiar with. Actually they're only a few, but they are very important. But planets are something else. I'll just clue you in on how long it took "the Goddess of Love" to change from an evening to a morning star. I bid Venus goodbye as an evening star on August 2, just when she was setting in the afterglow of the sunset. She startled me by appearing in the east on September 22, when I walked outside at some odd hour with my little cup of yogurt. I didn't time her. But now she shines in my bedroom window above the pecan trees just as the daylight begins to appear. We've had a fine show with the star and the waning moon. We're back in business again.

October 27. I went to the Cub Scout Pack Halloween party tonight dressed as Aunt Jamima and told a spooky story. The rapt attention, and the big wide eyes of the children made the telling fun. And I discovered something. I'm a better looking Negro mammy than I am a white woman.

Our nation has been in mourning all week over the terrible things that are happening to our marines in Lebanon and in Granada. The bodies of more than 200 of them are being returned to their weeping families. They are so young. The sacrifice seems senseless.

October 28. A major earthquake rocked Central Idaho at 8:00 this morning. Two school children were killed by rocks falling from a building. The news showed a map of the greatest line of seismic activity. From Central Idaho, going south through the entire state of Utah and on to Arizona is a belt known as the seismic belt. It follows the Wasatch Range and the Hurricane Fault. Our town sits on that fault. (Earthquake Belt, the news called it.)

Ermal went out in the hills and sawed a load of cedar wood for the ward auction. It went at a good price. I'm glad he did his bit, because the rolls I was baking for the Country Store at the fair got burned, and my sewing was still on the sewing machine. But we went to the fair.

Dorothy Frazier and Nancy Segler had a bean-booth. Everything at their table was made from beans--chili, chip dip, salads, cake, cookies, fudge, punch, the works. They served free samples to everyone, and the samples filled a plate. Goodness! What an expensive, delectable gesture. It was doubly interesting to me, because only last month we had a bean party at our house.

It all had its beginning once upon a time, a long time ago when Mae Jorgensen brought bean fudge to Relief Society. It was so good we all clamored for the recipe, and I ended up buying the book, "From the Queen's Kitchen--a collection of recipes from the pinto bean cooking contest, Cortez, Colorado." Bean coconut cream pies, bean cakes, etc. began to appear on our table. Then my sons-in-law, Darwin Gifford and Perry Houston, with big wide grins, began creating mother-in-law beeeeeean jokes. With a "ha, ha, ha" these jokes have lived on and time has increased their humor.

So now, after fifteen years of these jokes accelerating even to the next generation, Shirley and Lolene decided to do something about it--have a bean party--sort of a war to end all wars.

What a chuckling good time we had, as they planned the party with me. All day long we went about with merry hearts. It's been a long time since the preparation for a party has put such a spring in my step.

The party was a birthday surprise for both Perry and Darwin. Shirley made a banner that spanned the south side of our house, welcoming them to "Burro's Beanery." The girls created fetching bean decorations for the table, with bean-framed pictures of Darwin and Perry. Ann got into the act, and together we came up with a scrumptious menu of bean salad, bean meat loaf, green beans, bean bread, bean punch, bean ice cream, bean wafers, bean cake and bean pie. Everything was delicious. Norman, Ann, Darwin, Lolene, Shirley, Perry and Barbara and Vee Adams, besides us two, made up the party. As we ate, everyone grew wittier and wittier, and the evening was one of continuous laughter. It was so fun filled that our chuckling came in spasmodic spurts for days after.

And you know what? The bean jokes still persist.

And now back to the day at hand. Little Donnie White calls, "Hello Ermal and Alice" from whatever distance he sees us. He's sort of our little boy. When he called from the street today, Ermal called back, "Come here Donnie, we're making cookies." To see his little legs fly when we call to him is a choice sight. When he got to the kitchen, the cookies were still in the oven, so he watched through the window until they were ready to come out, and I put some on a paper plate for him to take home.

In a few minutes he returned with his little sister Tracy, and their paper sacks. "We didn't have anymore cucumbers, so we brought you apples," he said.

I passed the cookies to them. Tracy took one, but Donnie touched them and said, "I only like hot cookies."

Children are the tie that bind neighbors together in love. These children are a joy to us. And the little children in the houses next to us on the south bring us happiness.

When Vicky Gubler and Gaye Lynne Wiser had a piano recital for their students, Robin invited us to go hear her play. Our home teachers were here until after starting time, so by the time I got to the Relief Society room where the recital was, Robin had just finished her number. But I enjoyed Jeremiah and Jacinta Wiser's numbers, and Adam Gublers, and all of the other students. What impressed me, was that every student was thoroughly prepared. It was a fine display of talent.

I stayed after the recital and asked Robin to play for me, and she did. She and Jacinta also played a piano duet and Adam did another number. Gaye Lynne and Vicky trade lessons. Each one teaches the other one's children. They are very good.

Jeremiah had said to James Gubler, "Uncle Jamie, are you going to hear me play?" That tickled Jamie, who isn't his uncle. He and Edna were there. As Jamie related the incident to me, he said, "You know, I was a pretty good-sized kid when Uncle Leon Duncan told me that he wasn't my uncle, but my cousin."

The sun had set, and I walked with Jacinta to her house after the recital. She skipped down the lane, her ringlets bounced, and I feasted my eyes on her as she chattered excitedly about starting school the next morning. As I said goodnight, Robin ran out from her house and gave me a hug. That's what I mean about children.

October 30. Ermal's brother Jack died at 8:00 this evening. Also, a massive earthquake in Turkey killed 1,200 people.

October 31. Ermal spent most of the day with his family making final arrangements for Jack. But he was prepared for the trick-or-treaters that came tonight. Whenever our doorbell rang, he put on a big act for the little spooks outside, pretending to be too frightened to let them in. I think he enjoyed Halloween even more than the kids. When Mona White brought Donnie and Tracy, we had Tracy repeat over and over, "Twick-o-tweet-o." Her expression was real cute.

Terry and Diane phoned. Diane's father passed away today. He was dear and precious to them both. Terry told me how beautiful Virginia is now. Their first frost has heightened the colors of the woods. He made me want to go and see. I failed to mention that they won the court case. Terry and Diane are very much in love, and very happy. Terry is grateful to Greg Barlow for taking him back east so he could meet Diane and her people.

November 3. Jack's funeral today was a lovely affair. I'm so happy for him. To be free of mortal afflictions seems such a soaring, happy thing. Last year he could hardly see the Christmas lights when we took him to St. George. I have a feeling of excitement when I think of the things he will be able to enjoy now--things that he has missed for so long.

November 5. Today we toured over the Hurricane Hill and down the Rockville Hill. Along the roadside, beneath the breathless view of Steamboat, was a solid patch of penstemons. To our amazement, pink and white blossoms were pushing up among last spring's seed stalks. Warm autumn days have brought about a second blooming.

As I gathered a boquet, Ermal brought me a spray that had a shining black bumblebee trapped in one of the snapdragon-like blossoms. I mused, "What an ideal way for a bee to die, in the heart of a flower." Putting the spray in my boquet, I thought how interested the grandchildren would be in the shiny bee.

But then, sometime later, after we had visited the ghost town of Grafton, and enjoyed the orange-gold giant mulberry trees, and walked on the gold carpet on the grass, and had visited the little cemetary and read the interesting headstones, that bumblebee awoke. He backed out of one flower and checked out a couple more, then, as we drove along the riverside, he bumbled past Ermal's face and was whooshed out the open window on a draft of air. Oh dear! He'll never find his way back home again.

November 8. And now, dear children, as I view my past, I wonder what thoughts I can leave that might turn my stumbling blocks into your stepping stones. I have had my good times and my bad times, my ups and my downs, but then, everyone does. Struggle we must. Many things we have to do on our own.

Do you remember the monarch butterfly we helped out of its chrysalis? It would not have been crippled if we had let it come out on its own. It needed the strength of the struggle.

It's okay to cry a little, but we need to laugh aplenty, and to remember that we are not alone. We're told to ask, and we shall receive. When we need help, we should ask. The greatest giver of all is our Heavenly Father. Go to your knees every day in private and in family prayers. Turn your hearts to Him, and keep His commandments.

Grow in wisdom and understanding. Just as you must feed the PHYSICAL YOU every day, so you must feed the SPIRITUAL YOU daily. Read the scriptures. Don't undernourish your spirit. Bear witness to the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Believe me, it is true. God our Father lives, and Jesus Christ is his son, our Redeemer, and we do have a living prophet, our beloved President Spencer W. Kimball.

Oh. Before I forget. I want you to know why I burdened my story with my arthritis account. I had hoped to be a fine guinea pig. That's why I went to Dr. Norman Fawson. I wanted to learn all there was to know about the malady, since some of you may be plagued with it. But I have not helped one iota, because at this point there isn't too much to know.

My final prescription was **Clinirol**. I took it for ten days. The side effect was a mouth so sore I preferred arthritis. The upshot of the matter is this: ALL DRUGS HAVE SIDE EFFECTS, so I let them all alone.

Dr. Earl Plunkett's advice, "eat good food and think good thoughts" is the better prescription. To this I will add; balance physical and mental activities. Keep busy. Stop. And go. When climbing a mountain, don't step on the flowers. Stop and enjoy them. If you don't reach the summit, that's no sin. Sometimes there are more treasures to be found in the foothills.

On this day, November 8, 1983, I feel great. I'm well and happy, and I give thanks to the giver of all blessings, our Father in Heaven. He does hear and answer prayers.

Life is a journey. In a way, I feel like the old man who built the bridge in the twilight dim for the youth who was following after him.

President Kimball has said in his teachings, "We grow from pudgy infancy, through fast-growing childhood, through gangling youth to full maturity, and finally into the shrinking, furrowing, stiffening old age."

I'll confess, the "shrinking, furrowing, stiffening old age" bit has many a time roused a rebel within me. But my rebellious thoughts never kept me one whit younger. If we held on to the spring too long, we would find ourselves caught up in the autumn, and would surely have missed the summer.

Continuing, President Kimball said, "A soul can continue to develop mentally and spiritually through these changes, but the body reaches a summit from which it traverses a declining path." (The Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball, page 36, Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Harold Glen Clark said, "Too often . . . we brood over our declining physical powers and ignore the increasing knowledge and special experiences that come at no other time in life. We must have the spiritual strength to glory in being 65 or 80 and regard the approaching years as an achievement rather than a defeat." He further stated, "I have always enjoyed Golda Meir's crisp statement, 'Being 70 is not a sin.'"

Still quoting. "No, indeed, and it is inconceivable that the Lord would want half a million old, confused, bored Latter-Day Saints in his kingdom! We cannot blame him if we are crabby or dull old men and women. It was never intended to be so. . . We are as capable now of having the same joyous spiritual discoveries and profound spiritual experiences as we have ever been. . .

(An elderly Sister Card remarked,) 'Old age isn't for sissies.' She's right! It is for the resolute who know that there is so much to do in so short a time in our lives . . . On the surface it appears to be easier to be sick than to struggle, easier to withdraw than to meet new challenges. Instead, holding to the iron rod is actually easier, since it helps to <u>solve</u> problems, not avoid them. Spiritual self-reliance comes with a price tag. Those not willing to pay the price die many times before the spirit leaves the body. Those who have continued to grow spiritually throughout their lives die only once." ("How to Get Better as You Get Older," by Harold Glen Clark, Ensign, December 1975)

Following are random thoughts selected from "The Best Years of Your Life," by Marie Beynon Ray. Michaelangelo was still producing masterpieces at 89. Titian painted his incomparable "Battle of Lepanto" at 98. Auber, writing his "Dream of Love" in his eighties, commented, "I am not 80. I am four times 20." At 88 a Johns Hopkins geologist was still climbing the Appalachians in search of mineral deposits for the companies which retained him.

The way to keep young is not to narrow one's circle of interests and friends, but to extend them; not to withdraw but to advance; and every day do something we have never done before.

We can learn as well at 60 as in adolescence. It is impossible to set a definite limit to man's power of intellectual growth. Education is a life process that continues from the time of your first consciousness until that consciousness ceases. . . The mind improves with age, and to all intents and purposes, is ageless. . . If an older person forgets, it is because he has not paid sufficient attention and doesn't care enough. The essential factor in remembering is interest. When interest fails, emotional drive slackens, the

intellectual powers deteriorate, senility sets in. . . The love of life is what keeps us young.

In China, the first question a person asks the other on an official call is: "What is your glorious age?" If he replies apologetically that he is 23 or 28, the other generally comforts him by saying that he still has a glorious future, and that one day he will become old. (End of gleanings from Marie Beynon Ray.)

Each age, from babyhood to the golden years has its special blessings. I actually envied my Mom and Dad when I'd burst in upon them during my career years and find them napping. What a luxury a nap seemed to me.

Now I too can take an afternoon nap. At this time of life I am free from social pressures and from the competition of the career world. I can more easily face facts, which often are quite humorous. It's a time of total frankness and honesty, where there's no reason to try to impress anyone, and I love it. It's a time when I can sit and write a book, that perhaps no one will read, but I had the fun of writing it. And now it is done, I just might be like the penstemons on Rockville hill that are blooming for the second time. Or like the wild strawberry leaves we saw on a road bank on Kolob, backlighted by the setting sun. Frost had given them a rosy brilliance that far exceeded the beauty of spring.

Besides doing missionary work, and temple work, I'm going to play the organ just as long as I like, every day, and then I'm going out and get some good out of the world. We need to go in the van and have supper at the lookoff point above LaVerkin more often, and watch the Virgin River shimmer around the bend. And I need to get my watercolors and art pad out. I think I'd like to make some valentines.

To my sisters and brothers, who grew up with me in our childhood home, and to their companions, and to my sisters and brothers and their companions that I acquired through marriage, your warmth and love has sustained me. You are dear to my heart.

To my children and their companions and to their children, my love is boundless.

To Ermal, who has brought so much laughter and goodness, and such bounteous living into our home, I heartily say, "I love you a bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck." You have been a gloom-chaser and a joy-maker, and I extend my love to you and your delightful household. Surely, you were heaven sent. We've both been good for each other, and we're both looking forward to meeting our eternal companions, Isabel and Winferd, beyond the veil.

And when we meet those companions, we will have left behind all of our mortal infimities. Just think! I won't wear glasses, store teeth, or have gray hair or wrinkles! Dresses will look good on me, because I will be as willowy slim as I was at 20 when Winferd first dated me.

Breathlessly I wonder if Winferd will still love me, because life's experiences since his leaving have surely made personality changes in me. But then, when he sees me, I will be young again, and of course beautiful, because young is beautiful. And my heart will pound at the sight of him the same way it did that night on Sheep Bridge when he sang, "Moonlight on the River Colorado." He will know for certain that my love for him has been the shining thread of gold that has kept my sights forever looking ahead, and he will catch me in his arms and swing me around. I can hear our happy

laughter just thinking about it, because I know that our love has stood the test of time.

And now, I see myself again--that little girl on Kolob, looking at the night sky with my mother. When I asked if the music came from the whirling stars, she explained that I could hear the chirping of crickets and katydids. Now I know these night creatures were singing their adoration to our Creator.

So look to the stars, for the heavens declare the glory of God.

OMEGA!

Journey's end. Ermal and I at home.

"Remember this day?" I ask.

Oh yes, the van and the Rambler have taken us places! (Crystal in foreground)

Home is where the heart can rest.

We're the folks that live in the house that Norman and DeMar built.

I

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

My main sources of information are memories of childhood days, many of them recalled as I visited with my sisters who shared them, childhood diaries, letters, and in later years, my journal.

Dates of special events in the early history of Hurricane are taken from the Daughters of the Utah Pioneer book, "Under the Dixie Sun," also by scanning micro-filmed copies of the Washington County News.

"The American People," by Muzzy, and World Book Encyclopedias were used to confirm world events of my early childhood. Later world events were gleaned from daily jottings of things as they happened after listening to the 10:00 p.m. news on TV.

Permission was granted by Bookcraft to quote from the book, "The Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball." Also, permission was granted by the editor of the Ensign to use quotes from Harold Glen Clark. (Page 794)

After telephoning Bobbs Merrill Company in New York, and corresponding with Betty Kish, Copyrights and Permissions at Bobbs Merrill in Indianopolis, I learned that Marie Beynon Ray's book, "The Best Years of Your Life," is out of print. Although Bobbs Merrill published other books by her, they did not publish this one. My search at the library has yielded nothing. I give thanks to Mrs. Ray for the strength of her encouraging words in this book, and I hope my use of this material meets with her approval. (Pages 794-5)

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Both volumes of this book were typed by me, therefore I assume full responsibility for all errors. Lolene Gifford and Laura Gubler have done an excellent job of proofreading and indexing, but that doesn't deprive me of the ability to miscopy even their corrections.

This is my story. This is as I saw it. I have loved life.

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Because my entire life is woven around and about Winferd and his children, I shall index them only as they first appear in my story, and not on every page where they are mentioned, for they are what this book is all about. They are not listed alphabetically, but as a family group in the order in which they came into my life. This rule applies also to their husbands and wives as they joined our family group.

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